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The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
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VOLUME CXXXII

JANUARY 7, 1931, TO JUNE 24, 1931

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JANUARY 7, 1931, TO JUNE 24, 1931

(Nos. 3418-3442)

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D	Drama
Dt	Driftway
E	Editorial Article
EP	Editorial Paragraph
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IP	International Relations, Foreign Press
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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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BY ABRUPTLY DISMISSING Charles A. Russell, solicitor, and William V. King, chief accountant of the old Federal Power Commission, the two men in the old organization specially notable for their zeal in defending the public interest, Commissioners Smith, Garsaud, and Draper, who took action without even waiting for their two colleagues, have done much to confirm our worst fears regarding the reorganized Power Commission. It is hard, despite their denial, to avoid the conclusion that they acted on orders from the White House, and Progressive Senators are so aroused that they are reported as planning to move on January 5 for a reconsideration of the vote confirming the three commissioners. Senator Walsh with great moderation said everything that needs be said:

> I am unable to interpret this action [the dismissal] in any light except as punishment of two devoted public servants for the faithful discharge of the duties that devolved upon them. So far as I have been able to learn, not a word has ever been uttered against either implying anything more than excessive zeal in safeguarding the interests of the public. It is a matter of profound regret to me that the confidence I hoped the country would have in the new commission should be so early and so rudely disturbed.

When the Senate considered the nomination of the three commissioners, it apparently felt that it had no evidence of anything worse than lack of fitness for the job; if it reconsiders them, it will have in this action abundant evidence of unfitness.

INCOME MILLIONAIRES during 1928, according to the final statistics of income for that year just made public, numbered 511, of whom 26 received $5,000,000 or more. The net income of the 511 amounted to $1,109,000,000, out of a total of $25,226,000,000 reported by 2,523,063 individuals. While the income millionaires numbered but one in 5,000 of those reporting, they received 4 per cent of the reported income and paid 16 per cent of the income tax. Of the net income of $8,270,000,000 received by persons having incomes below $5,000, $5,854,000,000 represents salaries and wages, most of the remainder presumably being the income of farmers and small business men. Comparing the 2,523,063 returns with the total number of families in the United States, we find that less than one family in ten makes a return for income-tax purposes, while the $25,000,000,000 reported by the lucky tenth must cover more than one-fourth of our total income. It is seldom realized how small is the proportion of the population liable to individual income tax or how great is the inequality of income disclosed by the figures. Corporation returns from 495,892 concerns reporting net income of about $10,618,000,000 and paying a tax of $1,184,000,000 are accompanied by returns from 174,826 other corporations showing a deficit of $2,391,000,000. Thus, in the boom year 1928 more than one-fourth of the corporations reporting showed an actual loss. On the same day that these facts are made public, income tax refunds of nearly $127,000,000 to individuals and corporations during 1930 are reported in detail by the Treasury; and despite much Congressional criticism Secretary Mellon insists that the results justify the settlement of disputed cases by administrative action instead of litigation.

ON THE SAME DAY that Congress voted the Farm Board another $150,000,000 to continue its market speculation, the price of July wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade fell to 66⅝ cents, the lowest price since 1901. On December 26, it went down even farther, to 62¾ cents. Since the aim of the board's speculative activities is to keep up prices, the ordinary citizen may be pardoned for not understanding exactly what is happening. Acting through the Grain Stabilization Corporation, the board with its practically unlimited buying power has pegged the price of December wheat in Chicago at about 76 cents, and the price for other deliveries during the present crop year at corresponding figures, but it is not yet operating in the 1931-32 crop; hence the July price quoted above. Chicago prices on the current crop are already so far out of line with world prices that there has been talk within the past few days of the possibility of imports even over our forty-two-cent tariff. Mr. Legge, accordingly, with the courage of his convictions, has suggested an actual embargo on wheat imports.

To subsidize farmers to grow an unprofitable crop without any possibility of restricting production is a suicidal arrangement for farmers and Treasury alike; yet that seems to be the Farm Board's wheat policy.

THE PRESENCE OF CORN SUGAR (dextrose) in prepared foods need no longer be declared on the label, according to a ruling made by Secretary Hyde on December 26. Ever since the enactment of the Food and Drug Act in 1906 attempts have been made by the glucose interests to remove the restrictions of the use of corn sugar, which has often been used as an adulterant for cane sugar; but all efforts to let down the bars in Congress have been futile. The late Dr. Wiley characterized a bill "permitting dextrose to function as sucrose without notice to the consumer" as "a deliberate fraud upon the housewife." Mrs. Wiley in a public statement now declares that officials charged with the enforcement of federal and State food laws are strongly opposed to the present ruling, which, she says, is an attack on the pure food law. Secretary Hyde, on the other hand, asserts that his ruling weakens neither the Food and Drug Act nor its administration. His positive reason for action is in the added market he hopes to create for corn. The ruling is another example of that tenderness for the interests of producers which has marked the administration of a measure intended to protect the health and pocket-book of consumers. For the Secretary of Agriculture thus to take action which Congress has refused to take is to stretch administrative discretion to a highly dangerous point, and is not to be defended on the ground of possible aid to our harassed agriculture. If the ruling stands, the whole principle that the consumer is entitled to know what he is buying would appear to be endangered.

IT SEEMS HARD to draw any reassuring conclusions from the financial and industrial record of recent weeks. The steel industry operating at only one-third of capacity; crude oil production at the lowest point in four years; a substantial pre-Christmas reduction of prices by the large mail-order houses; wheat "futures" at the lowest prices in thirty-four years, with such other leading commodities as copper, silver, and cotton also at almost their lowest points since the declines began; receivership for the Seaboard Air Line Railway; two more large bank failures, the Bankers Trust Company of Philadelphia and the Chelsea Bank and Trust Company in New York—all this makes a depressing record, and to many persons a most disquieting one. Yet failures often follow rather than precede the worst conditions, and there is no reason for supposing that recent bank suspensions reflect anything but bad special situations, brought about in most cases by unsound banking practice. Certainly there is every ground for believing the general banking situation to be remarkably strong; the reduction of the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to 2 per cent, the lowest rate in its history, is sufficient indication in itself of the great volume of free funds that the banks as a whole now have at their disposal. As for the price collapse, its very violence and extent seem likely soon to bring at least a moderate recovery. Even though retail business has been greatly reduced, moreover, most retailers seem to have been selling more goods than they have been buying. This situation cannot continue much longer. Retailers must soon replenish their stocks. An improvement both in wholesale trade and in the production of basic materials may be close at hand.

IN HIS FINAL REPORT to the Attorney General of New York, Watson Washburn, Assistant Attorney General, has recommended that investment trusts be regularly compelled to publish a full statement of their holdings of securities every three months. Such a regulation has long been necessary; the chief criticism of it must be that it deals with only one aspect of a grave and complex problem. Investment trusts have grown enormously in the last five years. In 1927 there were 102 with total resources under $600,000,000. In May of last year, according to Mr. Washburn's figures, there were 270 investment trusts with resources of more than $4,500,000,000. In spite of a few well-managed exceptions, these unregulated trusts as a whole have not only lost hundreds of millions of dollars for their security holders, but have raised the most serious economic issues. The investment trust was originally designed as a haven for perplexed investors, and the case for regulating it is quite as clear in some respects as that for regulating the insurance companies and savings banks. We need to consider not only the question of publicity of holdings, but such questions as intricate capital structures, hidden fees to managers, the use of the trust as a dumping ground for otherwise unsalable securities, and its use as a tool for employing other people's money to buy voting control in corporations. So far virtually the only institution to attempt to regulate investment trusts has been the New York Stock Exchange, which has done some commendable but necessarily limited work.

GUIDO SERIO, the Italian anti-Fascist whom the Department of Labor has ordered deported to Italy notwithstanding the practical certainty that he will there be condemned to death because of his political activities, has obtained at least a temporary respite through an appeal to the United States Circuit Court from the adverse decision which Judge Bondy of the District Court for the Southern District of New York handed down on December 22. It will be recalled that a few weeks ago, when the case was heard in the District Court, Judge Bondy postponed decision in the hope that the Department of Labor might, as he said, "use a little common sense" in interpreting the law, and allow Serio to depart voluntarily and at his own expense to Russia. The appeal to common sense, however, fell upon deaf ears at Washington, and Judge Bondy has now decided that his court has no power to overrule the Secretary of Labor. The immigration laws, he points out, provide that aliens who are deported shall be sent, "at the option of the Secretary of Labor," either to the country from which they came or to the port from which they embarked; and although permission to depart voluntarily to a country of their choice has "on many occasions" been allowed, Judge Bondy now intimates a doubt as to whether such discretion is warranted by the statutes. In other words, a strict interpretation of a statutory provision by an administrative officer is to be upheld, notwithstanding repeated deviations from it in the past, as beyond judicial review even when its application is shocking to humanity. Thus do the federal courts of the United States aid in enforcing the political laws of Italy.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA'S efforts to expedite the westernization of Turkey by dictatorial decree have brought fresh troubles to that once powerful country. The latest difficulties, according to dispatches cabled from Istanbul, are of a religious nature, the dispatches stating that a widespread movement to overthrow Kemal Pasha and to restore the caliphate has been discovered. The Turkish President has decided to suppress the movement by force. This method of dealing with religion has served him well, at least on the surface, during the seven years of his dictatorship. His absolute control of the political and military machinery of Turkey was the sole basis for the laws or decrees which abolished the caliphate, the Ottoman dynasty, the various religious offices and orders, the monasteries, polygamy, and other Islamic institutions. Although the process was one-sided and was carried forward very hastily, opposition to it has been successfully parried by wholesale arrests, executions, and deportations. Thus far there has been no noticeable effort made to educate the people into accepting these questionable reforms. Other dictators have proceeded with more wisdom; Mussolini has stepped cautiously where the church has been concerned, and the Communists in Russia have depended upon educational methods to a large extent in their war on religion. Kemal Pasha may have to pay for his rashness with a religious war.

SHOULD BELGIUM decide to renounce its military alliance with France, as the Socialist and Flemish parties desire, the French network of military agreements, which embraces a large part of Europe, would be struck a serious blow. The immediate damage would not be so much material as moral. The mere fact of renunciation, quite apart from its effect on any war plans France might have worked out in collaboration with Belgium, would weaken French hegemony in Europe and undermine the military agreements with Poland and the Little Entente countries. It is readily understandable then that France will do its utmost to prevent the Socialist-Flemish campaign from succeeding. Its influence in Brussels is already great, and it is probable that there will be no renunciation. Nevertheless the Belgian Socialist Party, the second largest in the country, has itself political power that cannot be lightly ignored. Its moderation has won for it the respect, if not the active support, of a large section of the non-Socialist population. A complicating factor is the Flemish problem. Although the Flemish Party, which advocates separation of Flanders from Belgium, is small, its political strength is likely to grow to unprecedented proportions in the near future because of the inability of the Belgian government to solve the Flemish difficulty. A threatened revolt of the Flemings might persuade Brussels to renounce the alliance despite French influence. It is not only possible, but probable, that its renunciation would lead to a general cleaning up of the European political situation.

ALTHOUGH WASHINGTON has not yet sent its blessing to the new President of Guatemala, it is a fair guess that if Orellana continues in power all will be forgiven shortly, in spite of the fact that he disobeyed parental instructions in taking his job by force. Indeed, if Orellana's recent statement to the Associated Press is correct, the way to family reconciliation is not hard to travel. Orellana says that the Council of Ministers violated the constitution in two ways in choosing Palma, whom Orellana overthrew. The ministers were empowered to act only if the President died. In case of his incapacity—which was the situation in regard to Chacon—the President himself was authorized to appoint his successor. And besides, says Orellana, the ministers went wrong in naming the second designate (second vice-president) instead of the first designate. Meanwhile the de facto President of Guatemala may look back wistfully upon the good old days of 1921 when the State Department extended the glad hand to another Orellana, a kinsman of the present executive, although he too had taken office by violence. At that time Washington wanted to kill, without appearing to do so, the embryo Central American Union, which espoused the naughty doctrine of Latin America for Latin Americans. Orellana seemed to be the man to do that—and did.

THE SCRUBWOMEN OF HARVARD have their back pay but not through any grace on the part of the Harvard Corporation or the Minimum Wage Commission of Massachusetts which for nine long years let the university pay the women two cents an hour less than they should have received. Two cents an hour seems very little, but apparently the business men who run Harvard thought it was worth saving even at the expense of lowly scrubwomen. When the matter was brought sharply to their attention they declared with unexampled calm that the underpayment was made up for by the fact that the women had had half-hour rest periods even though the law didn't require it! Certain students and alumni of Harvard, however, were not so imperturbable. Headed by Corliss Lamont, a group of 268 of them contributed $3,880, the sum necessary to pay the nineteen scrubwomen their back wages. The money reached them on the day before Christmas in the form of savings-bank account books. To make sure that it would not be mistaken for charity, each book was accompanied by a letter which recited at length the "neglect and niggardliness" of the corporation and stated that its attitude throughout the episode was unrepresentative of Harvard and its students and alumni. And for fear the scrubwomen would neglect to show the letter to the members of the Harvard corporation, Mr. Lamont sent it to the newspapers.

CHRISTINA MERRIMAN, who died on December 23, was secretary of the Foreign Policy Association of New York from its inception in 1919 until her resignation on account of ill health three years ago. She was one of those comparatively little-known Americans to whom her countrymen owe a great debt. In the words of James G. McDonald and Paul U. Kellogg, "There was something at once vivid, daring, and constructive in the contribution which she made to the life of New York and to the newer forces that have gathered head in the field of international relations since the World War." She played an important part in the creation and development of the organization which, through its various agencies of publicity and research, has already done so much toward the building up of an informed and liberal public opinion on international relations in this country. The most fitting memorial to such a brave and liberal spirit is the carrying forward of the work of enlightenment and international understanding in which her interest was so deeply engaged.

The Liberator: 1831-1931

ONE hundred years ago there was founded a journal of liberty without exact parallel in American history. With his own hands William Lloyd Garrison set the type for this first issue of his little weekly, working in a garret without a single subscriber obtained in advance to give him hope. So limited were their means that he and his partner, Isaac Knapp, slept upon the floor of their composing room; for nearly ten months they lived only upon what they could purchase at a nearby bakery. To quote the lines of James Russell Lowell:

> In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
> Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
> The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;
> Yet there the freedom of a race began.

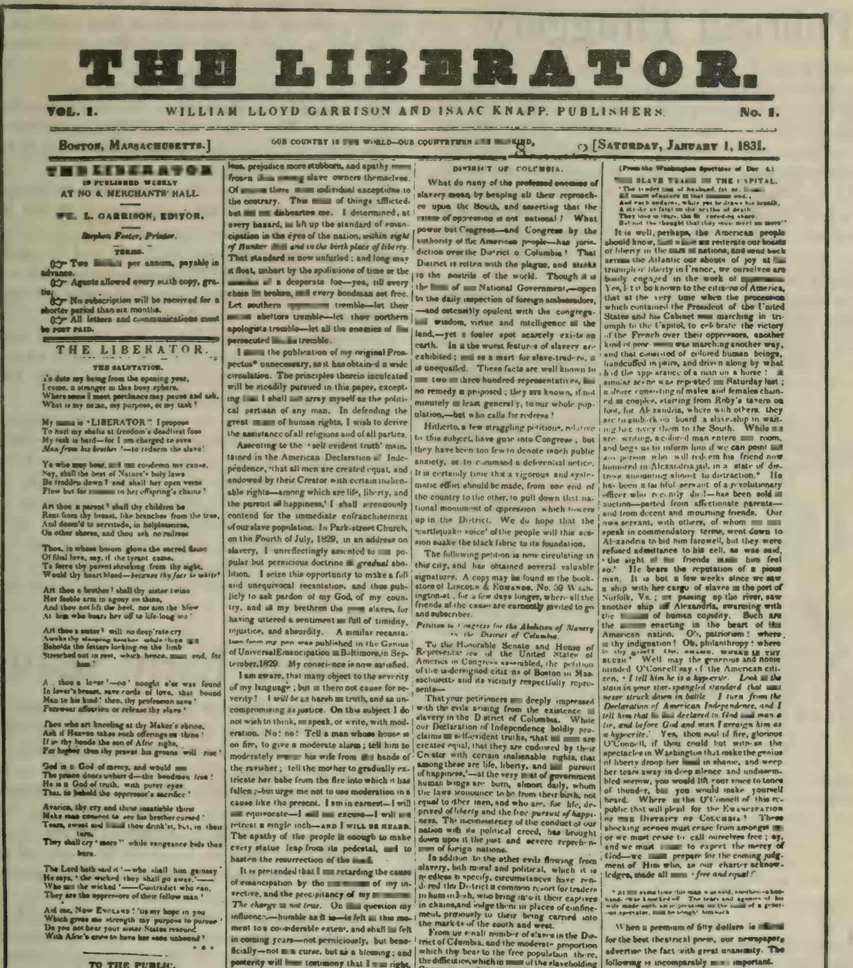
It is a tradition that Lincoln himself once said that without the preparatory work of the *Liberator* the Emancipation Proclamation would never have been signed in 1863.

Nine biographies have now been written of this militant unschooled young man—he was twenty-five years old when he founded his *Liberator*—and no history of the Abolition era fails to record the career of this weekly and its editor. Over him and his methods controversies still rage. There are teachers in plenty to lay at the doors of this nonresistant the responsibility for the bloodshed of 1861-65 which he abhorred. The violence of his language is deplored today as it was in his own time. His "wild words," it is again the fashion to say, stirred men's passions, roused their hatreds, and drove them at one another's throats in 1861. This is the power attributed to the man whose main arguments were thunderbolts drawn from the Bible, in the polemical use of which he was, declares his latest biographer, unequaled in our history. This control of American public opinion, of the emotions of his fellow-citizens, is attributed to an editor the circulation of whose weekly never went above three thousand copies, whose tiny budget never balanced, who was destitute when in 1865 he suspended publication because the great liberation had come. Happiest of reformers, both by temperament and because of his convictions, his was the rare good fortune to see victory achieved within the span of his best years for a cause for which no Boston church would open its doors in 1831, for which he was mobbed by his fellow-townsmen—because of his advocacy of which an American legislature, to use Garrison's own phrase, set a price upon his head.

The critics attribute to William Lloyd Garrison's clarion voice and pen far too much power. They would assign to him sole responsibility for a result for which there were dozens of other causes. They forget the nature of the slave power itself, whose very wickedness drove it to its doom. They forget the inevitable passions aroused by any attempt to perpetuate a system that strikes at everything sacred in human nature—at the right to possess one's own body and soul, at the right to insure bodily and spiritual freedom for the members of one's own family, at the right to order one's own way of life by one's own wishes and one's own conscience. The critics forget the aggression in Texas; the crime of the Mexican War, which Ulysses S. Grant, a participant in it, declared to be the least excusable in history; they forget the theft of Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California; they forget the economic urge for new lands to devastate with a fatal single-crop system and wasteful unpaid labor, which urge had within it the seeds of certain death; they forget Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. All this in awe of a single man's words, because those words, blazing with the inextinguishable fire of the moral law, seared and maddened the guilty at whom they were directed—the guilty in Boston and New York and in the halls of Congress as well as in Richmond and New Orleans. Those words infuriated because they were the truth; they burnt men's consciences to the raw.

Let who will deprecate the spiritual violence of a Garrison. We are content to believe that had there not been violence plus sincerity and conviction and justice and truth in the words of the *Liberator,* their author must have failed in his task and his journal would today be earning not a line in the histories of his country. We of *The Nation* have little patience, as our readers must be aware, with the mealy-mouthed advocacy of reforms, with the good-Lord, good-Devil methods of those who would advance the world by never attributing motives, or describing evil deeds in ultimate terms. We only wish that *The Nation,* this child of the *Liberator*—for *The Nation* was founded by Godkin and the third son of Garrison as soon as the *Liberator* ceased, and Garrison himself wrote for an early issue—might have inherited more of its passion and its "destructive" power of anathema. There are and always will be times and wrongs that call for another Book of Jeremiah, for violent words that, like those of Garrison, come from men ready like him to declare that they will be "as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice." Indeed, if the *Liberator's* critics would seek the source of its extraordinary power, it lies in this declaration—not merely in the violence of its thunderbolts, but in its glorious refusal to deal with any compromisers in or out of office, or to strike any bargain, or accept any compromise whatsoever.

Surely never were qualities like those of Garrison more needed than today, in this hour of national suffering, in this time of hesitation. In the highest places sit men who temporize, who bear false witness, who compromise, and compromise, and compromise—none more so than the Quaker Herbert Hoover, who, thank fortune, bears no resemblance to the noble band of that faith who were the backbone of Abolition and insured Garrison's success. Mr. Hoover sins steadily, we believe, against his own knowledge as he does against his readopted faith. It is still a fight as to whether this nation shall remain half slave and half free; still a battle whether the men who possess shall hold the race in servitude by reason of their laws and their wars; still a question whether freedom shall not perish from this earth. Hence we have deemed it but our duty to recall for a moment a man who dared stake his conscience against the whole world.



THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS. No. 1.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.] OUR COUNTRY IS [redacted] WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN [redacted] [redacted]KIND. [SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.

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THE LIBERATOR.

THE SALUTATION.

I date my being from the opening year,
I come, [redacted] stranger [redacted] this busy sphere,
Where some [redacted] meet perchance may pause and ask,
What is my name, my purpose, or my task?

My [redacted] is 'LIBERATOR'! I propose
To hurl my shafts at freedom's deadliest foes!
My task is hard—for I [redacted] charged to save
Man from his brother!—to redeem the slave!

Ye who [redacted] hear, [redacted] [redacted] condemn my cause,
Say, shall the best of Nature's holy laws
Be trodden down? and shall her open veins
Flow but for [redacted] to her offspring's chains?

Art thou [redacted] parent? shall thy children be
Rent from thy breast, like branches from the tree,
And doom'd to servitude, in helplessness,
On other shores, and thou ask no redress?

Thou, in whose bosom glows the sacred flame
Of filial love, say, if the tyrant came,
To force thy parent shrieking from thy sight,
Would thy heart bleed—*because thy face is white?*

Art thou a brother? shall thy sister twine
Her feeble arm in agony on thine,
And thou not lift the heel, nor aim the blow
At [redacted] who bears her off to life-long woe?

Art thou a sister? will no desp'rate cry
Awake thy sleeping brother, while thine [redacted]
Beholds the fetters locking on the limb
Stretched out in rest, which hence, [redacted] end, for him?

Art thou a lover?—no! naught e'er was found
In lover's breast, save cords of love, that bound
Man to his kind! then, thy professions save!
Forswear affection or release thy slave!

Thou who art kneeling at thy Maker's shrine,
Ask if Heaven takes such offerings [redacted] thine!
If in thy bonds the son of Afric sighs,
Far higher than thy prayer his groans will rise!

God is [redacted] God of mercy, and would [redacted]
The prison doors unbarr'd—the bondmen free!
He is [redacted] God of truth, with purer eyes
Than to behold the oppressor's sacrifice!

Avarice, thy cry and thine insatiable thirst
Make man consent to see his brother cursed!
Tears, sweat and [redacted] thou drink'st, but, in their turn,
They shall cry 'more!' while vengeance bids thee burn.

The Lord hath said it!—who shall him gainsay?
He says, 'the wicked they shall go away,'—
Who [redacted] the wicked?—Contradict who can,
They are the oppressors of their fellow man!

Aid me, NEW ENGLAND! 'tis my hope in you
Which gives me strength my purpose to pursue!
Do you not hear your sister States resound
With Afric's cries to have her sons unbound?

* * *

TO THE PUBLIC.

In the month of August, I issued proposals [redacted] publishing 'THE LIBERATOR' in Washington City; but the enterprise, though hailed [redacted] different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the Genius of Universal Emancipation to the Seat of Government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free states—[redacted] particularly in *New England*—than at the South. I found contempt [redacted] bitter, opposition more active, detraction [redacted] relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy [redacted] frozen [redacted] [redacted] slave owners themselves. Of [redacted] there [redacted] individual exceptions to the contrary. This [redacted] of things afflicted, but [redacted] [redacted] dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, [redacted] lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, *within sight of Bunker* [redacted] *and in the birth place of liberty*. That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the [redacted] [redacted] a desperate foe—yea, till every chain [redacted] broken, [redacted] every bondman set free. Let southern [redacted] tremble—let their [redacted] abettors tremble—let their northern apologists tremble—let all the enemies of [redacted] persecuted [redacted] tremble.

I [redacted] the publication of my original Prospectus* unnecessary, as it has obtained [redacted] wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting [redacted] I shall [redacted] array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great [redacted] of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties.

Assenting to the 'self-evident truth' maintained in the American Declaration [redacted] Independence, 'that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit [redacted] happiness,' I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park-street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to [redacted] popular but pernicious doctrine [redacted] *gradual* abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and [redacted] my brethren the [redacted] slaves, for having uttered a sentiment [redacted] full of timidity, injustice, and absurdity. A similar recantation from my pen was published in the Genius of Universal Emancipation [redacted] Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

I am aware, that many object to the severity of my language; but [redacted] there not cause for severity? I *will be* [redacted] harsh [redacted] truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, [redacted] speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give [redacted] moderate alarm; tell him to moderately [redacted] his wife from [redacted] hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will [redacted] equivocate—I [redacted] [redacted] excuse—I will [redacted] retreat [redacted] single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people [redacted] enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, [redacted] to hasten the resurrection of the [redacted]

It is pretended that I [redacted] retarding the cause of emancipation by the [redacted] of my invective, and the precipitancy of my [redacted] *The charge* [redacted] *not true.* On [redacted] question my influence,—humble as it is,—is felt [redacted] this moment to a considerable extent, and shall [redacted] felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not [redacted] curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will [redacted] testimony that I [redacted] right. I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare,' and to speak [redacted] truth in its simplicity and power. [redacted] here I close with this [redacted] dedication:

'Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye [redacted] cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not [redacted]—
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place,
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalising sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take—SO HELP ME GOD!'

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.
Boston, January 1, 1831.

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* I would here offer my grateful acknowledgments to those editors who so promptly and generously inserted my Proposals. They must give me an available opportunity to repay their liberality.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

What do many of the professed enemies of slavery mean, by heaping all their reproaches upon the South, and asserting that the [redacted] of oppression is not national? What power but Congress—and Congress by the authority of the American people—has jurisdiction over the District of Columbia? That District is rotten with the plague, and [redacted] to the nostrils of the world. Though [redacted] is the [redacted] of [redacted] National Government,—open to the daily inspection of foreign ambassadors,—and ostensibly opulent with the congrega[redacted] wisdom, virtue and intelligence [redacted] the land,—yet [redacted] fouler spot scarcely exists on earth. In [redacted] the worst features of slavery are exhibited; [redacted] as a mart for slave-traders, [redacted] is unequalled. These facts are well known to [redacted] two [redacted] three hundred representatives, [redacted] no remedy [redacted] proposed; they [redacted] known, if not minutely [redacted] least generally, to our whole population,—but who calls for redress!

Hitherto, a few straggling petitions, relative to this subject, have gone into Congress; but they have been too few to denote much public anxiety, or to command a deferential notice. It is certainly time that a vigorous and systematic effort should be made, from one end of the country to the other, to pull down that national monument of oppression which towers up in the District. We do hope that the 'earthquake voice' of the people will this session shake the black fabric to its foundation.

The following petition is now circulating in this city, and has obtained several valuable signatures. A copy may [redacted] found [redacted] the bookstore of LINCOLN & EDMANDS, No. 59 Washington-st., for a few days longer, where all the friends [redacted] the cause are earnestly invited to go and subscribe.

Petition to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, the petition of the undersigned citizens of Boston in Massachusetts and its vicinity respectfully represents—

That your petitioners [redacted] deeply impressed with the evils arising from the existence [redacted] slavery in the District of Columbia. While our Declaration of Independence boldly proclaims [redacted] self-evident truths, 'that [redacted] [redacted] are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and [redacted] pursuit of happiness,'—at the very [redacted] of government human beings are born, almost daily, whom the laws pronounce to be from their birth, not *equal* to other men, and who are, for life, deprived of *liberty* and the free *pursuit of happiness*. The inconsistency of the conduct of our nation with its political creed, has brought down upon it the just and severe reprehen[redacted] of foreign nations.

In addition to the other evils flowing from slavery, both moral and political, which it is needless to specify, circumstances have rendered this District [redacted] common resort for traders in human flesh, who bring into it their captives in chains, and lodge them in places of confinement, previously to their being carried into the markets of the south and west.

From the small number of slaves in the District of Columbia, and the moderate proportion which they bear to the free population there, the difficulties which in [redacted] of the slaveholding States oppose the restoration of this degraded class of men to their natural rights, do not exist.

Your petitioners therefore pray that Congress will, without delay, take such measures for the immediate or gradual abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and for the preventing of bringing slaves into that District for purposes of traffic, in such mode as may be thought advisable; and that suitable provision be made for the education of all free blacks and colored children in the District, thus to preserve them from continuing, even as free men, an unenlightened and degraded caste.

If any individual should [redacted] unmoved, either by the petition or the introductory remarks, the following article will startle [redacted] apathy, unless he be morally dead—dead—dead. Read it—read it! The language of the editor is remarkable [redacted] its [redacted] considering [redacted] quarter [redacted] [redacted]. After [redacted] [redacted] not the only [redacted] [redacted] the [redacted]!

(From the Washington Spectator of Dec. 4.)

[redacted] SLAVE [redacted] [redacted] THE CAPITAL.

'The tender [redacted] of husband, father, [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted] of nature [redacted] that [redacted] end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal [redacted] the scythe of death.
They lose in tears, the [redacted] receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet [redacted] more!'

It is well, perhaps, the American people should know, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] reiterate our boasts of liberty in the [redacted] [redacted] nations, and send back [redacted] the Atlantic our shouts of joy at [redacted] triumph of liberty in France, we ourselves are busily engaged in the work of [redacted] Yes, let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession which contained the President of the United States and his Cabinet [redacted] marching in triumph to the Capitol, to celebrate the victory of the French over their oppressors, another kind of procession [redacted] was marching another way, and that consisted of colored human beings, handcuffed in pairs, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on a horse! [redacted] similar scene was repeated [redacted] Saturday last; [redacted] *drove* consisting of males and females chained [redacted] couples, starting from Roby's tavern on foot, for Alexandria, where with others they are to embark on board a slave-ship in waiting to convey them to the South. While [redacted] are writing, a colored man enters [redacted] room, and begs us to inform him if we can point [redacted] any person who will redeem his friend now immured in Alexandria jail, in a state of distress amounting almost to distraction.* He has been [redacted] faithful servant of a revolutionary officer who recently died—has been sold [redacted] auction—parted from affectionate parents—and from decent and mourning friends. Our own servant, with others, of whom [redacted] [redacted] speak in commendatory terms, went down to Alexandria to bid him farewell, but they were refused admittance to his cell, as was said, 'the sight [redacted] [redacted] friends [redacted] him feel so.' He bears the reputation of [redacted] pious man. It is but [redacted] few weeks since we saw [redacted] ship with her cargo of slaves [redacted] the port of Norfolk, Va.; [redacted] passing up the river, saw another ship [redacted] Alexandria, swarming with the [redacted] of human cupidity. Such [redacted] the [redacted] enacting in the heart of [redacted] American nation. Oh, patriotism! where [redacted] thy indignation! Oh, philanthropy! where is thy grief? Oh, shame, WHERE [redacted] THY BLUSH? Well may the generous and noble minded O'Connell say of the American citizen, '*I tell him he is a hypocrite. Look* [redacted] *the stain in your star-spangled standard that* [redacted] *never struck down in battle. I turn from the Declaration of American Independence, and I tell him that* [redacted] [redacted] *declared to God* [redacted] *man a lie, and before God and man I arraign him as a hypocrite.*' Yes, thou soul of fire, glorious O'Connell, if thou could but witness the spectacles in Washington that make the genius of liberty droop her [redacted] in shame, and weep her tears away in deep silence and undissembled sorrow, you would lift your voice to tones of thunder, b[redacted] you would make yourself heard. Where [redacted] the O'Connell of this republic that will plead for the EMANCIPATION OF [redacted] DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA? These shocking scenes must cease from amongst [redacted] or we must cease to call ourselves free; ay, and we must [redacted] to expect the mercy of God—we [redacted] prepare for the coming judgment of Him who, as our charter acknowledges, made all [redacted] '*free and equal!*'

* At [redacted] same time this man was sold, another—a husband—was knocked off. The tears and agonies of his wife made such an impression on the [redacted] of a generous spectator, [redacted] he bought him back.

When [redacted] premium of fifty dollars is [redacted] for the best theatrical poem, our newspapers advertise the fact with great unanimity. The following is incomparably [redacted] important.

PREMIUM.

[redacted] Premium of Fifty Dollars, the Donation of a benevolent individual in the State of Maine, and [redacted] deposited with the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Aboli[redacted] of Slavery, &c. [redacted] offered to the author [redacted] the best Treatise [redacted] the following subject: 'The Duties of Ministers and Churches of all denominations to avoid the stain of Slavery, and to make the holding of Slaves a barrier to communion and church membership.'

The compositions to [redacted] directed (post-paid) to either of the subscribers—the name of the author in a separate sealed paper, which will be destroyed if the work shall be rejected.

Six months from this date are allowed for the purpose of receiving the Essays.

The publication and circulation of the preferred Tract will be regulated by the Pennsylvania Society above mentioned.

W. RAWLE,
J. PRESTON,
THOMAS SHIPLEY, } *Committee.*

The first page of the first issue of The Liberator

Political Thuggery

ROBERT H. LUCAS, executive director of the Republican National Committee, is an instructive political exhibit. By secretly sending out reprints of a fake letter and a scurrilous and lying circular he tried to defeat Senator Norris in the recent campaign. Senator Norris has characterized his action as "disreputable, dishonorable, and damnable," because "not done openly, but like a snake in the grass," while Senator Cutting has described his performance accurately as "political thuggery." Anyone who wants a first-class example of that kind of action will know, therefore, exactly in what direction to look.

The instruction to be derived from Mr. Lucas does not stop at this point. If we accept at face value his unwilling testimony before the Nye committee, these admirable activities of his were carried on with his own money—money borrowed, it appears, on the strength of a special fund of $40,000 put at his disposal by J. R. Nutt, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, according to the testimony of Wade H. Cooper, president of the Commercial National Bank of Washington. Now nobody is going to doubt the self-proclaimed ignorance of Chairman Fess on this or any other subject under heaven; but when Chairman Fess states flatly on the Senate floor that he does not intend to do anything about the matter, he publicly ratifies the responsibility of the Republican National Committee for the action of Mr. Lucas.

Instruction does not stop even here. Mr. Lucas, caught with the goods, brazens it out before the Nye committee, and attempts to read Senator Norris out of the party. Thereupon Representative Will R. Wood, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, emerges from a conference with President Hoover, and at the door of the White House characterizes Senator Norris as neither a Republican nor a Democrat, but a "consummate demagogue," at the same time declaring that "Mr. Lucas has expressed the sentiment of every Republican in the country." Despite all protestations, the President, who was responsible for Mr. Lucas's appointment, is thus involved by silence if by nothing more. We are, of course, aware that Messrs. Lucas and Wood both absolve the President of all responsibility for their actions and their words. Of course they do. But even assuming, as we must, Mr. Hoover's complete lack of knowledge of the activities of his appointee, Mr. Lucas, when those disreputable proceedings were brought to his attention why did he not disown Mr. Lucas or have him dismissed, as honest Republican newspapers demanded, and as any honest man must have desired? We answer in the words of the conservative and Republican-minded New York *Evening Post*: "Prompt and courageous action is simply not in the character of Mr. Hoover. It is perhaps unfair to expect it of him. He has again taken the course of indirection which is all too familiar, and all too costly for him."

Into the larger possibilities of this attack it is as yet too early to enter deeply. The inclination of the Republican organization to apply the lash to all the Progressives apparently contends with a more sober calculation of possible consequences. There is an effort to isolate Senator Norris by casting him into outer darkness, and inviting his associates to remain at the wedding feast. *Divide et impera* is an ancient and honorable rule whose possible application in the present case is all too apparent. Professor Dewey's call to Senator Norris to get out of the Republican Party and put himself at the head of a third-party movement suggests another possibility that the Republican organization may well view with dread, remembering what happened in 1912. In view of the manifold complications of the present political situation, Senator Norris's refusal is altogether understandable. Of one thing we are well assured, and that is that his action is dictated by no considerations of expediency, but by his deliberate judgment of all the public interests involved.

The forces behind this vicious attack on the Nebraska Senator are by no means fully revealed. In view of his long struggle with the power interests, and in consideration of their grip on the Republican organization, there is likely to be widespread belief that power influences are responsible. But in any case the issues involved transcend in importance the fortunes of any individual. We are in the midst of a highly important political battle in which the clear duty of the Progressives in Washington is to stand solidly behind the man whose sturdy and courageous fighting has now made him the center of attack. In carrying on the struggle we may reasonably ask the group to furnish the progressive political leadership of which the country is so sorely in need. Such leadership, to be effective, must be based upon the judgment of the experienced men in Washington, but must also have the support of liberals throughout the country. It is a time for Progressive unity, for cooperation among legislators and laymen who will work together for the formulation of a program on which the battles of the future may be fought.

Call an Early Session

SENATOR BORAH has given five reasons why, in his opinion, there should be an early meeting of the Seventy-second Congress, namely, the need of legislation regarding power, the regulation of buses in interstate commerce, injunctions in strikes, the railway situation, and the farm question. None of these matters, he insists, can possibly be dealt with in what remains of the present short session, and all of them are imperatively in need of attention. He leaves out the appropriation bills, against which he says he is not going to filibuster, and the World Court resolution, about which he "has no threat" and which is purely a Senate matter anyway. Representative Wood of Indiana, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, announces, after the usual call at the White House, that as far as he is concerned "there will be no extra session," and professes to speak with authority in adding that there "will be no need" of one. Mr. Hoover, who never seems quite at ease when Congress is near by, has not only let it be known that he does not intend to call a special session of the Senate to consider the World Court, but has tried to stave off an early meeting of Congress by proposing the little-used "continuing resolution" under which, if the appropriation bills now pending seem by the middle of February likely to fail of passage, a continuance for another year of the appropriations for the current fiscal year shall be duly authorized. Presumably he thinks there would be no difficulty in getting such a resolution through.

We think that Senator Borah has the right of it, not merely for the reasons which he cites, but for another which is fundamental. If there is legislative work of importance to be done, as there certainly is at all the points which Senator Borah adduces as well as at others which he might have indicated, it is proper that Congress should be given a chance to attend to it without interposing months and months of delay. Mr. Hoover, of course, with his ingrained notions of efficiency, does not think so at all. He would like to have Congress vote as soon as possible all the money that has been asked for, and then go home and let him run the show. It is highly probable that the polished mirror of his mind reflects in this the traditional attitude of "business" and "Wall Street" which deplores the activity of Congress when times are good and dreads it when times are bad. Yet even Mr. Hoover must know that the Constitution devolves the legislative power upon Congress and that the function of the President in the matter is limited to giving information, offering recommendations, and interposing a veto if he thinks bills are unwise. Deliberately to stand off a meeting of Congress when there is weighty legislative work to be done is to deprive the people of a constitutional right, and it was not to interfere with the normal working of the Constitution that Mr. Hoover was elected.

There might be some shadow of justification for keeping the new Congress away from Washington for eight months in a time of national crisis if Mr. Hoover had shown himself a statesman of large caliber and an administrator of distinguished ability, bereft of political ambition and cold to the influences of the party machine, although even so the precedent would be a dangerous one. Unfortunately, respect for the Hoover tradition of greatness has dwindled materially, and the market quotation of that particular stock is at the moment pretty low. If Mr. Hoover has any views about the power question except such as important sections of the country do not want, or about interstate commerce except to let the Interstate Commerce Commission go on fiddling with railways and buses, or about federal injunctions in labor disputes except to support more Judge Parkers, or about farm relief except to continue pouring Treasury money into the Chicago wheat pit, the country does not know what they are; while if he had on all these topics the wisest ideas to be found anywhere, it is not for him but for Congress to give them form and effect.

We hope, therefore, that Senator Borah and those who think as he does will press with all their strength the demand for an early Congressional session. Whatever the shortcomings of Congress, and they have been many, it is the only body that can remove legislative obstacles to economic recovery or permit the healthy processes of economic life to go on unimpeded under the sanction of law. We are far from thinking that the present depression in business can be dispelled only through federal legislation, but in so far as such legislation is needed to restrain private or corporate greed, insure justice between workers and employers, facilitate the search for employment or make employment more secure, provide a fair return for transportation service, or free legitimate industry or trade from governmental annoyance, Congress should be invited to act. Mr. Hoover will assume a grave responsibility if he deprives the new Congress of the opportunity of doing what good it can in order that he, with his disheartening record, may boss the works.

Heartache Preferred

"AFTER THE BALL" was the great popular song of the Gay Nineties. The newspapers tell us that 3,000,000 copies of the words and music were sold, and the song must have been sung, hummed, or whistled—chiefly the two latter—by at least 30,000,000 persons. Most of them, if alive today, can still recall the music of the chorus and at least some of the words, although to save themselves from the pillory they couldn't recollect a single member of the Cabinet of Grover Cleveland's second administration or tell you who was President of France at that time.

Of course they couldn't tell you the author of the song, either. Not one in a thousand of them ever knew—the author of a popular song must enjoy fame anonymously if at all—and most of those who did know had imagined that the composer must long since have passed into the shadows. So it arouses queer, unreal memories of a now nebulous and almost legendary past to learn through the newspapers that Charles K. Harris, the head of a successful music-publishing business in New York City, has just died. For he wrote the words and music of "After the Ball."

The song was not only the most memorable popular ballad of the Mauve Decade, but according to the estimate of Sigmund Spaeth in "Read 'Em and Weep" it was the first great financial success of its kind. It set song-writing up as a job at which one could work and still eat, and it established the publication of popular music on a sound business footing. The story is of a man at a ball who, leaving his sweetheart for a few moments, returns to find her (Great heavens!) kissing *another*. He believes her to be "faithless," refuses to hear explanations, and leaves her. Years later he learns that the intruding man (What the heck!) was the girl's brother. The chorus of the song went:

> After the ball is over,
> After the break of morn,
> After the dancers' leaving,
> After the stars are gone;
> Many a heart is aching,
> If you could read them all;
> Many the hopes that have vanished
> After the ball.

That was enough to set 30,000,000 Americans singing, humming, or whistling until the song became more tiresome in its day than have become in ours the predictions of big-business men of an early return of "prosperity." One may call the words drivel and the music dross. But that is a verdict rather than an explanation. It is a statement of taste, not an answer to the question why the song had a hold on 30,000,000 people. The significant lines of the chorus are the fifth and sixth. They carry the note of frustration without which a sentimental song cannot be a tophole success. The public may like its magazine stories to have a happy ending, but it wants its songs to have a sad one. Tin-Pan Alley has its favorite issues as well as Wall Street. The public can always be counted on to buy Mother Love, Wandering Boy, Erring Daughter, and Days That Are Gone. But the two prime securities are Sweetheart common and Heartache preferred.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1930

We print below the names of a group of Americans who have, during the past year, performed some distinguished public service, who have made a contribution to art or to literature, or who have merely done something interesting. Without pretending that this list is all inclusive, we offer it as one deserving the grateful recollection of other Americans.

Public Service

JOHN BASSETT MOORE, who added to a long career of distinguished public service by his recent speech exposing the fallacies of the present American recognition policy, particularly with regard to Soviet Russia and the republics of Central America.

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS, Senator from Nebraska, for his election victory over the political machine and the power interests, and for his continued devotion to the cause of honesty in government.

WILLIAM HENRY LANGDON, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, for his outspoken and courageous dissenting opinion in the recent review of the Billings application for pardon.

MARTIN THOMAS MANTON, LEARNED HAND, and THOMAS WALTER SWAN, Justices of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, for reversing the decision denying citizenship to Douglas Clyde Macintosh and Marie Averill Bland because of their refusal to bear arms in time of war.

NELSON TRUSLER JOHNSON, whose appointment as Minister to China brought to the Far East an American diplomatic representative whose diplomacy is not only thoroughly honest and sound, but is based on a rare understanding of the people of the Orient.

The HAITIAN COMMISSION, for its understanding investigation of conditions in Haiti, and for its courage in recommending that the United States substitute justice for paternalism in its relations with that country.

MRS. HELENA HILL WEED, for her invaluable assistance to the Haitian Commission during its investigation.

FRANCES PERKINS, chairman of the New York State Industrial Board, for challenging the Administration's underestimates of the extent of unemployment and calling public attention to the true state of affairs.

ELMER STUART SMITH, for his uncompromising ten-year fight for justice to Washington's Centralia prisoners, even at the cost of his own disbarment, now happily ended.

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, president of the University of Chicago, for his scheme of reorganization for the university, in which he plans to put routine in the background and bring education and enlightenment to the fore.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER, for his book, "Universities, American, English, German," in which he dares outspokenly to criticize the crassness and commercialization of American universities.

FRANK MONROE HAWKS, for his numerous record-breaking flights made in the course of the day's work, showing the present possibilities of the airplane in the hands of a skilled aviator.

Journalism

THE *Editor and Publisher,* for its quiet but unyielding defense of the rights of free speech and a free press.

THE ST. LOUIS *Post-Dispatch,* for maintaining its high standards of journalism, and particularly for its effective and unremitting battle to protect the people of Missouri from exploitation by public-utility corporations.

LOUIS B. SELTZER and CARLTON K. MATSON, editors of the Cleveland *Press,* who preferred jail to submission to a judicial tyranny that sought to silence them by injunction.

Books

PETER ARNO, for his collection of joyously original illustrated jokes entitled "Hullabaloo," which satirize the spirit of their time with unique skill.

HART CRANE, for "The Bridge," a poem unusual in technique, original in imagery, and affirmative in tone.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for "The Forty-Second Parallel," a remarkably rich cross-section of the chaos of contemporary American life.

CARL VAN DOREN, for "Swift," the best biography of the subject in our generation, and a model of biographical method.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, for "R. V. R., the Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn," which contains the great deal that the author knows about human life and about the seventeenth century, and all his loyalty and affection for one of the greatest painters who ever lived.

Drama

MARC CONNELLY, who, with the help of ROARK BRADFORD as author and RICHARD HARRISON as chief performer, produced, in "The Green Pastures," a play that in its unfailing gentleness and tender humor has moved New York theatergoers to enthusiasm and piety.

THE THEATER GUILD OF NEW YORK, for producing, among other plays, "Red Rust," "The Apple Cart," "A Month in the Country," and "Roar China."

EVA LE GALLIENNE, who, with her associates in the Civic Repertory Theater, has capped her productions by a fresh and beautiful performance of "Romeo and Juliet."

The producers of "All Quiet on the Western Front," for their cinematic craftsmanship and for the courageous fidelity with which they adhered to Remarque's vivid record of the sheer bestiality and horror of war.

The creators of the animated motion picture cartoons, particularly as exemplified in the MICKY MOUSE and SILLY SYMPHONY series.

Architecture

BUCKMINSTER FULLER, engineer, of New York, for his pioneering work in developing the potentialities of mass production, new materials, and new engineering principles for housing that is practical, cheap, and of good design.

HENRY WRIGHT, of New York, for his attempt to cope with the congested living conditions of the American city.

ELIEL SAARINEN, now of Detroit, for the delightful character of the Cranbrook School near that city.

Garrison, Breaker of Chains

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE place of William Lloyd Garrison in American history is secure. When his interest in chattel slavery was first strongly aroused by Benjamin Lundy in 1828, that institution was enshrined in the American Constitution, moral and religious sentiment in opposition to it was almost non-existent, and nothing could have appeared more improbable than its early overthrow. Garrison established the *Liberator* on January 1, 1831; in little more than a third of a century thereafter, following a tremendous civil war, legal slavery came forever to an end in the United States by the process of constitutional prohibition. Rarely in history has an equal change in public sentiment and in political institutions taken place in an equally short space of time. It was the work of no one man; yet for that change William Lloyd Garrison, as no other individual, was responsible. Well he deserves his title of the Liberator. The generous words of his great coworker, Wendell Phillips, spoken at the end of the Civil War, are scarcely an exaggeration:

> He [Garrison] is, in so full and true a sense, the creator of the anti-slavery *movement,* that I may well say I have never uttered an anti-slavery word which I did not owe to his inspiration; I have never done an anti-slavery act of which the primary merit was not his. More than that: in my experience of nigh thirty years, I have never met the anti-slavery man or woman who had struck any effectual blow at the slave system in this country, whose action was not born out of the heart and conscience of William Lloyd Garrison.

It was not the Negro slave alone, however, to whom Garrison brought liberty, though it is with that fundamental change in American policy that his name will forever be most intimately associated. His ideas of the sinfulness of slavery came to be connected with other views of human life and duty that have already made him a powerful liberating force in other fields as well, and the influence of those views widens with the years. The essential spirit of his work and its immediate influence outside the field in which his energies were most directly engaged were admirably stated by John Stuart Mill, who, at the great testimonial given to Garrison on the occasion of his third visit to England in 1867, drew two chief lessons from his career as "specially deserving to be laid to heart by all who would leave the world better than they found it":

> The first lesson is: Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult; and there is no great thing which is not difficult. Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. Fear not the reproach of quixotism or of fanaticism; but after you have well weighed what you undertake, if you see your way clearly, and are convinced that you are right, go forward, even though you, like Mr. Garrison, do it at the risk of being torn to pieces by the very men through whose changed hearts your purposes will one day be accomplished. . . .
>
> The other lesson . . . is this: If you aim at something noble and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded not in that alone. . . . The heart and mind of a nation are never stirred from their foundations without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest, these fruits have already been great, and are daily becoming greater. . . . The chains of prescription have been broken; it is not only the slave who has been freed—the mind of America has been emancipated. The whole intellect of the country has been set thinking about the fundamental questions of society and government; . . . and that great nation is saved, probably for a long time to come, from the most formidable danger of a completely settled state of society and opinion—intellectual and moral stagnation.

Garrison's power arose from his absolutely clear conviction of certain fundamental truths, his complete fearlessness in following his conviction, and (strange though it may sound to those who have not studied his life) his extraordinary judgment in choice of the means to his ends. To quote one of his hostile newspaper critics, the Boston *Courier*:

> His path of duty lies as clear before him as the traveled highway. He has no temptation to turn to the right hand or the left. He has no doubts, no misgivings, no questionings. Onward, straight onward, like the flight of an arrow through the air, does he move to his aim.

In regard to slavery, as a youth of twenty-three, in the year 1829, when the popular conscience had scarcely begun to stir, Garrison came to the conclusion that human bondage was inherently sinful, and that therefore the only thing to do was to demand immediate and unconditional emancipation. In that conviction he never wavered. By that compass he steered his craft. Every thought of compromise he scorned. Every man who countenanced any dealing with the accursed thing he held a traitor to the cause. The Constitution of the United States, recognizing slavery, was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He would have "no union with slaveholders," and from 1844 on he boldly and uncompromisingly advocated the repeal of the federal union, in order to free the North from its partnership in the sin of slavery (and incidentally, as he believed, to bring about the immediate downfall of that institution). Small wonder that the wise and the conventionally righteous regarded him as a fanatic, a madman, an atheist. Small wonder that Baltimore threw him into jail, that Boston dragged him through the streets with a rope about him, that Georgia publicly offered a reward of $5,000 for his arrest and conviction. And small wonder that a little but growing band who really understood him followed him almost as a prophet, or that his name came to be spoken with reverence and hope in slave huts and humble colored homes throughout the whole country.

There is no space to recount the details of his life, fascinating and instructive as they are. Let who will read them in the four volumes in which Garrison's children have told his story, largely in the words of the *Liberator* and of his voluminous correspondence. We see him beginning life as a printer's apprentice without the advantages of formal education; at sixteen starting his career as a writer; four years later launching out as an editor, a Federalist in politics, a Baptist in religion, a protectionist in economics; in 1829 joining Benjamin Lundy to carry on the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* and nailing to the mast the banner of immediate emancipation, to the horror of his subscribers; in 1830 beginning his lifetime of agitation in Boston and almost immediately launching the *Liberator* on its thirty-five-year career; going steadily forward through the succeeding thirty years of misunderstanding, persecution, and venomous personal hatred without swerving a hair's breadth from the path to his goal; single-handed attacking an entire army without fear; scarifying indifferently the little and the great in whatever measure they compromised with the sin of slavery; forever fighting the foes of his cause, yet without personal hostility; in the trying days of the Civil War maintaining his principle of non-resistance, yet sending his son to the front as lieutenant in the second colored regiment of Massachusetts and helping to hold the abolitionist movement steady when it threatened to jump the track by opposing Lincoln's second election; and so passing on to the great day of final triumph of emancipation, followed by world-wide recognition of his immense services to the cause. Through it all he himself constantly grew more and more free in mind and spirit, breaking the old chains of theological, political, and social intolerance.

It was not in his anti-slavery work alone, therefore, that Garrison's services to the cause of freedom consisted. He occupies an honorable place also in the history of religious liberty in the United States. Always a man of profoundly religious character, he gradually developed from the theological narrowness of his earlier years to a belief that had much in common with that of the more liberal members of the Society of Friends, among whom he always found his staunchest supporters. He early aroused bitter clerical antagonism by his savage attacks on the churches for their refusal to attack the sin of slavery, and during most of his mature life he was the object of unmitigated reprobation on the part of orthodox religious teachers, who stigmatized him as an atheist or, to quote a reviewer in the New York *Independent* in 1856, as one of a group of "infidels . . . of a most degraded class." To quote his official biography:

> The more he used the Scriptures in his agitation, the more he appeared to them a poacher on their preserves; and his secular agitation was a standing irritation to them as an obvious work of Christian charity conducted without the aid and direction of the cloth.

The influence of his thought in the religious field, despite such opposition, is suggested in the enthusiastic words of Elizabeth Cady Stanton:

> In the darkness and gloom of a false theology I was slowly sawing off the chains of my spiritual bondage when, for the first time, I met Garrison in London. A few bold strokes from the hammer of his truth, I was free. . . . To Garrison we owe, more than to any other one man of our day, all that we have of religious freedom.

Garrison's work for women is known to every student. To one of his sympathies and ideas, their legal and political disabilities were bound to appear unjust and immoral, and he lost no chance to plead their cause by word and deed. When the so-called woman's-rights agitation took definite form in the thirties, it was the *Liberator* that published in thirteen successive issues the letters in which Angelina Grimké set forth the case. In the first issue of the year 1838 Garrison declared: "As our object is universal emancipation—to redeem woman as well as man from a servile to an equal condition—we shall go for the *Rights of Woman* to their utmost extent." Braving the disapproval of even his liberal colleagues, Garrison early insisted on women's being associated on terms of equality with men in the work of the anti-slavery societies, and his action at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840 constituted a master-stroke of effective agitation in behalf of women. Arriving in London to find the floor barred to the American women delegates, he refused his own seat and took his place in the gallery alongside Lucretia Mott and the other American women—an act which scandalized the convention and drew world-wide attention to the disabilities of women. Throughout his long and busy life he lost no opportunity of urging the absolute equality of rights as between men and women; in the faith that such equality would be early achieved he never wavered. How largely the events of the half-century since his death have vindicated that faith is known by all men.

Garrison's lifelong devotion to total abstinence, as well as his interest in free trade, a universal language, and the multitude of other reforms that enlisted his enthusiasm, must be passed over with a mere mention; for our brief remaining space must be given to the third of the great causes with which his name will always be associated—that is, non-resistance. As early as 1829 he declared: "I am not professedly a Quaker; but I heartily, entirely, and practically embrace the doctrine of non-resistance." During his subsequent fifty years of unending struggle, he never swerved from that principle, no matter what the temptation; and even amid the thunders of the Civil War he never ceased to bear testimony against the wickedness of organized government violence. The most striking expression of his views is found in the Declaration of Sentiments adopted by the Peace Convention in 1838: "We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. . . . We shall obey all the requirements of government except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the Gospel."

It is not altogether easy to determine just how much or how little influence Garrison's non-resistance testimony has had on the thought and action of our country. Certainly universal peace today appears almost infinitely remote from realization—yet who knows? In *The Nation* of May 21 last I pointed out how Garrison's influence, transmitted through Tolstoy, had touched the thought of Gandhi. In that great non-violent revolt which today is shaking British power in India and is beginning to affect life and conduct in the Western World, we may conceivably see the beginning of a movement which in its ultimate result will yet bring to an end the violence of principalities and Powers. Once more the faith of the Liberator may prove to be the faith of the prophet.

North Carolina's New Senators

By WEIMAR JONES

FOR nearly thirty years North Carolina has been represented in the United States Senate by the same men, Furnifold McLendell Simmons and Lee Slater Overman. In last June's primary Senator Simmons was shelved by the Democratic electorate, and on December 12 Senator Overman was removed by death. When he was succeeded, five days later, by Cameron Morrison, it definitely marked the end of an era in North Carolina politics, an era of Simmons-controlled conservatism.

In the stead of its two veterans North Carolina is sending to the Senate men who are almost wholly opposites. Both have liberal leanings, both are forceful, and both have long been consistent Democratic "defenders of the faith"; but there the similarity ends. Morrison is a picturesque fighter, ever ready to champion the cause of "the pee-pul"; the other, Josiah William Bailey, is a scholar whose devotion to abstract principles of right and wrong, and specifically to righteousness in civil and political affairs, borders on fanaticism.

Bailey, a Baptist lawyer who rarely smiles, and whose lips easily form such words as "corruption," "integrity," and "righteousness," might easily be taken for an ascetic. His lean, angular face and cold, piercing eyes suggest Cassius, who thought too much. He is a brilliant but painstaking student whose mind quickly cuts through to the heart of a thing, with a logic that is irrefutable and a command of language probably unequaled by any other living North Carolinian. They say of him in North Carolina that his mind is "as quick as a steel trap."

Morrison, former "good-roads governor" and one-time Simmons lieutenant, is at once the patriot and the demagogue —in addition to being the husband of a woman worth a million or so. Hail-fellow-well-met, one of his favorite greetings to friends is "Bill, you got a chaw of tobacco?" He endeared himself to thousands when, as governor, he announced one night that he would leave for the scene of strike trouble the following morning at "sun-up." He could just as easily have said "seven o'clock," but he preferred the homespun expression.

Senator Morrison, or "Cam," as he is known to thousands (nobody would ever think of calling Senator-elect Bailey "Bill"), is a born fighter. He has been fighting ever since, with neither college education nor money, he started his climb upward. He is still ready to do battle, "at the drop of a hat," with any challenger. While he unquestionably has received much more of the credit for North Carolina's phenomenal program of road construction than is rightfully his, the fact remains that when others sought thousands for roads, Morrison boldly demanded, and obtained, millions. In his political career he has lost but one major engagement, a project calling for State construction of port terminals and inland waterways as a means of giving the State lower transportation rates—a blow which was aimed at the railroads.

How these men came to the United States Senate forms one of the interesting chapters in American political history. For thirty years the dictatorship of Senator Simmons, dating from the "red-shirt" days when the Negro was driven from the State's politics, was unquestioned; rather it was questioned only on those rare occasions when some innocent gave the "organization" opportunity to demonstrate how all-powerful it really was.

Ten years ago Simmons chose Morrison as the Democratic candidate for governor. Oliver Max Gardner, youthful orator and one-time football star, had the hardihood to oppose him for the nomination. The campaign was one of the most bitter in the annals of the State. Brothers split over it, the fight even extended into the churches; the scars of that battle have not yet wholly disappeared. On his side Gardner, the rebel, had but two assets, an oratory that well nigh swept the State off its feet and a knack for binding men to him with a loyalty that never swerves. Thus armed, he came near winning the governorship; so near that the cohorts of the "little giant," as Simmons is known, sued for peace—even though the victory was theirs.

What Gardner failed to win in battle he obtained by strategy. As the price of joining the organization he demanded and was given the promise of the governorship—eight years later; it had to be eight years, for the invariable rule is for the east and the west to take turns in furnishing the State its chief executive, and both Gardner and Morrison are from the west.

Four years later a new rebel had arisen to challenge the organization. He was Josiah William Bailey. He opposed Angus Wilton McLean, banker and organization candidate. Bailey went from one end of the State to the other, lashing the party organization with a tongue that can coin fiercely biting phrases, hurling charge after charge. Bailey went down in what appeared then as a defeat so crushing he would never again be heard from.

True to his promise, Simmons gave Gardner the gubernatorial nomination in 1928. As a mattter of fact, Gardner's heirship had so long been taken for granted, and he had so often been referred to as "the next governor," that the nomination went to him by default—there was no other candidate.

That same year Simmons the infallible, the strict party man who had ruthlessly crushed any and all whose party loyalty for an instant wavered, bolted the party. McLean lined up with him, as did Frank McNinch, of recent Power Commission fame. But Morrison, whom Simmons had made, came out emphatically for Al Smith. Bailey, for his part, not only campaigned the State for the Democratic ticket in 1928, but in 1930, with an insistence that would have done justice to a Cato, reiterated that Senator Simmons should be destroyed.

One possible Senatorial candidate after another Bailey interviewed and pledged his aid to, but one after another they declined the doubtful honor. At last Bailey announced his own candidacy, swept the State in the primary, and in November was elected by the largest majority ever given a North Carolina Senatorial candidate. From defeat to victory, he has remained the crusading rebel, neither asking nor giving quarter.

Morrison is different. An organization creation, he stuck by the organization until 1928. And the other day he accepted an appointment to the Senate from none other than his old antagonist, the man against whom he had waged such a bitter campaign ten years ago, the man who had come so near cheating him of the governorship—Governor Oliver Max Gardner.

To Simmons, his house of cards falling all about him, the defection of Morrison, his trusted lieutenant, in 1928 was a bitter blow; he has never been able to forgive. It was a rather ironic, final touch to his utter defeat, therefore, when custom decreed that he should present Morrison to the Senate.

North Carolina's new Senators will be heard from. Morrison is too much the fighter, too colorful a personality, long to remain quiet. And Bailey is too much the student, too definitely the crusader, not to make his impress. Morrison will speak more loudly than his colleague; it remains to be seen if he will be heard as far. However that may be, their records indicate that North Carolina's new Senators will be found casting their ballots more frequently with the liberal (not radical) than the conservative blocs.

The Oriental on the Pacific Coast

By HUBERT PHILLIPS

AT a time when the Department of State is cutting down sharply the number of immigrants admitted under the quota law, and when Congress is considering the temporary prohibition of immigration, it may not be without interest to consider the experience of the Pacific Coast with the three great groups of Oriental immigrants that at various periods have troubled its calm.

In considering the history of race relations between native-born Americans and the Chinese, which were the first Oriental group to come to the Pacific Coast in any numbers, a cyclical movement becomes evident. It runs in the following fashion: invitation, welcome, discontent, agitation, legislation, exclusion, and, finally, an attitude of friendliness and good-will toward those already here. What is the explanation of these apparently curious changes in attitude? As a general approach to the whole problem of race relations let it be noted that foreign peoples are usually welcome among their neighbors when they are economically useful, that is, when they are willing to do work which, because of its hardship or disagreeableness, no one else wishes to do.

The Chinese began to come to the Pacific Coast about 1850. They were welcomed for their industry and frugality, i. e., their willingness to take low wages. When the construction of the Central Pacific began, Leland Stanford and his associates brought them into the country by the thousands. There is no telling how long the completion of the first transcontinental railroad would have been delayed had it not been for Chinese labor. A year before the completion of the Central Pacific the Burlingame treaty of 1868 granted the Chinese unlimited right of immigration and a guaranty of treatment accorded the citizens of the most favored nation.

By 1870 there were 63,199 Chinese in the United States. Of this number 49,277 were in California and practically all the others in adjoining States. The year 1870 marks the beginning, so far as a definite date can be given, of the second stage of American-Chinese relations, namely, discontent regarding the presence of the Chinese. This stage soon gave place to the next one—agitation. The reason is not far to seek. The completion of the Central Pacific in 1869 threw thousands of Chinese into industries in which they came into competition with native labor. In 1870 Chinese shoemakers, or at least potential shoemakers, were taken all the way from California to North Adams, Massachusetts, to break a strike in a shoe factory. Economic competition was getting in its work, and as a result the relations between whites and Orientals, at that time almost entirely Chinese, on the Pacific Coast were becoming strained. The business depression of 1877, which with drought affected all lines of economic activity in California, hastened the development of a bitter anti-Chinese agitation. During the years 1878 and 1879 San Francisco, and to a certain extent all of California, became familiar with the cry of Dennis Kearney that "the Chinese must go." Those were the days when the very Chinese who ten years earlier had been complimented for their industry and thrift were stoned and otherwise maltreated by mobs which invaded the Chinese quarters of California cities. The demand from the Pacific Coast for the exclusion of the Oriental soon became so insistent that Congress showed a willingness to abrogate the Burlingame treaty. There followed a contest between President Hayes and Congress, the President standing in the way of a unilateral abrogation of the Burlingame treaty but finally signing a bill suspending immigration from China for ten years. When this ten-year period expired it was renewed by the Geary act, and exclusion became the established policy.

The last stage of the cycle had now been reached. Today the Chinese as a group are respected on the Pacific Coast; they participate in civic undertakings; their children are given every educational advantage; and in some communities Chinese business men are invited to membership in the service clubs of their city. Fear has given way to mutual respect and good-will.

Very few Japanese came to the United States before the close of the nineteenth century. The exact number was a little less than 25,000. The chief factor in the rapid rise in the immigration of Chinese in the sixties was what the economist calls positive; but it was a negative factor which sent the Japanese to the United States in such numbers during the opening years of the twentieth century. This negative factor was the economic consequences of the Russo-Japanese war of 1905, which was followed by widespread economic distress in Japan.

By 1907 there were 75,000 Japanese in the United States, most of them in California. Already the hostility toward them was even greater than that felt toward the

Chinese a generation earlier. The cycle of changing attitudes moved much more rapidly in the case of the Japanese. Just why is a little difficult to say. To the present writer the explanation plainly seems to lie in the aggressive habits and progressive character of the Japanese. While public opinion was inflamed with the charges of the low, un-American standard of living of the Japanese, it was the Japanese immigrant's determination to raise this standard, to avail himself of the opportunities offered by the public school, to refuse to remain a mere laborer, to become a proprietor that caused most of the trouble.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, became at first cultivators of the soil. To a large extent this still holds, more than half the Japanese on the Pacific Coast being engaged in the production of basic crops. But as in the case of the Chinese, urbanization is well under way. The passage of the anti-alien land law in 1913 marks a definite step in this process and is without doubt its chief cause. But despite laws prohibiting the ownership or leasing of land by Orientals, laws through and around which clever lawyers have found many paths, and despite the more recent refusal of the United States to place Japanese immigration on the quota basis, there is on the Pacific Coast today a kindlier feeling toward the Japanese already here than has existed for many years. One can find many surprising examples of recognition of certain Japanese ranchers and business men by the civic organizations of their respective communities. Even the organizations most active in bringing about the passage of the laws seeking to drive the Oriental from the land and make impossible any further immigration have announced their satisfaction with the present state of affairs as far as the Chinese and Japanese are concerned.

The Filipino is another matter. In his case the cycle has not run its course. Will it? That is the interesting question, to which the future holds the answer.

In order to produce the enormous quantities of vegetables and fruits that flow to the Eastern markets throughout nearly the whole year, California has to have a great amount of "knee" or "stoop" labor in her vineyards, orchards, and truck gardens. The anti-alien land law, seeking, and in part succeeding, to drive the Chinese and Japanese off the land, left a void which has been filled by two other immigrant groups—the Mexicans from the south and another Oriental group, the Filipinos. (This use of the term Oriental as applied to the Filipino is of course not strictly accurate. It is used here to designate his geographical origin as being more nearly Asiatic than Oceanic. It should also be remembered that the Filipino has had a long cultural contact with Latin and Anglo-Saxon institutions.)

The Mexicans have brought to the Southwestern United States great social problems and have put an enormous burden upon the social agencies dealing with crime, disease, and relief. How different is the story of the Chinese and Japanese! Out of 25,000 cases of poor relief in San Francisco in 1923 there was not a single Chinese or Japanese case. Such a statement, in view of the large Oriental population of San Francisco, is puzzling unless one remembers that the social organization of the Oriental community inevitably took the form of providing protection from the outside community, which in times past was hostile to it. Now it takes care in the same way of the social waste incident to sickness, old age, and poverty.

Even if one did not have access to immigration figures, observation alone would be evidence of the gradual increase, in recent years, in the number of Filipinos in the Pacific Coast States and especially in California. Yet the total number, 34,000, according to the California Department of Industrial Relations, seems hardly sufficient to cause serious economic disturbance in a State as large as California. Like the Chinese and the Japanese before him, the Filipino has gone directly to the land where, in some instances at least, he has proved to be the most efficient labor available. The lettuce industry in the Watsonville district has been largely developed with Filipino labor. The lettuce and asparagus growers do not find the Filipino more reliable or efficient than other Oriental laborers, but the latter groups are not available in large enough numbers. And they do find the Filipino decidedly more efficient than the Mexican and more dependable than the itinerant white laborer.

There is therefore some displacement of labor, but for the most part of labor that is not particularly anxious to do the work which the Filipino is willing to do. Nevertheless, as early as 1927 organized labor began to agitate for the exclusion of the Filipino, apparently out of fear that an influx of Filipinos might conceivably vitally affect the future labor market of the State.

There are, however, one or two factors complicating the present situation which were not present in the case of the two preceding immigrant groups from the Orient. In each of the three groups the immigrants have been largely male. W. J. French of the California Department of Industrial Relations is the authority for the statement that out of every hundred Filipinos who came to California during the ten years 1920-30, ninety-three were males. This proportion of males to females is probably no larger than it was among the Chinese and Japanese immigrants. But there is another factor which is quite different. So far as the present writer knows, no social study was ever made of the age and marital status of the Chinese and Japanese when the immigration from those countries was at its height. But the general impression is, and it seems to be well founded, that the immigration from both of those countries was largely composed of mature adults, many of whom left wives at home to whom they expected to return or whom they expected to bring to the United States as soon as they were economically established. But if one associates a little with the Filipinos in the centers where they have congregated on the Pacific Coast one is struck by the youth of the group and especially by the number of very young boys, at least in appearance. Statistics compiled by the State Department show that 80 per cent of those entering the United States from the Philippine Islands are between sixteen and thirty years of age and that 77 per cent of them are unmarried. These young men, finding themselves in a country which is strange and yet their country at least as far as the flag is concerned, seek the natural social outlets and activities of youth, only to run up against the color bar. Their perfectly natural and easily understood attempts to attract the attention of white girls and to seek their company have been, at any rate on the surface, one of the things which have aroused antagonism to the Filipino. This was the pretense for the inception of the week of rioting near Watsonville in January, 1930. A group of Filipinos had rented a dance hall a few miles out of Watsonville and set up a "taxi dance hall" for Filipinos. They brought in from somewhere nine white dance-hall girls. According to the testimony of the two Americans owning the property the dances were more decorously conducted than those of some American groups who had rented the hall in time past. But the "honor" of the nine white women must be saved, and so for three successive nights a mob, composed largely of young men and boys, sought to storm the dance hall and was held off only by armed guards provided in anticipation of trouble. Frustrated in this attempt, the mob satisfied itself by assaulting hapless Filipinos on the streets of Watsonville, pillaging dwellings occupied by Filipinos, and finally, by shooting up a ranchhouse in which Filipinos lived. In this affair one Filipino, Ferman Tober, was killed.

The line-up of organizations that were particularly active, on one side or the other, in the days of anti-Chinese and anti-Japanese agitation is very interesting. Labor organizations, patriotic and military organizations, and retail merchants' associations have been traditionally hostile to the immigrants. The churches, the large landowners, and importing and exporting houses or firms having international trade relations have been traditionally favorable. Nothing could show more effectively the all-pervasive influence of economics. Largely this same line-up exists in the case of the Filipino.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to peer into the future and prophesy what action will be taken regarding the Filipino. But one thing stands out clearly. Given California's peculiar adaptation to the production of fruits and vegetables, given the native white's disinclination to work at the production of such crops except as an owner, it follows that California must depend upon some at least temporarily "submerged" social group to produce her crops. So far she has drawn upon three Oriental groups with results which have been described. Two other courses are open to her. She may use, and in fact is using, the Mexican. In case the agitation for the exclusion of all alien groups should include him, there still remains one hope—the American Negro. During the past three years he has come to California in large numbers along with the cultivation of cotton. If a labor vacuum is created in the fruit industry he will fill it. Though he is a native and a citizen he will bring some social problems to the State, quite different from those brought by the Oriental but, nevertheless, difficult and serious. Perhaps some time it will dawn upon the human intelligence that men should own only such land as they can cultivate and harvest themselves or in cooperation with their neighbors, and that any other procedure means a floating population of homeless, womanless, and often jobless men making for an unstable, unjust, and in the long run non-prosperous social order.

"Pacification" of the Ukraine

By NEGLEY FARSON

THE "pacification" of the Ukraine brought out such atrocious stories of Polish brutality that the Polish ambassador in Washington, perhaps rashly, issued an invitation to foreign correspondents to go there "and see for themselves," an invitation which I was naive enough to accept and which brought about my arrest a week later in the remote village of Gaje.

In Berlin, when the Poles heard I was bound for the Ukraine they hastened to the telephone to assure me of every convenience; in Lwow, of course, I must be sure first to see the *voivode*, who would "arrange everything" for me. The *voivode* is a sort of local district commissioner. In Warsaw, when I announced my intention to the Foreign Office, it was not received with enthusiasm. At the same time strange comments began to appear in the newspapers, one of which said there were foreign newspaper correspondents in the town—"Some are correspondents and some have just come here to find things to say against our fair land. We should simply get rid of them as such." Of course, said the Foreign Office, I would see the *voivode* immediately upon arriving at Lwow. He would "arrange everything."

At 9:05 on the snowy morning I arrived in Lwow the *voivode* was asleep and therefore not able to "arrange everything," so leaving my card, I took a motor car and drove out to the remote village of Gaje, which, it was whispered to me in Warsaw, had been the scene of some of the worst atrocities. Polish roads are quite dreadful in the winter, and the car slithered along on a scum of slippery mud. It was the mud that enabled me to get the information I would not have got otherwise; for when we reached the country crossroad going over the hills to Gaje we were mired, and I had to do the rest of the journey on foot. For some two miles I walked across the bleak, windy hills. A heavy snowstorm had set in, against which some doleful crows were flapping helplessly. And then I passed along a scraggly gray forest (which comes into this story) and in a notch of the hills, huddling from the winter, I found the thatched clay huts of tragic Gaje.

The peasants were out, in conical sheepskin hats, busily engaged wrapping their clay houses in bundles of straw, like overcoats, to keep in the warmth of the stove. Yes, they said, the soldiers had been there. Yes, they had beaten a lot of people—you know what soldiers are. Badly? Well . . . they had killed Tiutku. How did that happen? Well . . . Tiutku was afraid . . . when the boys saw the cavalry riding they ran out and tried to hide in the woods. Then the soldiers flushed them out—just like partridges. They beat them. Tiutku? Well . . . he must have been weak . . . he thought he could save himself from further beating if he could get on the good side of the soldiers . . . help them to find something. There was a machine-gun, he said, hidden in a house he knew in the next village. Aha! said the soldiers. They took him there—and of course there wasn't any machine-gun—they couldn't find anything!

"Why did you lie to us?" asked the officer.

"Because I hate you!" wept Tiutku.

Then the soldiers beat him again and Tiutku died the next day.

That was the story. And I might say that when they knew I had found it out, the political police in Lwow admitted it to me the next day; only they said Tiutku had died of heart failure—as well he might.

Then the police caught me. I had noticed that the peasants were beginning to get frightened as they talked with me. How did they know I might not be an agent of the Poles? Perhaps, they suggested, it would be better if the policeman saw my documents? I agreed, although I knew what it meant, and upon the appearance of that spick-and-span Polish policeman the wretched peasants became as silent as the grave. Finding that I had no official permission to visit the village, he immediately said he would have to take me back to Lwow. "Orders is orders," said he—and why had I not immediately reported to him upon entering the village? I smiled and the peasants grinned in rueful chorus. He was a decent policeman, doing his job, and we conversed amiably in the straw-filled cart that took us back to the main road, where my motor car rushed us back to Lwow.

But there the scene changed. I was taken to the station of the dreaded "political" police, where in a room gory with the photographs of bomb outrages and local terrorists captured in wrecked homes with blood-spattered walls I was put through a six-hour inquisition which reminded me of nothing less than the grilling I received when I was arrested by the czarist *okhrana* in 1915. Why had I gone to Gaje? Why had I not seen the *voivode* first? What had I seen in Gaje? Whom had I talked with in Lwow? Hour after hour, until, beginning to get annoyed, I began to ask questions myself. Did I have to have a written permission to visit the village? Yes. Did I have to show it to the local policeman as soon as I got there? Yes. "Who's asking these questions," demanded the sinister "political" Inquisitor, "I or you?" I told him that I was—whereupon another policeman was called, and I was taken out into another room, where I remained under guard. It was cold. But the last hour of my incarceration there became warm enough—the talk now centered sharply on my notebook. What had I written in it out in Gaje? I replied that was my affair. If it was an official order that they take it from me, then, I said, I could not prevent them with so many policemen around—but that would place an entirely different complexion on this whole affair. If they took it from my pocket, I assured them, I would report to my Ambassador. The Inquisitor gave me a sickly grin.

"Be a good fellow," he wheedled. "Let me see it—just for me."

This naive request was too much for me, and I told them they must let me go and get my dinner. Aside from being cold and covered with mud, I had had nothing to eat the whole day. So at ten o'clock that night they let me go—followed by spies who were as adhesive as my shadow from then on.

Lwow is a sophisticated provincial town pollenized with the cultivated tastes and desires of the sons of country landowners, and that night I had the peculiar experience of eating an excellent late supper in the very presence of the smart officers of the crack Fourteenth Cavalry Regiment who, according to the peasants in wretched Gaje, had beaten their comrade to death.

I finished my French wine, with the orchestra playing "Victoria and Her Hussar," and went out into the lobby to find my spy waiting for me—a particularly ugly girl in rubber boots.

The next day, in a tiny makeshift hospital protected by the sacred walls of the Uniate church, I saw eleven peasants in such a state that I could hardly bear to look at them. Their buttocks had been beaten to a pulp. Some of them had been lying there five weeks, attended by the kindly nuns. Bandages were removed, showing raw red septic sores some six inches in diameter that it seemed nothing less than extensive skin grafting could ever make whole again. They were merely a few from the hundreds of villages that had been "visited" by the soldiery. One man of sixty-two told me how the cavalry had ridden into his village, driving the peasants before them like cattle. The peasants had been herded into a shed where twenty of the males were laid across planks and flogged with heavy sticks. Some of them got two hundred strokes. When a man fainted he was revived by dashing cold water upon him—and flogged again. Fifty other peasants were coming to this hospital to have wounds treated. Hundreds of others lay in far villages, unable to receive medical attention as the Ukrainian doctors who tried to get out to them were arrested. This is a matter of fact.

It is also a fact that not one of these people had a single charge against him. They had merely been "pacified" by the Poles.

In the Driftway

As the Drifter lay awake on Christmas night from having had too much turkey and too little exercise he began to reflect on what a Christmas dinner means. And in so far as his machine-age ignorance would permit he reconstructed the Christmas dinner of a farmer and his family whom he knew ten years ago in a remote corner of Wyoming. Perhaps even that distant farm has by now been drawn into the modern world but at that time it had not. This farmer and his wife were of ordinary intelligence, and they had six children, four boys and two girls. It was a long trail that led up to that Christmas dinner. Let it begin with the hatching of the turkey. Mother turkeys strut the fields and bob their necks as if they were entirely competent. But they are not. Loud-mouthed babies get lost in the tall lucerne, and animals other than humans—particularly coyotes—find turkey meat succulent. There are losses as the summer wears on, and they can be kept down only by the watchful eye of the farmer or the farmer's wife or the farmer's child. And the turkey, as everybody knows, is only the beginning. The wheat grows, is cut and threshed and sacked. On a long day the farmer hitches up the team and with a child for company drives to the flour mill with wheat enough piled up behind him to make the year's bread. He talks to the white-dusted miller and the boy watches the wheels go round. Back home, by this time, canning season is on. So many quarts of peaches and pears, mincemeat, pickles, beets, peas, beans. So many glasses of jellies, jams. Dried beans, too, dried peaches, apples, plums. Somebody is working hard, as usual. The potatoes piled in the cellar mean stooping backs. Apples still hanging on the trees mean reaching arms and wary footsteps on a shaky ladder. The pumpkins are yellow, the squash is wrinkled but not yet old enough to store.

DAY after day the Christmas dinner piles up while the turkeys strut and gobble as if that sound were the sweetest sound on earth. The woodpile grows, too. The ax rings and the farmer tells his boys about the three heats that wood gives out—the heat you get from chopping it, the heat you get sawing it into lengths, and the heat that comes from the Franklin stove in the parlor or the big range in the kitchen. The last great work falls of course to the farmer's wife, with boys to carry water and wood and girls to try their hands at a pie crust under laborious direction. They have to learn some time. But finally the day itself comes, and the hour. The farmer and his wife and the six children sit down to a table loaded with food. And though that family may not be very long on brains, every member of it is intimately aware of where his dinner came from and how it grew, from the onion in the stuffing to the pumpkin in the pie. The boys competed with squirrels for the hickory nuts they will crack tonight. The farmer has known the apples in his excellent cider since they were pink blossoms on a crooked tree. The farmer's wife knows that turkey so well that she can hardly bear to eat it. But she does. She is hungry with a hunger that only physical activity can produce. The family has earned its living in the literal sense. It enjoys the fruits of its toil without benefit of middlemen.

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SHIFT the scene to New York City, to the home of a $25-a-week clerk in a broker's office. He and his wife have no children—they can't afford it. Preparation for Christmas dinner begins the day before, when the wife goes marketing. She buys the turkey that looks best to her among those hanging with their heads down in the refrigerated butcher shop. Has she ever seen the pride that is a live turkey? Probably not. A turkey to her is a naked bird hanging ignominiously by its big feet. She moves on to a grocery store, where she buys cranberry sauce, very good, three cans for a quarter. She buys, at last, a mince pie and, since she'll be very busy the next day, a loaf of bread that is already sliced. She has in her kitchenette at the end of the afternoon what the farmer accumulates between June and Christmas. What does the dinner mean to the clerk and his wife? It means only so much money spent. They have earned their living, too, but the phrase has lost its original meaning. They live on money, in effect they eat money—which is hatched from other money. At least so it is reported, though nobody, so far as the Drifter knows, ever saw a dollar hatch a little dollar. The work back on the farm goes on, of course, in some form or other. But the broker's clerk, instead of doing it himself, works eight hours in an office building in order to pay for having it done. He pays high, too. There are a lot of well-fed men between him and the farmer who must get theirs.

* * * * *

UNDOUBTEDLY, the broker's clerk would laugh at the farmer in Wyoming, would shudder at the thought of the hard work he has to do. The farmer would envy the clerk with his warm house, his radio, and the conveniences no one would care to be without. The Drifter does not presume to say which is better off. He can only say that he would rather spend Christmas with the farmer than with the broker's clerk.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What About Russia?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your unemployment program is fifty years or more ahead of anything coming from high official sources, and I believe it would abolish unemployment. But that is not enough to meet the new conditions.

Russia has no unemployment problem now. But what will Russia do in a few years from now, when it is able to produce a surplus? It will improve the standard of living for all its people until consumption keeps pace with production—or until all have everything they want. If it must curtail production it will do so by reducing working hours, not by throwing part of the workers out of a job. Russia will act thus because it is the reasonable way to deal with overproduction, and because it is consistent with Communist ideas and with Soviet Russia's actions in the past.

This will bring into world economics a new kind of competition, competition between two economic systems, to decide which can provide the best standard of living for its people.

Most of the European nations are overloaded with debts and armaments, hemmed in on all sides with tariff barriers, and hog-tied with politics and diplomacy. They are in poor shape to race for the highest standard of living. The United States, without debt, with a comparatively light burden of armaments, all the raw material needed, and an abundant food supply, should be far in the lead in this race for years to come. American workers have at present more of the necessaries and luxuries than the Russians have. We also have unemployment problems and economic insecurity. How far are we ahead? And how long can we keep the lead?

All the purely material advantages are on our side, but our statesmen are living in the past; they are only dimly aware of the struggle between economic systems. The best they know is to borrow charity from the dark ages and call it a cure for unemployment, and try to check Russia's advance by legislating against "Russian convict-made goods."

Soviet Russia is fully aware of the struggle, knows what it is about, and what it must do to win. And Russia has the fresh vitality of youth.

Portland, Ore., December 20 B. E. NILSSON

Unemployment Insurance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Henry Raymond Mussey's criticism of unemployment-insurance schemes on the ground that they have a tendency to deaden efforts to reduce unemployment may be justified so far as the British scheme is concerned, but it has no application to the bills for unemployment insurance introduced by the Socialist Party during the last two years in the Connecticut and Massachusetts State legislatures.

These bills treat unemployment insurance roughly in the same way that workmen's-compensation laws treat industrial accidents. That is, they put on the employers the duty to pay out-of-work allowances to men whom they lay off or discharge, and then require the employers to insure against that liability. The unemployment-insurance board charged with the administration of the law is directed to make different rates of premiums for different industries in proportion to the amount of unemployment in each industry. In addition, provision is made for a system of charges and credits on the premiums paid by individual employers according as their unemployment experience is markedly worse or markedly better than the average for their industry as a whole.

In this way a direct financial incentive is offered to each employer to reduce unemployment in his industry and in his particular shop or factory to a minimum.

Cambridge, Mass., December 20 ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Talk Turkey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in your issue of December 10 entitled An Unemployment Program we have a fine example of *lucus a non lucendo*. The piece concludes: "If we do not want communism, let us abolish unemployment." Well, what then? By so doing we would put a quietus on the scheme to confiscate all private wealth. That strikes one as a safe and sane proposal. But does *The Nation* not realize that it unceasingly advocates the confiscation of a great part of private wealth in its doctrine of taxation according to ability to pay? Would *The Nation* turn face about and seek to prohibit *all* confiscation of private wealth? One finds no evidence of such an impulse. And yet *The Nation* must realize that the only way to stop the scourge of unemployment is to make it possible for the laborer to employ himself, if need be, so as to avoid the "squeeze" stations of industrialism. How?

1. By nation-wide socialization of land rents.
2. By the concurrent disappearance of interest.
3. By the abolition of all taxes.

If *The Nation* really wishes to stave off the threat of communism, why does it not "talk turkey" while there is yet time?

Fairhope, Ala., December 12 E. WYE

Judge Lindsey Was Right

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial remarks about the controversy between Bishop Manning and Judge Ben B. Lindsey it seems to me that you take the wrong position as to the decorum and judgment evinced by the Judge.

I cannot agree with your expressed opinion that "Mr. Lindsey hurt his cause by his own ill-timed response." Hurt his cause? In the eyes of those who shouted "he ought to be lynched"? I for one—and I am sure that I am voicing the opinion of thousands of others—have the most profound admiration for Judge Lindsey for his courage in daring to challenge the Bishop on the spot, right before his own congregation.

It is your opinion that "he would have done better to await the exoneration which time would speedily have afforded him," but in this I differ with you. It is my opinion that men like Bishop Manning make their attacks secure in the knowledge that no one will dare impugn their statements right before their auditors, and that once they are shown that they cannot attack a person or an idea without being called to account or without giving the attacked an opportunity to exonerate himself, they will be constrained to abandon this dastardly practice, or, at least, limit it to the utmost. The refusal on the part of the Bishop to allow Judge Lindsey to take the pulpit in his own defense amply bears out my contention.

When an arrogant, swashbuckling sky pilot turns literary critic he ought to be put in his place, and the most propitious time and place for it is any time and any place.

New York, December 17 E. J. OSTROW

Afterthoughts of Calvin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his daily article of July 5 former President Coolidge said: "With the direct primaries in most States and the popular election of Senators, the present perversion of legislation is unavoidable." In his article of July 14 he said: "The Congress will cease from troubling for a period of five months." But in his inaugural address he said of Congress: "In spite of all the criticism which often falls to its lot, I do not hesitate to say that there is no more independent and effective legislative body in the world."

On November 27 Mr. Coolidge said: "If at any time our rewards have seemed meager, we shall find our justification for Thanksgiving by carefully comparing what we have with what we deserve." He referred to the American nation of today as "far less deserving than the Pilgrims." But in his last annual message to Congress, two years ago, he refrained from suggesting that America was not in every way "deserving." He said in the message: "The main source of these unexampled blessings lies in the integrity and character of the American people. They have had great faith, which they have supplemented with mighty works." Just why were we so deserving in 1928 and so much less deserving in 1930?

Worcester, Mass., December 20 MYRON M. JOHNSON

Hooked Rugs for Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are many families in Marion, North Carolina, who since the strike have not been able to find work. These families are badly in need of food and clothes. With the coming of winter and the school season the need is increased.

In order to help buy the things most needed some of the strikers are making hooked rugs. We want a market for these rugs, and would be very glad to send them to any central labor union, any group of people, or any one person who could dispose of one or more of them for us.

Some of the rugs are decorated with scenes from the mountains and the surrounding country and are very beautiful. Prices range from $3 to $15 according to size. You can gladden the hearts of these workers by ordering one or more rugs at this time. Correspondence should be addressed to me, Box 634, Marion.

Marion, N. C., December 20 GRACE ELLIOTT

Material on G. B. S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having contracted with American and English publishers to write the biography of George Bernard Shaw, I don't want people saying later when it is published, "But you should have put in my story of Shaw," or "Why did you leave out this post card I got from him?" So I am hereby warning all such critics to send me their stories, quips, inscriptions, autographs, photographs, post cards, letters, telegrams, cables, and interviews now, or forever hold their peace. Any such material should be sent to me, care of Simon and Schuster, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, or at 9 rue de la Buffa, Nice, France. After it has been copied it will be returned to its owners promptly and with thanks.

Nice, December 1 FRANK HARRIS

Books, Drama, Films

Graves in China

By LEONORA SPEYER

The fields hold dear each dusty mound;
The plowman goes
Patient among the rows
Of fresh-turned ground.

The greening ruts run straight until,
Blocking the way
This many a night and day,
Stands the meek hill.

Stands and will stand! Though sprouting seed
Claims April earth
For its imperative birth,
And for man's need.

Here halts the plow (the field is wide
Or narrow), the foot
Turns, and the reverent rut,
To either side.

Spring on the land—and in one bed,
Under one cover,
Contented lover and lover,
The living and the dead.

Dollar Books: An Autopsy

THE dollar book, ushered in but a few months ago with banners and trumpets, is already dead. Only one publisher, apparently, will continue to put out new volumes at the dollar price, and even these will be confined mainly to lighter fiction. The revolution is over.

But it would be highly unfortunate for the book business if the conclusion were generally drawn that any attempt to reduce prices was doomed to failure. On the contrary, it may yet be found that some reduction in the price of books is inevitable. There are reasons for believing that the present world-wide drop in raw-material prices may reflect not merely one year's depression, but the final phase (in so far as any movement of prices may be called final) of the post-war readjustment. If we merely look back at the course of prices after the Napoleonic Wars or our own Civil War we can see that it required not merely one or two years, but a decade or so to bring prices back approximately to pre-war levels. All this may seem a far-fetched digression; but if at least a substantial part of the recent price collapse represents a permanent post-war decline, retail-price adjustments are certain to follow—as of course they already have to some extent—and it would be strange if books proved an exception.

The dollar book, it seems to me, was a failure not because a cut in price was unsound in tendency, but because this particular cut was far too sudden and drastic. At the time the cut was made it appeared that it might enable us to see just how "elastic" the demand for books was—i. e., to what extent sales of books might increase as prices were reduced—but what actually happened was hardly a fair test of this, chiefly, I believe, because it did not allow for the time element. There is a tremendous inertia in buying habits; they cannot be radically altered in a few months.

Here the publishers might profitably take a hint from the automobile makers. The prices of automobiles are now considerably less than half of what they used to be, but no automobile company announced overnight that the price of its cars had been cut from $3,000 to $1,500. Its managers would have seen at once the foolhardiness of expecting sales immediately to expand enough to offset such a price reduction. What the companies did, instead, was to make small tentative reductions of not more than 10 per cent or so at a time, and then, *when the market had proved that it could expand, and had had time to do so,* further cuts. Over a period of years sales multiplied as prices came down. It is doubtless true that the same economics do not entirely apply to the book business. Each book is a unique thing, or ought to be; at least it is more difficult to persuade a buyer to substitute one book for another because of a small difference in price than it is to persuade him to buy one motor car instead of another for the same reason. And it is difficult to say how much difference a reduction in price of as little as twenty-five cents would make in the sale of any individual book. But it seems to me probable that a general reduction of twenty-five cents would make a real difference in the sale of books in the mass. At least this type of gradual and orderly reduction might be worth trying.

The danger is that the failure of the dollar book may discourage publishing enterprise on its commercial side just at the time when it needs most to be stimulated. The recent proposal, for example, that at least certain types of popular books carry advertisements seems to me worth serious consideration. It is essentially no more undignified for books to carry advertisements than for *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly* to do so, and if we followed the French practice of printing fiction originally in paper covers, it would be a very simple matter to lop off the advertisements when the reader found anything worthy of a permanent binding. Such a proposal may be denounced on the ground that it tends to "commercialize" the book business, but perhaps the real trouble is that the book business has not been commercialized enough. There is a great deal of confusion of thought on this point. It is the commercialization of *authors* that is to be feared, and the commercialization of publishers in the kind of books they choose, not the commercialization of marketing methods. All that is required of the latter is that they be honest, efficient, and sound in the long run.

Even the most efficient marketing methods, of course, will not increase book sales to more than a limited extent. For the rest, the publishers must hope for an advance, necessarily slow, in the level of the national culture, and an increase of the book-reading habit in the teeth of the whole restless modern spirit and the intense competition of the newspapers, the magazines, the theater, the talkies, the radio, motoring, dancing, bridge, ping-pong, golf, and love. It does not seem a rosy prospect; but as book reading, in spite of tremendous odds, *has* survived, it cannot be altogether utopian to suppose that it may in time increase.

HENRY HAZLITT

Shakespeare as He Was

William Shakespeare. A Study of Facts and Problems. By E. K. Chambers. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $15.

The Wheel of Fire. Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. $5.

DIFFERENT as these two books certainly are from each other, they nevertheless unite in saying a single thing—namely, that Shakespeare stands very much where he stood three hundred, two hundred, one hundred years ago. Latterly we have been hearing otherwise. We have been disturbed by rumors of revolutions in the scholarship and criticism of our best poet and our best playwright. We have been told that as soon as certain investigations were done we should have on our hands merely the mangled text of a badly mangled man—a man whose originality had been overrated and the body of whose work had been too naively accepted as authentic, integral, and complete. Both of these books return, or advance, to a conservative position. The first, a work of pure and solid learning, defends the traditional text of Shakespeare against the forces of twentieth-century higher criticism, against the forces of disintegration. The second, a work of pure and brilliant intuition, defends the plays against the notion that they should be taken at anything less or more than their supreme face value. The importance and the timeliness of neither book can be exaggerated.

Sir Edmund Chambers, whose six long volumes on "The Medieval Stage" and "The Elizabethan Stage" have established him as one of the great scholars of contemporary England, and who writes with a kind of towering common sense, not to speak of an almost unsurpassable dryness, now takes up the figure for whom his previous work was intended merely to supply a background. He treats the theater, the biography, and the text of Shakespeare; and he is not at all ashamed to confess in his preface that his conclusions "do not differ essentially from those which have long formed part of the critical tradition." He cannot find, and he freely admits it, that "revolutionary results really emerge from the closer examination of contemporary plays, or of theatrical conditions, or of the psychology of misprints." His bibliographies, if nothing else, are convincing evidence that he has studied all of the so-called Shakespeare problems with extreme care; indeed, his book is in a sense one long bibliographical introduction to those problems, a work of reference about them; but he leaves Shakespeare substantially as he was.

I have called him dry; I must hasten to say that his dryness is usually delightful, and his best weapon against the folly which most men commit when they deal with Shakespeare. The biographical portions of his book, for instance, bristle with innuendoes against those "gifted writers" who pretend to know anything important about Shakespeare's life. Sir Edmund knows so much that he realizes how little there is to know; nor will he indulge in "imaginative reconstruction." Not that he is uncritically hostile toward every part of the Shakespeare legend. He does not find it sensible to dismiss the deer-stealing story without some admission that it may have been possible, or rather that we cannot deny its possibility; and he has to disagree with Sir Sidney Lee's harsh judgment upon a seventeenth-century clergyman, Richard Davies, who said that the poet died a Papist—"How," he asks, "did Sir Sidney know that Davies was irresponsible or a gossip?" So in the chapters on Shakespeare's theater, where he is so incontestably an expert. Professor T. W. Baldwin's "ingenious speculations" as to the relation between the plays and the actors in Shakespeare's company for whom they presumably were written are "vitiated by a misconception as to the nature of theatrical apprenticeship, by a chronology which I believe to be erroneous, and still more perhaps by the complete absence of any data adequate to support so elaborate a superstructure." The dryness there is in the word "perhaps."

So also in the chapters on the text. Here Sir Edmund is in the very thick of controversy, since there are able men who say that the reconstructed text which has come down to us does not faithfully represent Shakespeare's work as he left it; that he was not the sole author of many of the plays; that he altered and rewrote, and that it is difficult now to disentangle the successive versions from one another. It would be out of the question to attempt even an outline of Sir Edmund's arguments, which among other things extend through three hundred closely printed pages of analysis of the plays and poems one by one. It may be noted, however, that he categorically condemns the work of J. M. Robertson on the Shakespeare canon, remarking as he passes that Mr. Robertson "has all the arts of the debater except perhaps that of lucidity." And this final conviction must be recorded: "that the great majority of the plays are Shakespeare's from beginning to end, and that, broadly speaking, when he had once written them, he left them alone."

I have emphasized the controversial aspects of Sir Edmund's book at the expense of other aspects which make it equally valuable. It is a mountain of documents, a vast work of reference. As such, and as a contribution to controversy too, it seems to me the one indispensable book on Shakespeare at the present moment.

Mr. Knight, whose book among other merits possesses that of being introduced by T. S. Eliot, might be said to begin with his commentary where Sir Edmund with his scholarship necessarily leaves off. Sir Edmund has nothing to say about Shakespeare's poetry and drama as such; he only lets us have them again where we once had them—in the standard editions. Mr. Knight has nothing to say about anything else. His are essays in "interpretation"—which, since he scrupulously defines the term, means something quite definite at last. It does not mean, for instance, criticism, the important function of which is to objectify the work under discussion, compare it with other works, and divide its good from its bad. "Interpretation, on the contrary, tends to merge into the work it analyzes; it attempts to understand its subject in the light of its own nature; it avoids discussion of merits. . . . Uncritically, and passively, it receives the whole of the poet's vision; it then proceeds to reexpress this experience in its own terms." It approaches success only when, "preserving something of that childlike faith which we possess, or should possess, in the theater," we remember the original imaginative experience we had as we read or saw the play, and when we now make an effort to state the whole of that experience. Shakespeare's plays, so treated, are in Mr. Knight's opinion without faults, having "so resplendent a quality, so massive a solidity of imagination," that criticism can do nothing with them.

It is refreshing to hear an intelligent man talking this way about Shakespeare nowadays. Not that he represents a return to the uncritical attitude of which we all are tired. He simply is non-critical, which for a person of disciplined imagination is by no means a bad thing to be. Indeed, in the essays which compose his book and which illustrate his method Mr. Knight says much that is illuminating and convincing, and adds something at last to the commentary of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and A. C. Bradley. Nor is it easy to do this. If anyone thinks so, let him read this book; or let him try himself.

MARK VAN DOREN

T. S. Eliot's Baudelaire

Intimate Journals. By Charles Baudelaire. Translated by Charles Isherwood. Introduction by T. S. Eliot. Random House. $6.50.

IN an essay in "For Lancelot Andrewes" T. S. Eliot maintains that Arthur Symons's translation of Baudelaire's work changes him into a Swinburnian decadent of the nineties. That the criticism is just, anyone who has examined the Symons version will grant. But, as Eliot admits, there are certain elements in Baudelaire's poetry that warrant Symons's treatment of him as a kind of superior Ernest Dowson. Eliot, however, insists—and quite rightly—that Symons is unsound in reducing Baudelaire to these elements. What Symons and Baudelaire have in common may be the better part of Symons, but it is a very small part of Baudelaire.

Eliot goes on in the essay mentioned to expound his conception of Baudelaire, and in his preface to the "Intimate Journals" he returns to the task. Baudelaire's Satanism, he says, "amounts to a dim intuition of a part, but a very important part, of Christianity." His ennui is "a true form of *acedia,* arising from the unsuccessful struggle toward the Christian life." "In the middle nineteenth century . . . an age of progressive degradation, Baudelaire perceived that what really matters is Sin and Redemption." That, according to Eliot, is Baudelaire's true importance.

It must at once be admitted that there is much evidence to support Eliot's view of Baudelaire as "*naturaliter* Christian," and some of the strongest evidence is in the "Intimate Journals." The three parts of the book are Squibs and Crackers, My Heart Laid Bare, and A Selection of Consoling Maxims upon Love. Of course many of the observations they contain might be used to defend other theses. Mr. Symons, for example, could easily discover passages that might have served as mottoes for the naughty nineties; Huneker could have drawn upon the book to show that Baudelaire was, as he maintained, superman and egoist; the psychoanalysts will find it useful in their interpretations. But there are also those passages that Mr. Eliot seizes upon, passages that show Baudelaire's preoccupation with sin, his scorn for the diffuse and maudlin religiosity of the age, his desire to pray despite his unbelief, and his growing humility in his later years.

It is easy to see why Eliot emphasizes those particular passages. He has committed himself to certain theological dogmas, among them the dogma of original sin. But it is doubtful if Eliot has any strong, immediate sense of original sin. Judged by his poetry, he has a strong sense of ennui, frustration, and purposelessness, but he has no more conviction of sin than H. G. Wells. Therefore, he rejoices in Baudelaire, who did have an extraordinary ability to realize, intensely and immediately, his unworthiness. By communicating, as the poet can do, something of his own conviction Baudelaire gives Eliot's theological system a reality and vitality that he himself is powerless to impart to it.

We can see the service Baudelaire renders Eliot, but we do not necessarily conclude therefore that Baudelaire's importance derives from his ability to perform that service. On the contrary, we may maintain that Eliot's conception of Baudelaire underestimates the poet's significance, and is, in its way, quite as narrow as Symons's. Eliot rightly emphasizes Baudelaire's independence and experimentalism—"what he knew he found out for himself." But as he sees it, the only result was that Baudelaire was led back into the fold. Eliot holds that Baudelaire had an immediate, a thoroughly poetic sense of the evil in the world and in himself, but was powerless to confront that evil. To meet it he had to take refuge in the church. The real significance of Baudelaire, on the contrary, is that he *was* able to confront the evil he so vividly perceived. Reading one of his poems, firm line by firm line, one sees that the poem is the act of confrontation and mastery. Viewed in such a light, his occasional use of ecclesiastical language is but an accident of education. In each of his great poems Baudelaire demonstrates that he is, in Yvor Winters's phrase, "morally superior to the facts of life." To say less is, certainly, to belittle him.

GRANVILLE HICKS

About China

The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution. By Tang Leang-Li. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution. By Arthur N. Holcombe. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

History of Chinese Political Thought During the Early Tsin Period. By Liang Chi-Chao. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen. By Grace Zaring Stone. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

The Old China Trade. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Three Wise Men of the East. By Elizabeth Bisland. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

IN the last few years there has been a significant difference in books about China from those written in the past. By its long revolution and civil war conducted with modern armament, by troubling our foreign offices and unbalancing the Pacific trade, China has achieved "importance" in a sense that it had not before achieved it by what used to be called its "spiritual" contributions. From now on China is to be assimilated to our own standards of values; it is to be thought of not as a producer of art but as a producer of political and economic disturbance. In Chiang Kai-shek it may soon offer a great man in the Mussolini-Pilsudski mode.

This change is not only one that has taken place in Western minds, but one that is taking place in Chinese minds. Racial consciousness is giving way to national consciousness, to that dismal sense of boundaries which perhaps may be nothing more exalted than the sense of property extended into social consciousness. Probably it was necessary to develop this feeling as a kind of psychological armament, to protect China against a slave consciousness that would have been worse. But there is no question that the result has been a degradation.

The story of China's revolution is too confused as yet to be arranged into a straightforward narrative, and Tang Leang-Li is too close to the events and chief personalities to do the arranging, although his important and valuable book, "The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution," presents much of the material that will go into the final arrangement. He has been an official of the Kuomintang Party, and is one of the leaders of the elements which have repudiated Chiang Kai-shek's packed congresses and hold themselves to be the legitimate successors of Sun Yat-sen. His point of view is definitely partisan in the recital of the latest acts of the revolution, but it is as definitely honest. In his account of the revolution I was particularly struck by one force in the revolution which has always been a force in Chinese life, and which may help us to understand why the revolution has taken so tortuous and tedious a course. I refer to the compromises which have been made from the beginning, and which have certainly delayed its settlement. The first was Sun Yat-sen's compromise with Yuan Shi-kai; later he entered into alliance with Chang Tso-lin and other anti-revolutionary elements. No one impugns Sun Yat-sen's motives, or his intelligence, nor should the compromises of Feng and other Chinese leaders, particularly the Kuomintang's compromise with Russia and the native Communists, be too readily discredited. The Chinese are not perfectionists; their justice has been always based on compromise rather than on ideal right; and while the operation of this racial characteristic may retard a final settlement, it may produce one not so embittered and humiliating as the decisive outcomes in Western history. What seems weakness or opportunism to us seems in China to be reasonable procedure, and we must remember that our concepts of right and wrong are largely the products of tradition. If compromise seems to the Chinese a virtue, then we may be satisfied that it is a virtue. Mr. Leang-Li nowhere says this explicitly, nor, do I think, does he intend to give it implicit recognition. It is implicit rather in the facts themselves.

Professor Holcombe, whose recently published "History of the Chinese Revolution" was comprehensive and carefully balanced, does not particularly succeed in his attempt to give a short account, for the general public, in "The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution." This little book, about a fourth as long as its predecessor, amounts to a much smaller fraction in comparative value. It is divided into a number of sections called The Spirit of Nationalism, The Spirit of Christianity, The Spirit of Communism, The Spirit of Science, etc. It would have been more correct to use the word "influence" instead of "spirit." His popularization suffers, like others of its kind, by attempting to substitute generalizations for the facts which alone can give reality to the generalizations. While this book may be useful to readers who want to learn a little but are unwilling to take much trouble about it, its highest use will be to lead some readers to the author's previous book.

"The History of Chinese Political Thought During the Early Tsin Period" is valuable as an introduction to fine Chinese thinking in ancient times and, in the commentary of the author, to fine Chinese thinking in our own time. Liang Chi-Chao, whose recent death was a great loss to the Chinese intellectual world, has had an honorable, if apparently ineffective career, in recent Chinese history. His influence on Chinese youth, exerted partly by superb literary gifts, was very great. And it was by his inspiration that the opposition to Yuan Shi-kai's attempt to destroy the revolution and found a new dynasty took successful action. Along with an interesting critical survey of China's greatest political philosophers, Confucius, Mencius, Mo Ti, Lao Tse, Chuang Tse, and the Legalists, or advocates of divine right in government, he makes subtle and interesting comparisons with Western institutions and history. Here, however, in spite of the cultivation and tolerance of his mind, he gives way to occasional patriotic bias; and in his admiration of the great men he studies he falls into the usual and perhaps forgivable error of claiming too much for them. The Confucian ideal of the superior (not the *perfect*) man and his responsibilities of social and political leadership has rarely been so successfully stated before.

"The Bitter Tea of General Yen" is a distinguished and fascinating novel. I have seen claims made for it that it is worth a dozen serious books on China in its illumination of Chinese life. This is a different sort of praise than the book merits, fine as it is, and sensitive and acute as its author, Miss Grace Zaring Stone, is. It is rather a remarkable picture of white people in China, and wherever Miss Stone deals with them she is extraordinarily effective. The central situation, however, the encounter of an intelligent American girl with General Yen, model Tupan of a province, reveals little more than a sincere and humble desire to understand the nature of the Chinese mind and the civilization it has erected. The cultured, brilliant, cynical General Yen is neither the essence of Chinese manhood nor is his situation the essence of current Chinese politics. So far as it will lead to respect for Chinese personality and methods, which are so fatally easy for even sympathetic Westerners to misunderstand, this somewhat romanticized situation will be of service. Its greatest achievement, however, both as fiction and as revelation, is its studies of the whites. No malice could have done worse to their pretensions; but Miss Stone does not annihilate; we merely understand them as well as we do our own relatives, and can do as little about them.

"The Old China Trade" recalls an extraordinary episode of American expansion. By a patient and methodical use of his material Mr. Dulles, without any brilliance of style or devices of narration, makes of it a continuously absorbing book. The close of the American Revolution left a great mass of privateers idle in the Northern harbors. How were these to be employed? The financier Robert Morris set the example by outfitting a ship, the Empress of China, for the Oriental trade. Thus by maritime pioneering the North Atlantic States tapped a source of wealth that financed the industries of New York and New England and provided the leisure and well-being for the golden day of New England civilization. The Americans at the beginning sailed in ships smaller sometimes than the caravels of Columbus; they sailed without nautical instruments and with the crudest of charts; most of the crews were boys; yet they accomplished historical voyages, and in their efforts to find furs to exchange for Chinese goods they opened up the American northwest coast and made important Arctic discoveries. Mr. Dulles's account of trade and diplomatic relations with China in the early nineteenth century is a superb piece of historical writing.

With Miss Bisland's "Three Wise Men of the East" we return to the old picturesque school of books about the Orient, mixed up with modern feminist sentiment. Her Three Wise Men are three rulers. The first is Shah Jan, whom she calls the "great lover" because, so far as is known, he loved only one woman. With a grand gesture Miss Bisland sets aside the evidence of history and establishes him as the greatest of Mogul emperors and one of the greatest men in all history. Thus, uxoriousness is turned into a measure of greatness. Miss Bisland's treatment of Chien Lung, the "magnificent emperor," and Hideyoshi, the "fascinating parvenu," is equally capricious and as preposterously mistaken in placing them in Chinese and Japanese history. The book is written with a lavish vocabulary full of jewels and fairy palaces and Oriental wonder. But there is only one wonderful thing about it—that a university press should have lent its imprint to a book lacking any justification in scholarship or literary merit.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

"Our Chief of Men"

Cromwell. By Eucardio Momigliano. Translated by L. E. Marshall. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

EUCARDIO MOMIGLIANO'S study of the Lord Protector possesses the characteristics that justify a new book on the subject: it is objective, and it offers both new information and confirmation of important facts. Wherever the author sets forth an unusual or particularly significant event in Cromwell's career he bases his assertions on the unpartisan contemporary records transmitted to their home governments by Italian diplomats then accredited to London. The most valuable material comes from the letters addressed to the Councilors of Genoa by Francesco Bernardi, Genoese chargé d'affaires at London, who enjoyed unusual intimacy with the Protector, but who, nevertheless, viewed current affairs without passion. In these documents other accounts, English in origin and therefore prone to bias, depicting Cromwell's *de facto* assumption of the place from which he had helped to expel Charles, and his perverse and obstinate ambition, receive definite authentication. In addition much light is shed on Cromwell's desire to become emperor of a pan-European confederation of Protestant peoples.

In order that the book in its totality might attain the excellence of some of its parts, however, it should be either shorter or longer. A shorter book might have consisted only of annotated texts of a larger number of the letters, since the author indicates that many remain unedited though not inaccessible. Such a volume would be a valuable source book for creative writers who might later undertake a full-length biography of Cromwell. On the other hand, in a longer book, the author himself might have undertaken such a study of Cromwell in relation to his times. He is so pressed for space that his sketchy —and occasionally inaccurate—summary of the Puritan revolution fails to reach the roots of the whole complex growth. The beginnings of the struggle obviously go back to the days of Henry VIII and less patently, though none the less surely, to the reign of Edward II. The priest of Lutterworth and the monk of Wittenberg have their share in the ancestry of Cromwell, the elect of God, as well as the legalistic theologian of Geneva. The Protector's overwhelming worldly success as a soldier may have seemed to him the seal of divine approval and hence the honest self-justification of his supreme and single power. A longer book, based on such clear testimony as Mr. Momigliano presents, could have investigated these dark caverns of the spirit with perhaps startling results.

Despite the questionable basis of its construction and the frequently cumbersome style in which it is written—or translated—the book as a whole constitutes an important addition to Cromwell literature. DONALD A. ROBERTS

Lynn Riggs as Poet

The Iron Dish. By Lynn Riggs. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE surfaces of Lynn Riggs's poetry are clean and cool. One derives casual pleasure from the graceful gestures of his particular lyric gift. He has, however, given us little more than his quick, intelligent grasp of external design. It is not often that we find him committing himself beyond the expression of purely decorative effects. On occasions when he does cross the lines of his self-imposed limitations he is clear and vivid. Note this brief commentary:

We will need even these stumps of cedar,
The harsh fruit of the land.
Our thirst will have to be slaked, if at all, by this thin
Water on the sand.
If we have demanded this corrosive season
Of drought, if we have bent
Backward from the plow, asking
Even less than is sent,
Surely we may be no bitterer
Than the shrunk grape
Clinging to the wasted stem
It cannot escape.

The mood of resignation indicated throughout the volume is shown here in its last analysis and with quiet distinction. The counterpoint to this mood is a delight in sharp, hard sunlight such as may be found upon "a pink dress, a blue wagon . . . in the road . . ." all expressed in the simplest of terms and with potentialities for precision. Perhaps it is irrelevant to wish that Mr. Riggs had combined his knowledge of American Southwestern speech displayed in "Roadside" with the formal economy that distinguishes the poems in "The Iron Dish." He has made the poet and the dramatist two distinct and separate personalities. An indication of what may be accomplished in the fusion of the two is shown in a poem called Santo Domingo Corn Dance. The poem is a neat and highly original interpretation of an Indian motif. Here is a selection that illustrates Mr. Riggs's ability in handling the theme:

THE SONG OF THE BODIES

I am
Naked before
You, High One—look! Hear me!
As I stamp this ground worn smooth
By feet.
Not as
A supplicant
I shake the doors of earth—
Let the green corn spring to meet
My tread!

Mr. Riggs's promise seems to lie in a direction away from the florid and strikingly poetic phrase; it finds its best expression in the clean-cut image and in an austere economy of words. HORACE GREGORY

Books in Brief

Willa Cather. By René Rapin. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

Mr. Rapin's study of Willa Cather, in the Modern American Writers' series, is a very small contribution to criticism. Perhaps it was not the intent of the book to give more than the hastiest judgment of the subject's worth. But it should be possible to indicate, at least, why "The Professor's House," "One of Ours," "Death Comes for the Archbishop" are "truly to be called great." Those are big words; they may be applicable to the excellent work of Willa Cather. But of her experimentation with the form of the novel, of the actual quality of her style, there is nothing in this book. Instead, we get beautiful writing and extreme, adjectival gush.

Little America. By Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

That romantic land, the south end of the world, which has called so many men for adventure and exploration and heroism, is once more described, this time by Admiral Byrd. On the whole the Admiral is content to tell a straightforward, unadorned tale of what his expedition did, ate, wore, said, and planned during the two years they spent in the Antarctic. He answers nearly every question that might be asked about equipment and occupation; he tells in detail the scrupulous plans made for the flight over the South Pole, for the supporting parties that had of necessity to reinforce the fliers in case of accident—though happily they were not needed; he describes the flight itself, and perhaps most interesting of all the occupations of the party during the winter months when they were snowbound in camp. Admiral Byrd labored under two disadvantages in writing his book. A masterpiece on the same subject had just been issued for the American public—Apsley

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Cherry-Garrod's "The Worst Journey in the World." And the Byrd expedition all came home alive! Had there been one or two martyrs to science, it is not unlikely that the expedition would have been more popular. This, of course, is preposterous and unjust. As Admiral Byrd himself says, their job was not to make heroes of themselves but to avoid that very thing. If they could, they must sheer away from every pitfall which had brought the Scott expedition to its disastrous and painful—if dramatic—end. Nevertheless, the account of how the expedition stayed alive makes fascinating reading. The illustrations add much to the text.

Sexual Life in Ancient India. By Johann Meyer. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. $10.50.

In their cautious acceptance of birth control Western authorities, political and religious, acknowledge every justification for it except pleasure. Whatever other value Dr. Meyer's volumes have, they are useful in showing that civilizations can exist and flourish without our own abject fear of sex. In India its pleasures are esteemed and are even regarded as the rewards of asceticism. Aside from this sheerly incidental revelation, Dr. Meyer's work has little to offer. It is a dreary edifice of pedantry, where such recherché facts as that children were desired and motherhood respected in Ancient India have to be established by endless citations and references in classic literature and the work of other scholars.

Drama

W. C. Fields and the Cosmos

TO me this seems a year in which the musical comedies distinctly show the way to so-called legitimate attractions. My quarrel with that word "legitimate" is deep and of long standing. I have never been able to understand why entertainment becomes more important simply because no one sings. In recent years I begin to sense a new point of view among critics. When I held a reviewer's post on a morning paper, it was practically treason not to choose a comedy or a farce if it happened to open on the same night as a musical show. Now there are heretics who abandon the old principle. It would be folly to do otherwise.

For instance, there came a night not so long ago in which the choice lay between W. C. Fields in "Ballyhoo" at Hammerstein's Theater and a comedy drama entitled "Life Is Like That." Some few of the pundits insisted on being faithful to the memory of Shakespeare and passed up Mr. Fields to witness "Life Is Like That." The loss was theirs. I found Fields to be at the very top of his glorious best, and I liked the story in which he is set.

A satire on C. C. Pyle, the sporting promoter, has long seemed one of the neglected spaces in the American drama. I will not maintain that the plot runs down all the possibilities of the subject matter. But, at least, the scheme endows Fields with a role in which he is believable as well as amusing.

It is well to remember that a performance in musical comedy is a piece of acting just as a portrayal of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, may be. I will grant that there are depths and subtleties in Hamlet not likely to be found in the usual revue. On the other hand, low comedy parts are vastly better played in most instances. I do not see why any sensitive connoisseur of acting should not vastly prefer W. C. Fields to Walter Hampden. A good comic moves in a plane high above the head of an indifferent tragedian. It might be an excellent idea for the American public to pause in its continual program of self-reproach and take a little pride in the fact that we lead the world in the matter of musical comedy.

"Ballyhoo" is not a perfect specimen, but it is amply excellent to provide a hilarious evening. Several of the regular critics found it dull, but I think they are too captious, and to some extent it is the custom to remain slightly aloof and calm while writing about revues.

Much is made of the fact that Mr. Fields does things now which he has shown us previously. This seems to me an ungrateful form of criticism. The fact that he can produce endless fun by capers in an Austin car should not be minimized simply because some seasons ago he did tricks with a Ford. And I feel that one of the high spots in the present theatrical year has been underlined in red because W. C. Fields is juggling again.

I am of the opinion that in this diversion the man falls little short of genius. You may protest that juggling does not belong among the major arts. Such an opinion will be held only by those who have witnessed merely the proficient practitioners. Fields is, as far as I know, the only one who is able to introduce the tragic note in the handling of a dozen cigar boxes. When they are pyramided, only to crash because of a sudden off-stage noise, my heart goes out to the protagonist as it seldom does to Lear or Macbeth.

If one thinks of art in terms of line and movement, then I suggest that there is present in this juggling act as much to please the eye as when Pavlowa dances. Like the best of modern painters, Fields can afford to depart from the orthodox, because he is heretical from choice and not through incapacity. I mean, it is amusing when he muffs a trick because you know that he could easily complete it if he cared to. Certainly, there is something admirable in the ability to emotionalize the task of tossing spheres into the air and catching them in rhythm. Possibly there is even profundity in such a pastime.

Mr. Fields at play among the planets suggests to me an Einsteinian quality. I do not like to rush into symbolism, but if a mortal can personally see to it that these complicated orbits are preserved, each in its entity, then I go home more sure of the safety and sanctity of the universe than before.

And yet, it might be simpler merely to say that "Ballyhoo" is excellent entertainment.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Films

A Notable Achievement

RENÉ CLAIR, the author and director of "Sous les Toits de Paris" (Little Carnegie Playhouse), enjoys the combined benefits of talent and good fortune. He has produced a picture that in many ways is a little masterpiece, and he has been lucky enough to be the first artist in a field that has been dominated by Hollywood robots. Indeed, so great is one's relief and delight at seeing a fresh mind, unencumbered with hollow conventions and equipped with taste, subtle wit, and imaginative insight, apply itself to fashioning a work of art that the shortcomings of the picture inevitably recede into the background. There I shall leave them for the moment, to stress the more important fact—the fascination and charm of René Clair's offspring.

The quality of the picture is revealed almost from its opening scenes. The characters have hardly been introduced when the story halts on a scene in which a group of Parisian tenement dwellers, led by a young peddler of songs, engage in solemn singing in the fashion of the Salvation Army. The

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Other Lectures appears on Page 18

length of the song, the dulness of the music, and the solemnity of the singing would have been enough to condemn this scene for any Hollywood talkie. But here comes the miracle of art. By introducing a slight action, so slight that it is almost entirely confined to an exchange of glances between the peddler and a prowling pickpocket, the artist sets off the vital force. Instantly the characters become intensely alive, the singing acquires the quality of suspense, and the whole scene begins to sparkle with humor and to throb with the pulse of human life. By vivifying touches such as this, one scene after another is transformed into a palpitating reality. We observe their effect in the episode of the two friends interrupting their altercation to turn on the fashionably dressed passers-by who stop to gaze at them; in the scene of another fight where a gramophone keeps wailing after the tune has played itself out, and where the face of a silent cafe habitue plays a gamut of expressions that follows the action with a tale of its own; and in several other episodes throughout the picture, too numerous to be listed here. All this testifies to the freshness of approach and the sense of vital and significant detail with which René Clair treats the material of human life. His imaginative vision of this life is the source of the authentic Parisian atmosphere that distinguishes his picture, that makes it so stimulating in its sober earnestness.

But greatly as I admire this creative interpretation of the material of life and the flawless acting in which it is embodied, I am not prepared to regard "Sous les Toits de Paris" as an important advance in the solution of the problem of cinematic form in the talkies. René Clair undoubtedly achieves a fair measure of success in blending scenes with dialogue with scenes without dialogue. He succeeds, however, only by the extensive use of music, of which, as it happens, he has an abundant supply in his story and setting. But even he is occasionally obliged to resort to music as mere accompaniment, as in the old silent pictures; and this method, if applied to less musical stories, would be dodging the issue of cinematic dialogue.

Compared with "Sous les Toits de Paris" "The Blue Angel" (Rialto) and "The Royal Family" (Rivoli) are negligible. But they are entertaining enough as Hollywood films go. "The Blue Angel," a German picture made by a Hollywood director, is a conventional melodrama; "The Royal Family," a comedy bordering on farce. The former is a little more sensitive and cinematic, the latter more stagy. Both remain safely within conventional viewpoints and methods of treatment.

Alexander Bakshy

Contributors to This Issue

Weimar Jones is a North Carolina newspaperman.

Hubert Phillips is associate professor of social science at Fresno State College, Fresno, California.

Negley Farson is on the foreign staff of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Leonora Speyer will publish in the spring a book of verse, "Naked Heel."

Granville Hicks is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Isidor Schneider is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

Donald A. Roberts is a member of the department of English at the College of the City of New York.

Horace Gregory is the author of "Chelsea Rooming House," shortly to be published in England.

David W. Wainhouse is assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

International Relations Section

Iraq: A British Preserve

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

AT Bagdad on June 30, 1930, Great Britain signed a treaty of alliance with Iraq, a treaty which Iraq ratified on November 16. The document is an important one and may be said to begin the realization of a policy expressed by Great Britain in November, 1917, namely, to emancipate a people "so long oppressed by the Turks" and to establish a national government and administration "deriving its authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations." This process of emancipation has been going on with considerable success. The mandatory's administration in Iraq has been efficient and constructive. In a decade it has raised the most backward Arab country to the honorable position of being the first mandate to enter the League of Nations. But the process has not been one *pura sine animo furandi.*

The difficulty lies in the system of mandates. In reality it is a euphemistic term for colonial administration of the old-fashioned kind. As in all colonial administration, the colonizing Power is influenced by two motives which pull it in opposite directions. There is a temptation on the part of the mandatory to overreach itself in encouraging interests favorable to its nationals to the neglect of the natives; and there is the obligation on the part of the mandatory to deal with its charge in a way that will enable it "to stand on its own feet." The task of guiding a people to nationhood is a costly business; and nations are not interested in doing it merely for the sake of an ideal.

Originally British interest in this region was aroused chiefly because of the pirates who infested the Persian Gulf and preyed upon British shipping. Trading-posts and political residencies were established. By the close of the World War, British and Indian troops had wrested the region from Turkish hands, and the diplomats at Versailles, with the aid of a map, compasses, a ruler, and a charming insouciance, fashioned what is now the kingdom of Iraq. There followed commercial and political penetration, until today Great Britain is in control of the chief resources of Mesopotamia.

Iraq, with an area of some 116,000 square miles and a population of 3,000,000, lies at the head of the Persian Gulf. To the north is Turkey, which by reason of its position as a treaty revisionist is a disturbing neighbor. To the northwest is the French mandated territory of Syria, inhabited by Arab tribes which are unruly and inclined to pillage. To the east is Persia, inhabited by a people whose religion is Shiashi and hostile to that of the people of Iraq, who are Sunni.

In the days of Marco Polo Iraq lay along the routes traversed by caravans engaging in a lucrative Eastern trade with Bagdad, the emporium. With the discovery in the fifteenth century of the new route to India by way of the Cape, merchants took to the sea rather than risk the perils of the overland route, and Iraq fell into a decline. The discovery of oil, the enduring wealth in the extraordinary fertility of the soil bathed by the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, and, more recently, the development of aerial navigation, which gives Iraq, a country lying along the shortest route from Great Britain to India, a unique position—these factors have made it once more commercially and strategically important. Iraq, indeed, promises to become a world thoroughfare to Central and Southern Asia. Thus, imperial policy toward India, aerial communications, and oil dictate Great Britain's policy in the Near East.

British pre-war diplomacy in the Middle East called for a system of buffer states between the Mediterranean and India. The cataclysm brought on by the World War necessitated a realignment of policy. The downfall of friendly Russia and Turkey's position as an ex-enemy made an alliance with either of these Powers impossible. For the past decade British diplomacy has been directed toward forging a chain out of the Arab provinces of the former Ottoman Empire, in the hope that with Persia and Afghanistan independent India would enjoy security from the Soviet menace. In this chain of buffer states Iraq forms a vital and important link.

On the discovery of oil in Iraq the oleaginous diplomacy of the Western Powers began. A consortium of British, American, French, and Dutch companies—to which the British companies contributed a preponderant share of the capital—was granted a seventy-five-year concession in 1925 by the Iraq government.* Iraq was promised a substantial return in the form of a royalty of four shillings a ton. The government expects a handcome income when the pipe-line to the Mediterranean is built. Iraq, as already noted, is destined to become the Suez Canal of air communication. The Imperial Airways, Limited, a company subsidized by the British government, already operates an aerial service from London to Karachi, a distance of some 5,000 miles. In the near future Great Britain expects to build a railroad across Palestine, Transjordania, and Iraq, thus uniting its three mandates and connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf.

The treaty of June 30, 1930, was born of these forces and must therefore be read and understood in that light. The preamble states that the British government is prepared to support the candidature of Iraq for admission to the League of Nations in 1932. This means the automatic severance of the mandatory-mandate relation between Great Britain and Iraq. The proposal is important because it marks the beginning of the liquidation of the Wilsonian idealism expressed in Article XXII of the League Covenant, and because of far-reaching influence upon the French mandate of Syria, in pressing the French government to follow the good example set by Great Britain. The *quid pro quo* for this "liberation" is a British "sphere of influence" in Iraq—a term used in the nineteenth century when the great Powers were scrambling for concessions in China and were carving up Africa. The imperial constitution has a remarkable digestion. It can assimilate dominions, commonwealths,

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* The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, a British concern participating in the consortium, is controlled by the British government.

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a union, a free state, protectorates, "A," "B," and "C" mandates, sovereign princes, and spheres of influence.

Article I establishes a close alliance between the High Contracting Parties and provides that there shall be full and frank consultation between them in all matters of foreign policy which may affect their common interests. In effect the consultative clause means that the British government remains the paramount Power so far as outsiders are concerned. In the past, clauses providing for joint consultation in all matters of foreign policy have given the paramount Power virtual control of foreign affairs, and there is no reason to believe that such will not be the practice in this case. By Article IV Great Britain and Iraq agree to come to each other's aid in the event of war. Iraq's help will consist in furnishing to its ally all facilities and assistance in its power, including the use of railways, rivers, ports, aerodromes, and means of communication. Precisely what Great Britain is to do for its ally is not stipulated.

Iraq further undertakes to grant to Great Britain, by Article V, sites for air bases to be selected by it (i.e., Great Britain) in the vicinity of Basra and for an air base west of the Euphrates—discreet distances from Bagdad and Mosul—on the ground that the permanent maintenance and protection in all circumstances of the essential communications of Great Britain is in the common interest of the contracting parties. To protect these lines of communication, Iraq agrees to allow Great Britain to maintain forces at Basra and at some point west of the Euphrates. Forces are likewise to be maintained at Hinaidi and at Mosul, but for only five years. While in one breath the treaty declares that the presence of these forces "shall not constitute in any manner an occupation and will in no way prejudice the sovereign rights of Iraq," in another it declares that the British forces shall continue to enjoy "the immunities and privileges in jurisdictional and fiscal matters, including freedom from taxation." While it might be denied that the presence of troops on Iraq soil constitutes an occupation, their presence and their immunities derogate these sovereign rights.

The collaboration in Iraq's defense still links the two countries closely together. Great Britain undertakes to grant to native officers naval, military, and aeronautical instruction; to furnish arms, ammunition, equipment, ships, and aeroplanes of the latest available pattern; and to provide officers to serve in an advisory capacity with the country's forces. In view of the desirability of identity in training methods between the two armies, Iraq promises, should it deem it necessary to have recourse to foreign military instructors, to choose them from among British subjects. Iraq further promises that if any personnel of its forces are sent abroad for military training they shall be sent to British military schools. Finally, Iraq undertakes that its armament and essential military equipment shall not differ in type from those of the forces of His Britannic Majesty.

The changes contemplated under the treaty do not mean and cannot mean that Great Britain will cease to interest itself in Iraq. Whatever else goes, imperial communication by air must remain a permanent factor in their mutual relations, and Iraq recognizes such a necessity in this treaty. In place of the tutor-and-tutored relation a special alliance is set up, one in which the former tutor remains on the spot in the capacity of a silent partner in the affairs of Iraq rather than as an active participant.

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CONGRESS REASSEMBLES with a busy eight weeks ahead. On the first day the Senate, without a record vote, amended the House resolution appropriating $45,000,000 for drought relief by adding $15,000,000 specifically to make loans for food, its action being hastened by the reports of "dire need" in Arkansas. The Senate also adopted a resolution introduced by Senator Hiram Johnson calling on the State Department to produce all official documents bearing on relations with Nicaragua since 1924, while Senator King introduced a resolution demanding the withdrawal of the marines from that unhappy country. Senator Walsh of Montana filed motions to recall and reconsider the nominations of George Otis Smith, Claude L. Draper, and Marcel Garsaud as federal power commissioners, attacking sharply their action in dismissing Solicitor Russell and Chief Accountant King, whom he characterized as "two loyal and faithful servants of the public." As certificates of confirmation have been sent to the White House and the commissioners have been sworn in, it is reported that the Administration is prepared to challenge the Senate's constitutional right to withdraw confirmation. Altogether, there seems to be promise of a lively eight weeks on Capitol Hill. One cannot envy the sensitive Mr. Hoover, who faces not only all these difficulties, but the dread specter of an extra session to boot.

THE SPECTACLE of 500 farmers, nearly all of them whites and many of them armed, swarming into a little Arkansas town and demanding food for themselves and their starving wives and children ought to arrest Mr. Hoover's attention. These Arkansas farmers, it appears, have been hard hit by the drought, and so general is the distress that the Red Cross, which is already feeding or otherwise aiding some 100,000 people in the State, expects to have 250,000 on its hands before the winter is over. In order to obtain relief, however, it has been necessary for the sufferer to fill out a questionnaire, and in the county in which the demonstration we have referred to occurred the supply of blanks had been allowed to run out! The embattled farmers, of course, or some of them, got what they demanded—the local merchants hastily decided to see to that—and the Red Cross, presumably, will pay the bill, but a loudly touted relief system which allows hundreds of men and women in a recognized and easily accessible area to approach starvation because of red tape is pretty urgently in need of reformation. Mr. Hoover is a stout champion of the committee system in relief work. He might do well, in view of the work which has been undertaken by the Red Cross in the drought area, to examine the Red Cross machinery for more loose screws.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS, of Princeton University, is the latest critic to demand a curb on the Senate. According to press reports, Professor Myers is so dissatisfied with its handling of foreign affairs that he calls for a constitutional amendment reducing its powers to the same limits as those of the House. Would Professor Myers really favor leaving the management of our foreign relations to the uncontrolled discretion of the President and the Department of State? What all the critics of Senatorial delays and general Congressional ineptitude have in the back of their mind is the supposed benefits of a benevolent dictatorship exercised by a wise and good executive. They want Congress to go home and let a noble President rule us—that is, in the actual situation, to let business have its way. With the House reduced to a rubber stamp for the Administration machine, the Senate has become our sole remaining bulwark against executive blundering and unwisdom. Intelligent and fearless criticism in the Senate has been the brightest feature of American government during the past decade. The lessons of history are learned slowly, even by historians.

PEACE WAS THE THEME of the New Year's Day utterances of President von Hindenburg of Germany and Premier Mussolini of Italy. Each stressed the need for peace and for international cooperation, and each asked that the world have confidence in his country's pacific intentions. Yet there was a distinct difference in the flavor of the two appeals. Mussolini's plea was that of a spokesman for a country that has been spending upon armaments sums so large as to threaten it with national bankruptcy. Italy's preparations for war must be fully considered in weighing the sincerity of its spokesman's appeal for peace. President von Hindenburg's address was more of a warning than an appeal. He demanded directly and by inference that Europe show its confidence in Germany by disarming as Germany is disarmed, by restoring the Saar basin, and by permitting the terms of the Young Plan to be carried out in such a way as not to endanger the economic or social structure of Germany. He declared that this was due Germany as a matter of justice, and implied that forces beyond the control of the Berlin government might gravely imperil European peace unless this justice were done. Mussolini has it within his power to keep the peace, but Germany, disarmed and still for the most part desirous of maintaining friendly relations with everyone, must depend upon the rest of Europe not only for a tangible display of confidence and good-will but for an opportunity to develop normally and soundly.

THE FORMIDABLE STRIKE in the Welsh coal mines and the threatened strike in the Lancashire cotton mills come as rude reminders of the precarious state of two important British industries. In its effort to bolster the decrepit coal-mining business, the Coal Mines Act of August 1, 1930, inaugurated the questionable experiment of combining unprofitable mines with profitable ones, with the hope on the part of the government that some 200,000 men in the unprofitable mines would be kept at work. The act also reduced the miners' working day from eight to seven and one-half hours, but with a "spread-over" provision by which the seven-and-one-half-hour day might be changed to an eight-hour day for five days and a five-hour day on Saturday. This latter arrangement, which is favored by the operators, has been rejected by the miners, who have also refused to accept any reduction in wages, and some 150,000 men have joined the ranks of the unemployed. The threatened strike in the Lancashire district is due to the efforts of the cotton-mill operators to reduce production costs by requiring a weaver to tend more looms. Both coal and cotton have suffered severely from foreign competition, and the Coal Mines Act and the "more-looms-per-weaver" policy represent attempts to "rationalize" the industries and put them on a more efficient basis. The cotton-mill situation presents another of the technological problems which industry has repeatedly to face. The outlook for the coal mines is clouded by the fact that many mines can now be worked only at a loss, and ought to be closed.

A SITUATION that might quickly become a serious menace to German stability has developed in the Ruhr district as a result of the outlaw strike of miners. The workers have quit the pits, not at the command of the union leaders, but at the behest of Communist agitators. Early hopes expressed by government officials and employers that the strike would peter out within a few days have not been realized. Instead, the miners are quitting work in increasing numbers. There have been numerous demonstrations, followed by several bloody clashes in which two miners have been killed and many others injured. The most alarming aspect of the situation is the failure of the trade unions to keep their members in line, these members apparently being more eager to listen to the promises of the Communists. This is due perhaps to the compromising position in which the German Socialists, whose chief strength is based upon the trade unions, find themselves. Instead of playing the part of an active political opposition, in which role they could be of definite assistance to the workers of the country, the Socialists have been compelled by circumstances tacitly to support the Brüning Government. But the mine workers appear unwilling to accept anything less than an active defense of their interests. The Socialists cannot or will not supply this defense. Hence the attractiveness of the Communists' promises of direct action. The latter obviously hope to capture the leadership of the laboring classes by this means, thereby acquiring a fresh starting-point for another revolutionary attempt in Germany. Meanwhile the mine owners appear determined to make the situation even worse by carrying through their plans for a lockout of 300,000 men on January 15.

CENTRAL AMERICA IS STIRRING AGAIN, much to the discomfiture of the State Department in Washington. The recent restlessness in the Isthmian countries has led to a revival of Congressional criticism of the Central American policy of the government. It has, moreover, put a new strain on the State Department's already overworked recognition policy. The latest disturbing event is the revolution in Panama. An early morning surprise attack on the presidential palace and the Panama City police station (Panama has no army) brought victory to the revolutionists, who appeared to have been inspired primarily by their political opposition to President Arosemana. What role, if any, the government's financial policy, which was some time ago criticized in a report by the National City Company, played in the revolution has not been determined. Parts of the report have been suppressed by the government. After order was restored, Don Ricardo J. Alfaro, Panamanian minister in Washington, was called to the presidency. Meanwhile Mr. Stimson is once more confronted with the onerous task of having to decide whether or not to recognize a government that has come into power with the aid of a revolution. The Panama situation is complicated by the fact that the revolution was the direct result of the 1928 elections, which the opposition asked the United States to supervise. The United States refused, and the opposition has now seized power by violence. A further complicating factor is the Panama Canal and its relation to the national-defense policy of the United States. No government of Panama against which the slightest suggestion of unfriendliness to Washington may be ascribed can reasonably hope for recognition. Panama is, therefore, a special case; nevertheless, this newest crisis has served to reemphasize the need for a sound and intelligent recognition policy.

GENERAL MANUEL ORELLANA, who seized the presidency of Guatemala on December 17, has hastened to solve the dilemma in which his action placed the State Department in Washington. Secretary Stimson had just a few months previously recognized new governments in the Argentine, Bolivia, Brazil, and Peru that had come into power by similar means. He explained at the time that the United States was free to follow a policy of expediency in recognizing revolutionary governments, being morally obligated to withhold recognition of such governments only in the case of the five Central American states. Hard upon the heels of this declaration came Orellana's coup d'etat. Mr. Stimson could not very well show himself less friendly to this revolutionary regime than he did toward the similarly constituted governments of South America, yet his emphasis on the obligations of the United States under the Central American treaty of 1923 made it quite inconvenient for the State Department to accommodate Orellana. Mr. Stimson decided therefore to withhold recognition, and the acting Guatemalan President, being apprised of Washington's predicament, promptly responded by resigning his office. Thus the State Department has been relieved of what promised to be an embarrassing dilemma. The moral seems to be that South American states may decide for themselves what sort of governments they will have, but the Central American countries must in this respect please Washington first.

EIGHT MORE MARINES have been killed in Nicaragua. The battle on December 31 near Ocotal (scene of the outrageous massacre of more than 400 Nicaraguans on July 16, 1927) also cost the lives of 11 more natives. Thus the Stimson peace of Tipitapa continues to bear tragic fruit. In all some 800 to 1,000 Nicaraguans and upwards of 40 American marines have died in the fighting that has followed Mr. Stimson's threat of May, 1927, forcibly to disarm all Nicaraguans who dared violate the Tipitapa agreement by refusing to surrender their rifles. Just what is the purpose of Washington in keeping the marines in Nicaragua? Just what important section of the country's foreign or national-defense policy is being furthered by this senseless slaughter of American youths and Central American peasants? Certainly the bankers cannot be entirely to blame. They have displayed unusual prudence with regard to Nicaragua these last three years. Nor can it be said that the clash at Ocotal had anything to do with American supervision of elections. No elections were being supervised in Nueva Segovia on December 31, and no elections are scheduled for that province for many months to come. The need for maintaining marines in northern Nicaragua as a guaranty of peace and order may be questioned at many points. The senseless slaughter cannot be excused on the ground that the marines are needed to help create a native national guard or must be kept in Nicaragua to guard the wholly hypothetical route of a canal that the United States may build some fifty or one hundred years hence. How does Secretary Stimson justify their presence?

THE ENGINEERING BOARD of the St. Lawrence Power Commission has proposed a plan for the construction of a great power plant at Massena Point, New York, to cost $171,547,000. It recommends construction in two steps, ultimately developing 2,200,000 horse-power at a cost of about $78 per horse-power. The commission, it will be recalled, is to recommend a plan for the development of St. Lawrence power by the State in accordance with the progressive policies urged by Alfred E. Smith and Governor Roosevelt, and the engineering report represents only the first technical step. The entire country will watch with interest for the announcement of the full plan in order to learn just how far the commission ventures to go not only toward development but toward the transmission of power by the proposed State agency. If the State actually controls transmission, and if the municipalities by additional legislation are authorized to go into local distribution if they so desire, then New York may conceivably get effective control of power rates. It is a safe guess that the bitterness of power-company opposition will be directly in proportion to the probable effectiveness of such control.

A YOUNG ITALIAN named Cero Gangi, unable to speak English, was walking a street in Boston on June 11, 1927, with his employer, Samuel Gallo. A shot was fired and a man in front of them was killed. Gangi ran, was caught, and was accused of committing the murder. Gallo sent a lawyer to defend him, and Gangi, trusting his employer, kept silent. But he was convicted of murder, although there was no motive and nobody had seen him fire the shot. Fortunately Gangi had a brother in New York City. He couldn't speak English, either, but he went to Boston and did more than the police or prosecuting officials had done. He learned that the man shot had been accompanied by a girl who had formerly lived with Gallo. She said Gallo had done the shooting. A reprieve was granted to Gangi just four hours before the time set for his execution. Subsequently Gallo was convicted of the murder, and Gangi was finally freed after three and a half years in prison. The American League to Abolish Capital Punishment has just issued the story of Cero Gangi in a pamphlet which makes an effective object lesson in the ways of justice in this country, and one of the good arguments—there are many others—for the speedy and complete abolition of capital punishment.

THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS COUNSEL of the Catholic church has been working overtime. Thus we see a very long, front-page story of what will be contained in the encyclical that Pope Pius will issue shortly. This is a serious story and declares that the church, in view of the laxity of morals now alleged to be current, is to reiterate its ancient, uncompromising stand on marriage, divorce, birth control, mixed marriages, and the religious education of children. When it refuses to permit its religious principles to be modified by the current *mores,* the church is admirable. A rock should stand; and the church, in its best moments, is a rock. Less serious are the other news stories emanating from Vatican City. One is that the Pope is presently to be the owner of the smallest railroad in the world, 600 feet long, so the story goes, with a magnificent station in it 180 feet long. This leaves, according to our best Einsteinian calculations, 420 feet of road, or about the distance from Fourteenth to Sixteenth Street, to be divided between the other station and the roadbed proper. The road leads from the Papal palaces and St. Peter's out into the world, and the Pope is to have his own private car in which he will be whirled along, foot after foot. Finally, the Vatican State is to have power of coining money. The silver coins are to be imprinted with the images of the Virgin, St. Michael, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Pope himself. The gold coins are to be even more impressive. They are to have, in addition to a bust of the Pope, the figure of Christ holding a scepter and a globe. A handsome coin, by all accounts. But somehow it reminds us of the money changers who were driven out of the temple. Evidently that particular quarrel has been patched up.

Toward a New Party

FOR a generation there has been in the United States no political opposition worthy the name, and the thing goes from bad to worse. The Republican Party as a national organization has for decades been the obsequious servant of the great moneyed interests of the country. It represents adequately, if not too intelligently, that immense body of Americans who believe that the country is best served if governed by its great business men, and who therefore favor leaving both economic and political control in their hands. Though we do not share this belief, we hold it desirable to have one great conservative party embodying the idea, and to have all the men who accept it belong to that party. The rest of us belong elsewhere. The Republican Party could do no greater service to clear political thinking than to put out that body of progressive dissenters who in greater or less degree reject that doctrine. Of course it will not put them out, because votes count. Dissenters are on the whole more useful inside the party than outside.

Democratic opposition to Republican big-business conservatism has collapsed completely. Historically it has represented during recent decades the small-scale capitalism of the farmer and the little business man. As big business waxed, Democratic opposition waned, and in recent years party leaders have been at special pains to convince the dominant business leaders that Democrats are no less tender of big-business susceptibilities than Republicans. When Al Smith committed the party to protection, the last abject surrender was made.

In practical politics there remain, as a possible opposition, the progressive or insurgent members of both parties, notably the Republican Senators. They too represent a decadent capitalism—the farmers, the small manufacturers, the retailers beset by chain-store and mail-order competition. They come from the unlamented ex-Senator Grundy's "backward States," the States untouched by large-scale industry. From Dolliver to Norris they have obstructed and annoyed the ruling Republican overlords, fighting courageously a series of more or less isolated battles. An opposition group with a philosophy, a program, and an effective organization they have never become, and the abortive attempts at revolt in 1912 and 1924 only emphasized the basic weakness of their position. They have fought a splendid battle against the oncoming forces of big business, but they have lost because there lay back of their fight no adequate economic and political philosophy.

Today repeats the story of yesterday. The Progressives are doing some splendid fighting in good causes, in which they will continue to command our hearty support. But when all is said and done, their work remains, as Professor Dewey rightly pointed out, guerrilla warfare. It is not constructive political opposition. They remain Republicans, only a little less so. The political leadership which, as we pointed out last week, the country has a right to expect of them involves a basic change of ideas of which they have given no evidence. We clearly recognize the difficulties confronting them, and give them full credit for the highest motives. Nevertheless, in tying themselves to the old organization they cut themselves off from the new movement and indicate that they do not belong in it.

There has been just one consistent and intellectually respectable political opposition group in the United States during the twentieth century. The Socialist Party has had a philosophy, a program, and an organization. It did not hesitate in 1917 to court temporary extinction in defense of its principles, but it is again actively at work. It suffers as a vote-getting organization from its name, its foreign origin, its war record, admirable as that was, and from other handicaps that are likely, in our judgment, to prevent it from growing directly into the powerful party that the time demands; but certainly no small part of its program will have to be taken over by any party that is worth its salt, and any intelligent new movement will necessarily seek its friendly cooperation in the difficult task of political education that lies ahead.

What, then, if any, is the hope of a new alignment, one that will bring back reality into political contests? What are the "grass roots" from which any such movement must grow? What are the constitutional and other obstacles that stand in the way of creating such a party? These are important questions, to which we shall attempt to make some answer in our two next succeeding issues. Here we can only say that the hollow pretense of our present political life need not continue indefinitely. The relentless march of industrial growth is making it clear to increasing millions of men that their economic stake is a stake as workers and not primarily as owners. Here is a basis for real modern politics.

The American Federation of Labor, as it is at present organized, stands in bourbon opposition to labor politics, and it assumes to speak for all labor. The Gompers-Green machine has got to be smashed to bits and the labor movement has got to be freed from its outworn and deadening ideas if there is to be such a party as we have suggested. The opponents of the machine have their work cut out for them if organized labor is to play its necessary part in the new movement. But beyond organized labor there are other classes. There are millions of non-union workers. There are farmers who want to make a living by their work on the land, and who can no longer hope to grow rich by the increase of land values. Among the unorganized classes are many groups of white-collar workers and of professional people already thoroughly disgusted with existing parties. They will never find a congenial home in organizations whose primary concern is the preservation and enhancement of property rights for the benefit of the few. It is to a party representing the needs and ideas of such groups as those above suggested that we look as the only means of accomplishing by peaceful methods the great changes that are necessary in our economic and social order. If there is to be a new party it must be one that means business, that proposes to build, not to tinker. It will not come into existence overnight, and it cannot be built in a day, but the need for it was never more apparent than now.

Another Railway Plan

It is by no means certain that the announcement by Mr. Hoover, on December 30, of a tentative plan of railway consolidation for Eastern trunk-line territory holds the promise of an early settlement of the long controversy over the consolidation of all the railways of the country. The details of the plan are not fully known, and after they are known the Interstate Commerce Commission will have to pass upon them. All that Mr. Hoover was able to say was that representatives of the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, and Nickel Plate had agreed upon a plan for the consolidation of the railways in what is known as official-classification territory, except New England, and that the four systems proposed embraced the territory east of the Mississippi and included the Virginian Railway on the south and the New York Central on the north. The presidents of the four roads, in informing the commission on January 2 of the general nature of the plan, mentioned a number of short lines, whose control has been debated, upon whose allocation the presidents had agreed, and it has also been announced that the question of traffic rights for the Pennsylvania over the Nickel Plate into Buffalo, a concession to which the New York Central has hitherto strongly objected, would be submitted to arbitration.

The agreement cuts athwart so much of the so-called final plan of consolidation promulgated by the commission in 1929 as provides for a fifth Eastern trunk line to include both the Wabash and the Seaboard Air Line, and the commission, if it approves the plan, will apparently have either to drop its fifth system or modify it materially, and at the same time will be obliged to withdraw certain orders which it has aimed at alleged violations of the anti-trust laws. The Pennsylvania, which owns the Wabash, and the Baltimore and Ohio, which owns the Western Maryland (a road which, with the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and Wheeling and Lake Erie, forms a line from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic), have been ordered to divest themselves of those properties. These controversies will have to be adjusted, and the proposed allocation of the Virginian, the Norfolk and Western (controlled by the Pennsylvania), the Chicago and Alton (recently purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio), and other lines will have to be reconsidered.

On its face, the agreement has the appearance of a step in advance. Unfortunately for Mr. Hoover, however, in his effort to help answer one question he has contrived to raise others that seem likely to plague him. Senator Couzens of Michigan, chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, who is exerting himself to secure early passage by the House of a resolution, which has already been passed by the Senate, postponing consolidation until the subject can be further inquired into, promptly charged that the issuance of Mr. Hoover's statement was "most unethical," and expressed doubt whether the commission could be expected to exercise an independent judgment with the President enthusiastically supporting the proposed plan. Senator McKellar of Tennessee has also had some sharp things to say against Mr. Hoover for "prejudging" a matter of which the commission was as yet uninformed. The criticisms would have been more to the point, perhaps, as far as public effect goes, if the commission had not allowed eight years to elapse after the publication of its tentative consolidation plan in 1921 before it completed the final plan made public in December, 1929, and if the record of the subject since 1923 had not been a dreary story of fruitless conferences of railway officials, opposition by the commission to consolidations which the railways favored, and, in general, an official attitude which suggested indifference when it did not intimate hostility. Yet Mr. Hoover should have known that the commission, even if dilatory, is not likely to have its temper improved by an executive pronouncement which practically takes one of the most important parts of the consolidation program out of its hands and confronts it with a preliminary agreement which the President, with much earnestness and evident satisfaction, publicly approves.

If at this point Mr. Hoover has, to put it mildly, been maladroit, he is entirely unconvincing when he presents the agreement to the country as "a contribution to the recovery of business by enlarging opportunity for employment." The only benefit to employment, apparently, will come through electrification or other improvements, the development of terminals, or the construction of a small amount of trackage, and at none of these points can the benefit be immediate. Most consolidations, moreover, turn out in the end to have diminished rather than increased employment, and reports of Senator Couzens's interviews with President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio make it reasonably certain that the railway personnel, while perhaps protected against immediate reduction by discharge, would eventually be much reduced. On the whole, it is to be feared that Mr. Hoover, instead of aiding business recovery, has only confused still further a situation already difficult and disappointing.

Honesty Is Not Enough

Why has the Senate never seen fit to make better use, in the interest of more efficient government, of its privilege and its duty of controlling Presidential appointments? The Senate itself is best qualified to say why it has not done so. Our concern is with the fact that this action has resulted in the filling of many important and influential government offices with incompetent persons, misfits of various descriptions, all for the sake, not of good government, but of political patronage. Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution states specifically that Presidential appointments shall be made "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." There is no implication here that the Senate is required to confirm any and all White House appointees, whether or not fit for the offices to which they have been appointed, unless some scandal or other can be traced to them which would make it politically unwise to confirm the appointments. Yet this is exactly the course the Senate has been and still is following. It seems to care not one whit whether the man nominated by the White House is qualified for the job; if it can find no dirt in his past record with which to besmear him, it feels obligated to confirm his nomination.

There is a striking recent example of this benevolent but detrimental attitude in the Senate's confirmation of the five Power Commission appointees. Referring to Frank

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McNinch, whose nomination should certainly never have been confirmed, the Baltimore *Sun* on December 19 asked: "What, one may be disposed to inquire, does Mr. McNinch have by the way of technical qualifications to handle the extremely complicated job he will face as a member of the Federal Power Commission? Alas, the answer is that the committee failed to go into that matter. It was so much consumed by interest in Mr. McNinch's political and religious qualifications that the qualifications peculiar to the job went largely by default." The Senate as a whole gave the same answer in approving the nomination of Mr. McNinch and his four colleagues. Nowhere on the record is to be found any suggestion that the qualifications of these men had been established. It was to be expected that the regular Republicans would vote to confirm the five nominations, but that the Progressives should have joined in this blind expression of love for the patronage privileges of the White House is saddening and discouraging. True enough, they broke forth in aggrieved indignation when three of the new power commissioners summarily dismissed Charles F. Russell and William V. King from the employ of the commission, but the Progressives who voted for the commissioners took to weeping rather belatedly.

Laymen among the liberals of the country had their hopes raised when the Senate sought to inquire into Charles Evans Hughes's qualifications to sit on the Supreme Court. There was in this gesture an indication that the Senate had at long last decided to exercise its constitutional prerogative and insist upon stricter control of Presidential appointments in behalf of the public interest. The hope went still higher when Judge Parker was rejected, even though it was fear of the Negro and labor vote rather than any conscientious examination into Judge Parker's qualifications that brought about rejection. In the present session of Congress, however, the new-found hope has been smashed to bits upon the hard reality of political patronage, Senatorial courtesy, and Progressive inertia.

The Senate still has before it an excellent opportunity to redeem itself. Among other nominations awaiting confirmation are those of six men to the new Tariff Commission and that of Eugene Meyer, Jr., to be governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Here are several government offices of vital importance to the nation. The tariff commissioners can, for example, restore some semblance of sanity and economic sense to the administration of the tariff, or they can, on the other hand, make that administration more ridiculous and unsound than it is today. It lies wholly with the new commissioners as to whether some of the glaring deficiencies of the latest tariff law are to be corrected. Similarly the Federal Reserve Board's influence over the financial machinery of the country is a matter of utmost concern to the public, particularly at this time of financial depression. All of these positions require men not only of unimpeachable integrity, but with an intelligent understanding of the public interest involved in the questions they must decide; the jobs need men who are not only honest, but thoroughly competent. Certainly we do not want the Senate to confirm Presidential appointees as to whose integrity or character there may be any question, but before all else we do insist that even honest men must be proved competent to hold the jobs to which they are nominated before the Senate consents to their appointment.

Papa Joffre

JOFFRE is dead, and oceans of war-time sentiment have been set to moving again. The fact is, and the French today recognize it, that Joffre was not a very great general, but he became the symbol of a great battle. What Joffre did at the Marne seems to have been largely accidental; but he was the commander-in-chief of the French armies, and he became the symbol of French tenacity, the man who stopped the Germans.

In a very real way Joffre was a fitting symbol of French tenacity. He was "Papa" Joffre to his soldiers, a fat, comfortable human being, no martinet, with a sublime and sometimes unreasonable faith in France. He was, to be sure, capable of ferocious jealousy of aspiring subordinates; he also had the capacity to inspire intense loyalty among his immediate inferiors. It may be true that he took amazingly long siestas when his troops were giving up their lives; at least he had none of the stiff-backed qualities which made other commanders loathsome to the privates.

Controversy will probably rage about the details of the battle of the Marne as long as there are antiquarians with zeal to study battles. Certain facts remain: Joffre had for three years before the war been in supreme command of the French forces, and he was responsible for their course at the outbreak of the war. They concentrated, though most of us have forgotten it, upon a silly little invasion of southern Alsace. When the Germans poured into northern France, the *poilus* who should have been on guard there were proudly capturing Mülheim. Joffre was devoted to "Plan XVII," and Plan XVII was an almost fatal mistake.

Nor does it even appear that Joffre had any immediate responsibility for the events which turned the tide on the Marne. When he first woke from his interest in Alsace he made a vain attempt to turn the German flank. The failure of that effort seems to have made him unduly cautious. He ordered his troops to retire farther than they did retire; it was Gallieni, who had suggested Joffre for the high command but later became his bitterest enemy, who discovered the weakness in Kluck's flank, demanded permission to attack, and finally started his troops against the Germans before he had Joffre's final slow permission.

But, after thirteen days of steady retreat, the French armies, which Joffre did command, did counter-attack and they forced the enemy back of the Marne and held them there. Joffre held the line, and the war-time propaganda built the battle of the Marne into an even greater victory than it was, and Joffre into a greater hero. A time came when a more vigorous leader, more apt for the offensive, was required; and Joffre was gently eased upstairs. His mission to the United States, on which he behaved with fitting kindly dignity while others did the negotiating, was a kind of balm for removal from army headquarters.

In the later years Joffre, comfortably spending his vacations houseboating on the canals and rivers of southern France, was an ideal war hero. The fierce personal animosities of Foch and Clemenceau did not beat about his head; he ate well and slept long, as every French peasant aspires to do, and the rest of France loved him for it.

California's Sun God

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

Los Angeles, January 2

A NEW sun will rise in California on January 6. It will be distinguished from other solar bodies in that gold-drenched land by a rosy portliness flavored with the more expensive barber-shop lotions. Its illuminations will often suggest the glamor, the professional geniality, and the circus monkeyshines of modern royalty. But royalty's offensive quality of pomp will be buried under endearingly democratic mannerisms suggesting an Exalted Ruler of the Elks. The new orb's name will be James Rolph, Jr., but all California will call it Jimmy. Its title will be governor.

There is, one recognizes, a certain metaphorical recklessness about comparing any American State governor to sunlight. But Jimmy Rolph, gubernatorially speaking, promises to be uniquely luminous. It is not only that, judging by his nineteen years' reign as mayor of San Francisco, he radiates rather than governs. He sheds also many of the beneficial effects of solar radiation—cheerfulness, good-will, the sense that the world is full of gay and decent fellows regardless of minor differences of customs and opinion, the energy to live merrily in one's own way and the tolerance to let others do likewise. The fat Ariel of Pacific Coast politics belongs, diagnostically, among the creatures of light.

Solar bodies, to be sure, have their limitations as public officials. With all their admirable qualities, they are essentially unmoral and unintellectual. They are shamelessly content to let the power trust supply light for the philosopher's studies, and they shine platitudinously upon both the just and the unjust. In their light a man may do murder, grow prunes, falsely imprison his fellows, or, worst of all, press wine grapes. Suns merely shine on, satisfied to hearten each for the business in hand.

Thus Jimmy Rolph's harsher critics—thousands of whom voted for him in last summer's primary and last fall's election—have sometimes accused him of possessing all the virtues except brains and moral courage. But there are times in a sovereign State's history when it can use the remaining virtues to its profit. California, whose vote in 1930 abundantly testified that it wanted Jimmy Rolph for a sunbeam, has chosen to experiment in this possibility.

The desirability of the Rolph qualities to California appears most clearly in contrast with the prejudices and rancors in the State's political background. For a variety of reasons, ever since the irruption of Senator Hiram Johnson into prominence more than twenty years ago, the public consciousness has seethed with an unusual number of phobias and punitive hatreds. Johnson himself, though unquestionably one of the ablest and most useful governors in the history of any American State, necessarily fought his fight against corporate privilege and the domination of the Southern Pacific in State affairs with bitter and bruising weapons. Many of the enmities inspired by his battles still smolder.

In the meantime, new contentions have been added. These are not necessarily peculiar to California but sharper in their manifestations than in most States. Owing to the ceaseless exploitation by ultra-conservative leaders and labor-baiting zanies generally of the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* building in 1910 and the San Francisco Preparedness Day outrage, the State has enjoyed for more than half a generation an acute phobia with regard to all radical activities. The hundreds of thousands of expatriate Main-Streeters rushing into Los Angeles and its suburbs from the Midwest pietistic belts, hating the urban conditions which their mere swarming has created, have sought to fix the *mores* of the new metropolis, and to some extent of the State, in the forms of their rustic prejudices. They have brought about, so far as Southern California is concerned, a situation where sadistically drastic prohibition laws have been enforced in a city of 1,300,000 people by volunteer key-hole snooping, where a "reform" administration under an ex-Klansman mayor is conducted by espionage on the private lives of city employees, and where the strongest recognizable political force on the horizon is exercised by the back-fence gossip that is broadcast tri-weekly from the radio station of the Reverend Robert P. (Bob) Shuler. Naturally, these elements have inspired in liberal San Francisco and among their own opponents in Southern California something of the hostility which they themselves feel for all forms of liberalism.

Inevitably, governors and gubernatorial candidates have reflected these widespread antipathies. The Johnson battles were won with bludgeoning attacks and bitter phrases rather than with amiability, and when Johnson departed for the Senate in 1917, his hand-picked successor, Stephens, largely carried on the tradition that Californians who disagreed were natural enemies. In 1922 the anti-Johnson forces won the governorship with Friend W. Richardson, who with the savage mustaches, mannerisms, and something of the appearance of an irate bull walrus did everything in his power to establish a reputation as America's outstanding amateur fascist. Richardson was never happier than when praising the American "idealism" of the Klan-ridden ex-Iowans in Los Angeles, denouncing any defense of the constitutional rights of unpopular minorities as "truckling to the reds," and refusing to consider the pardon applications of Mooney and Billings on the ground that when criminals were found "guilty as hell" by the courts of California, that settled it.

In 1926 Clement Calhoun Young, a somewhat milder specimen of the Johnson progressivism, came into office. But Young attempted to fuse the contentious elements—to which was shortly added the Hoover-Johnson feud in Republican politics—by the one impossible solvent, slyness. With the professionally benign smile of a canary-swallowing cat, Young sought for four years to be for both Hoover and Johnson and, after giving ostensible consideration to the Mooney and Billings applications, finally passed the buck of this passion-stirring issue to the archdukes of tory timidity on the State Supreme Court. Thus, the Young slyness, while it aroused a good deal of personal detestation for a personally mild and otherwise fairly efficient governor, failed in its aim of inducing the contentious California factions to tolerate each other. Its outstanding result was to create among the shrewder voters of all shades of opinion just enough suspicion of Young as the trimmer who knew better, to sweep the renomination away from him in the August primaries. With him went down to defeat the amazing Buron R. Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles—flag-waving Legionnaire candidate of the snooping fascism of the Shulerites on the one hand and on the other of the Harry Chandler–Los Angeles *Times* lodge of labor-baiters. While Governor Young, sweating terror over the liabilities of the Mooney case, dashed up and down the stairs of the State building in San Francisco making sure that the Supreme Court was still holding that sack of potential embarrassments, and while Fitts bragged expansively to women's clubs and church bodies of the thousands of years of prison terms his office had obtained for prohibition violators, "Sunny Jim" Rolph milked cows, kissed babies, rode white stallions in civic parades, rigidly deleted all forms of crusading sourness from his genial campaign platitudes, and captured a comfortable plurality in a three-cornered primary.

It is hardly a famous victory, but it has certain advantages. Crusading, a genuine, almost an epic activity of California leaders in the Johnson days, has degenerated into racketeering in the cheaper mob prejudices. If Fitts had won, it would have been a symbol that California regards "crusading" against reds, against Italian wine-makers, and against petty business men entrapped by their stenographers [illegible] its highest manifestation of Christian statesmanship. If Young had won, it would have signified that it regards as the acme of astuteness an executive who, in his abject terror of racketeering crusaders, dared not make his own decision on the Mooney case lest the Fitts-Richardson combination assail any show of reasonableness as "truckling to the reds." Rolph, unless his whole record belies him, will give the State a respite from this form of political agitation. Also, if his urbane silence in the face of campaign charges that he was a wet Beelzebub is a criterion, he will give opposing crusaders no undue advantages. Though this may be regrettable from the standpoint of various California abuses which still need to be crusaded against, it may also prove the surest means of restoring crusading to a respectable status.

All this is consistent, however, with the strong probability that there is not the slightest intellectual consciousness in "Sunny Jim" either of determination not to crusade or of any resentment against crusaders. In fact, in these large matters of method and policy, the Governor-elect functions hardly at all from the intellect but almost wholly from the center which he refers to in his campaign speeches as "the heart." Emotionally and psychically he has a "complex" against crusaders because they intrude disagreements and censorious viewpoints into a society which could be perfectly happy agreeing on fundamentals, sinking its minor differences, and letting its members seek pleasure and profit each in his own way in the perfect California climate.

For the essence of the Rolph political method is to promote the warm atmosphere of harmony and tolerance. Thus during his campaign last summer not a word escaped him of criticism of his opponents or their "issues." Thus his nineteen years as mayor have been a series of conciliatory and once or twice daringly friendly gestures. The hysteria of the Mooney-Billings trials and the period following the Preparedness Day bomb explosion found him evasively genial, but at least he left to the Chamber of Commerce Law and Order Committee the work of arousing the community blood lusts. Prohibition found him indifferent, but he blandly refrained from racketeering in the prejudices of either the wet or the dry side, and, with complete control over his police department through his power of commission appointments, proceeded, as though absent-mindedly, to permit San Francisco to enjoy her traditional drinking liberties. Partly, perhaps, because of his personality, the era of religious hatreds engendered by the Klan largely passed San Francisco by. It was, incidentally, during the height of the Klan excitement that thousands of his Protestant supporters, seeing him march by in a Shrine convention parade, learned for the first time that Jimmy Rolph, intimate of Catholic prelates, was a non-Catholic; though this might have been suspected from the fact that previously the unusual tribute had been paid him of election to honorary membership in a Jewish synagogue.

In strictly executive achievements the record has the same non-controversial flavor. The projects he has backed, notably municipal street-railway ownership and the development of Hetch Hetchy water and power, have usually developed signs of an overwhelming public popularity before his indorsements were forthcoming, and on the rare occasions when he has picked a loser he distinctly has gone down to no fighter's defeat. Mainly, when controversies have been unavoidable, he has left the business of agitation to his board of supervisors—county and city government in San Francisco are one—and retired into his normal role of a genial friend to all mankind who reigns without governing.

The Rolph principle of action, in short, is not so much to agree with his adversaries as to have no adversaries at all. Thus his exploit in receiving Communist unemployment-day demonstrators last March while police from New York to Los Angeles were clubbing them is to be regarded not entirely as a subtly planned means of compelling national attention and hardly at all as a venture in conscious liberalism, but simply as Jimmy Rolph's way of trying to find a basis of friendship with Communists. "Sunny Jim's" impulse to "get along" with all men, including despised minorities, had simply won another victory.

Under the circumstances, California must expect from him radiation rather than leadership. Though he can hardly sympathize with the Hoover prohibition views or the Hoover impulses toward the administrative guidance of social progress, no politician is less likely to lead a revolt against the Great Engineer in the Presidential home State. Conversely, if revolt should be successfully staged by an alliance of the Johnson faction with the wets and the disgruntled grape-growers, no politician would be less likely to die heroically in the Hoover trenches.

There is not at present, either, the slightest ground for expecting that he will encourage a reopening of the Mooney-Billings case. In the face of the Supreme Court's recent nominal settlement of this issue it would, indeed, take a governor of memorable courage and battle lust to do this, and courage is not Jimmy Rolph's long suit. Stalling off controversies is. No doubt on his genial side Rolph would be happier than any other governor since the explosion if he could obtain a popular mandate or a Supreme Court decision which would permit him to assert the innocence of both celebrated prisoners. He would be pleased, perhaps, if, apart from the question of their guilt, the whole State could be persuaded that their release was desirable as a good-will prescription. But with the ultra-conservative element rejoicing in the Supreme Court's stand and the charges of the Los Angeles *Times* that the whole pardon movement has been a money racket aiming at subornation of perjury, universal popularity for such a formula is not even remotely conceivable.

The best that can be logically expected of him is that he will avoid doing anything, in the Justice Preston–Los Angeles *Times* manner, to inflame the animosities of the Mooney case. For with all his deficiencies, Jimmy Rolph will not, in the traditional manner of California statesmen, persecute individuals, unpopular minorities, or despised opinions to win the votes of the prejudice blocs. He would rather dodge issues, conciliate antagonists, and gladhand his enemies. Shining from the new eminence in Sacramento with the combined glow of his pink-fat baldness, his silver mustaches, his fresh gardenia, and his immaculately polished boots, giving a royal show by his incessant progress through civic parades, fair openings, and cornerstone layings, he would rather shed a cheerful light than slay dragons.

In Jimmy Rolph, however, this preference is saved from utter inanity by the quality of emotional sincerity. Those who know him best realize that, though his amiability has been employed politically, he would be the same chronic baby-kisser, the same delighted and habitual parader, the [illegible] would-be intimate personal friend of the entire California electorate if he were a Trappist father, a certified public accountant, or a laboratory chemist. This gregarious yearning toward the affections of all mankind, this chronic gladhanding may not, in ordinary circumstances, furnish an adequate technique for statesmanship. But California, where twenty years of cheap crusading has added materially to the population of local hallucinatory monsters, can [illegible] these peculiar qualities to ease down her phobias.

On the German Front

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, December 17

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—but not in Berlin. Nobody had ever heard of Erich Maria Remarque until his book appeared and sold to the extent of one million copies in Germany alone. Now the German government, plus one Dr. Goebbels, National Socialist, has added enormously to his fame by forbidding the movie version of the book—and thereby has antagonized every liberal and every liberal element in Germany. Indeed, so disheartening is the action of Brüning and Herr Curtius that there are those who fear that the date of the beginning of the collapse of the German democracy will be December 11, 1930, and that the fate of this Republic will always be linked with the banning of a single film.

For, say what you please, the forbidding of "All Quiet on the Western Front" has been a surrender to the mob. It is notice that if organizations or parties do not like a certain play or production they need only demonstrate sufficiently to have their will. I am well aware of the government's defense, for I listened for three-quarters of an hour to a very high official trying to convince the foreign-press correspondents of the justice of his position. He was very glib—almost eloquent. He showed at once the complete ease and self-possession of the trained lawyer and he pleaded his case with near-eloquence and obvious sincerity. Yet I do not believe that he convinced a single listener or that any foreigner left the room with his opinion that the government has yielded to the Hitler gang being changed one iota. Indeed, privately I am told by officials that that is really the case; that the Prussian police could have insisted successfully that the performance go on in Berlin, but that in Hamburg, Hanover, Leipzig, and many other cities this would have been impossible.

It certainly cannot be denied that the outpouring of men at the Nollendorf Platz Theater was as menacing as it was impressive. Americans must not forget that Germany today is a series of armed camps. There are nearly a million uniformed and well-organized men in the Stahlhelm, the militaristic veterans' organization; there are about three and one-half millions in the Reichsbanner, the republican organization of war veterans and young men who consider themselves the special guard of the Republic. There are at least 500,000 brown-shirted Hitlerite Hakenkreuzler, 300,000 in the secret Communist "Red Front" organizations, and fully 700,000 in the loyal "Young German Order" and similar associations. Not a day goes by but some of the men in these organizations are killed or wounded, not a day on which some of their meetings are not broken up by force. Force is the order of the day. For example, the Reichsbanner, with whose aims all republican readers of *The Nation* would surely sympathize, has openly declared within the last week that from now on it is going to take the aggressive. Thus, in Magdeburg, where Hitler is scheduled to speak soon, its leaders have served notice that they will do a little interfering with free speech and free assembly themselves. They have served notice on the "Nazis" that Hitler will be permitted to speak only if 300 seats in his meeting are given to the Reichsbanner and if one of its speakers shall have the right to orate for one hour in reply to Hitler! The head of the police has called the leaders on both sides into consultation and it is now expected that he will forbid both the Hitler meeting and the one planned by the Reichsbanner for the same evening, on the ground that they both menace the public order.* So far has the anxiety of the Berlin police gone that all outdoor public assemblies, all demonstrations, all marching in column formation has been forbidden. Not even the unemployed are permitted to march to the city hall to protest against their plight.

Germany is seething politically—there can be no question of that. Two nights ago there were four simultaneous Reichsbanner meetings to protest against the banning of the Remarque film. The one that I attended was crowded to the doors, with a fine orderly crowd of working people and small shopkeepers; a prince of ancient lineage sat upon the stage in the Reichsbanner uniform. Long before eight

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* The Hitler meeting was duly forbidden.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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o'clock the police barred entrance into both halls because they were dangerously crowded. The Hitler meetings are jammed similarly and would be, I think, even if there were no orders issued to the faithful to attend. On the streets outside of these meetings, even in the center of the city with large numbers of police in readiness, there are frequently dangerous affrays. Tomorrow night the former executive officer of the cruiser Emden, Kapitän-Leutnant von Mücke, one of the most gallant figures of the World War, is going to start to denounce Hitler, his associates, and all his works, of which he, von Mücke, was formerly a distinguished part—concerning which he now proposes to turn state's evidence. No more lurid posters were ever displayed than those announcing this meeting, for they declare that von Mücke will "tear off the mask" and reveal that many of Hitler's immediate supporters are "thieves, liars, falsifiers, and men guilty of crimes against morality." It is generally expected that this will be a battle royal—I profoundly regret that a previous engagement in Munich will prevent my attending this delightful party.

Meanwhile, all of this is very hard upon the nerves of the government and of the "Schupos" or police. Night after night in every city these men have to do extra and hazardous duty—a police colonel was murdered in Hamburg two weeks ago. They are nice-looking men, spotlessly uniformed and extremely well equipped. I watched them handling the huge and really menacing Hitler demonstrations—undoubtedly staged as a test of the efficiency of the Berlin Hitler shock troops—and admired their self-restraint. When it comes, however, to sailing into a mob with their hard-rubber clubs, they are accused of brutality and lack of discrimination; but one of the highest officials in the land declared to me that the police have orders to be savage when the order to disperse a crowd comes and that no other policy will make possible the maintenance of order or keep the Republic safe.

The Republic does rest today upon the force of the police and it is admitted that the Minister of the Interior, Herr Severing, has them well in hand and that they are zealously loyal. Whenever a higher police officer shows the slightest sign of friendliness to the "Nazis," he is rigidly dealt with. None the less, the Communists complain that the "Schupos" refuse them aid when they are attacked or raided by the Hitlerites, while the latter also violently denounce Herr Severing and his "police-hounds." The "Schupos" are certainly not the least bit weak in dealing with the Communists, who appear today much less aggressive than the other groups. I have also been to some of their meetings only to be shocked by the signs of want, fatigue, and hunger, the poor clothes, the utterly pallid faces, the plain evidences of a desperate struggle for life, with much resultant premature aging.

Yes, Berlin seethes. The Germans, unlike our own people, talk and think in political terms—largely driven to it by the all-prevailing anxiety, the fear as to the future, the terrible unemployment; by the hope that somewhere they will hear a word of cheer and encouragement. "Hugenberg is our only hope," writes to me the wife of a distinguished university professor. There are multitudes who find in Hitler, or Goebbels, his aggressive Berlin lieutenant, or Otto Braun, or Severing their only hope. For Germany *is* discouraged, downhearted, dispirited this Christmas. There is a good fighting spirit still in many quarters, but the prevailing unemployment alone is enough to discourage a people, for it is not only among the unskilled or the skilled factory laborers. Suicides of destitute men of education and talent who have no hope of a job are frequent; in every class of life the emergency exists. I heard yesterday of a young diplomat dropped merely for reasons of economy. Although much influence has been exercised in his behalf, he is without work. Nobody knows what to do with the multitudes who are graduating from the universities as doctors and lawyers. The Berlin chamber of lawyers (which corresponds roughly to our bar associations) came very near passing a resolution forbidding the admission to practice of any more lawyers!

All the more reason why the government must not yield to any such threats as those which caused the banning of "All Quiet on the Western Front." The official defender to whom I listened gave us, of course, to understand that there was no yielding; that he had seen the film—he himself spent four years at the front—and that it was so one-sided and failed so completely to bring out the heroic side of war and of the German soldier in war that it was quite impossible. It was, however, all his own reaction to the film; what he liked and disliked. Not a word did he say about the deep underlying principles involved; nothing about the freedom of the stage and of opinion. He was sorry, of course, that it had been necessary to overrule the *Oberprüfungsstelle,* the competent body of censors which originally passed the movie.

He was particularly anxious that the government's point of view should be spread abroad, and that it should be made clear that the government's action had been started before the Hitler disorders began; as to them he snapped his fingers. It is carefully explained also that the federal government has no control over the *Oberprüfungsstelle* and cannot act until after it does; but the government could easily have prevailed upon the producers not to show the film at all, even if it had to offer some compensation. There are but few signs here, unfortunately, that Germans in authority have a better understanding than heretofore of foreign mentalities. Apparently this official did not realize that this film had already been shown in the United States, England, France, and elsewhere in the world, and that no sane person, except supersensitive German Hitlerites or militarists, or persons with wrecked nerves, could possibly see in this picture anything derogatory to the German soldier or the German nation whether at peace or at war. It was a magnificent opportunity which the government lost, not only not to yield to the demagogues but to increase respect for itself at home and abroad and to let people see for themselves how false were the assertions of Goebbels and the whole Hitler crew. But the thing has been done; the government is completely compromised. The Social Democrats, the backbone of the government's support in the Reichstag, are rising in protest, and Goebbels has made good his boast of two days before the banning, that "Hitler is at the gates of Berlin."

Meanwhile, Brüning has come comfortably through the Reichstag's second session with increased majorities, thanks in considerable degree to the agreement not to debate upon the Polish situation and other aspects of foreign affairs. As to both the latter, there must be a day of reckoning, and it is now confidently believed that Curtius will go and that there will be a new minister of foreign affairs by the middle of February—probably Brüning himself. The feeling of outrage toward Poland steadily increases. Even the Reichsbanner leaders are beginning to demand the release of the Polish corridor, and the government naturally seeks to cut the ground from under the feet of the "Nazis" by becoming more vigorous in defense of oppressed German minorities. It remains a government of compromises, fighting against time in the forlorn hope that in the spring there will be greater industrial employment—as if that could come in any great degree without a general improvement all over the world. The politicians who are pessimists still look for a collapse in the spring; some say frankly they don't care what happens: "Europe is lost anyway."

Somehow, I cannot share their feeling. Europe has, it is true, never been in as bad a way since the war as it is now because of the war-creating, hate-creating Treaty of Versailles, because of the reparations and debts, the high-tariff walls, the world-wide industrial chaos and depression. But to anyone who saw Germany as I did during the civil war of February and March, 1919, during the invasion of the Ruhr and the inflation period, it is not easy to prophesy any general collapse either of Germany or all Europe. They suffer and work and get by somehow. But he would be a fool indeed who denied that wherever one scans the horizon the outlook is of the darkest.

High Science at Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 3

IT is very appropriate, remarks one New York editor, that the announcement of the proposed consolidation of Eastern railroads should have come from the White House, anointed with Mr. Hoover's blessing. It is, indeed. Only a President who is a comparative stranger to the Constitution and laws of the United States could have perpetrated such an incredible howler. In pronouncing the President's action "unethical and indiscreet" Senator Couzens has put the matter mildly. It was a glaring impropriety, as the briefest glance will disclose. The proposed plan must be approved or rejected by the Interstate Commerce Commission. That body possesses no powers not delegated to it by Congress. It is a quasi-judicial agency and is expected to arrive at its judgments independently. Yet here it is confronted with one of the most far-reaching cases it will ever be required to decide, and here is the President publicly stating, in effect, how he would like to see it decided. The situation would not be so very different if the President had issued a public statement suggesting that he would like to see the Supreme Court decide a pending case in a certain way. The main difference would lie in the fact that while Interstate Commerce commissioners and Supreme Court justices are alike in owing their appointments to the President, the justices are secure for life but the commissioners may depend upon the President's good-will for reappointment. It has been suggested that Mr. Hoover's action in this matter was a deliberate attempt to usurp legislative and judicial powers which do not belong to him. Being more charitable, I am inclined to think it was a plain blunder, arising from his peculiar lack of information concerning the structure of the federal government and the powers and duties of his office. As to the merits of the proposed consolidation, this writer is not qualified to express an opinion, but certain circumstances seem significant. President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio—one of the main systems involved in the plan—has stated that 80 per cent of the savings expected to accrue from it would "come out of labor." In order to approve it, the commission will have to reverse itself, since it previously recommended a fundamentally different plan. Joseph B. Eastman, ablest and best-informed member of the commission, has stated that little or no sentiment for such a consolidation can be found among shippers and railroad-operating officials, which tends to confirm Senator Couzens's charge that the moving impulse back of the plan is a concern for the financial position of some of the roads rather than any consideration of operating efficiency or public interest. It is perfectly obvious that the consolidation should not be effected until it has been thoroughly scrutinized by Congress. The Van Sweringens and their financial adviser, Joseph R. Nutt, have contributed large sums to the Republican Party since 1928. Nutt is treasurer of the Republican National Committee. Senator Couzens is not alone in wishing to know whether those circumstances had any connection with President Hoover's extraordinary course. Such an investigation is hardly possible unless there is an extra session of Congress, and Mr. Hoover, who desires above all things to avoid an extra session, has characteristically contrived to increase the demand for one.

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THAT demand is likely to be further increased during the next few days. Among the factors contributing heavily to it is the neat coup just executed by the power trust in a bold eleventh-hour attempt to wreck the Norris plan for government manufacture and distribution of electricity from Muscle Shoals. Although apparently licked by the outcome of the last election, it was to be expected that the power companies would not surrender without staging a final trick or two. The trick in this instance consists in a proposal to strike from the bill the provision for building transmission lines out of revenue derived from the sale of power. This would mean that unless Congress subsequently appropriated money for the construction of these lines, or unless the municipalities seeking to purchase the power built them, the privilege of transmitting and selling the power would be given to a private company. The first alternative would be very difficult and the second would be impossible. The actual result would simply be the perpetuation of the situation which exists now: to wit, one in which the government manufactures power and sells it at a very low rate to the Alabama Power Company, which transmits and retails it at enormous profit. And, of course, the resultant extortionate rates to the public would immediately be cited to show the "inefficiency" or "failure" of government operation! Senator Ellison Smith of South Carolina, heretofore one of the most militant champions of the Norris plan, has mysteriously been won over to this transparent scheme, but thus far it is blocked by the resolute stand of Senators McNary and Norris. The latter declares that rather than submit to such a hold-up he will do his best to block all action until the next Congress meets. This would have the double tendency of delaying a final settlement of the problem and of hastening the meeting of the next Congress. That an extra session is urgently required is quite plain. Chiefly because of its long occupation with the tariff bill Congress is approximately two years behind in its work. A dozen matters of the first magnitude clamor for action. For Congress to throw down its tools on March 4 and retire from the scene merely because a few gentlemen believe the stock market would improve would be a cowardly and ignominious betrayal of its responsibility. But Democrats will be found joining hands with Old Guard Republicans in the effort to consummate just such a betrayal. The hope of the public lies, as usual, in the progressive and independent members of both parties.

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SO much has been written already about the exposure of Robert H. Lucas's underhanded effort to defeat Senator Norris in the last election, and about Lucas's subsequent effort to read Norris out of the Republican Party, that the subject tends toward staleness, but it may be possible here to shed additional light on certain aspects. In the first place, it is perhaps not generally realized that the conspiracy to "get Norris" was launched nearly a year ago—long before the savory Mr. Lucas resigned his office as Commissioner of Internal Revenue (in which capacity he handled some $2,500,000,000 a year of public money) to become executive director of the Republican National Committee at the urgent personal insistence of President Hoover. Collaborating in the early stages of that delectable enterprise were certain power magnates and certain public officials whose relations with the White House were especially intimate. Thus we find William Murray, an employee of the National Committee, conferring in Omaha with Walter Head, chairman of the board of the Nebraska Power Company, on ways and means of getting rid of Nebraska's Republican senior Senator, and subsequently we find Murray transmitting his detailed report to Representative Franklin Fort, bosom friend and all-round handyman for Mr. Hoover. There are indications, moreover, that the campaign of extermination was planned to include Senator McMaster of South Dakota, Senator Schall of Minnesota, and Senator Borah of Idaho, three Republicans whose progressiveness was only less obnoxious to the Administration than Norris's. McMaster actually was defeated and Schall barely scraped through. It will be seen therefore that Lucas inherited a dirty piece of business, and merely carried it on. By this I do not mean to suggest that it was repugnant to him. On the contrary, if one were looking around for someone to perform such a job one would naturally turn to a "muscle man" of the Kentucky Republican machine, that malodorous combination of bigotry and big business. Those who accompanied Al Smith to Louisville during the 1928 campaign and found themselves harried and harrassed on the streets by the police because they happened to be wearing badges which identified them as members of the Smith party can testify to the political ethics in vogue there. Lucas merely practiced in Nebraska the lessons learned in the Louisville school of politics. In the literature which he sent out to be used against Norris was a cartoon depicting a scene from "Ten Nights in a Barroom." The testimony shows it was regularly kept in stock at the plant of the Fellowship Forum, generally regarded as the national organ of the Ku Klux Klan, where Lucas secretly went to have his printing done. It was used in the campaign against Smith, and had been used in other campaigns. In short, it was a standard piece of Klan propaganda. In addition to sending 10.000 copies of it to Nebraska, Lucas sent 790,000 copies to Montana, Colorado, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Delaware, but in these six States it was used against Democratic nominees for Congress. It is rather encouraging to note, incidentally, that all the Senatorial candidates against whom it was directed were elected. Nevertheless, the origin and history of the anti-Norris vendetta is ample to explain why Mr. Lucas has not been kicked incontinently out of his job. So long as he continues to "take the rap" like a little man he will be fairly safe.

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THIS brief report on conditions under "the only party fit to govern" would be incomplete without some mention of the lofty activities of the Honorable Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States in the Cabinet of the Great Administrator. By ruling that the presence of corn sugar (dextrose) in prepared foods need no longer be declared on the label, the glorious Mr. Hyde has weakened if he has not substantially repealed an important section of the Pure Food Act. It is interesting to observe that his principal justification of this high-handed procedure is based on his desire to "aid agriculture"! It is still more interesting to learn that when this same subject was before the Senate Committee on Agriculture a year ago, Secretary Hyde said:

> Corn sugar and artichoke sugar are regarded by the department as wholesome food products. There is not only no objection by the department to their use as foods, but a sympathetic attitude exists toward their increased consumption. It is the belief of the department, however, that the proposed amendment is repugnant to the fundamental principles of food legislation. The Supreme Court has properly said that the purpose of the federal Food and Drug Act is "to enable the purchaser to buy food for what it really is." To permit the sale of corn sugar or artichoke sugar under the circumstances proposed by this bill would authorize the sale of such products as an ingredient of prepared foods where the purchaser would be definitely deceived and perhaps defrauded. Undoubtedly it would authorize the adulteration of cane syrup, maple syrup, and honey with corn sugar or corn syrup, without notice to the consumer.

Congress, partly influenced no doubt by this vigorous protest, failed to adopt the amendment. Just one year later Secretary Hyde himself puts it into effect through an administrative ruling, over the strenuous objection of virtually all the experts qualified to judge the effects, including those in his own department! It is a fair epitome of administration as practiced under the Only Scientific Mind to Occupy the White House Since the Age of Science Came to Flower.

The Moscow Trial

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 9

THE chief purpose of the state prosecutor in a higher Soviet court is not to convict the defendants. Nikolai Krylenko, the Russian Attorney General, did not care much whether Professors Ramzin, Larichev, Kalinnikov, Fedotov, Charnovsky, Kuprianov, Ochkin, and Sitnin hung as the result of the striking trial which ended three days ago. He sought to prove that the defendants, acting under the inspiration and guidance of expropriated Russian industrialists now residing in Paris and of French agents operating in Moscow, organized an illegal party, colluded with another clandestine party—that of Kondratiev, Groman, and Yurovsky—engaged in sabotage and "wrecking" at home, served as spies for the French government, and laid plans, together with French and White Russian military, to invade the Soviet Union and overthrow the Bolshevik regime. In reality, Poincaré, Briand, the French General Staff, Sir Henri Deterding, and a group of dispossessed capitalists sat in the dock in the gorgeous Home of the Trade Unions, and not the eight academician-economists. Counter-revolution, both foreign and domestic, was on trial. The fate of Ramzin et al. was quite incidental. The G. P. U. has the authority to deal with such people summarily. It did not do so because the Soviet Government wished to prevent the fruition of its enemies' plans or desires by disclosing them, and to arouse the defensive enthusiasm of its supporters and the resentment of the indifferent by revealing the far-reaching, sinister, anti-revolutionary, anti-nationalist machinations of the conspirators. War and intervention stimulate terrible memories in Russia. The charge of preparing such catastrophes was hurled at Ramzin, who was but the proxy for Poincaré.

All the defendants confessed and, with a Dostoevskian passion for self-accusation, piled up mountains of evidence of their own guilt. The outside world, therefore, suspected a "frame-up." But the confession psychology of the Ramzin group is quite intelligible. When the G. P. U. arrested them, it had what it considered heavily incriminating proof of their espionage and "wrecking." If, like the honorable revolutionaries of pre-1917 days, they had refused to talk, they would have been shot. There was one chance of escape: to tell the whole story, unmask Moscow's enemies, and thus perhaps earn the Kremlin's clemency. Moreover, the facts revealed at the trial are too plausible—in cases, susceptible of demonstration—to be discounted. Inevitably, of course, "tortures" in the secret "dungeons" of the "Cheka" have been charged, but the supposed victims showed no signs of mistreatment.

The evidence deposed at the twelve-day trial is of far greater importance than people as yet realize. It will affect, and will be used to affect, both Soviet internal and foreign affairs. Several things are not open to dispute:

The defendants had established a secret political party which boasted a central committee and nuclei in almost every branch of industry. Its chief strength was in the State Planning Commission (Gosplan), the nervous system of Soviet economy. What was all this for? The membership was recruited almost entirely from middle-aged or old engineers whose sympathies, social tendencies, and politics were deeply, often violently anti-Soviet. Ramzin explained that he had received the Bolshevik Revolution with cold hostility, had refused to work with the Bolsheviks during the period of military communism, had adopted a policy of cooperation when NEP gave him the illusion of gradual evolution toward some acceptable form of capitalism, and had abandoned that policy for one of counter-revolutionary opposition in 1927 because the Communists embarked on a course which threatened to nullify NEP. The other defendants, and most engineers of the same type, had acted similarly.

Such membership, and indeed the very existence of the "Industrial Party," precluded any program other than the overthrow of the Soviet Government. The leaders realized, however, that Russian engineers are incapable of directing a popular movement, and that their purpose would appeal neither to the workers nor the peasant masses nor the vast loyal majority of civil servants. Thus, while the party could hope for some assistance from Kondratiev's Peasant Party, its chief sources of support lay abroad. The defendants and witnesses admitted this in court, and gave circumstantial accounts of their contacts with foreign enemies of bolshevism.

Without foreign money and a foreign army, the two thousand technical men whom Ramzin counted as his followers could not kill the Communist regime. They could, however, prepare for the blow from without by interfering with Soviet economic construction. The state prosecutor, of course, may have attempted to charge to the defendants mistakes arising out of bad Soviet methods and Communist "giddiness from success," yet the evidence of deliberate sabotage was overwhelming. Members of the "Industrial Party" constructed factories where no raw materials and railway facilities were available. These factories are known, and their defects are those described by the accused. They built plants to run on coal where there was no coal in the vicinity, but instead great exploitable deposits of peat. Their policy included the "freezing" of capital. The buildings erected under their supervision were excessively beautiful, the stories much higher than exacting Soviet hygienic regulations require, and therefore very costly. They worked against the Five-Year Plan not by insisting on slower tempos, but by being more papal than the Pope, by out-Heroding Herod, by planning for breakneck speeds in the hope that thereby the Bolsheviks would break their necks. Incidentally, American business men and specialists bear witness to deliberate and rather widespread sabotage in Soviet industry.

As a further preliminary to foreign intervention, the defendants engaged in espionage on behalf of France. They supplied information to the French General Staff through two Frenchmen in Moscow, Mr. K. and Mr. R. Mr. K., an attaché of the French embassy in Moscow, sat through almost the entire trial and apparently enjoyed the notoriety and the prospect of promotion for good services. In the middle of 1929, Ramzin declared on the witness stand, Mr. R. asked him for data on Soviet military aviation. Ramzin delivered the requested report within a few months. Ramzin, Larichev, and Ochkin saw Messrs. K. and R. several times with a view to passing information, accepting instructions, and receiving money, not so much in payment for spy work as for the "Industrial Party's" organizational expenses and to finance "wrecking" activities. Ramzin here reiterated that he kept none of the sums for himself. He handled about 350,000 rubles, Larichev nearly three times as much.

The concrete proofs of espionage were submitted to a session in camera from which correspondents and the general public were barred, but even without it there is no reason to doubt the affirmations of the defendants and corroborating witnesses, particularly since espionage fits well into the pattern.

Ramzin's, Larichev's, and Fedotov's association with émigré Russian capitalists is as undeniable as their sabotage and espionage. This was accepted even by an American long-distance diplomatic observer of Russia whom I met in Riga and who, like all United States officials on the Soviet periphery, enjoys the best "White" connections. But if you accept any one of the prosecution's theses, you cannot reject all the rest, for Ramzin would never have conferred with violent enemies of the Soviet regime like Riabushinsky and Dennisov unless he was actuated by anti-Bolshevik motives, and such contact with men who publicly advocate the invasion of Russia now, within the next few months, inevitably lends support to the Attorney General's contentions and the defendants' confessions regarding clandestine organizations and subversive activities.

Krylenko amused the big audience in court by reading verbatim the account in a Paris Russian monarchist daily of a banquet given this year in the French capital in honor of Suvorov, a Czarist general. The list of "those present" included several duchesses and dukes, prominent Russian millionaire "Whites," well-known Russian monarchists, the Orthodox Metropolitan Evlogi, and well-known generals of the French Staff, one of whom spoke. Toasts were pronounced for the early collapse of the Soviet state, which faith in God—and the aid of the French army, though this was not mentioned—would certainly achieve. Finally they sang "God Save the Czar," and everybody went home happy.

The Russian émigré colony in France has an eager supporter in Sir Henri Deterding, the heavy-liquid Napoleon. Krylenko introduced into the record two clippings from the Paris Russian newspaper *Rebirth*. One described a celebration of the tenth anniversary of a Russian high school in Paris. It was attended, among others, by General Miller, the chief of the anti-Bolshevik forces at Archangel during the civil war, General Suvorov, Metropolitan Evlogi, Princess Murat, and Countess Shuvalov. Sir Henri said: "The hope of a hasty liberation of Russia, now experiencing a national catastrophe, grows stronger every day. . . . The liberation of Russia may come sooner than we all expect; it may even come within a few months." This was on June 11, 1930. Four days later the same paper contained Deterding's reply to a group of Russian university students who had thanked him for his financial aid. "If you really want to express your gratitude to me," he wrote, "then I ask you to do the following: endeavor, in the new Russia which will arise within a few months, to be the best sons of your native land. . . ."

Now Deterding once made a similar prophecy. In January, 1926, he wrote to the London *Morning Post* predicting the fall of the Soviet Government before the end of the year. This was regarded as the irresponsible muttering of a frantic enemy. But it subsequently developed from a letter published in the *Vossische Zeitung* by the wife of General Max von Hoffmann of Brest-Litovsk fame a propos of the Berlin trial of the Georgian chervonetz forgers, and from a memorandum submitted by the counterfeiters themselves, that in 1926 Deterding several times conferred with General von Hoffmann in London, and together with Commander Locker-Lampson, M. P., discussed definite plans for raising an army to invade the Soviet Union. To Sir Henri's mind, apparently, plans laid by himself warrant a prophecy of achievement. His forecast in June, 1930, of a Soviet overthrow "within a few months" therefore tends to reinforce the defendants' statement that the Paris Russian industrialists in conjunction with the "Industrial Party," and, necessarily, with a foreign army or two, had planned intervention for 1930 or the spring of 1931.

To be sure, such indirect proof might be discarded by a court of law. That is immaterial. The Soviet court which tried Ramzin and his colleagues was a political tribunal directed against a conspiring antagonist. If the Soviet public accepted the proof, and if the proceedings indicated to the foreign plotters that Moscow knew their intentions, everything was accomplished thereby which the trial started out to accomplish.

Now as to the complicity of Poincaré, Briand, and the French General Staff. Technically this was the weakest part of the prosecution's case. The evidence on this point was hearsay: Nobel, Dennisov, Riabushinsky, and the other Paris exiles told Ramzin and Larichev that Poincaré and Briand had promised support, and that the French General Staff had organized a special commission for intervention under the chairmanship of General Janin, commander-in-chief of the Allied and Kolchak forces in Siberia in 1919. Of the French Staff, Ramzin and Larichev actually discussed intervention only with Colonel Joinville and Colonel Richard. They were accompanied on these occasions by General Lukonsky, Denikin's chief of staff, who was groomed to be the titular head of the invading armies. It was through these two colonels that their contacts were established with Messrs. K. and R. in Moscow. According to the defendants' testimony intervention was first scheduled for 1928, then postponed to the summer of 1930, and then again to 1931. Under French aegis, Polish and Rumanian armies would march into Russia; Finland would perhaps cooperate; the remnants of Wrangel's forces would be used. A military dictatorship would be used, a White terror inaugurated, and a government set up. The "Industrial Party" could not quite agree on the composition of their cabinet and drafted several alternative lists. Nor were they certain as to their political program. Some wanted a constitutional monarchy, some a bourgeois-democratic regime, some an "engineers' state."

Neither Ramzin nor any of his friends, however, ever spoke with Poincaré or Briand or any member of the French government. The dispossessed Russian émigrés may have lied when they boasted of their meetings with Poincaré and of his sympathy. The French colonels may have been interested in ordinary military intelligence and prepared to pay for it—they did—but their conversation about intervention was perhaps a device to fire the ambition and imagination of Ramzin, who without the political superstructure would have refused to engage in espionage, for he is not the usual type of spy. This, I say, is the counter-version.

Suppose, for a moment, that the German state prosecutor had tried, in 1913, to prove that Poincaré was preparing war against Germany and that the British and French General Staffs had a common plan for action. He would have failed. Could Poincaré be convicted in a law court today? I wonder. Yet most of the official archives have been opened: there are Black, Yellow, White, Green Books, and an increasing body of world public opinion regards Poincaré and France as the chief sinners in provoking the Armageddon of 1914-18. Similarly, it is difficult, if not impossible, definitely to demonstrate Poincaré's and Briand's guilt in the Ramzin affair. Obviously Poincaré is too wise to talk with Ramzin. For Ramzin may tell tales if he is caught.

The political background of the trial—French hostility for the Soviet Government—requires little elaboration. France is *the* Continental power. Only Russia can challenge her hegemony in Europe. The Bolsheviks are a permanent revolutionary and national threat to Poland and Rumania, the mainstays, weak though they may be, of French supremacy. The bogy of Soviet-German cooperation still obsesses Paris—and rightly. Russia is in a stronger moral position even than Germany to demand the revision of Versailles. Moreover, recent signs of a rapprochement between Moscow and Rome make the Quay d'Orsay panicky, for apart from the economic benefits which such an arrangement could, if fully exploited, yield to Italy—France's immediate enemy—it may mean much in the Balkans and Asia Minor.

France, since November, 1917, has not been interested in Russian territorial integrity or in the payment of debts by a strong Russia. France now has Poland, Rumania, and other vassal-allies as a counterpoise to Germany and no longer needs Russia, least of all an undependable Bolshevik Russia. To a France choking with gold, the little Moscow would pay cannot affect higher political considerations. The defendants in the Ramzin trial affirmed that they were prepared, since they had no other alternative, to grant territorial compensations to the nations whose aid would enable them to overthrow bolshevism. They would accede to Poland's demand for large slices of the Ukraine, Finland's for Karelia, and Rumania's for Bessarabia and Odessa. The partition or weakening of Russia must today occupy a prominent place in French policy.

Having made such a case against Ramzin and his seven collaborators and having condemned them to death, why were the sentences commuted? Does not this prove the whole performance a comedy? No, it just proves how little the world understands of Bolshevik psychology. If the G. P. U. had needed the lives of these eight men to convince the public at home and abroad that the trial was not staged, it would have shot them. They were spared for a simple reason: they are harmless and useful. First of all, they have revealed the operations of their own organization and assisted in its destruction. No one fears them. Only a pedant, said Krylenko, quoting Lenin at the trial, would demand capital punishment for men who have no popular support. But they have not told the whole tale. There are technical details of "wrecking" which they can still disclose. They will help to pull up the roots of their party. "When you have the key to a safe," one Russian said to me, "you do not throw it into the well." They will also enjoy considerable freedom to continue their scientific work. Soviet justice is somewhat strange to the bourgeois mind because it is actuated almost entirely by motives of expediency and pragmatism and not at all by motives of revenge.

We Met Mr. Hoover

By AMOS PINCHOT

ON the morning of June 4, 1930, I had a happy and unforgettable experience. As a member of a delegation representing a committee of misguided nobodies, made up mainly of bishops, bank presidents, manufacturers, and the like, I had the pleasure of sitting at the elbow of the President of the United States and hearing him cure bad times and unemployment in about thirty minutes.

It was an awfully hot day for June. But as we waited hour after hour (our appointment was for ten), while companies of high-school cadets, groups of teachers, and girls' clubs marched past us and disappeared on their way to shake the Great Engineer's hand in the inner office, the anteroom seemed cool and comfortable, even though slightly cluttered by Senators and Representatives waiting to talk with Mr. Hoover.

Our purpose, it must be confessed, was an embarrassing one. It was to urge upon the President, whose shoulders were already bowed with matters of far more concern, the need of providing some relief to that situation of business depression and unemployment into which, it will be remembered, the 1929 panic temporarily threw the country, despite all precautions taken by the Republican Administration. In short, it was our intention to urge Mr. Hoover to ask Congress to authorize a program of immediate expenditure on already authorized federal road construction, road surfacing and repair, and other public works which, we hoped, might be got under way before the cold weather set in.

About one o'clock, to our great delight, Mr. Akerson, the President's secretary, approached—he had told us twice during the morning that there must be some mistake, as he had no memorandum of our appointment, but we held our ground—and, with that affability for which he is justly famed, said that the President would see us, but warned us, first, that we must confine our interview, including the presentation and discussion of our plan, to ten or fifteen minutes; and, second, that on no account should we say anything to the reporters relating to the President's part in the interview, as Mr. Hoover was already doing so many things calculated to improve conditions, and working with so many helpful agencies, that any publicity as to his reactions to our particular plan would, at the moment, be exceedingly inadvisable.

We gladly accepted both conditions. Fifteen minutes would be ample for the discussion of so trivial a subject.

Also, we did not need to be told twice that, on any public question, it was essential to guard the President's opinions from the public ear. In a moment, with a final admonition of brevity, Mr. Akerson bowed us through the corridor, and we found ourselves in the presence of Herbert Hoover. Mindful of the Akersonian injunction, our chairman at once plunged into our plan, laying especial stress on our belief: first, that the revival of business depended partly at least on giving work to, and thereby putting money in the pockets of, the unemployed, to the end that they could not only live but buy things; and, second, that spending money on roads had the double advantage that it could proceed without the delay of elaborate reports and planning and that it would not merely increase employment and help business, but have some permanent value when done.

Mr. Hoover listened with the scant patience and restrained exasperation of a man who knew every angle of the situation far better than we who had presumed to advise him. Whereupon, he launched into a clear, forcible, and convincing speech, in which he proved to us that we were wrong on every point. Unemployment, he said, was being shamefully exaggerated. Its peak had been reached and passed. The tide had turned. The Census and Labor Department reports, and other information to which, as he reminded us, he had better access than we, would presently show that things were quite different from what we feared. Yes, we were now to drift peacefully, if slowly, back to good times. With calm confidence he spoke of the results that were being gained through the conference he had called of great business leaders and of their fine response to his appeal not to curtail the volume of their activities. He showed us, in authoritative style, that every agency of both the federal and State governments was working at top capacity to relieve the situation. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have come six weeks too late." Here the Great Engineer was right again. Our chairman for just about that time had been trying to get an appointment with him.

The Great Engineer then tore to pieces our suggestion of extensive work on the roads, with the remark that such a program would require more cement than all the factories of the country could furnish. This, though it surely must have been so, was, I confess, a little surprising, as our information was to the effect that the cement makers had just been importuning Congress for higher protection in the revenue bill, on the ground that American factories were standing idle.

I do not know how the rest of the committee felt about it. But they looked to me to be in a state only to be described as glad-eyed glee. For my part, I wanted to slap the Great Engineer on the back, and wake the echoes of the White House with a resounding cheer for the Hoover Administration. I had come to Washington under the dismal obsession that we were facing a grave disaster. I had imagined that business depression, unemployment, in short, black times with all the miseries that follow in its train, had settled down on our unfortunate people, only to be routed by firm and prompt action of the federal government. I was to leave, assured that my fears were groundless and that all was well with America.

Before packing my bag for Washington, I had noted that England in peace time, that is to say, in the fiscal year of 1921-22, had been able to raise £398,757,000 by taxation on incomes alone as a war measure in her drive against depression and want. That is well on toward $2,000,000,000, and it seemed to me that this country, with double England's wealth and population, could afford, when faced with similar dangers, to raise half or a quarter that sum for the same purposes. Such reflections, however, were now wholly inappropriate. Under Mr. Hoover, we had weathered the storm without resorting to so cruel an assault on the high brackets and the pockets of the mighty. Unluckily for England, she had had no Great Engineer.

Mr. Akerson appeared. In fact, he had appeared more than once during our interview to warn Mr. Hoover, with deprecatory gestures, that people were waiting with more momentous things to say. Nobody but the President and our chairman had spoken. Our rabbi, our Christian clergyman, our lawyer, the woman who had just made a survey of unemployment—all had something they had hoped to say. There was no need of it. It would have been silly, useless, discourteous even, to have added a word. Mr. Hoover, with characteristic efficiency, had disposed of unemployment. It was a wretched subject, anyhow. And the unemployed, I gathered, were far from good Republicans. We were bundled out of the White House into the sunlight of a world of things which we had just learned did not exist.

It was two o'clock of a warm June afternoon. Since then summer has passed; winter has arrived. The seasons have succeeded each other in their accustomed way. But, alas, something has gone wrong. Has the magic of the Great Engineer lost some of its power and cunning? Or are 5,000,000 men and women looking for work and shivering as they eat the bread of charity but another illusion of the untrained lay mind?

In the Driftway

NEXT to the President of the United States the Drifter has the most thankless job in the world. For no matter what he writes, no matter how he writes it, there is one thing certain: not more than two people can be counted upon, even tentatively, to like it. The Drifter, in this computation, works on the reckless theory that one reader in the world besides himself will find the subject in hand worth talking about. But there are times, of course, and they are numerous, when the Drifter himself must withhold his approval. And at such times, the strain put upon the reckless theory and the lone reader is almost more than they will bear even in the Drifter's conscience.

* * * * *

THE precarious plight of a columnist is summed up very neatly in two letters which arrived simultaneously and which happen to mention in diametrically opposite terms the same innocent bit of drifting—that bit in which the Drifter paid his respects to the Breton village of Locmariaquer. Letter Number 1 begins by praising the Drifter's account of his adventures with Hebrew. It continues as follows:

> It is a great improvement over Life on the Old Farm in Brittany and various other subjects which keep drifting into the magazine through that leak [!]—and you can tell the management so from this subscriber.

The second letter comes from another subscriber. Its first paragraph is given over to pleasant remarks about the magazine as a whole, and the Drifter quotes it in the hope that it will cheer up "the management." The next paragraph belongs to the Drifter and he will cherish it as only a Drifter can.

> In spite of the Engineer in the White House [the letter reads] I have faith that the country will hold together for three years more. Ergo my check, for which please enter my subscription to the last ably edited, critical journal in America.
>
> Will you please tell the Drifter that his recent article on Locmariaquer is the finest gem of *The Nation's* long year and altogether deserving of a Pulitzer prize. If the editor can balance the sustained criticism and the occasional pessimism of the magazine with happy turns of literature as that on Locmariaquer, *The Nation* will actually occasion a smile once in a while.

* * * * *

NOW it happens that the Drifter liked both columns. He thought his adventure into Hebrew was extremely funny. He thought his quieter adventure into the silences of Locmariaquer was quite as exciting if not so hilarious. He still thinks that there is room for both in a column which takes for its province the world and everything in it. And that remark leads into the real difficulties of a Drifter. He is limited by his liberties. His column has no fixed standards either as to subject matter or style. Instead, unarmed with any such defense as "I'm an editorial about unemployment; take it or leave it," the column must face the bristling standards of everyone who reads it. And those standards are doubly formidable because of another factor. The column, any column, is the type of writing which almost every literate person feels sure that he himself, given half a chance, could do better than anyone else, better, particularly, than the author of the column he has just finished reading. The Drifter has often felt that way himself—about other columns—but on the few occasions when he has put his feeling to the test he has failed miserably. And this has led him to comfort himself with the thought that although his efforts may be feeble, perhaps only 75 per cent of his readers could do as well.

* * * * *

NEVERTHELESS, he is willing to do better. And he would like very much to know what people think should leak into the Driftway. At least, he wishes that everyone who reads this little homily would write him a letter about it. The Drifter has already had a few opinions. One reader thinks the Drifter should contribute a bit of disinterested literary art to offset the principles and indignation that must needs surge through most of the columns of a liberal and intelligent magazine. Another thinks he should concern himself with the lighter news events of the day. The New Year cries for a symposium on these important questions, and the Drifter urges it strongly, because for him such a symposium would have two ulterior advantages. It would help to fill the column, of course. But it would also accomplish another worthy purpose. By printing three letters in one column the Drifter would increase his theoretical interested audience. Instead of two it would be five, including himself and that other theoretical reader. Which would not be so bad for THE DRIFTER

An Explanation

Loans and Revolutions

CERTAIN statements contained in the article Loans and Revolutions, by Drew Pearson, noted Washington correspondent and an authority on South American affairs, which appeared in the issue of *The Nation* for December 10, have been questioned by the banking houses directly concerned. In its desire to avoid giving currency to statements or assertions that might in any way be considered unfair or inaccurate, and to rectify any misstatements that it may inadvertently publish, *The Nation* investigated the complaints addressed to it and as a result of its inquiry placed its columns at the disposal of the bankers and Mr. Pearson in order that the points at issue might thereby be discussed and adjusted. *The Nation* believes that in the following letter from Mr. Pearson these points are explained and corrected.—EDITOR THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have heard from Speyer and Company and Dillon, Read, and Company in regard to my article on Loans and Revolutions appearing in *The Nation* of December 10. In fairness to both of these houses I ask you to print this letter.

In regard to the Sao Paulo coffee realization loan I want to assure Speyer and Company that I had no intention of implying that bond buyers who purchased this issue were in any way more "gullible" than all of the rest of us who were caught in the recent and memorable financial brainstorm. But the word "gullible" as I used it created an association in my mind with the mood established by statements from the White House, from the Secretary of the Treasury, the National City Bank, et al., during the bubble days of two years ago. Certainly there was no intention to imply that anyone buying bonds from a house enjoying the high reputation of Speyer and Company must be gullible. On the contrary, those who took their chances with Speyer and Company were undoubtedly less gullible than the rank and file of us. The statement that 15 per cent of the Sao Paulo flotation was left in the hands of the bankers refers to the European issue, as I am informed that the American bankers promptly sold the entire American portion of the loan.

Dillon, Read, and Company have taken exception to my statement that their $23,000,000 loan to Bolivia "was earmarked for refunding of previous loans and for railroad construction; yet within the year $5,000,000 of it had gone for the purchase of munitions from Vickers, Ltd., with which to upset Frank B. Kellogg's peace negotiations between Paraguay and Bolivia." I am glad to make the correction that $5,000,000 of the loan was not for "purchase" but for the "payment" of munitions previously ordered from Vickers, Ltd., and referred to in the prospectus covering the loan. Dillon, Read, and Company also call my attention to the fact that of the $25,000,000 loan to the Central Railroad of Brazil, referred to in my article as the Sao Paulo Railway, only $8,000,000 was for the purpose of electrification; although from my article it might have been inferred that the entire sum was for electrification. It remains a fact, however, that although eight years have now passed, not one penny of even this $8,000,000 has been used for electrification, nor is there any concrete evidence as to what the balance has been spent on.

In reviewing certain aspects of Latin American financing, I was shocked by practices which to me seemed conducive to unsound and unfriendly relations between our country and our southern neighbors. In commenting thereon I used the word "collusion" as a dramatic term for focusing consideration. This was an unfortunate word and I am assured by Dillon, Read, and Company that their dealings with Brazil were in no respect collusive.

Washington, December 29 DREW PEARSON

Correspondence

Let Everybody Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bees and birds and beavers solved the problem of employment before the advent of man. Their solution was simply to allow all to work without hindrance. Can the topsy-turvy madhouse sophistry of man find any fault with this? Apparently so. For man is out of work, starving amidst plenty, and not a soul in power or authority knows what to do about it.

Open your eyes, as if you lived in Mars or some other ultramundane sphere, and behold the plight of *homo sapiens.* Labor, operating on land, produces wealth or goods. Privilege, the parasite, appears, pretending through some legal legerdemain to own the land and actually confiscating the earnings of labor. However, labor continues to carry on until accelerating facility produces wealth in such superabundance that privilege doesn't know what to do with it and therefore says to labor: "Quit work. There is overproduction. Get off my land until I have disposed of the present stock of goods."

Thus enters unemployment. Labor stands idle and bewildered. If labor attempts to produce goods even for sustenance, privilege calls the police or the constable and, if necessary, the sheriff and the State militia and the United States Army. Men are idle because society forbids them to work. Nothing in human history stands out bolder than the fact that no man was ever out of work except when government made him so. Privilege, backed by government, has made work a misdemeanor.

Now, what do you propose to do about it? You propose, not to remove privilege, but to deal to labor a dole in lieu of the right to work, which has been bartered away to privilege; not to free labor but to continue petty and futile easements such as insurance, public work, or boiling water out of the ocean—the work finally being paid for by labor alone!

Verily, this is a crazy land flowing with milk and honey and silk and money and filled with soothsayers whose accepted lunacies surpass all the marvels of "Alice in Wonderland."

Minneapolis, December 20 WILLIAM SCOTT

The Norwegian Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your comment several weeks ago on the Norwegian election, you wrote as follows: "Norway is the latest of the European countries to swing to the right in the recent elections." But this statement is not quite correct. It is very unlikely that the right will replace the left when the new Storting meets.

The Labor Party (Arbeiderpartiet) obtained about seven thousand more votes than it did three years ago. Is that a "swing to the right"? The Labor Party is the largest party in Norway, having approximately 50,000 more voters than were obtained by the combination of the several parties of the right; and the Labor Party will have forty-seven representatives in the new Storting, while the next largest group will have only forty-four. Furthermore, last summer the national organization of clerks (in stores and offices) joined the National Federation of Labor, which virtually means the Labor Party.

It is true, nevertheless, that the Labor Party will have a dozen representatives less in the new Storting than it has in the present. But that is mainly due to the fact that three years ago the Labor Party got many more representatives than were warranted by the size of the Labor vote, which, in turn, was due to the split-up of the voting public between so many political parties—making a large number of the Labor representatives only minority representatives. As such, they succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. What they have lost this year is merely an unjust and unnatural advantage. This year, in a large number of districts, the several bourgeois parties joined hands around the same candidates with the negative issue of defeating Labor, thus capturing Labor's former minority candidates. That can hardly be called a "swing to the right." In fact, it appears that even now the Labor Party has more representatives than the actual size of the Labor vote warrants.

Moreover, this year's election was hotter than ever before. The conservatives in numerous shameful and degrading ways pictured to the voting population the coming of the Bolsheviks, the devil, and burning hell if the Labor Party succeeded in capturing the majority in the new Storting. That drew out a large number of bourgeois-minded citizens, who generally do not exercise their right of voting. Thus, it appears that more than 90 per cent of the citizens of age took part in the election. And the Moscow Communists lost half of their number (from 40,000 to 20,000—in round figures).

We can also say that those voting for Labor this year (in the face of all the lies and calumnies of the bourgeois leaders and papers) did so consciously and deliberately. That could not be said after the election three years ago. This conscious and deliberate flock will be mighty strong three years from now, when the voters will have become wearied by the conservatives' harpings on lies and misrepresentations. This year, also, the Labor leaders were forced more or less on the defensive (an uncomfortable position) because of the more openly stated revolutionary principles in their program.

Thus, all in all, instead of a loss the forces of the Labor Party have become materially strengthened and adjusted.

Columbus, Ohio, December 15 LYDER L. UNSTAD

Maternal Mortality

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You comment in your issue of December 24 on the shameful record of the United States in the matter of maternal mortality. It is shameful, to be sure. But comparing mortality statistics between countries is notoriously misleading. And in particular, the official figures about maternal mortality are quite incomplete and unreliable. France, for instance, in her official causes of death, gives a hundred or so from puerperal fever during a year, while Germany reports some 15,000. Now doctors agree that in truth there is no such difference, that perhaps the actual rate is lower in Germany.

Both for their accuracy and the early date from which they are available, mortality statistics for England and Wales are the best. Next come Denmark and the Scandinavian countries, then the German-speaking and the remaining English-speaking countries, such as the United States. Comparisons within this group can be made, at least since 1919. But to mention their figures in the same breath with those from other countries, as you have done, is to jump at conclusions. In making studies, the epidemiological service of the League of Nations Health Section observes this as a sort of rule.

Some of the rates quoted in your editorial are comparable, n any case those between the States in this country. However, if one could know complete figures for many of the ountries you mention, the relative standings would be altered.

Nevertheless, I do not wish to deny your main point. Our aternal mortality can and should be lowered.

Ann Arbor, December 24 CHARLES A. ORR

The Only Solution

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I fully agree with the splendid letter from Agnes H. Downing in your issue of December 10, particularly its ast paragraph. The six-hour day is the only logical remedy or unemployment. Then when machine production on the sixour basis tends to displace workers and the supply of workers ecomes greater than the demand, reduce the hours again.

Unemployment insurance, like the tariff, would be awkward and hard to regulate; it would be, after all, charity and miserable dole at best, and humiliating to boot. Speeding p public works as a relief is only temporary and inadequate.

Taft, Cal., December 14 M. B.

Contributors to This Issue

DUNCAN AIKMAN is the Pacific Coast correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

LOUIS FISCHER will shortly arrive in the United States for a lecture tour.

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

FRANCES M. FROST is a Vermont poet.

H. S. JENNINGS, professor of zoology at the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "The Biological Basis of Human Nature."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

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Poets

By FRANCES M. FROST

Words beat in the brain
As the blood beats in the heart.
Wild as the summer rain,
Bright as the scarlet-tart
Tang of berries hung
On the downward branch, the words
Gather within the young
And flee from their breasts like birds.
But sounds upon the tongue
Are fewer with the old.
The berry-fire that stung
The heart is stamped by cold:
And knowing quiet things,
The old will seldom speak
Of a hawk dragging wings,
Of tears upon a cheek.

So Did King Canute

I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition. By Twelve Southerners. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE twelve Southerners who contribute to this symposium figuratively take down their old muskets and intrench themselves along the Mason and Dixon line, ready to shoot on sight anything that looks like industry heading South. For they are convinced, in the words of John Crowe Ransom, that this industrialism is "a foreign invasion of Southern soil, which is capable of doing more devastation than was wrought when Sherman marched to the sea." It will be said by most readers that these men are fighting a pitiable rearguard action in what is already a lost cause. This is probably true; yet their pleas for that cause are eloquent and touching, and recall much that was gracious, and even precious, in the Southern ways and values that now seem forever doomed to defeat.

There is, it is true, much confusion in these voices. The clearest in many ways is that of Stark Young, who does not seem greatly interested in the issue of industrialism, but deplores mainly the decline in certain personal qualities among former Southern aristocrats, as reflected in their bland acceptance of Mr. Coolidge's crude manners, or in the willingness of Southern society women to indorse some face cream or mattress in exchange for money and publicity. Far from wishing any literal restoration of the old Southern life, however, Mr. Young wisely remarks: "Dead days are gone, and if by some chance they should return, we should find them intolerable." But Mr. Ransom, whose essay opens the book, is much more bellicose. Indeed, it is hard to tell from some of these essays whether the writers think the real issue is between Industrialism and Agrarianism or between the North and the South; and Mr. Ransom, for one, seems rather happy at the prospect that the industrial invasion "will offer the chance to revive ancient and almost forgotten animosities." He is not only against Industrialism; he is against all technological discoveries, against the ideal of Progress itself. Progress seems to him terrifying, for it "never defines its ultimate objective, but thrusts its victims at once into an infinite series." It also threatens us with "deracination." I am at some loss to understand, however, why Mr. Ransom, except for the accident of birth, should regard the old South as the ideal example of resistance to industrial progress. There are better examples in India and China (at least up to a few years ago) and still better examples among the Australian black-fellows. For if Mr. Ransom's fears of Progress had always prevailed we should still be in the savage state—assuming that we had at least accepted such technological advances as flint and the spearhead. Mr. Ransom may reply that he is merely proposing to dig in and stop progressing *now*, which, we may be confident, was precisely the position of the conservatives among our paleolithic ancestors.

It is obvious that this book is, in the main, the rationalization of a nostalgia for ancestral ways rather than a rational approach to real problems. On the one hand, the contributors see the old South, and farming and farm labor, through a sentimental haze. Reading them, one would almost think the old South had been the scene of a perfect flowering of art and music and beautiful letters. Reading them, one almost forgets that such culture as the old South had rested on slavery, that it was confined to a small privileged upper class, relieved of the more menial duties. All these writers see in farm work a mystical and ennobling satisfaction; and the reader almost forgets that the "genuine humanism . . . rooted in the agrarian life of the older South" was not that of the man who picked the cotton, but that of the man who owned the plantation. Occasionally, it is true, slavery is mentioned and even defended, as by Mr. Ransom, who, after conceding that "slavery was a feature monstrous enough in theory," calmly repeats the smug fiction that it was, "more often than not, humane in practice." So great are the mystical values of working on the farm, again, that these contributors would apparently have their fellow-regionalists go in for farming even though they cannot make a decent living out of it. This seems to be most clearly stated by Lyle H. Lanier: "The objection may be made that already there is overproduction of agricultural commodities; the answer is that agriculture is more than a process of 'production.'"

Industrialism, on the other hand, is seen by these literary agrarians only in its worst aspects; the term, indeed, is so extended that it usually seems to mean everything objectionable that goes on up North. The fallacy into which most of them fall is that of identifying "industrialism" with the exclusive pursuit of material wealth. One contributor, indeed (again Mr. Lanier), *defines* the word as meaning precisely this: "By 'industrialism' is meant not the machine and industrial technology as such, but the domination of the economic, political, and social order by the notion that the greater part of a nation's energies should be directed toward an endless process of increasing the production and consumption of goods." Such a definition, to my mind, can only result in hopeless confusion. Sheer acquisitiveness can appear as frequently under a dominantly agrarian economy as under a dominantly industrial one. If by fiat we declare that "industrialism" must *mean* acquisitiveness, then we must find another word to denote "the machine and industrial technology as such."

In so far as the attitude of these contributors rests on a logical and not on a sentimental basis, it is on such basic confusions as these that most of them founder. Nearly all of them regard Industrialism and Agrarianism as essentially antagonistic, whereas it should be obvious that they are merely complementary. Any farmer who raises more than the needs of his own table does so in the expectation that he will sell the surplus to a non-farming population in exchange largely for manufactured goods—for clothes, furniture, books, and—dare one mention them?—automobiles. The present group of writers, instead of denouncing the North, should be thankful to it, for it was because the North was so largely industrial that the

South could long afford to remain so largely agrarian. Even to be an efficient agriculturalist, the farmer must buy industrial implements; for the irony is that only as agriculture is more "mechanized" will it be able to hold its own against industry.

The values of industrialism, it is true, are not precisely the values of agrarianism. But industrialism has its own values, and complete failure to recognize them can only make such protests as "I'll Take My Stand" worse than ineffective. If, like Mr. Ransom, this group can only remark with bitter irony that "factories henceforth are to be counted on as among the charming features of Southern landscape," as if factories were *necessarily* ugly, then they will not care whether their factories are designed by first-rate modern architects (like Gropius and Mies van der Rohe in Germany) or by botchers, with the result that they will probably be designed by the latter.

In short, the real objection to the ideals of these typewriter agrarians is not that these ideals are quixotic or visionary, but that they are stupid. Our aim must be to humanize industry, not to exterminate it. One might even take the liberty of suggesting to this group some points of a practicable program:

1. They can at least try to prevent the further artificial stimulation of industry, at the necessary expense of agriculture, supplied by our preposterous tariff.

2. To assure agricultural survival, they can aim to disseminate instruction in more intelligent farming methods.

3. They can agitate for progressive labor legislation, involving health, hours, minimum wages, unemployment insurance and prohibition of child labor. Such legislation would probably reduce the rate of growth of industrialism in the South, but the kind of industrialism that finally appeared would be on a much higher level.

4. They can eliminate many "factory-town" evils by working for strict housing legislation, model-housing schemes, city planning that would minimize congestion, provide maximum light and air, establish parks and playgrounds, insure the largest number of trees and the smallest number of advertising signboards. In brief, they could aim to "gardenize" their towns and cities and make them fit for humane living.

A program like this might be difficult to realize, but at least it would bear more fruits than nostalgic sighs for days that are lost forever. And not such very fine days at that.

HENRY HAZLITT

Human Predestination

Crime and Destiny. By Johannes Lange. Translated from the German by Charlotte Haldane. Charles Boni. 50 cents.

IS the criminal predestined to be such by his innate constitution? Or is it misfortune or the faulty organization of society that drives him to crime?

For judging such questions of human fate, the existence of duplicate individuals offers incomparable advantages. Identical twins are such duplicates. They are at first a single individual. This early divides into two, each retaining the original constitution. How far will these two samples of the same personality have the same career and fate? If one is a criminal, will the other be a criminal also? To what extent are they made different by diverse environments, diverse experiences?

Johannes Lange has made a unique study of such questions in thirty pairs of twins. One member of each pair had a criminal record. What shall we find as to the fate of the other? The problem of destiny has never been more sharply defined.

Thirteen of the thirty pairs were identical twins; they had come from one egg; they were originally duplicate personalities. Of these thirteen pairs, one member of which in each case was a criminal, the other member had also a criminal record in ten of the cases. If one such twin is criminal, clearly the chance for the other to escape that fate, under existing conditions, is small. Lange studied the detailed histories of the different twins. The two members were astonishingly alike in characteristics and careers. Both members of one pair were burglars. Both of another pair committed "puerile offenses against the property laws." Another pair were high-powered swindlers. Another were gutter-snipes. One pair contributed two brutes "lacking all human feeling except for their own unpleasant selves." And so on through the list; the correspondence in details is terrifying. "In all these pairs the type of crime is identical, the criminal careers begin at the same age; and the behavior of both members in court and in prison corresponds absolutely" (p. 215). It is such facts that give the book its title, "Crime and Destiny"; or as the German title has it: Crime *as* Destiny. The two twins have the same innate constitution; they have in the main the same environment; the result is the same fate—both are criminals.

But this title may be misleading. Their innate constitutions did not irrevocably predestine these men to crime; on this the author (and the evidence) is clear. Many things in the histories of these twins show the effect of environment, of the experiences undergone. In three of these pairs one of the twins was not a criminal. In several cases one of the twins was reformed by a wife of strong character, or in other ways, while the other went from bad to worse. Under different conditions, or in a different social system, both twins might have avoided criminality.

Yet in the main these were personalities that lacked foresight and resistance; "inability to resist innate urges" (p. 226) was their undoing. This was the secret of their common fate. On such characters environment has relatively little influence. Identical twins possessing foresight, resistance, and power of adaptation to conditions (distinctive features of superior types) might well have very diverse careers as they came into diverse environments. "Destiny" as applied to human careers signifies merely that differential consequences do not follow save on differential antecedents; that condition fulfilled, anything may happen. "Destiny" covers possible complete deflection of a career by a word, a look, a passage read, an incident observed—anything that stirs an emotion or starts a train of thought.

In addition to the thirteen pairs of identical twins, there were studied seventeen pairs (one member of each being criminal) in which the two members came from separate eggs and hence had diverse innate constitutions. The environment however is as like for such twins as for one-egg twins. Yet of the entire seventeen, there were only two in which the other member was also criminal. This, when contrasted with the ten out of thirteen of the one-egg twins in which both were criminal, demonstrates the great influence of identical constitution plus similar environment, as compared with similarity of environment only. Or to put it in the reverse way, it shows how diversity of innate constitution results in different characteristics and fate, even under similar environment. But there is nothing to indicate that great differences of environment acting on identical constitutions would not likewise produce great diversity of career and fate. Both sets of influences are powerful in determining human destiny.

The author is interested in the treatment of criminals. On this what conclusion is to be drawn? The moral of the study is that "the curse causeless shall not come." One's innate constitution does not predestine one to crime; nor must bad environment lead to crime. But certain combinations of these result in criminality; it does not come uncaused. Hence there is "no point to punishment in the narrower sense," but in dealing with criminality "we should regard the safety of society as our only and definite object, and act accordingly." But what measures does this call for? The answer does not follow from the facts or principles set forth in the book; it will be obtained only by long-continued study and experimentation. To one aspect of such study Lange has made a valuable and intensely interesting contribution.

H. S. Jennings

Petticoat War

The Intriguing Duchess. By Dorothy de Brissac Campbell. Covici-Friede. $3.50.

THIS life of Mme de Chevreuse is a particularly displeasing example of the treatment of a little-known and fascinating period. Perhaps there is no era in French history so bandied about and unrealistically understood as the seventeenth century. Dumas and Rostand must be responsible for the fact that this epoch, at once frivolous and rather stark, should usually be described in terms of low comedy, degraded in this biography to the level of a Hollywood scenario for some houri of the screen. Despite its casual romanticism, it was a transitional period of the highest importance in European history between the two disasters of the Reformation and the French Revolution. It was the period of the victorious nationalism of Richelieu, that nervous and heroic prelate who on his deathbed replied to his *curé* who asked if he forgave his enemies: "I have no enemies save those of the state." It was the age of cavaliers and women at once handsome, adulterous, and devout; the age of that noble domestic architecture which now rots in the Marais; the age of Molière, the Val de Grace, and St. Vincent de Paul. But it was also, most unfortunately for history, the age of Cyrano, D'Artagnan, and the immortal trio, and as such it has a fatal appeal for all those who like their history spiced with flatulent smut, and their bargain-counter culture at the maximum of cheapness. In this book by Dorothy de Brissac Campbell they are repaid in full.

Why, we wonder, do people essay a period at once so complicated and delicate when they themselves have apparently not the remotest notions of delicacy, even in their style? The style of "The Intriguing Duchess" can be well judged by this opening tidbit:

> Lovely women dominated seventeenth-century France. They enslaved kings by their beauty, hampered statesmen by their intrigue, and destroyed the peace of Europe—for an idle whim or a fleeting emotion. International treaties were casually arranged between kisses, and wars were lightly conceived between the perfumed sheets of beds not endowed with the blessing of the church.

In perusing the unutterable William de Mille pretentiousness of this approach, would you not believe yourselves sitting at the Paramount on the eve of one of those million-dollar productions libeling "old court life in France," called "Woman of Passion" or some such swinery? Well, we can assure all lovers of the Eighth Art that the book fulfils the promise of its overture. It abounds in such teeth-grinding clichés as "into the limelight," "naughty old scamp" (for James I of England), "sly dog," "mutual admiration society." Almost the only first-hand authority apparently consulted has been that of Mme de Motteville, a rather tedious gossip afflicted with the same mania of "servantgal"-ism as our authoress. The latter has the impudence to label Mme de Maintenon a "reformed prostitute," and the career of that fine, underrated nationalist king, Louis XIII, as "inglorious." There is no such thing in French history as the "great Duke of Condé." The third *prince* of that title was a sordid and villainous personage, and so was the son, the real "great" Condé. Apocryphal scandals are repeated throughout, such as that of Richelieu's making love to both Mme De Chevreuse and the Queen, and that of the birth of Louis XIV. The whole business of the Fronde revolution is made a vast and important pother, whereas it was merely a social fuss concocted by a few self-important people, for whom nothing, even treason and murder, was too low did it augment their self-importance. The right side, as usual, was represented by the government, in this case by the Queen-Regent and by Mazarin. One thing, however: it was a revolution mainly fought by pretty speeches, and we are indebted to Mrs. Campbell for the story of the old Duc de Chevreuse, her heroine's husband, who said that "Paris and he had always been lovers, and that he had never fought against the Queen till she had turned on his first love." There are plenty of such stories in this book, but in general its historic attitude is a little too like that of Lauzun, hiding under Mme de Montespan's bed to "listen in," as Mrs. Campbell puts it.

Cuthbert Wright

A Pepys in Wall Street

They Told Barron. The Notes of the Late Clarence W. Barron. Edited and Arranged by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore. Harper and Brothers. $5.

CLARENCE W. BARRON was the publisher of the *Boston News Bureau* and the *Wall Street Journal.* But he was a lot more than that. He was a congenital reporter. To him life had no meaning except as a continuum of inside stories, all talk was significant, and gossip, carefully sifted, was the simplest and most direct reflection of the spirit behind it. "What's the news?" he asked with his dying breath, actually and not apocryphally. And then he no doubt went to heaven to get the real stuff behind all its omniscience.

It is impossible, at least from this book, to dislike the simple-shrewd tattler of these jottings, which were never really meant for your eye or mine. In his later years Barron was, as the editors happily put it, a jolly old Kris Kringle. Short and hefty, one of his major problems was the ridiculously human job of reducing his irreducible 330 pounds to some semblance of physical sanity. Yet for all his girth he was of imposing vitality, bustling, elegant, and high living. His silver whiskers were neat and parted, a grand twinkle in his roguish look encouraged you to tell him some more, and above all he was armed with that charming and disarming idiocy toward all social ethics which makes the ideal receiver of stolen confidences. A perfect reporter, he never passed judgment on what he heard.

With excellent skill the editors retain the atmosphere of direct and immediate and intimate notations, Pepys-like in their daily freshness and non-moral perspicacity. Barron would flit in and out of the offices of the mightily moneyed, occasionally stealing a chat with J. P. (the younger) himself. Existence was a steady flow of meals and visits and early morning hours, packed with *kibitzing* with everybody who was somebody, except in the world of ideas. Since these notes cover only the decade between 1918 and 1928, the founders of our industrial and investment universe, the buccaneers and organizers of the John D., Sr., and J. P., Sr., variety, speak to us mainly in the tattle of others. Most of Barron's victims are not tigers but jackals, house-broken to the circus of institutionalized big business at that. Many of them are genuinely able executives, more of them are glorified clerks, some are expensive politicians here and abroad, lots of them are dollar-a-year *ingénus,* but now and then we are treated to a Gargantuan grafter of the Jay Gould variety. But the interesting thing is that the basic rapacity of the latter type still dominates, in these days of "service," the life patterns of all the others. That's the motif of all their adventures. And Barron's pages are lifted by innumerable dollar signs, winging six figures from one pocket into another.

And the things they *did* tell him! How they delighted in cheating each other, the law, the community, and in buying the purchasable, both goods and gentry! The weaker characters smeared their views with a surface varnish of unctuousness, like a peasant crossing himself absent-mindedly. The greatest of the unctuous fraternity was the late Judge Gary, compared to whom Daniel Drew was an outright man. His varnish was never thin or volatile but dripping with oil. Still, with the aid of George Kessler, the Moet and Chandon wine man, we catch the sainted jurist lying complexly about the way the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was acquired by the United States Steel trust. The really powerful adventurers, however, such as Edward Doheney and Harry Sinclair, are rather engagingly honest to type. And Doheney is even capable of genuine moral indignation whenever he has been double-crossed by some one he has bought and paid for. "Doctor Dillon," he complains with much heat, "went to Mexico under contract with me at $20,000 a year for five years." The doctored journalist was to write for the general press from the Doheney angle. Instead, "He became infatuated with Obregón and wrote those fulsome articles for the New York *Evening Post* which were really damaging to my interests. At the end of two years I told him what I thought of his actions for a man on my pay roll . . ." I cannot help but feel a great deal more respect for Doheney than for his journalist. And as for the willingness of George Creel to serve Mr. Doheny, a certain nausea keeps me from reviewing it. It's recorded on pages 162 to 165.

Said William M. Wood of the American Woolen Company: "American Woolen Company showed $9,000,000 last year, but really made $14,000,000. Our policy this year will be to show as little profit as possible. If you show big earnings . . . your employees will insist upon an advance in wages."

Mused and opined James B. Duke, the tobacco king of child-labor fame: "I have now four houses, my place in Somerville, New Jersey, my home in the South, one at Newport, and one at Fifth Avenue. . . . If the United States should get a sensible system of taxation and put the taxes where they ought to be—on consumption . . . " The conclusion is irresistible. If the brats in his factories had paid just a little more for bread and salt Mr. Duke might have spent his declining years each week-end in another palace.

Here's a lighter touch. "Inviting one to a second libation it was remarked, 'No bird ever flew on one wing' "; that at the home of Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the Great Commoner and extra dry Congresswoman from Florida.

At the Republican convention in 1920 Mr. Barron jotted down hasty bits: "Mrs. Lowden's pearls are showing up big at dinners . . ." "Governor Lowden: 'My one ambition is to free labor from the dominion of Gompers . . .' " "General Wood is described to me as a pathetic figure in Chicago, almost on the street corners begging votes . . ."

And so on and on and on, page after page. Of course, it is well to remember that these are tales out of school, and such tales are never high lights of high-mindedness. I do not know about you, but I should certainly hate to see broadcast all my intimate talks with my friends in my various worlds. Yet the world which "told Barron" seems to me very different from any other society. Outside the technical underworld there can be no social group so brazenly obtuse in its social outlook. Furthermore, there is no social group anywhere, whether it be a group of Harvard professors or Ziegfeld beauties, of writers or longshoremen, where there is so little personal wisdom, so little real knowledge, such a dearth of wit, so little mellowness, fraternity, kindliness, indeed so little acute malice. In all this talk of 361 pages by the "rulers" of our society, aged mostly between forty-five and seventy, there is hardly a line of good conversation, not a trace of real culture or plain good breeding, not the slightest evidence of even a fair formal education. If some of them had it, it never broke through.

Oh yes, I forgot, there was *one* witty line. On viewing Sargent's portrait of John D., Sr., his brother William Rockefeller remarked that "he didn't like the look of John D.'s hand —it was still reaching."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Strange Career

John Charles Frémont: An Explanation of His Career. By Cardinal Goodwin. Stanford University Press. $4.

PROFESSOR GOODWIN'S contribution to an understanding of Frémont's career relates principally to Frémont's connection with the Bear Flag revolt and the conquest of California, his part in the fraudulent army contracts during the Civil War while he was in Missouri in command of the Department of the West, and his connection with Western railway scandals after the war. The examination tends strongly to discredit Frémont. It is absurd, Professor Goodwin declares, to attribute to Frémont the conquest of California; on the contrary, he drifted into the Bear Flag revolt, failed to display even second-rate leadership, and was in fact, as he himself later admitted, "a pawn put forward by others." In the matter of the army contracts he was not, Professor Goodwin thinks, a scoundrel, but his moral weakness and loyalty to others led him to give his approval to transactions which he must have known were dishonest. If he did not himself prepare the statements that were circulated in France in 1869 to advertise the bonds of the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad he was at least responsible for allowing them to circulate, for he did nothing to reveal their falsity "until the money had been raised from the sale of the bonds."

At each of these points Professor Goodwin's findings seem conclusive. He is less successful in making clear the reasons for the wide personal popularity of Frémont before the Civil War, for his choice as a Senator for California, and for the extraordinary vote which he polled in 1856 as the Republican candidate for President. Distinctions of this kind are hardly to be won merely through achievements as an explorer. Professor Goodwin aptly describes Frémont as a man whose "entire career was built largely on a series of circumstances over which he exercised little or no control," and morally "a loose constructionist" who "adjusted his moral outlook very largely to the environment in which he lived." The characterization is true enough, but we are still left wondering a little why Frémont for a time went forward so fast and so far.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Eight Victorian Poets. By F. L. Lucas. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

These essays on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Hardy are pleasantly written lectures emphasizing the spiritual and philosophical direction of each poet in an attempt to reestablish the need of spiritual beauty in an age so reprehensibly materialistic as our own. It is an old theme, and concerning the poets Mr. Lucas says nothing very new. He writes well and has quick perception of the quality of poetry; but beyond the usual criticism he does not go. It is well, probably, to recall these Victorians and their high moral purpose, their convincing vitality—and this is

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the author's purpose, nothing more—to recall them as they were and as they meant to be. It is well, probably, to remember that we need poets and poetry lest the imprisoned emotions perish of starvation, and that we should therefore read of them and through them. But such a volume as this offers no solution to the modern dilemma and no new vision of the past. The charm of the lectures is their style and their mood, both very subtly adjusted to each subject in turn. Back of them lie wide reading and comparative study, but there remains in them the tone of a popular presentation within a short lecture hour.

America Moves West. By Robert E. Riegel. Henry Holt and Company.

Westward.. The Romance of the American Frontier. By E. Douglas Branch. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

Wagons West. A Story of the Oregon Trail. By Elizabeth Page. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

A Yankee Trader in the Gold Rush. The Letters of Franklin A. Buck. Compiled by Katherine A. White. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

One Man's Gold. The Letters and Journals of a Forty-Niner. Compiled and Edited by Florence Morrow Christman. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

On the Old West Coast. Being Further Reminiscences of a Ranger, Major Horace Bell. Edited by Lanier Bartlett. William Morrow Company. $5.

John Marsh, Pioneer. The Life Story of a Trail-Blazer on Six Frontiers. By George D. Lyman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

Of these seven new books on that apparently inexhaustible subject, the American West, the first two are comprehensive histories dealing with the series of migrations which swept the white race over the Alleghenies, across the Ohio and Mississippi regions, to the Far West and finally to California. Of the two Mr. Riegel's is the most systematic and Mr. Branch's the more interesting; both of them, however, are based upon good sources, and either of them would do as an introduction to the subject. The next three books are documents having to do with the gold rush, being collections of letters sent back East from California by men from Illinois, Maine, and Pennsylvania respectively. None of them adds anything especially new to the picture we have, but all of them together make that picture clearer; of such testimony we can never have too much. The sixth book is a miscellany, chiefly fantastical, taken from the papers of an old Californian who knew the territory both in its Spanish days and after. The last seems to make good its author's claim that he presents in it a hitherto neglected hero of the West. John Marsh, doctor, Indian agent, and rancher extraordinary, had adventures that put the very wildest fiction to shame, and appears indeed to have been a person of importance in the history of half a dozen States.

The Best Poems of 1930. Edited by Thomas Moult. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Since 1922 Mr. Moult has edited "The Best Poems" for each year, and his anthologies have shown the trend of each year rather directly. As 1930 has on the whole been sterile, a year given over to emphasizing humanism and to the writing of pleasant and unimportant magazine verse, "The Best Poems of 1930" reflect just this condition. There is much of moralizing, much of conventional form, and much of light, pleasant fancy. The collection is very pallid. The older English bodyguard is here in force, but none of the younger rebels—not even Robert Graves this time. The best poems in the collection come from American poets. Archibald MacLeish's beautiful poem Immortal Autumn is included, and Horace Gregory's fine O Mors Eterna. But as a whole the anthology is rather uninteresting.

Lafitte the Pirate. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Company. $5.

Jean Lafitte was the best-loved pirate of history. He and his brother called themselves privateers, but when there was depression in that industry—also when there wasn't—they practiced smuggling and piracy. Louisiana had just come under the sovereignty of the United States; its laws and authority were not popular among the Creoles. So the brothers Lafitte enjoyed the same respect and immunity in Louisiana in their time as a reliable bootlegger in New Jersey today—and for similar reasons. When Governor Claiborne posted a notice in New Orleans offering $500 for the capture of Jean Lafitte, that estimable pirate swaggered into town, read the notice, and put up another placard offering $1,500 for the arrest of Governor Claiborne. Before the battle of New Orleans Pirate Jean offered the services of his men to Governor Claiborne. The latter spurned the offer, but General Jackson accepted it—to his satisfaction. Subsequently Mr. Lafitte resumed the practice of his profession. His biography, picturesquely told by Mr. Saxon, might be entitled "From Pirate to Patriot—and Back Again." Nor did the round trip involve as much change of heart at any stage as a pious member of the D. A. R. might suppose.

Drama

A Tirade Against Tabloids

"FIVE STAR FINAL," by Louis Weitzenkorn, is presented as a bitter attack upon the tabloid newspapers of New York. In fact, it is rather directly pointed at one particular tabloid. The play has the excellent quality of having been written by a man who was very angry. This anger is translated into a great deal of zest and excitement. Nobody can deny that "Five Star Final" possesses power and theatrical effectiveness. It is crude in certain scenes, and yet the mood of the author could hardly function save in a somewhat tabloid treatment of the tabloids. It is not his object to mock these publications, but to punch them on the nose.

Some little incidental humour creeps in, but the fundamental spirit is one of crusading. A critic can readily point out that if Mr. Weitzenkorn had sat down to the task in a somewhat cooler spirit, he might have written a smoother play. But the answer to that is that in a cooler spirit he would never have written the play at all. And it is a job well worth the doing.

To some extent there was a smug acceptance upon the part of the various newspaper representatives. All of them seemed to say, "But, of course, none of this touches us." And yet it does. Certain wide implications of the story bear upon the entire practice of journalism.

To state the story briefly: A tabloid owner wants to jack up the circulation of his paper. He gets a long serial story which purports to give the inside facts about a murder now twenty years old. In order to give some point to this revival, the managing editor undertakes to learn something of the present status of the woman concerned. She was acquitted at the time of the trial, and has since married. Her daughter knows nothing of her mother's antecedents, and as the play begins the girl is about to marry a young man equally ignorant of the background of her family. The publicity drives the mother into an anguish which she solves by killing herself. And her husband also takes poison rather than face the shame and disgrace of the exposure.

It is perfectly true that the technique of news reporting

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Lectures, Theatres, Films continued on pages 54, 55, 56

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displayed in "Five Star Final" is peculiarly confined to the tabloids. But I wonder whether there is not a great deal even in the most respectable of journals which pries into private affairs right up to the point of tragic consequences. And here there arises that debatable point as to just what amount of censorship a newspaper can impose upon itself. Recently we have seen papers play down unemployment because they felt that this underemphasis might be good for the community. Within a few weeks several cases of bank crashes have been buried inside in order not to shake public confidence. The analogy is not close, but once a newspaperman begins to say, "This is the truth and this is news, and yet I will not print it," the whole theory of journalism may be shaken. Possibly it ought to be shaken. Perhaps there is a line which can be drawn between things of public concern and purely private matters.

I am trying to say that "Five Star Final," in addition to being a hot and powerful play, is also a piece of provocative inquiry. Heywood Broun

"Meet My Sister" (Shubert Theater), circling about the love of a French countess for a poor professor of psychology, is adapted from a German musical comedy. It succeeds in retaining—except for some boop-boop-a-doopism in the second act—a rather agreeable European flavor. One of its pleasant innovations is to omit entirely the usual chorus. Bettina Hall makes a lovely countess, and Walter Slezak is a highly engaging importation from Central Europe.

"The Truth Game" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a thin and surprisingly old-fashioned polite English play redeemed by some competent acting, particularly that of Viola Tree as the awkward Lady Joan.

One of the misfortunes of the season was the closing of "The Inspector General" after a run of nine nights. Gogol's gorgeous comedy of political corruption is well worth seeing even in a mediocre performance, and Mr. Jed Harris's revival, while it fell short in several directions, was considerably better than that. H. H.

Music

Whither Tonality?

THE FUTURE OF TONALITY is the title of a very brilliant article by Mr. Joseph Yasser, contained in a special supplement to the December issue of *Modern Music*, organ of the League of Composers. Mr. Yasser's thesis is, very briefly, this:

The pentatonic scales, ancestors of our diatonic scales, had five "regular" tones and two "auxiliary" tones, dividing the octave into seven parts. From them we derived scales having seven regular tones and five auxiliary tones. The analogous step to follow, according to Mr. Yasser's historical logic, is the adoption of scales with twelve regular tones and seven auxiliary tones. He has accordingly worked out the structure and keyboard embodiment of such a scale, which, he claims, outlines the tonal thought of contemporary composers, whom our prejudices confine to the diatonic scales for their expression.

Mr. Yasser makes the evolution of chord formation fit neatly into his scheme. His theory is that the natural basic interval for chord structure is the interval formed by two alternate "regular tones" of the scale. In our diatonic scale this interval is a third. In the pentatonic scale, which had fewer divisions of the octave than the diatonic, it was accordingly larger—about the size of our fourth. In Mr. Yasser's new scale ("supra-tonality"), which has twelve regular tones, it is reduced to approximately the size of our second, or whole tone. The new scale thus embodies the harmonic innovations of Scriabine, Debussy, and others.

So far, so good. Musically, Mr. Yasser's idea has more than a little to recommend it. It is not possible to say offhand that its artificiality too far exceeds that of Bach's tempering of the diatonic scale, upon which the music of two centuries has been based. The fate of the system must, in any case, rest on its musical value, and neither on the terminology nor on the "historical logic" that Mr. Yasser has used to support his thesis.

And this is lucky for "supra-tonality"! For if it has musical faults, they will be apparent only after it has been well tried, and even then they may not prevent its adoption: the faults of the tempered diatonic scale have not stood in the way of its immense development. Whereas if it were to stand or fall on the validity of its historical logic, the verdict would not take so long to reach. Consider the scheme of that historical logic.

"Tonality" (our 7 + 5 scale) is, according to Mr. Yasser, the synthesis of "infra-tonality" (the pentatonic system) and "infra-atonality" (medieval dissonant counterpoint). Similarly, "supra-tonality" (the new 12 + 7 scale) is to be the synthesis of "tonality" and "atonality."

Now, the universal priority of the pentatonic scale is not by any means proved. And it will take more than Mr. Yasser's quotations from medieval critics to establish the analogy between contemporary atonality and the dissonant counterpoint of the Middle Ages. More than three hundred years intervened between "infra-atonality" and its alleged synthesis in tonality. But the new scale is supposed to be the formulation of what Debussy and Scriabine created, and they were both dead before atonality was well started. Moreover, it reacted against them as violently as against all other tonal ("tonocentric") music.

The synthesis, then, preceded the antithesis, and the antecedent was partly a reaction against the consequent.

Flaws in historical logic do not invalidate the 12 + 7 scale as a musical idea, but that is only because its validity has nothing to do with historical logic. We can only judge "supra-tonality" after we have listened to music (and a great deal of it) written with the new scale in mind, and performed on instruments that make it possible. If we are not convinced after that, historical logic even sounder than Mr. Yasser's will not convince us. And if our ears do accept it, syntheses and antitheses may interact as much as they please without our even knowing it.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Architecture

The Bright Lights

IT is the habit to speak of a "modern manner" as if there were just one, but already it is divided right down the middle. The Europeans get the Day; we get the Night. You can confirm this in any way you wish. The best way is to look at the pictures. A favorite architectural illustration abroad is of a sunny summer afternoon. There are some bathing girls about, in one-piece suits. They are on a broad terrace, and behind them is a wall of pure glass through which you can see a few tables and chairs inside. Of "building" there is as little as possible, as if it were meant to stay out of the way like the bathing suits.

Compare this with pictures by our own Hugh Ferriss, whom our architects to a man consider the "greatest renderer in the world." In his "Metropolis of Tomorrow" are sixty illustrations, among which a bare ten seem to represent day-

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

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*Elizabeth The Queen—Beck—45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
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*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
*Midnight—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
†Oh Promise Me—Morosco—W. 45 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*On the Spot—Forrest—49 St., W. of B'way.
†Petticoat Influence—Empire.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.
†This is New York—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St., E. of B'way.

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Sous les Toits de Paris—(French)—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt (German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.

MUSIC

Boston Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., Jan. 8; Sat. aft., Jan. 10.
Dusolina Giannini, soprano—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Jan. 20.
Josef Hofmann, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Sun. aft. Jan. 11.
Vladimir Horowitz, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
Nina Koshetz, soprano—New School for Social Research—Tues. eve., Jan. 20.
Philadelphia Orchestra—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Jan. 13.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Fri. aft., Jan. 9, 16; Sun. aft., Jan. 18; Thurs. eve., Jan. 15, 22; Sat. aft., Jan. 17. Metropolitan Opera House—Sun. aft., Jan. 11.
Roth String Quartet—Town Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
E. Robert Schmitz, pianist—Barbizon-Plaza—(Program includes pieces by Bartok and Hindemith) Sun. eve., Jan. 11.
Andres Segovia, guitarist—Town Hall—Sun. aft., Jan. 18.

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light. I say they seem to, because even in these the days were often distinctly cloudy. There are a few sunsets and mists, and the rest is solid night.

One of the illustrations in particular must have been the artist's favorite. It might be entitled What Hath Building Wrought? Here again is a terrace. It is at about the fortieth story. The time, of course, is night; there has been a party going on, and a few souls, still perhaps a bit hazy with drink, have wandered out to see what, indeed, hath been wrought by building. And it is wonderful. There are solid mountains and chasms, all man-built. This reaches into illimitable distance and loneliness, as vast and solitary as the surface of the moon, all done by steel and electricity.

If you are a city dweller these pictures can be verified in daily life. Sitting here, for example, looking out across the East River at the old rock pile of New York, you will find it unquestionably most beautiful at night, with the thousands of lights. Whatever chaos there may be in the forms disappears in the uniform grill of this star-spangled banner, and patriotism catches at the throat. Here is modernism indeed. Thousands of years went by with their changes of style, but not until this century was there electric light, which, far, far more than the familiar triad of steel, glass, and concrete, has changed the basis of all architecture. This is us.

By comparison, European modernism looks a bit lazy. Not only does New York City probably build more cubage in a year than all Germany, but in the building that they do the Europeans seem to lean too much on mere Nature. Light from the sun, as we know, varies from day to day, and although there is no question that it can be quite useful, yet in a deep building in the middle of a city it interferes with the control of the electricity. Flowers brought into the house involve unhealthy dirt; they fade and die; and there is not nearly so much fun to be had from them as from "painting with light." Indeed, if we were to speak of the split in modernism from another angle, we should say that the Europeans lean on Nature, while we are out to conquer it. Distances they enjoy, but we have annihilated Distance.

At sixty or two hundred miles an hour you can travel to Chicago, where we are preparing a World's Fair that shall illustrate the differences between America and Europe after "A Century of Progress." In the great exhibition buildings windows have been eliminated almost entirely, so that no sunlight shall interfere with the science of illumination. In the Transportation Building there are solid metal walls, but the composition walls of the others are equally sunproof. Heating, ventilation, and all sorts of insulation are of course artificial, and will be nearly perfect.

No Nature interferes with the show. At least not inside. Outside there will be some lake and a few lagoons, but used as a setting for the composition of the buildings rather than for themselves. It is a soil on which trees will not grow, but some device will be invented to make a satisfactory fluff. The chief "natural" exhibit will be a huge metal fountain that can be lighted up at night.

Not the least advantage, of course, is that there will be plenty of work for everyone to do: the illuminating engineers will be busy, and the power companies will shovel coal by the thousand tons for the lights, drawing on our unsurpassed natural resources. When the great show is all over the wreckers will tear it down, and we can begin elsewhere perfectly fresh.

The only thing the Europeans are planning that can remotely compare with it is an exhibition for Cologne in the same year, the bulk of which will consist of skimpy houses, to remain permanently for day-by-day use. Is that a proper celebration of science? Is that their conception of the romance of business?

Douglas Haskell

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
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HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN MARK VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
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DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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WELL, WELL, WELL! So that statesman of the monumental mind and the unterrified heart and the vice-presidential ambition, that new St. George, that arch-investigator, Representative Hamilton Fish, has again exposed the Communist menace in all its gory reality. We regret that the editor of *The Nation* has been caught red-handed, along with the two old Harrys—Emerson Fosdick and Elmer Barnes—among the "pink intellectualists and sobbing Socialists" more to be despised than real revolutionists, but it can't be helped. Murder will out. Mr. Fish got appropriate intellectual support from Matthew Woll and Father Walsh and Martin W. Littleton, while Carnegie Hall resounded with the cheers of sixty-five anti-Communist organizations, running all the way down from the Allied Patriotic Societies, the American Vigilant Intelligence Association, and nine other American brands, through seven sets of Daughters—of America, of American Colonists, of Founders and Patriots, of the Defenders of the Republic, of the Holland Dames, of the Revolution, of the Union Veterans of the Civil War—through the National Sojourners of the United States, the Society of Sponsors of the American Navy, three sets of Sons, two varieties of United Daughters, and so finally to the Women Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. An enjoyable time was had by all, and we regret the malicious newspaper report, doubtless inspired from Moscow, that several hundred seats were left vacant before the speeches were over.

SENATOR NORRIS has won another battle in his long Muscle Shoals campaign. After a prolonged and bitter struggle the House conferees yielded to the Senate on the fundamental question of allowing the government to build transmission lines either through Congressional appropriations or out of profits from the sale of power. With the power plant itself government owned and operated and with transmission lines also in government hands, there will thus be provided the essentials of a real system of government operation and transmission so that Muscle Shoals may serve as a yardstick for determining a reasonable price for power. It is for this reason, of course, that the provision for transmission lines was so bitterly fought. As we write there is uncertainty as to the fate of the conference report in the House, where the Administration is doing its utmost to defeat it. If the bill is passed, President Hoover will be faced with the alternative of swallowing his opposition to government operation, which he can scarcely do, or else of vetoing the bill, deferring yet further the long-deferred day of operation of Muscle Shoals, and thus throwing the question forward as an issue into the election of 1932.

THE CONSENT DECREE of 1920 is modified by an order of Justice Jennings Bailey in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to permit the packers to engage in wholesale distribution of products other than meat, and to use their refrigerator cars and other facilities in such trade. They are refused permission, however, to go into retail business, on the ground that such activities on their part "would probably result in the almost complete annihilation of the independent retail grocer, already a minority in volume of sales." They are still restrained from owning public stockyards, terminal railroads, market newspapers, and public cold-storage warehouses. Justice Bailey justifies the limited relaxation of the consent decree by changes in methods of food distribution and in the position of the packers, no one of whom, he holds, has anything like control of the business and among whom there exists "no combination or agreement in restraint of trade." While the opinion as reported in the press seems to suggest that the packers could probably distribute at retail more cheaply than it is now done, the danger of monopoly is held to override that consideration. The packers gain a certain increased liberty of action, but they are denied the coveted opportunity of entering into competition, not with the small grocer, of course, but with the chain stores in retail distribution. The independent retailer has protected the chains from a powerful competitor.

THE RED CROSS APPEAL which Mr. Hoover has indorsed will doubtless go over the top in due time, as such appeals are likely to do in this open-handed country, but the raising of a further $10,000,000 will not dispel the uneasy feeling that Red Cross finances need clarification.

Only a few weeks ago Judge Payne, chairman of the Red Cross, was telling the Appropriations Committee of the Senate that the $5,000,000 which the society had set aside for drought relief would probably be sufficient for immediate needs. It now appears that Judge Payne's estimate was pretty wild, and that $10,000,000 more will have to be found if farmers in Arkansas and elsewhere are not presently to die of disease or starvation. Mercer G. Johnston, director of the People's Legislative Service at Washington, counters the appeal by declaring that at the beginning of the current fiscal year, July 1 last, the Red Cross had on hand or "substantially assured" $44,000,000, of which amount $38,000,000 was immediately available. If these figures are correct, why the need of $10,000,000 more? Mr. Hoover's letter of approval suggests that the Red Cross proposes to go beyond the country districts and extend relief to small rural and industrial towns which have suffered not only from the drought but also from the business depression. What the country would like to know is how much money the Red Cross has on hand or in sight, what it is doing with it, and whether its work is to be extended from the drought area to any part of the United States in which food distribution is thought to be necessary.

SOME OF THE RECOMMENDATIONS in the annual report of Joseph A. Broderick, State Superintendent of Banks in New York, including that providing for the segregation of thrift accounts in commercial banks and that empowering the superintendent to remove officers or directors guilty of persistent violations of the banking law, deserve serious consideration. Other recommendations, however, seem to have a slightly hysterical character. This applies particularly to the recommendation that the superintendent be permitted, when an emergency arises, to approve the merger of two or more banks without the necessity of seeking the approval of the stockholders. Such a suggestion seems both bad in itself and dangerous as a precedent. The stockholders are after all the real owners of the bank, and the "double liability" that bank stockholders carry makes it the more important that what rights they have should be protected. Proposals for general legislation based upon what might have happened in one particular case—in this instance the Bank of United States—always demand careful scrutiny. In general it may be doubted whether so much new legislation is required. The general public will continue to suspect that recent bank failures might have been avoided by a more alert and curious State Banking Department acting under laws already on the books.

ONE GOOD EFFECT of the business depression has been the deflation of the reputation of the business forecasting services. Since the idea of the business cycle was popularized by the President's Conference on Unemployment in 1921, a great amount of useful study has been given to the up-and-down movement of business, and there have been numerous attempts to develop a reliable business barometer of some sort. Given such an idea, the natural thing to do, of course, was to sell the service to the business man, and university schools of business have vied with glorified market tipsters in seeking such patronage. One interesting feature of the December meeting of the economists and statisticians at Cleveland was their discussion of the very limited usefulness, to say no more, of even the best of these forecasting services. None probably is deserving of greater respect than that carried on by the Harvard Economic Society, yet in a recent letter in the ***Harvard Alumni Bulletin*** William P. Everets quotes numerous mistaken forecasts in the society's bulletins during the past two years and comes to the rather sweeping conclusion that "Harvard University must receive its full share of the blame" for the crash of 1929. It is impossible to overemphasize the practical importance of rigorous research into the causes of business fluctuation, but we believe that the universities would do well to resist the temptation to cash in on such investigations by attempting to sell the results to business men for immediate use.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR is little enough to spend on the protection of our mothers and their children, especially in view of the shocking maternal mortality rate of the United States, which is 6.5 per thousand live births, as compared, for instance, with Denmark, whose rate is 2.2. The Jones-Cooper maternity and infancy bill, which passed the Senate by a vote of 56 to 10, makes that sum available to the several States. The bill is similar to the Sheppard-Towner Act which expired in June, 1929. It assures to each State which accepts it and matches federal funds at least $30,000 a year. Unlike the Sheppard-Towner Act the new bill applies also to Porto Rico, Alaska, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii. There was opposition to the bill, mainly from Senator King of Utah. He called it a federal intrusion on State functions and mentioned socialism, communism, and the backers of the bill in the same accusing breath, to which Senator Barkley of Kentucky retorted that "if one is in favor of making an appropriation for the welfare of a cow or a hog, that is the height of statesmanship; but if he is in favor of an appropriation which has for its purpose the making of a human being a little more healthy, or giving a baby a right to live equal to the right of an animal, he is denounced as a Communist." Senator King's attempt, by amendment, to limit the provisions of the bill to five years was voted down without a roll call. The bill now goes to the House where a similar attempt to limit it will probably be made. We hope the friends of the bill will see it through intact in order that the excellent work accomplished by the Children's Bureau under the Sheppard-Towner Act may be resumed without further delay.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR INDIA outlined by Lord Sankey as chairman of the Round Table Conference committee of federal structure, which will shortly be acted on by the conference as a whole, is little likely to meet the demands of the advocates of real Indian self-government, although the report, according to press dispatches, formally admits the theory of responsible self-government for India with a cabinet responsible to the legislature. Executive power is vested in the governor-general (the viceroy), to whom are reserved the powers of defense and foreign affairs as well as emergency powers in internal matters in time of crisis. The meaning of such powers the past year has shown. In the field of finance the governor-general will have such powers as are necessary to safeguard Indian credit abroad, but "with regard to the fiscal policy, taxation, and expenditure the minister of finance should be responsible only to the legislature." All other ministers will be wholly responsible to the legislature, but it will require a two-thirds' vote of both houses sitting jointly to overthrow the government, so the position of the ministry of the day will be much stronger than in Great Britain or France, for instance. A two-chamber legislature is suggested, representatives of the independent Indian states in both houses being named by the Maharajahs and their councils, representatives of British Indian states in the upper house to be chosen by the provincial legislatures; the exact method of choosing members of the lower house is not yet clear. Special classes, such as the "untouchables," are to be represented in both houses. Concessions like these might have gone a long way to satisfy Indian opinion a year ago, but it is doubtful whether any such plan will be accepted today by either the Congress Party or their sympathizers in view of the events of the last twelve months.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S strongly worded denunciation of slavery in Liberia may, we hope, go far toward stamping out this evil, which continues its protected existence, not only in Liberia, but in many other countries. The Stimson note placed all of the responsibility and a good share of the guilt upon the government officials in Monrovia. Without official protection, whether it be protection directly given or merely that of tolerance, slavery and forced labor would quickly die out. This is the lesson of the Stimson denunciation. It is a lesson that should be driven home to the delegates of the slavery-protecting countries at Geneva. The League of Nations has already done admirable work in this direction. It was a League commission, of which the American member was Dr. Charles Johnson of Fisk University, that investigated and uncovered the unsavory conditions in Liberia and named the officials responsible for them. It was this commission's report that prompted Secretary Stimson to take action. Similar conditions exist in Abyssinia and other countries, as pointed out by Raymond Leslie Buell in *The Nation* of December 24. That Mr. Stimson confined his denunciation to Liberia is due to the special position the United States has in that country. His strong stand will have the effect, however, of giving substantial and much-needed moral support to the League's campaign to abolish slavery and forced labor everywhere.

THE WHOOP-LA DEPARTMENT of the Italian government, having given up attempted assassinations of Premier Mussolini as sources of front-page news, has called in the Italian Air Minister, General Balbo, and a few of his subordinates to put Il Duce back into column one. General Balbo, commanding a squadron of twelve great planes, started from Orbetello on the south coast of Italy, crossed the Mediterranean, hugged the coast of Africa to Bolama—with destroyers stationed every 250 miles or so—and in a triumphant burst of well-advertised glory darted 1,875 miles across the South Atlantic to Brazil. Unfortunately, at Bolama two of the planes went down, five aviators were drowned, and three were injured. Barring this little accident, which was carefully kept out of the newspapers until the squadron had reached South America and been suitably welcomed, all has gone well with the expedition. The scientific value of the flight is said to be the demonstration that planes can travel long distances in company. But with the same charts and instruments it is difficult to see how they could help doing so, assuming that they took off from the same point at the same time and had the same destination. It is our firm conviction that the newspaper-reading public is tired of reading about flights which are mere costly publicity stunts, that these flights are no longer news, and that there is no reason on earth for continuing them.

THE SON OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING the poet, the nephew of Margaret Fuller, the grandnephew of Dr. Channing the eminent Unitarian minister, Professor Edward Channing of Harvard, who died on January 7 at seventy-four, was not eclipsed by his distinguished connections. He was appointed an instructor in history at Harvard in 1883; his first book, "Town and County Government in the English Colonies of North America," appeared a year later, and from then on, through a long life, he was assiduously engaged in elucidating the history of the United States, with what eloquent and admirable success every student of the subject knows. His major work was the "History of the United States," the sixth volume of which, "The War of Southern Independence," was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1926. The seventh volume is already on the press; copious notes for the eighth and last are ready for a compiler. Like that other interpreter and chronicler of American life, V. L. Parrington, Professor Channing was not able to see his task quite through to the end. But enough is available so that his great work will not be lost. When universities are being criticized and professors are being laughed at or despised, it is good to recall such a career as Professor Channing's. He was single-minded, devoted, industrious, for more than four decades; he performed a service for his countrymen that they must always remember with gratitude. It is by work like this that the academic tradition is preserved in spite of those who would like to take it lightly or see it vanish altogether.

NATHAN STRAUS, who died in New York on January 11 at the age of eighty-two, was admittedly one of the greatest of Jewish philanthropists. His most notable work, perhaps, was his championship of the use of pasteurized milk, especially for children—a beneficent innovation which he began in 1892, and which in 1927 was estimated by the New York Department of Health to have so far reduced infant mortality as to have saved the lives of 417,582 children during the preceding thirty-five years. In the panic year 1893 he gave money without stint in relief, and in 1894 established and maintained four lodging-houses and subsidized a series of bread lines. The latter were again established in 1913. His contributions of various kinds during the World War were believed to have represented several fortunes, and after the war he poured money into relief work for Jews and others in Europe and for the establishment of hospitals and kitchens in Palestine. It was characteristic of his intense individuality that he had little patience with the scientific methods of organized charity, but the sharp criticism which was often passed upon his own methods did not fail to recognize his great generosity or his vast fund of human sympathy. In the front rank of Zionist leaders, his aggressive challenge of Henry Ford's attack upon Jewish international bankers was largely responsible, it was believed, for the eventual withdrawal of the Ford charges.

The New Power Battle

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S refusal to return to the Senate the notice of the confirmation of George Otis Smith, Marcel Garsaud, and Claude L. Draper as federal power commissioners may be well founded in law, but it will profit the President little in his contest with the Senate, and it will only add fuel to the flame of controversy over the power problem. The technical constitutional question on which the President seeks to concentrate attention must be viewed always in its relation to the real underlying issue. From the former point of view, the President finds himself in an advantageous position, and he tries to take advantage of that fact to divert attention from the real question underlying the whole controversy, namely, the effective control of power companies. It would be a great pity if he were allowed to succeed in the attempt.

We have already criticized the action of the Senate in confirming the Power Commission nominees, but when that body, after examining their qualifications or lack of qualifications, confirmed them and they were sworn in, a common-sense view of the situation would suggest that they were legally in office even though the Senate under its rules has the power to reconsider a nomination within two succeeding executive-session days. We do not debate the interesting legal point involved. The fact that the essential ground for reconsideration was really the action of the three *as commissioners* in dealing with Messrs. Russell and King lends point to the President's contention that the Senate was actually attempting "removal of a duly appointed executive officer under the guise of reconsideration of his nomination"—waiving the question whether members of independent commissions are, strictly speaking, executive officers; but those who know the facts will not fail to recognize the economic issue underlying the Senate action. In any case, however, the practical impossibility of getting the matter before the courts gives to the President's action a finality that is little likely to be disturbed unless the Senate later, as threatened by Senator Wheeler, should refuse to make appropriations for the salaries of the commissioners.

If this is the technical situation, then, is the Senate wrong and the President right? Certainly not! Newspaper and other commentators the country over have hastened to congratulate the President for his courage in "rebuking" attempted Senatorial encroachment on his prerogatives and to commend him for defying that obstreperous body. We have little patience with such comment, for it completely misses the whole point of the extraordinary action the Senate has taken in this matter. What is the real purpose and what will be the result of what has been done? The answer must be sought, not in the field of constitutional law, but in that of politics and public policy. In this field, even if it be assumed that the President was legally right in refusing to return the nominations, the Senate has none the less performed a great service in calling public attention again to the economic issues involved and in making it clear once more just where the President stands.

In his public statement on the question Mr. Hoover either is extraordinarily blind and stupid or else is disingenuous. He declares that there is "no issue for or against power companies," and that the question is a purely constitutional one. If the President does not know any better than this, the rest of us do. His statement is a good deal like saying that in the Civil War there was no issue for or against slavery, and his declaration is just about as true as that assertion would be. Now, as then, there is a fundamental conflict, now hidden for a time, again coming to the surface. That conflict is between the special interests of power companies on the one hand and public interests on the other. The President has always been and is today by conviction and association for the power companies. He publicly avows it, and his Administration has fought for the power companies at Muscle Shoals, at Flathead, at the Hoover Dam in the Black Canyon, on the Clarion River—wherever the issue has been raised. We are not charging Mr. Hoover with bad faith, for he has been perfectly open about it; we are simply charging him with being for the power companies. In his public statement he declines to be symbolized "as the defender of power interests if I refuse to sacrifice three outstanding public servants" and attempts to reprove the Senate for absorbing government attention "upon such questions as the action of the Power Commission in employment or non-employment of two subordinate officials." None of this, we believe, will serve successfully to distract the public mind from the fact to which the action of the Senate again dramatically calls attention, namely, the perfectly consistent record of the President's action in support of power-company interests.

What the Senate has done is to make clear the character of the new Federal Power Commission even before that body has begun to function. Lamentable as the necessity is, the work itself had to be done, and it is only a pity that it could not have been done when the nominations were originally considered. When Mr. Hoover makes appointments they are of Hoover-minded men; that is to say, in the case of power appointees, of company-minded men, as was clearly enough brought out in the examination of Mr. Smith. We do not impeach the integrity of the new commissioners, but we do assert that the task of power regulation, almost insuperably difficult in itself, cannot be successfully accomplished unless by well-informed, highly sophisticated men, almost fanatically public-minded. That kind of man the President does not trust and therefore does not appoint if he can avoid it. For the people, then, to rely on his appointees for effective guardianship of the public interest, in face of the endless activities of the power companies, is to court, at the least, disillusionment. The present incident has made that fact clear concerning these three appointees. The Senate has dramatized the incident for the whole country to see and in so doing has again served the country well. This happening has given fresh meaning to the Muscle Shoals fight. It has weakened the voice of those who assert the possibility of really effective and satisfactory regulation. It has strengthened the hand of those who fight for the development and transmission of power by a public agency, not by private profit-making companies.

The Party of Privilege

A DECADE ago Lord Bryce declared that the political party organizations in the United States, although "democratic in theory and in their outward form, have become selfish oligarchies worked by professional politicians." These organizations, he declared, had long since fallen "into the hands of persons who made personal gain out of them." Then he laid his finger on the crux of the matter by showing that in the control and management of these major parties "the power of wealth has been immense." Yet mere dissent to the narrow plutocratic control of the present parties will not suffice as a base for a new progressive or popular party that will represent the vast groups of people who today have no dependable representation in the government.

In order more readily to comprehend what economic groups stand in logical opposition to the now dominant conservative party, and to understand the reasons for this inevitable but long inarticulate opposition, it is necessary to examine the economic interests of the ruling group. When the Republicans, in 1860, nominated Lincoln they waged the campaign on the two main issues of anti-slavery and protection, shrewdly emphasizing protection where opposition to slavery was lukewarm and putting slavery restriction to the fore where tariff interest was not keen. By so doing they drew to their support a predominant part of such business interests of the North and West [illegible] saw in tariff protection a promise of substantial benefits. So much of the federal legislation of the Civil War period as was not obviously political or military—increased tariff rates, war loans, the national banking system, agricultural development, and the like—all tended further to insure the support of business and identify prosperity with Republican control.

All this was in keeping with the theory of government which the Republicans had inherited from the Whigs, and which the Whigs, at long remove, had inherited from the Federalists. To the Federalists, government was safe only in the hands of "the best men," meaning thereby, in practice, the men of property or important business interests. It was the men who held this view who determined the character of the federal Constitution, supported the financial plans of Alexander Hamilton, and applauded the judicial rulings of Chief Justice Marshall. The same regard for wealth and class, but crossed with sharp divisions of opinion about slavery, reappeared years later in the Whig Party. Through all three parties runs the theory that the persons first to be considered by government are such as are important, and that the general benefit will be best served by first regarding the "interests."

It was not until after the Civil War, however, and more particularly not until after President Cleveland had joined issue with big business on the tariff issue that the manufacturing and banking interests rode surely and securely into power. Since Cleveland they have hardly been dislodged from that power, considering that the somewhat liberal tinge of the first Wilson Administration was soon swamped by the reactionary war policies of the second. Today they control the government. Take only the policies and tactics of the last three Republican administrations. The tariff acts of 1922 and 1930, although one of these was designed amid much publicity to aid the farmers, upon careful examination show consideration for only one group, the manufacturers. The farmers have not been helped, and the consuming public was completely ignored. The tender treatment which the federal tax laws seem to extend to incomes in the higher brackets shows the same consideration for the very small but powerful moneyed class. Other legislation and the public expressions of Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover have revealed nothing but the kindliest and most generous feeling for big business. Mr. Hoover has espoused the cause of "rugged individualism." In his opinion, publicly stated, the race should go to the strongest, but in our complex society only the wealthy have strength. He has packed the government in Washington, especially the various influential bodies like the tariff and power commissions, with men who think as he does.

Upon what bases rests the control by big business of the two major party organizations? First, upon the fallacious theory, which the whole country seems to have swallowed, that anything injurious to these sacred interests will also hurt the people. Second, and more important, upon the ownership of the two parties. Senator Norris believes the Republican voters own the Republican Party. Certainly they ought to own it, but as a matter of fact big business has bought and paid for it. It feels, rightfully enough, entitled to exercise all the privileges of ownership. The $8,100,738 (a minimum estimate based only upon published reports) spent by the Republicans in 1920 and the $6,627,784 they spent in 1924 did not come, except in very small measure, from the voters; it came from the commercial and financial interests of the country. The Democrats expended somewhat smaller sums, but still in the millions. Quoting Professor Edward M. Sait: "The Democratic treasurer collects what he can. But he commands smaller resources because the commercial and industrial wealth of the country —big business—has allied itself with the Republican Party." Most of the owners of the parties conduct themselves very discreetly in their relations with their political servants. Occasionally some of them overreach themselves, and we then have scandals like the Teapot Dome affair (which annoys the more unscrupulous of Republican and Democratic office-holders, not because the overreaching is crooked, but because these greedy owners are stupid enough to get caught at the game the other owners and their servants are playing). More often, however, the proprietors of the two parties are prudent and succeed in avoiding scandals. No one has yet succeeded in making court cases out of the recent tariff exactions, not to say robberies, the post-office leasing system, and other examples of privilege and pillage. Thus big business is more than adequately represented in our government. We shall discuss in succeeding issues the vast and inarticulate groups whose economic interests stand in opposition to those of big business, and point out ways and means by which these groups may overcome the obstacles that bar them from direct and equitable participation in the management and benefits of government.

The Jobless Millions

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the announcement, at the beginning of the second week of January, that some 60,000 workers had lately returned or were on the point of returning to their old jobs in automobile factories, steel works, railways, or other large industries came the statement of Colonel Arthur Woods, chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Unemployment, made to the Appropriations Committee of the Senate, that the number of totally unemployed persons in the United States was probably between four and five million, that conditions "are not apt to improve before spring," and that both business and employment would probably be at their lowest point this month and next. The first of these items of news seemed clearly to suggest that the unemployment wave had at last been checked and might now be expected to recede, while the second seemed with equal clearness to justify the conclusion that the reemployment of 60,000 workers—a figure which was shortly raised to about 100,000—represented only a drop in the bucket.

What has become, meantime, of the vast program of public or corporate work which Mr. Hoover and various committees elaborated, and which was to relegate unemployment before long to the limbo of the unwept, unhonored, and unsung? Before the end of November, 1929, it was announced at Washington that plans for the expenditure of more than $3,000,000,000 were being made or were actually in operation; by January, 1930, the figure had risen to $7,000,000,000. The largest items in this imposing total were represented by the contributions of railways and public-utility companies, most of it, as later appeared, being work already planned. How much of this work was actually done in 1930 is not known, but evidently not enough to bring down the unemployment total materially. A good deal of it, apparently, has been carried over into 1931 and remains, where it began, on paper. According to Colonel Woods, of the $2,500,000,000 to be expended during the present year for "public or private construction," 40 per cent is now "in the plan or contract stage"—a stage, as everybody knows, many degrees removed from that of pick and shovel.

The country must settle down, then, to another long winter and spring in which some millions of men and women workers, with other millions dependent upon them, must somehow be helped to live. The sensible recommendations made in a recent report of the Russell Sage Foundation may well be adopted by every community, relief agency, and employer where they apply. Avoidance of alarmist publicity, credits for landlords and retailers of necessities who have strained their own credit resources, the support of existing agencies instead of the creation of new ones, registration of able-bodied applicants for relief, preference to residents in employment, discouragement of artificial work, part-time work instead of wage cuts where such substitution is possible, and a reasonable assurance of security in jobs if such assurance can be given are among the procedures which experience shows should be followed if funds are to be conserved, waste avoided, and the maximum of help extended. An ounce of wisdom here is worth more than pounds of projected government aid not yet available.

Goldfish and Liberty

OF all household pets, none leads a more secure or simple life than the goldfish, cared for according to the rules. He lives in his native element, in a container open to the air; his food—just the right kind—is fed to him regularly at just the right intervals; the temperature of his habitat remains nearly constant, comfortably warm, and he is not affected by the dry air that results from too much steam heat. Safe in his little glass-inclosed world he swims, up and down and round about, not disturbed by his lack of privacy, admired by all beholders, glistening, beautiful, happy. To be sure, he wears a constantly disgruntled expression, but one is justified in ascribing that to morphology rather than morbidity.

It is worth considering whether this enviable state is not made so chiefly by its lack of liberty, its freedom from responsibility. Not for the goldfish are those distressingly complicated decisions that even a household dog or cat has to make of where will be the best place to go next, of whom he will love, of when and where he will sleep or lie down or divert himself. And surely man, that creature of infinite decisions, whose activities may extend in such a variety of directions, is miserable compared with this circumscribed, imprisoned bright fish. The theory has been advanced that the chief curse of modern life is its liberty. We no longer have any authority to bow to, we refuse to acknowledge conventions, we scorn manners, we deride rules. God is gone, except in the minds of our more esoteric mathematicians, and with him roast beef for Sunday dinner, men who asked the permission of a lady before they lighted a cigar, and women who warmed their husband's slippers against their return from a day of toil.

There are plenty of persons, of course, who will declare that these days of slipper-warming are well gone. Women are no longer bound by the limits of the home, men live no longer under the deadening weight of stupid and meaningless conventions. But to question this enthusiasm for freedom one has only to remember how comfortable, on the whole, our American young men were when, in the late war, the routine of the army bound them. Responsibility and the necessity of making choices are dreadfully difficult matters. Only the most adult of us are capable of enduring freedom to act and think and speak as we like. It is infinitely more comforting to know the rules that must govern our decisions, to have a superior authority whom we can consult and blame, to be protected from a harsh world by the warm assurance of routine. Why, says the modern child, the modern man or woman, in marriage or out, should I not do as I like? The wise answer, with the weight of experience behind it, would be because it is too painful.

It is impossible, of course, even if it were desirable, to return to the past, to readopt old modes of conduct, just as we cannot put on the clothes we wore in the nineties and have them fit or look seemly. But it is surely not too far-fetched to envisage the possibility that men and women, now, in this age of freedom, are busy with forging new chains, and will be happier wearing them. Happier, too, perhaps, when they can promise themselves to cast them off again. The pendulum must swing; but it will return.

Wickersham and His Commission

By GARDNER JACKSON

Washington, January 10

"VERY belligerent" is the phrase applied to several sessions of Wickersham Commission members by one intimately in touch with the work of that body in arriving at its report on prohibition. Whatever the nature of the prohibition report, the question, "How did they arrive at it?" needs to be answered, and that phrase, "very belligerent," seems to be one key to the answer. For one cannot escape the impression after diligent inquiry into the commission's technique that the clash of personalities within the group has been a surprisingly large factor in the process of knitting the compromise report together.

Some of the sessions have run past midnight with voices at a strident pitch and gestures something less than gentle. Chairs designed for reflective sitting have been suddenly shoved from their positions, files of letters and data have been abruptly swept into disorder by impatient gesturing. In brief, some of the sessions have been dominated by emotions riding high on irritated and unruly nerves.

"How shall I describe the methods by which you've agreed on this report?" one close to the work was asked. "You can't describe them," this person replied. "It's an impossible assignment. There has been no system and no formulated methods. It has been in large measure each one for himself. Think of putting eleven people around a table and expecting them to come to an agreement on a question like prohibition. You know as well as I do that most of those people have exactly the same opinions now that they had when they started."

As a matter of fact the harassed members of the commission have had a thankless and extremely trying task, both because of the inherent nature of the problem engaging them and because of the circumstances attending their engagement. Summoned to the periodic sessions in Washington from their daily preoccupations as judges, lawyers, teacher, and college president, the commissioners have heard a multitude of witnesses describe every known system of liquor control and express every conceivable opinion. Supplied with quantities of data, they have left their sessions to return to their customary preoccupations, snatching time between whiles to reflect upon and digest what they took away with them from Washington and to pursue such individual inquiries as they cared to. Most of the data have been available right along, coming from Congressional and Senate hearings and from studies conducted by private individuals and organizations. The only major new and basic piece of research on the prohibition problem to occupy them was the survey into the working of the prohibition forces carried on by Henry S. Dennison with a staff of investigators including Federal Prohibition Director Amos W. Woodcock.

This intermittent quality of the commissioners' undertaking was handicap enough, but there soon developed another more serious one, namely, political pressure. The commission got away to a bad start in respect to psychological harmony among its members when it decided upon secret hearings. A minority of the group wanted public hearings and wanted them badly, feeling among other things that political pressure would not be so effective if the inquiry were conducted in the open. Overruling the minority left a persistent dissatisfaction, and it is surely at least debatable whether public hearings would not have been better from the commission's own point of view.

After President Hoover on May 28, 1929, inducted the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement into office, the newspapers generally respected the commission's request for privacy. The commission's explanation that privacy was a requisite of research into lawlessness was accepted as sincere and reasonable. The newspaper correspondents took what was handed them from commission headquarters in the Tower Building and refrained from further prying that might interfere with research.

Then, hardly more than six months after the commission held its first session, it forfeited all claim to respect as a body devoted purely to research at least as regards prohibition. Yielding to direct pressure from the White House—pressure induced by political clamor in Congress—it issued preliminary reports and proposed bills. Disregarding the fact that in those hastily composed reports and bills there were several glaring inaccuracies and illogicalities (in one bill an astonishing technical inaccuracy), which were pointed out by Professor Howard Lee McBain of Columbia University and others, the action itself was fatal. It blasted the newspapers' respect for the commission's claim to privacy and made suspicion the dominant attitude toward the body.

Considering how that unfortunate decision came to be negotiated, one cannot help recalling that Chairman George W. Wickersham is a charming gentleman of responsive heart—responsive in a pinch to White House troubles. One remembers that in 1910 President Taft persuaded him as Attorney General to predate over his signature a document exonerating Secretary Ballinger. "I therefore directed him to embody in a written statement such analysis and conclusions as he had given me, file it with the record, and date it prior to the date of my opinion, so as to show that my decision was fortified by his summary of the evidence and his conclusions therefrom," wrote President Taft to Senator Nelson in explanation.

It is inevitable that those who have tried to discover the modus operandi of the commission should thus look back and should feel sorry that the genial Mr. Wickersham has been unfortunate enough to be once more in a position of responsibility to another White House occupant sorely perplexed—this time by prohibition. But whatever the sources and avenues of interruptions to the ideals of objectivity in research and recommendations within the commission, there are clear external signs beyond the issuance of the preliminary reports and bills that such interruptions have occurred. For example, take the turnover of men retained to help the commission in its research.

The resignation last summer of Max Lowenthal as secretary of the commission is an outstanding example. Mr.

Lowenthal, with a background of brilliant legal and scholarly accomplishments, was retained to serve both as administrative secretary and as director of research. His sudden resignation, after he had given up virtually all of his professional commitments in order to work with the commission, led to extensive newspaper queries. On August 8, 1930, the New York *World* carried a detailed report explaining that Mr. Lowenthal's resignation was based on disillusionment respecting the quality and scope of the commission's investigations. The report stated that Mr. Lowenthal found the conduct of the commission to be directed by political expediency (particularly as regards prohibition) and that a genuinely objective study had become impossible in the face of political bickerings between various members of the group. Mr. Lowenthal has steadfastly refused to say anything, either in denial or confirmation of the *World's* explanation, but it is generally considered to be true.

Other men, young law-school graduates retained for specific tasks in furthering the research, have tried out the work and lasted but a while. One such man, retained to study and clarify the preliminary reports of a few of the many experts working for the commission, told a committee of the commission members after going over the reports that he could see no point in his continuing with the job. With the exception of one of the reports, he said, there was in the material so little factual information as to render it scientifically valueless. Whereupon one of the commissioners ejaculated with irritation, "Factual, factual! I'm tired of hearing that word factual all the time!"

Just what has been the relationship between the eleven committees of the commission and the experts retained to conduct studies in the eleven specific fields is not clear. Those fields are: the causes of crime; statistics of crime and criminal justice; police; prosecution; courts; penal institutions, probation, and parole; prohibition; juvenile delinquency; criminal justice and the foreign born; lawlessness by governmental law-enforcing officers; cost of crime. The relationship has apparently varied greatly with the personnel of the committees. In some instances the committee members keep in close touch with their experts. In others the experts are left entirely to their own devices. The underlying theory has been, of course, that the experts should have a free hand to conduct their studies as they saw fit.

As the program now stands it seems probable that the experts' reports (whether in the field of prohibition or not one cannot say, so closely guarded has been procedure there) will be published as submitted to the committees, accompanied by the commissioners' observations and recommendations. Thus, it is conceivable that the reports of the experts studying "the causes of crime," for example, may be published with conclusions and findings that run counter to the conclusions or desires of the commissioners themselves. One wonders to what extent the experts will insist on full publication of their reports.

The eleven committees of the commission have naturally overlapped in their fields of study but they were arranged with a view to specialization. A marked exception to this intention has been Dean Roscoe Pound, who has had his say in all the fields. With the single exception of Chairman Wickersham, Dean Pound has spent more time on the ground here in Washington than any other commissioner. He has been on leave from the Harvard Law School for many months devoting himself entirely to commission work. It is agreed by all observers here that his hand is writ large in the prohibition report even though he is not a member of the committee originally assigned to deal with that subject. That committee is made up of Mr. Wickersham as chairman, Newton D. Baker, Ada L. Comstock, and Judge William S. Kenyon, an outspoken dry, who tendered his resignation early this winter but was persuaded by President Hoover to remain.

One of the reasons assigned by the New York *World* report for Mr. Lowenthal's resignation was violation of the pledge to make no public utterance on commission work taken by the commissioners when they first came together. One such violation, illuminating one commissioner's attitude of mind, was the speech on prohibition lawlessness delivered by Frank J. Loesch, Chicago member of the commission, at the Commonwealth Conference at the University of Iowa. As reported in the New York *Times* of July 1, 1930, Mr. Loesch said in the course of that speech: "But the real Americans are not gangsters. Recent immigrants and the first generation of Jews and Italians are the chief offenders, with the Jews furnishing the brains and the Italians the brawn." Since that time there have been no statements or speeches by members of the commission as such except by Chairman Wickersham, whose last speech suggested the advisability of flogging for gangster criminals.

Since it let the press loose on its back by the issuance of the preliminary reports and bills, the commission has been subjected to an overwhelming amount of newspaper speculation and gossip. The commissioners have been haunted individually by newspapermen seeking some shred of evidence for prophecy as to the nature of the prohibition report.

There is an unmistakable air of relief around commission headquarters now that the prohibition report, product as it is of all sorts of tugging and pulling, is finished. The attitude is expressed that now the commission can go on with its more important work in other fields. But also in the other fields there is one basic objection which even some of the experts themselves admit privately. That is the rush with which the whole undertaking has been put through. The work will be completed in all fields by the last of June, according to present plans. This is scarcely more than two years after the inquiry began. As one expert remarked to me, "Why, to begin to do this thing right we ought to have at least five years."

And what of President Hoover's expressed standards in regard to the commission mode of inquiry? In his well-remembered "hair-shirt" letter of December 30, 1929, to President-emeritus W. O. Thompson of Ohio State University he said:

> The truth . . . is hard to discover; it must be distilled through the common judgment of skilled men and women from accurately and patiently collected facts and knowledge of forces before the extraction of the essence of wisdom. The materials themselves are hard to come by; it takes time and patience. . . .

Perhaps the one great contribution which will come out of this key commission of President Hoover will be recognition by the earnest members of that body that they have barely scratched the surface and that what is needed is a permanent, full-time, fact-finding body removed from political influence.

Brighter Days in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

"THE situation in Austria," a Viennese wit once told H. W. Nevinson, "is hopeless but not serious." Doubtless he had in mind not only the fundamental impossibility of the economic situation, together with the country's almost inexplicable survival, but such minor matters as the excessive confusions, vanities, and bitternesses of local politics. Statesmanship in Vienna makes almost a cult of irresponsibility. And doubtless Mr. Nevinson's friend had reference also to the national trait, *Gemütlichkeit*. Austria has a genius for turning the other cheek. Crises induced by desperate partisan rivalry almost always end in egregiously opportunist compromises.

The present situation, however, following the November elections, is brighter. There is little doubt that a period of dangerous tension has ended and that a new chapter of development both less violent and less sentimental has begun. The new parliament differs radically from the old, in spirit if not texture. The country has good prospects of two or three uninterrupted years of brisk, moderate government—assuming no sudden change. The extremists were soundly beaten. Austria's No! to reaction is one of the most reassuring recent developments in Europe.

The new government, headed by Chancellor Ender and Vice-Chancellor Schober, was formed on December 3, when the Vaugoin Cabinet, beaten in the elections, was finally forced to resign. The Christian Social (clerical) Party took six portfolios; the newly formed center bloc under Dr. Schober took three. Except for Dr. Vaugoin, who retains his traditional post as Minister of War, all members of the government are ostensibly moderate. The Heimwehr (fascist) deputies were excluded, because Dr. Schober, who holds the balance of power, refused to have them. He had to accept Dr. Vaugoin (with Vaugoin's knife still sticking in his back) but he drew the line at young Prince Starhemberg, the Heimwehr leader. Professedly the Ender-Schober Government is a coalition of moderate right and center parties against the Social Democrats (Socialists). The Socialists, however, are willing to work with it.

The chief result of the elections is negative—the Heimwehr got an awful spanking. Out of a total of 3,464,256 votes, young Prince Starhemberg and his absentee chief-of-staff, the *agent provocateur* Major Pabst, polled only 226,000. True, the Heimwehr have eight seats in parliament, but only by grace of the extraordinary Austrian election system. At the last moment, one Heimwehr man squeezed in with the "basic mandate" necessary; the other seven seats followed automatically. Of course, the Heimwehr had no real policy. The force of Heimwehr reaction was greatly exaggerated by all observers. So was the sincerity of Heimwehr pledges. The Heimwehr may split up shortly, the right wing going with the Hitlerites.

Another negative result of the elections is the withdrawal, at least for the moment, of Dr. Seipel from parliamentary life. A bland little man, shiny-bald like an apple, he is not only the living force of clericalism in Austria, he is the great incalculable of Austrian politics. Whatever happens in Austria, Dr. Seipel's hand is seen; nothing is conjectured without estimation of his influence. But in this instance he sought to employ the Heimwehr as an oblique instrument of his policy; too late, he tried to wriggle from an embarrassing intrigue; as a result he reaped defeat. Dr. Seipel, a sick man, has retired for a brief holiday. But let no one think he is out of the picture for good. He has been eclipsed temporarily before. And every time when he was ready to come back, the sun has shone.

I have heard many explanations of Dr. Seipel's great power—his natural cunning, his astute and vigorous mind, the power of the church behind him. I think there is another factor. Like the Succession States, Austria pays heavily for its lack of trained statesmen. The war wiped out the old generation; there was no time to train or educate a new. Dr. Vaugoin was an insurance agent; Dr. Kuntschak was a tram conductor; Dr. Schober is a professional policeman; President Miklas was a schoolmaster. But Monsignor Seipel from his earliest days has been a politician. Alone among surviving Austrians he was a minister under the last Emperor. And the assiduity of his training in the art of political maneuver is as indisputable as the perfection of his technique.

As to the Christian Social Party, as an organism it paid dearly for its Heimwehr philandering. In parliament it dropped from 73 seats to 66; its total vote was reduced by 400,000; the old anti-Marxist coalition was broken up; the days of purely clerical cabinets are probably gone forever—all this because Dr. Vaugoin provoked a needless crisis. (He had sought to manipulate high posts in the state railways.) On the other hand, the Christian Socialists are still powerful, well-organized, and somewhat bellicose. The lost seats, moreover, went to the Heimwehr, and intrigue might regain them. "As in Germany, the orthodox conservatives lost to stunt revolutionaries," but if Dr. Schober flirts too overtly with the Socialists, a Heimwehr-Christian Social coalition is still a possibility. Finally, the clerical party feels some relief at being no longer the most conservative group in the Chamber. For the first time in Austria there is an opposition to the right.

As to positive results, the Socialists have good reason for their restrained jubilance. Although their total poll was 20,000 votes less than in 1927, they are now both the largest party in the country and the largest single group in parliament. This is new to Austrian history. The danger of a Heimwehr putsch, moreover, is scotched, and the urban predominance of socialism remains impregnable. Out of a total vote in Vienna of 1,192,674, the Socialists got more than 700,000, which means that for years to come their work will go on in Vienna without serious hindrance.

The Socialists nevertheless have no clear parliamentary majority, nor are they likely to attain one for many years. The major issue in Austria is rivalry between Socialist Vienna and a clerical-conservative hinterland. The major problem is the very close balance between these two forces. As long as this balance persists the Socialists are forced to accept the best coalition government available. And they much prefer an Ender-Schober regime to Vaugoin or Seipel.

A word about Dr. Schober. He seems destined to be a sort of sub-Hindenburg, as Mr. G. E. R. Gedye has pointed out. He is prudent, he is neutral, and he is as clean as soap. Until November of this year he had never belonged to a political party, and the essential items in his program are simply economic reconstruction and political peace. His years as police president of Vienna made him surprisingly few enemies. Theodore Roosevelt, I have heard, once called him the best policeman in the world. It is, of course, something of a paradox that Socialism and Schober should be on reasonably good terms. Three years ago, following the Vienna riots, he was vilified by Socialists as a murderer. But if he bears a grudge today, he seems to bear it lightly. As to the Socialists, for them better Schober a friend than an enemy.

The greatest feat of Dr. Schober has been financial. He performed a miracle. That is, he went to The Hague, he saw Philip Snowden plain, and he came away—with Austria freed of every cent of reparations payment. Austria is the first country in Europe finally to liquidate her obligations left by the war. Following this feat Schober negotiated for Austria a $100,000,000 loan, no mean achievement for the black 1930's. He deserves credit also for the policy which inadvertently ended his former chancellorship—the expulsion of Major Pabst, the criminal indictment of Prince Starhemberg (for alleged arms smuggling), and his projected disarmament bill. Resentment by fascists at these measures provoked the crisis which overthrew him.

Finally there is Dr. Ender himself, the Chancellor, a little man with a big question-mark of a nose and bright, smiling teeth. It is typically Austrian that the Chancellor finally to be seized upon by all parties as the imperative savior of the hour should have been almost completely unknown. Yet no one should think Dr. Ender is a figurehead. He was born in 1875 and has had long years of experience as a provincial lawyer; he is a moderate clerical, pledged to a constitutional regime; and for twelve years he made an admirable record as governor of the province of Vorarlberg, the smallest but the most prosperous county in Austria.

Dr. Ender has more interesting claims to eminence. It is enormously suggestive that the cardinal principle of very nearly every Austrian politician is the abolition of Austria, i.e., Anschluss, or union with Germany. But Dr. Ender goes them one better. He is on record as having advocated Anschluss with Switzerland! That is, in 1919 he led a separatist movement, which, of course, was both peaceful and abortive, to join his homeland of Vorarlberg to the Swiss republic.

Such a program showed robust political intelligence. Even today, if Anschluss with Germany remains forbidden, surely the best future for Austria is cultivation of a permanent, cumulative, fiber-hard neutrality like that of Switzerland, a sort of non-political state. Austria has a good start in that direction.

The program of the Ender-Schober Government is the economic restoration of the country. The number of unemployed today is 192,670, as against 125,540 a year ago, a shocking figure for an agricultural country of 6,000,000. Exports have decreased by 42,000,000 schillings as compared to September, 1929, and imports by 70,000,000 schillings. At the Dorotheum, a second-hand market, not less than 45,000,000 schillings' worth of goods is stocked on pawn. In the large the economic situation is all but hopeless. Taxes paid within the country, for instance, furnish almost two-thirds of the state revenue. The country lives by the taxes it takes out of its own mouth.

Another problem is disarmament. It is not the least of local paradoxes that the treaty of peace limited Austria's regular army, so that now she has two irregular ones. During the electoral campaign Dr. Vaugoin carried out a preliminary arms search, which, however, was disgracefully one-sided. He let the Heimwehr arms severely alone; and then confiscated arms which the Schutzbund, the Socialist military organization, had actually confided, in his capacity as Minister of War, to his care! But let no one think that any but the top of the Socialist powder barrel was removed. The amount of arms held by both Heimwehr and Schutzbund is, I think, commonly exaggerated, but each could probably equip at least 50,000 men, and the continued presence of such illegal armament is, of course, not only unbecoming to the nation, but a constant temptation to excitement and trouble. You can do anything with bayonets, Talleyrand said, except sit on them.

As to foreign affairs, Dr. Schober, who is Foreign Minister as well as Vice-Chancellor, will attempt a conciliatory course. Above all Austrian politicians he stands for Anschluss, but meantime he wants as good relations with France and Czecho-Slovakia as he can get. When Dr. Seipel was Foreign Minister, Austria was inevitably a presumptive source of trouble. He was open to flirtation both with Italy and Hungary, and it is not unreasonable to adduce in this connection the close relations between Prince Starhemberg, Major Pabst (who is a German), Hitler (who is an Austrian), and General Bömboes, the Hungarian Minister of War. Most foreign offices are nervous at talk of an Italian-German-Hungarian-Austrian fascist combination—and they greet Dr. Schober with corresponding relief. Monsignor Seipel, moreover, is an avowed legitimist; he wanted Otto back in Hungary. Dr. Schober is also monarchist, and regards a Hapsburg restoration as eventually inevitable (in Budapest); but he does not want Otto at any risk of war, civil or otherwise.

Finally there is the immediate business of the impending presidential elections. Every possible artifice has been supplied to make these elections somewhat intricate. The preliminary lists must be submitted within ten weeks of the new session of parliament. There are, however, two elections, each by full popular plebiscite. The first is to eliminate all but the two leaders. These then fight it out—except that they may be two different leaders. Voting is for parties, not for persons, and any party is privileged to withdraw its first candidate, successful or not, and, for the second election, to replace him with another. If no candidate gets a clear majority in the first election, the second may take place with entirely different nominees. In the first elections, Dr. Renner is expected to stand for the Socialists, Dr. Kuntschak for the clericals, and Dr. Schober as representative of the middle bloc. But there is a catch. Austrians like confusion, and they like compromise. It seems clear at the moment of writing that both elections, formidable and expensive as they are, will occur—but with no result at all! The three candidates are expected to retire in favor of Dr. Miklas—who holds the job right now.

"No North, No South!"

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

SOME time back, about the beginning of this century, I used to hear the phrase "No North, no South!" I don't know its history but I always carelessly assumed it was what Grant said to Lee at Appomattox by way of apology for fighting it out on this line if it took all summer and by way of tipping him off as to what to expect from Thad Stevens's gang in the near future. Now I think of it, somebody or other repeated the phrase when we, the American people, saved democracy. But let it go into the limbo of great national slogans like "Forward America, Nothing Can Stop U. S." Maybe the man who invented it meant nothing at all by it except that he had misplaced a pocket compass and wished he could get his bearings.

Anyhow, today, any Northerner or any Southerner who is sensitive to his surroundings, who has in short not lost his compass, would be insulted by the phrase. Indeed, far from ignoring sectional differences, I incline to think such persons readily exaggerate them. Since the nation has found out what engineers can do in a white house and since even the little children in the streets have taken to kidding Santa Claus, we have as a nation few great creative myths comparable to the picture the North has of the South and the picture the South has of the North. Nevertheless, I should like to repeat the phrase "No North, no South!" and try my hand at giving it a new content.

It happens that during the past calendar year the South has practiced more self-analysis, or certainly a noisier brand of self-analysis, than has been practiced in the past three decades put together. Southern writers have been partially goaded to this by the ineptitudes of a host of commentators on the Southern scene, North and South. These cultural carpet-baggers and scalawags have at least served the useful purpose of stimulating abler thinkers into a reassessment of the contemporary South's peculiar institutions. But the newer school of interpreters were driven even more, I suspect, by the growing pains of industrialization, of which North Carolina's severe attack of Gastonitis may be taken as typical and which the Danville strike now serves to keep fresh in the memory. What these new interpreters make of the shifting currents of Southern life may be worth summarizing.

In the first place, they assume rightly or wrongly that the fundamental differences which the title of this article implies are non-existent. How violently this assertion of differences is made can be gathered from the title of the agrarian symposium recently published by Twelve Southerners, mostly from Nashville, "I'll Take My Stand." Though the tone of these twelve Neo-Confederates varies somewhat with each paper in the symposium, the general note is a rebel yell of defiance at the encroachments of industrialism and its Yankee ways and a call to arms that urges Southerners to stick to the land. This call to arms is of course the easiest thing in the world to laugh at, and many Southerners have done their share of laughing; but I hardly think laughter was the appropriate response. For the book at least helped other Southern writers to focus the attention of the South on its principal problem since the South lived as military districts under Northern rule. And it served also to reiterate and make precise the real differences between the people of the South and the rest of the Union.

Glance at those differences. No European in his senses would ignore them. The American jingo finds them inconvenient to examine—or would find them so if he knew anything about them. They are profound historic differences; and parts of the Old South have more than three centuries of history. That is plenty to give them significance.

As John Crowe Ransom points out in "I'll Take My Stand," whatever historians may have made of the "Puritan and Cavalier" myth—and I think they have chiefly misunderstood it, as historians are inclined to do when faced with a good myth—the prevailing note of New England and the States it populated was dissent from the European tradition and the desire to create a better and therefore different world. The prevailing note of those who led the Southern settlements was a desire to expand the European mode. This distinction, which will be hotly denied, can be illustrated by recalling the arrival of three groups in America. In 1607 the London Company founded the first permanent English settlement on these shores, in Virginia, for commercial profit. In 1619 a Dutch slaver brought the first shipload of Negroes who, with later increments and their descendants, were to furnish the manual labor for the development of the Virginia system throughout the South. A year later, the Pilgrim Fathers hove into Plymouth and started the commercial, industrial, and in short "American" system that was destined with Grant's aid to triumph over the other.

Two centuries and a half later that triumph was complete and Dr. Beard's "American Leviathan" was under way, a somewhat reconditioned Mayflower. With this significant result: Southerners are the only members of the optimistic, self-confident, and always victorious American nation who have tasted crushing military defeat, government by bayonet in an "occupied area," and a completer expropriation of their goods than ever befell any Anglo-Saxon community since Norman William seized England. Whether or not Walther Rathenau was right when he said that only those nations which had known defeat had souls, the experience of complete subjection does things. For one thing, no people whose recent past was finer in its own judgment than its present can avoid a certain skepticism when it meets boundless confidence. Even so slight an incident as Hoover prosperity can demonstrate that.

Finally, with the federal government in the hands of an industrial plutocracy, the almost purely agrarian South was left for decades in a state of unsplendid isolation, its leaders dead, emigrated, or emigrating; its capital resources destroyed; at the mercy of "foreign" capital. It was during that period that she learned distrust of outsiders and that she learned to sentimentalize and exaggerate her own peculiarities or even those traits she mistakenly considered peculiar. This has led to a vast deal of easy but impotent sentimentalizing on the part of those who would normally have been effective leaders or drastic critics. Out of this situation developed the elaborate defense mechanisms of the contemporary South.

And now, with terrific suddenness, the South is being industrialized. The Twelve Apostles at Nashville are shouting that the South should show herself as impermeable and refractory as possible, that she should combat these new carpet-baggers with their higher standard of living and instalment buying and their new American economic system that had till so recently solved the problem of cyclic depression and overproduction. Other Southerners have regretted the passing of the picturesque but have insisted on the inevitability of the economic process and rejoiced that the South would through industry secure the underwriting she had once gained through cotton and cane. And some have added that she should profit by the experience of other communities and apply immediately to the disease of industrialization the antitoxins tardily developed in England, New England, and other industrialized societies.

But it is the cry of "Keep the North out," so explicitly raised at Nashville, that seems to me most characteristic of the young South when it tries to think through its problems. The Nashville agrarians are mostly young men, some very young, in hearty insurrection against the Southerners of two decades ago who, tired of pouting in the corner, looked to the North, to popular education, general prosperity, and progress for salvation. The Nashvilleans have punctured those slogans. But if there is one conspicuous fault in their book it is that they do not seem aware that these slogans had already been punctured in the North. That they should have punctured them in the South and for Southerners is a good thing nevertheless; that they should have cited the older Southern tradition was politically a wise thing. But they ought, as a matter of mere tactics, to have recognized their allies wherever they found them. Their allies are not, as they evidently suppose, the farm bloc of the Middle West. Middle Western agrarianism has very little in common with the agrarian tradition of the South. Their allies are disillusioned Northerners, who have seen through the messianic prophecies of the high-pressure industrialist; who willingly use his gadgets if they feel a need for them; but who object to gadget-worship, who decline to canonize progress or deify prosperity.

If the North, which has for sixty years enjoyed vastly greater wealth, broader contacts with the outside world, and a wider and more rapid dissemination of cross-fertilizing ideas, still holds to its ridiculous picture of the South, it is perhaps not surprising that the side that lost, and that lived in isolation, should confuse machine production with the tradition of laissez-faire capitalism under which the North adopted and improved it. But Nashville should stop talking about "the North"; discriminate between those in the North who still believe in Santa Claus and those who are less interested in "Protection and Prosperity" than in leading interesting lives in a civilized manner; and restate the South's own tradition in terms of whatever useful things the North can offer. Throughout the Southern press a controversy has raged about "I'll Take My Stand!" The quickest way to find out what stand is worth taking toward industry in the South is to drop the Southern folk-concept of "the North" as a homogeneous unit of go-getters with a good line of sales talk and plenty of "personality." The most interesting element in the North—most interesting anyhow to me as a Southerner—has already recognized the distinctive attributes of the South. If these Northerners would take the next step and recognize in those attributes an elder American tradition submerged by violence but now resurgent, a tradition sufficiently their own to rob it of its right to be called merely "the South," then—well, then there would indeed be no North, no South. But not in the sense in which Grant used the phrase to Lee. Or was it Grant?

Danville: Labor's Southern Outpost

By LOUIS STANLEY

Danville, Va., January 10

YOU travel westward across the State of Virginia, past snow-spotted mountain ridges, past scraggy fields that have recently grown tobacco, past windowless stone and clay buildings where the leaves were cured not long ago, until you arrive at the city of Danville with its population of 22,000. There you are suddenly hurled into a unique industrial conflict of major proportions. Four thousand men and women are in revolt against the Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills, Inc., the largest cotton-goods company below the Mason and Dixon line, and the central issue of their strike is the right to form a union of their own.

The trouble started when the management decided a year or two ago to extricate itself at the expense of the workers from the difficulties caused by the depression in the cotton-goods industry. The company had been paying 10 per cent on its common stock for years. In 1922 it had paid 20 per cent. There had been various extra dividends. In 1929 for the first time the company took dividends out of surplus. President Fitzgerald in his annual report to the stockholders stated that in many respects the year had been the most unsatisfactory since the World War.

In order to meet the new competitive conditions the company set out upon a policy of squeezing all the work it could out of its employees. A Boston engineering firm was engaged to introduce a speed-up system. Soon engineers overran the plant. The result was the "stretch-out," a scheme whereby the amount of work per worker was "stretched out," often doubled, while his wages were decreased. Part-time work aggravated the situation. On top of all this the company announced early in January, 1930, a 10 per cent wage cut to take effect February 1, regardless of the opposition of the employees' representatives in the company union that was euphemistically called "Industrial Democracy." In February the workers, having lost what little faith might have remained in the paternalism of the company, became a local of the United Textile Workers of America affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

The company did its best to break the back of the union. It had to reduce its working force because of curtailed production, the "stretch-out," and reorganization of its plants to accommodate new lines. It hit upon the idea of accomplishing both its ends by discharging the most active union members. The workers never knew who would be without work next, and for a textile worker to be unemployed in a one-company town is to starve. Even their miserable homes, spreading through the neighboring mill village at Schoolfield, "like a poultry farm with telephone booths," as one of the strikers described them, are owned by the company. Finally, an ultimatum had to be given to the management to cease its attacks upon union members and reinstate those who had lost their positions. When the strike finally broke out on September 29, the union was already paying $1,600 a week for the relief of the victimized members. The walk-out may have come at a poor strategic moment, but the workers had no choice. They had to strike for the life of their union. Wages, hours, and working conditions have become unimportant.

There are many significant things about this strike. Long before it began the Danville situation had been attracting the attention of the entire South. The plant involved is the outstanding mill producing cotton goods in that region. Not only is it important because of its size but as a pioneer in the industrial revolution of the South—it will soon round out a half-century of existence—it has built up a remarkable reputation for integrity and efficiency. Its president, Harry R. Fitzgerald, is a prominent personality in the cotton industry. Its welfare work and its "Industrial Democracy" scheme of employee representation in management have won it many friends. The wages it has paid to its workers have been among the highest in the South. Whatever happens to the Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills will influence industrial relations in the South, particularly in textiles.

It is true that when President Green came to Danville to offer mediation to the company in an address to eight thousand strikers and their friends standing in a cold tobacco warehouse, he told the reporters that the success of the unionization of the South did not depend solely upon the outcome in Danville. To that extent he was right. Nevertheless, we must not underestimate the effect that victory or defeat will have. In other textile centers in the Piedmont workers have their eyes riveted upon Danville, as the writer found upon visiting Leaksville, Reidsville, Spray, and Greensboro, North Carolina. North Carolina, it will be remembered, is now the leading cotton-goods manufacturing State, while the South accounts for more than half of the production of the country.

Employers throughout the South are watching Danville, too. The Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills, Inc., was the first to undertake wage-cutting below the Mason and Dixon line, following the onslaught of the "stretch-out." Everywhere manufacturers are withholding attacks upon their workers until they see what happens in Danville and it is generally understood that they stand ready to help President Fitzgerald and his company whenever it seems necessary.

This strike is vital also because of the human element in it. In most textile centers in the South the workers are fresh from the hills and farms. They are individualistic. They are unacquainted with one another. They do not understand industrial discipline. In Danville the situation is different. The Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills have given employment to generations of the same family. The workers are a homogeneous group. They are used to factory existence. They know how to work together. That is why they have been able to develop such a remarkable communal life during the strike and why Francis Gorman, vice-president of the United Textile Workers, and Matilda Lindsay, of the Women's Trade Union League, who were sent in by the A. F. of L. to run the strike, have been able to leave so much responsibility in the hands of the strikers and the magnificent local leaders.

Then, too, unlike most textile workers in the South those in Danville have some tradition of the labor movement. Thirty years ago a strike took place there in which one thousand men and women demanded the ten-hour day. Technically the strikers were defeated; nevertheless, the ten-hour day was established, partly by State legislation and partly by consent of the company. The workers have always felt they won a moral victory and today young people on strike will upon their own initiative tell what they know of the grand affair of three decades ago about which their fathers, grandfathers, or other relatives have told them. Among workers who a year ago had no union you will actually find union families much as one meets them in the coal fields.

There have been other attempts at unionism and, indeed, the inauguration of the "Industrial Democracy" in 1919 was to stop the spread of the movement. The skilled loom-fixers, however, have managed to maintain an organization. They had been affiliated as a local with the National Loom-Fixers' Association of America for about six years, when in 1925 they broke away and formed the Loom-Fixers' Southern Association of America. The Danville local remained the only one in the new organization. The Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills recognized the loom-fixers' union without signing a written agreement. Wages and disputes were adjusted by negotiations and no strike was ever called. Even the introduction of the "stretch-out" found the loom-fixers fairly well off. It was the 10 per cent cut that struck them their first telling blow. In the meantime they had come to realize that their isolation left them in a weak position and that affiliation with the A. F. of L. organization, the United Textile Workers, was highly desirable.

This leads us to another feature of the Danville conflict. Often a strike occurs and then organizers are asked to come in to save the day or "outside agitators" enter the field and stir up trouble. Here the A. F. of L. had the opportunity to lay the ground-work in its own way. When the oppression of the company had become unbearable, workers approached the loom-fixers already affiliated with the A. F. of L. to take the leadership in organizing all the employees in the mills for united resistance. Through the efforts of the loom-fixers, A. F. of L. organizers came into Danville. The first mass meeting was held in the city on February 9 and Local 1685 of the United Textile Workers was chartered. Within a few weeks practically all the workers in the mills were members of the union. The organization work continued through the spring and summer, which was marked by a huge parade of more than four thousand marchers, a Labor Chautauqua, and tremendous open-air meetings in the parks. The whole city throbbed with the organization campaign.

Another unusual aspect of the strike is the absence of sensational occurrences that would bring the struggle frequently and dramatically before newspaper readers. Outside of the South even friends of the labor movement are little informed of what has been taking place. This comparative tranquillity has been due to the peculiar relationship of the strikers to the rest of the local population. They have had a great deal of sympathy from the community in spite of the powerful interests on the side of the company. The workers in the mills come from families that have been living in Danville and vicinity for many generations. They permeate the life of the city. They constitute large blocs in the fraternal societies. Even the Ku Klux Klan is under their control. A policeman lost his membership in it for lack of union sympathy. In the schools the main task of the teachers is to keep the children from discussing the strike during class hours. Merchants have contributed to the cause of the strikers and in any case have not cared to displease them for fear of the loss of patronage. Some of the owners of the tobacco warehouses have donated the use of their buildings to the union for special occasions.

The Riverside and Dan River Cotton Mills, Inc., however, dominates the city and of course controls the mill village of Schoolfield completely. The company's shares of stock are widely distributed in Danville but the majority are in the hands of a few wealthy citizens, who speak through President Fitzgerald. Among the largest stockholders are James R. Prichett, president of the biggest bank in town, the First National, and Rorer James, publisher of the city's two dailies, the *Register* (morning) and the *Bee* (afternoon.) The first gentleman has great influence with the business men and the second is responsible for the publication of strike news in a light so unfavorable to the workers that the latter have coined the epigram, "The *Register* does not register and the *Bee* stings." The ministers have dodged the issue or declared themselves in opposition to the strikers. Only one or two have dared to help the union. Naturally, the strikers' respect for the church has considerably diminished.

The union's first flush of mass picketing by the light and warmth of bonfires and stoves has been eliminated by means of injunctions, special city and county police, and State troops. This interference by the government has impeded the progress of the strike and made workers talk of taking a more active part in politics. The militia has not been as hostile as might be expected and is now being gradually withdrawn. The strike has been on the whole peaceful—the few cases of dynamiting have been attributed by the union to the efforts of strike-breakers to insure to themselves police protection. The city police generally come from the same social strata as the strikers and are not so vicious as police have been under similar circumstances. Of course, there have been unjustified arrests and even the throwing of a tear-gas bomb to disperse pickets.

As the strike has progressed the business men have become uneasy. Trade has been seriously affected. The bank clearings of the three commercial banks of Danville have declined from $117,964,109 in 1929 to $98,519,909 in 1930. Time deposits have diminished. There have been many failures of retail stores. The added expense to the city and county of maintaining police and to the State of keeping militiamen in the field has called forth the resentment of taxpayers. Secretly many merchants would now like to see the end of the strike, no matter who wins.

The outcome of the Danville strike will determine the speed with which the unionization of the South will proceed. There is now an upturn in the cotton-goods market and the company will be wanting to fill orders. Relief, therefore, becomes an urgent necessity. Those who wish to further the organization of the workers in the South must contribute generously and without delay.

In the Driftway

THE family album is not what it used to be but the Drifter has reason to know that it still has its place in the hinterland of America. And on such occasions as Christmas it is brought out, in fun or in respectful silence. The Drifter will never forget one cordial father-in-law whom he overheard conducting his son's wife through the stiff-backed, double-faced gallery of the treasured book. "These are my parents," he said as he paused at a place. "This," he continued, as he pointed at the early Victorian gentleman with whiskers on the left, "is my father." "And this," he went on relentlessly, indicating the sweet-faced lady on the right, "is my mother."

* * * * *

BUT even if the album, along with the huge picture of father, young and smooth of face, that used to have a gilded easel of its own, has disappeared from the parlor, it still exists in its irreducible elements, the pictures themselves. And it is not always a cheering thought that in some long-shut bureau drawer, in some deserted attic, or, it may be, in a second-hand store, lie the depositions of our former selves—at six months looking natural for the last time, or at six years holding a new and silly toy without which the photographer would have been faced with a tearful countenance and a sulky mouth. As the years went by, and each child became less of a novelty and delight to his family, the photographs dwindled in size and number, but undoubtedly there was a graduation picture for the eighth grade, for high school, and for college. The whole story is there for anyone to see. One young man of the Drifter's acquaintance tells how in a burst of unhumble generosity at the age of ten he gathered up all the records of a blond and much-photographed childhood and distributed them among the neighbors. By that method, to be sure, he destroyed the damning continuity of his pictorial record. But assuming that the pictures were not labeled clearly, such tactics have their disadvantages. How long did those neighbors remember the name of the blond cherub which bore no resemblance to the other cherubs in the box of pictures? Not for long. And while an old photograph recognized and in its proper setting may be at least amusing, there is something sad and baffling about an old portrait whose identity has been lost. The human mind demands a name for every thing, whether the name means anything or not. And so the Drifter hopes that if any of his baby pictures have gone astray in a cruel world each one is duly labeled The Drifter.

THE impulse which gives rise to photographs is born of an understandable and pathetic human frailty, the desire to preserve the moment. But there are times when it ceases to be either understandable or touching. The Drifter is thinking now of some of the family groups that he has gazed upon, and particularly of one in which he himself was—and is—irrevocably posed. When he was extremely young he lived in a house which suffered the distinction one wild autumn night of having its entire roof blown off by a wind that has not yet been forgotten in those parts. The Drifter remembers vividly the moment when the house was finally abandoned for a neighbor's hospitality. He was blown into a ditch on the perilous journey. And he recalls how the roof looked the next morning as it rested almost intact on top of the orchard lot beside the house. He remembers also, though he has never been able to explain the parental motive, that he was summoned home from school one bright morning a few days after the storm to find every other member of the family—and a photographer—waiting for him. The family was forthwith stationed about the ruins at scattered points and a picture was taken of the roofless house and the roofed orchard, the prostrate picket fence and the fallen poplar tree. Presently there was added to the family collection one dozen large-sized photographs of that memorable scene. And while the Drifter is on the subject he cannot help recalling the episode of the family portrait in "The Vicar of Wakefield." The portrait, it will be recalled, depicted each member of the household holding an orange in his hand and the work was pronounced satisfactory in every way—until the fatal fact was discovered that the picture was so large that it could not pass through the door of the house.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Yellow-Dog Injunction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 31 is an article under the caption The Yellow-Dog Injunction which in every line breathes class hatred, prejudice, and animosity against employers of labor. It seems to me that the author goes too far in assuming that unionized labor represents the true interest of the wage-earners in this country, since unionized labor comprises only about 3,000,000 or 10 per cent of our 35,000,000 wage-earners.

Organized labor has chosen its seat in Washington, close to the law-makers. It is carrying on an intensive propaganda for laws which would enlarge its powers for mischief. These are not in the true interest of the workers and have no support from 90 per cent of their number who decline to be coerced into unions. The small minority desires, however, to rule not only the employed but also the employers. Free laborers refusing to be unionized are called scabs. Equitable contracts between employers and employees, with both sides represented by counsel, are misrepresented as forced and called yellow-dog contracts because they impose obligations on the employed as well as on the employer.

The militant methods of irresponsible unionized labor in calling strikes and bedeviling employers with arbitrary working rules and systematically creating class hatred are a distinct menace to society. All these tactics are practiced by the union heads merely from lust for power and from greed, taxing the union members for their comfortable but parasitical existence.

The courts in most cases see through the screen of hypocrisy and misrepresentation and therefore seek to protect life and property by injunction against unlawful and riotous acts of the misled and excited men. If here and there a court should transgress just limits, there are always the higher courts to curb them.

The Nation seems to have made itself the mouthpiece of unionized labor and its coercive means and methods. In fairness to its readers, of whom the great majority, I am sure, are drawn neither from the labor unions nor from the capitalists, but from the cultured middle class of moderate means, *The Nation* should get an impartial author to analyze and illuminate the other side of the controversy concerning the yellow-dog injunction. This would be in consonance with the principles of fairness in a journal which pretends to serve justice and the public weal.

Jersey City, N. J., January 1 SUBSCRIBER

Better Ideals than Regular Meals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. George Selenine's mental reaction to Mr. Corey's article on Insuring Wages is hardly as unique as your publication of his protest would lead one to expect. Several of my acquaintances who read the article in question raised precisely the same objections. Insuring wages implies placing them on a par with dividends. The recipients of dividends are people who have saved their money which they possibly earned in the form of wages; wage-earners are often persons who have squandered their money; to insure the steady flow of wages would encourage them in their profligacy and, incidentally, defraud them of the chance of ever attaining to the dignity of receiving dividends.

The man of wealth in the Middle West, very unlike his compeer in other lands, is a benefactor of mankind, for he does not hoard his money but invests it, chiefly to provide employment for his less fortunate and often less virtuous brothers. This is the credo of the Middle West, shared by poor and rich alike and most vociferously and strenuously defended by the poor. In fact, the leaner the pocket-book of a man, the less he feels inclined to part with the hope of ever having a full one. Any proposal that aims at interference with the legitimate pursuit of gathering wealth is instantly stigmatized as socialism, and socialism, as we all know or should know, is chiefly objectionable not because it aims at despoiling the rich but because it aims at taking the hope of becoming rich from the poor, and hence "leaves them nothing to work for."

Clinton, Iowa, December 28 J. C. MENZEL

Have the Farmers Had Enough?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: F. J. Steidl in his communication to *The Nation* of December 31 submits figures and statements to show that the farmers are in a sorry situation. He remarks that "agriculture has long been bled by organized and highly protected industry."

No honest, intelligent person will deny the truth of Mr. Steidl's assertions. But now one wonders if the farmers have finally had enough. Will they, in the future, refuse to support the party and system which has squeezed them dry? It is generally believed that the farmers, as a class, have quite consistently supported the party now in power. Who is to blame for their plight except the so-called leaders of that party?

Mr. Steidl also mentions the fact that he has been reading *The Nation* for many years, so it may be taken for granted that he is not one of those who have been misled by the campaign and platform pledges of the Republican Party in the past. But most farmers have.

St. Paul, Minn., January 1 B. C. BORRESON

We Are Ukrainians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When *The Nation* printed the article The Polish Terror in Galicia, I pointed out to a friend: "But look—we are called Ruthenians." And he answered: "To be exact, the writer says: 'the Ukrainians *or* Ruthenians.' Everybody understands that he means Ukrainians." I let the matter go. After all, a rose by any other name —

But then in another issue of *The Nation* I read in an editorial: "However, even before he set out to suppress the Ruthenian and German minorities . . ." I decided to write and set my mind at ease.

We Ukrainians have been given many names in the course of the centuries. We have been called Little Russians, Red Russians, plain Russians, Rusins, Rusnaks, Ruthenians. The habit among other nations of giving us many names has no doubt helped to make of us a Cinderella among the peoples—unloved, uncared for, and unwanted. However, a day came when we gazed into a brighter future. And we Ukrainians sometime ago decided to give up all old names once and for all time and cling to the name Ukrainians.

The term Ruthenians is quite passé. We were called Ruthenians in the heyday of the Austrian Empire, but in truth it has no more meaning than the term Little Russians, which was imposed upon us by the Russian government of other days.

We who speak the language of Shevtchenko and Franko call ourselves Ukrainians and we wish to be called Ukrainians by others no matter whether we come from the Ukraine of Kiev or from East Galicia. The word Ruthenians is misleading and may I say somewhat insulting, for, after all, people very naturally prefer to be called by the name that rightfully belongs to them.

New York, January 1 MARIE GAMBEL

Cow-Catchers for Pedestrians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the tens of thousands of persons killed annually by automobiles in the United States (two-thirds of them women and children) I think it will be admitted that no means of saving human lives should be neglected. I, therefore, propose that every motor vehicle should be equipped with a fender expressly designed to save the lives of pedestrians. Most of the street tramways and railway engines in the United States are, if I remember rightly, equipped with such life-saving fenders, designed to pick up, with as little injury as possible, any person who may be struck, and carry him until the car can be stopped.

The fender at present used by automobiles is, on the contrary, intended only to preserve the car itself from injury. Practically, it must be very efficient in breaking a pedestrian's leg at the knee or fracturing a little child's skull.

Basle, Switzerland, December 20 BERTRAND SHADWELL

A Word of Cheer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is, of course, quite possible for a subscriber to renew and to sit quietly by saying nothing. But I feel that I should, once every so often, express the fact that I like *The Nation* immensely. It is perhaps unfortunate that I agree with its dicta so frequently that it seldom moves me to fervid correspondence. Its clarity remains a delight as well as an inspiration and I trust I may be forgiven, as rather an old subscriber now, for agreeing more often than I disagree with the material you present.

Mt. Rainier, Md., January 3 T. SWANN HARDING

100,000 Fords

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on Russian "Dumping" in your issue of December 17, through a mistake in typing, it was stated that the Soviet Union five years, perhaps four years, from now will be manufacturing 1,000,000 Fords. It should have been 100,000.

Berlin, January 1 LOUIS FISCHER

Literary Requests

Josh Billings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am writing a life of Henry Wheeler Shaw (Josh Billings). I should like to communicate with anyone who has letters from him or information about him. Letters should be addressed to me at the Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Missouri.

Webster Groves, Mo., December 8 CYRIL CLEMENS

Richard Hengist Horne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am writing a biography of Richard Hengist Horne (1803-1884), adventurer, journalist, critic, dramatist, poet ("Orion," 1843, republished 1929, Scholartis Press).

I shall be grateful to scholars and collectors who will communicate with me at 120 Derby Hall, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, regarding any letters, original manuscripts (published or unpublished), or special information concerning Mr. Horne.

Columbus, Ohio, December 15 ERI J. SHUMAKER

Dr. Mary E. Walker

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am in quest of biographical material concerning that most active, interesting, and eccentric woman, Dr. Mary E. Walker, and would like to get in touch with anyone who knew her, or with anyone who could and would lend me for a short time letters, clippings, or documents of any kind relating to her. My address is 1306 South 35th Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

Omaha, December 28 MRS. CHARLES W. M. POYNTER

Books, Drama, Films

The Hunted Fox

By SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK

If I can find the cave, where once I fell
When I was but an awkward, ambling cub,
In high, deceptive vine and leafy shrub,
I'll hide an hour or two. (I did not tell
My mother then, for any fox knows well
How secrets always pay.) And I shall scrub
My nose in hollow-nesting sand; and rub
My haunches on the walls where spiders dwell.

My tongue will catch the trickling, tonic drip
Of seepings, cool and dank. But there's the horn!
The wind will shift my scent! And now hounds slip
Across the hill! My brush whips under thorn
As guileless hooves bring redcoats down the dip
To jingle bits, and circle me with scorn.

Pictures for Songs

Monografía de 406 grabados de José Guadalupe Posada. Introduction in English and Spanish by Frances Toor and Diego Rivera. Mexico City: Mexican Folkways: Talleres Gráficos de la Nación.

THE name of José Guadalupe Posada is probably known to only a few dozen Americans and probably to a very limited circle of Mexican painters and writers. But though his name is shrouded in obscurity, his work was known and loved by more Mexicans than any artist before or after him. No unprostituted artist of real merit has ever held sway over so large a percentage of the population of his country as did Posada. For more than thirty years he definitely and continuously shaped public opinion. He molded the aesthetic values of the masses; he directed their thoughts and their ideals. No man was too lowly to read and appreciate Posada's message. More than Madero, Zapata, or Santañon, he prepared the Mexican revolution which overthrew Díaz in 1910. He wrote his ideas in clear, large letters upon the minds and hearts of his people, made concrete for them their sorrows, their weaknesses, their strength, their enslavement, and their hopes. So akin to the mass of Mexican people was he, that he passed by unheralded. Yet he helped to forge a nation's soul—a great spirit who worked in poverty and humbleness, an almost anonymous genius.

The Mexican revolution has been described as a mass rebellion against the tyrannies of Díaz, a movement which sprang armed from the dust of despair, but which had no preliminary philosophers to shape its ideals. It had Posada, the artist, who spoke in narrative pictographs in a language intelligible to the common people long before the Spanish conquest. The revolution has since produced the agrarian race leaders Zapata and Carrillo, the novelist Azuela, the painters Rivera and Orozco—to mention the only important persons who have not defiled their trust; but Posada made the revolution.

Is this an exaggeration? In the time of Díaz over 90 per cent of the population was illiterate. But the Mexican masses have never lost their plastic perceptions. Decoration, design, painting have played an intimate role in the life of the remotest pueblo—in the adornment of stores and pulque shops, of walls and stoves, the painting of *retablos* for the churches, the making of chests, lacquer ware, fabrics, and a hundred other common objects. The Mexican masses could not read, but for thirty years, from one end of Mexico to the other, they looked at the zinc etchings of Posada. He produced fifteen thousand cuts to illustrate the stories, the legends, the songs and prayers of the common people. Not only did he influence the literate of the capital and larger provincial centers in a series of pungent satirical magazines such as *Argos*, *La Patria*, *El Ahuizote*, and *El Hijo del Ahuizote*, in which with unflagging zeal and mordant satire he ridiculed the Díaz regime, but his sketches circulated into the remotest sierras. He worked for a pittance for the leading publishing house of popular literature, Vanegas Arroyo, in a carriage entrance beside the church of Santa Inez and the San Carlos Academy of Fine Arts, turning out unsigned masterpieces, which were printed on cheap, spongy, colored paper as illustrations for popular ballads to be sent out to all parts of the country. No one knew the author, but everyone read his message.

Posada died in 1913, but one may still vividly understand how these ballads were disseminated. Go to the smallest town in Mexico, and in the market, spread out on canvas, are heaps of these ballads. They are a cross between a newspaper and a song. They herald the latest events in verse. Many of those sold today still carry the illustrations of Posada. Often they are peddled by blind itinerant musicians, who sing them so that the buyers can repeat the tunes on the far ranches during the siestas and under the stars. While the songs are being played, the leaflets are passed from hand to hand, and though the hearers cannot read they enjoy the illustrations.

All of Posada's cuts not worn out, lost, or stolen during the revolution have been dug out of dustheaps, remounted, and reproduced in this volume through the efforts of Frances Toor, the editor of *Mexican Folkways*, and the artist Paul O'Higgins—406 out of 15,000. Much could have been added to the volume by more intelligent arrangement and by proper notes: an admirable opportunity for an epic portrayal of thirty odd years of Mexican life; but the editors cannot be severely taken to task in view of the service they have rendered in salvaging what was left of Posada; as Rivera says, "so integrated with the popular soul of Mexico that perhaps his identity will become completely lost." But even from this scant crop, Posada will increasingly be recognized as the father of the modern Mexican art movement, and perhaps as greater, in his way, than any living Mexican artist.

For, quite apart from his social significance, or perhaps in great measure because of it, he is a powerful artist. He made his etchings upon the metal with graver and acid, without preliminary sketches, as though he desired the most direct expression possible of his intense concepts. He did this for his daily bread, but in every line there is recorded an uncorrupted soul, with a genial universality, a comprehensive pity and tolerance, wedded to a bitter hatred of injustice; and withal a spirit inimitably, unmistakably Mexican. His work is racy, of the soil, constantly at grips with all of life as he knows it and evaluates it, so passionately provincial that it transcends all provincialism.

All of Mexico is here, its despotisms and cruelties, its revolution, its triumphs and its defeats. He spares neither rich nor poor, powerful nor humble, arraigning them all, now violently, now with comprehensive geniality. He makes the macabre suavely respectable, and that which is respectable is stripped to its inner corruption. He tells of executions by rope and bullet, of martyrdom, of the separation of loved ones, of prisoners, of riots, and jealousy and vengeance. He loves demons and skulls and dwarfs and queer people; and his demons are more demoniacal than the worst dream; and his skulls jovially ape all the foibles of man. He is melodramatic, at times gruesome, but a quirk of humor or naivete holds his delineations to a simplicity greater than any sophistication and hence satisfying to the most sophisticated. He loves paradox. His pompous generals and politicians are bloated with death; he makes the white bones of death dance and carouse and love and hate with inimitable drollery. His quietest pictures are tense with a quality of motion; and he flings galloping horsemen into a rhythmic frieze, clutching into a few inches of space the whole abstract concept of movement by a paradoxical fixity.

To know the work of Posada is a thrilling aesthetic and intellectual experience. Writes Diego Rivera:

> The production of Posada, free of even a shadow of imitation, has a pure Mexican quality. By analyzing the work of Posada, a complete understanding of the social life of the Mexican people can be obtained. . . . His work because of its form comprehends all plastic, and because of its content comprehends all life.

In Posada's work, toward later years, there is the groundswell of disillusion. His records of the violences of the revolution lose all trace of geniality, grow more bitter, but never quite so bitter as his skull of the bloodthirsty reactionary Huerta attached to the body of a loathsome spider.

Fortunately he did not live long enough to see the cause he espoused betrayed by those sworn to protect it.

CARLETON BEALS

American Churches

The Story of Religions in America. By William Warren Sweet. Harper and Brothers. $4.

EVEN those authors of treatises on the gods to whom all religions tell the same old story must find something amazing in this volume. For religion appears here luxuriantly variegated by all its earthly and unearthly forms; so that no candid reader with half an eye for truth can close the book with the feeling of understanding the essence of all religions. He must rather confess that the ways of the Lord are altogether marvelous.

What makes Professor Sweet's "Story" so powerful is that the facts are allowed to speak for themselves. There is a minimum of moralizing. With considerable skill he has interwoven the tortuous histories of the many churches in America in order that each may be understood in relation to the others. There is no single story, no inner plot. The intricate mass of ecclesiastical events is set before us quite clearly by a competent historian and preacher, who is therefore to be doubly congratulated on writing a history without an obvious moral.

I cannot repeat the outlines of the story, however, without venturing upon the moral. One after another the various denominations of European malcontents are served up and scrambled into that raw potpourri known as the American people. We see the religious outcasts of Europe transplanted to the New World, each group seeking to live here by the truths for which it had fought at home—and finding this more positive task more difficult! But instead of devoting themselves to a free cultivation of their cults, the colonists soon lose themselves in the American wilderness. Their European background fades and they scatter like wildfire wherever free and fertile lands lure them. They become pioneers, wildmen, restless, homeless, illiterate. Their religions accordingly become enthusiastic, orgiastic, fantastic. From this emotional wilderness American religions have not yet been able to recover their intellectual balance, for each time they have seemed to be on the point of producing something significant, some new wave of dispersion has destroyed their infant culture. The Puritan Congregationalists, for example, were just getting nicely settled in worldly wisdom and worldly goods when a wave of relatively bigoted Scotch-Irish Presbyterians hit them and insisted on staging what they called a Great Awakening. Then came several waves of still more enthusiastic and illiterate Quakers, Baptists, and Methodists, who had a "deep-seated prejudice against educated and salaried ministers" (p. 314), and who itinerated madly on horseback over huge circuits exhorting, "felling" sinners, and organizing the "great popular churches." These churches in turn might have settled down to being civilized had they not been "burnt over" successively by the enthusiasms of abolitionism, civil war, and big business. As it is, the recurrent periods of "spiritual deadness" with all their aridity are refreshing when compared with the fierce blasts of religious epidemics.

Professor Sweet wisely refrains from saying all this. Others may find something else written between the lines. The lines themselves are freighted with facts, and these are far from cold. They pique the imagination and invite speculation.

The narrative proper ends with the Reconstruction period; the last chapter, being devoted to everything since that period, is necessarily little more than an outline for a second volume. Perhaps it is just as well that Professor Sweet closed his story where he did, for probably neither he nor anyone else could now tell the recent story with the detachment and honesty which characterize his narrative of the earlier events. Nevertheless, we are impatient to hear the rest of the story from him. The growth of Catholicism since the Irish immigration, the new inventions in Judaism, theosophy, and other non-Christian religions, as well as the intellectual and social liberalism within recent Protestantism, would add interesting chapters.

The author is at his best in describing the westward migrations and the way in which the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists built their imposing national organizations out of the crude resources of the frontier. The social and political power of these organizations, now seeking to combine their forces, gives added point to the amusing statement quoted from the Calvinistic Congregationalist Nathaniel Emmons, who would have nothing to do with these expansive tendencies on the ground that "Association leads to Consociation; Consociation leads to Presbyterianism; Presbyterianism leads to Episcopacy; Episcopacy leads to Roman Catholicism; and Roman Catholicism is an ultimate fact" (p. 296).

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

The Death of Gaiety

The Decline of Merry England. By Storm Jameson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

IN the age of Cobden the fall of the Stuart monarchy was one of God's favors to the Anglo-Saxon race. The twentieth century is not so certain. Laud and Wentworth were trying to regulate business in the interests of the common good. With the victory of Puritanism certain things which we would gladly recover disappeared from English soil—pagan festivals and a sense of tradition, national music and dancing, a physical pride and sense of well-being. Such writers as Mr. Tawney have revised certain of the dogmas of the whig historians; but we have not yet had a full-length history reinterpreting the Reformation and the Revolution in all their aspects.

Tory-socialist historians are sometimes Catholic, like Mr. Hollis; but more often their bias is Anglican, and, for the chaos of modern industrialism, they blame not the breach with Rome but the victory of the Puritans. Miss Jameson is Anglican:

she appreciates the significance in English history of the whig families whose power was built on the robbery of the church, and she does not forget the cruelty and self-indulgence of Elizabethan society; but in her opinion "Merry England" reached its climax in the reign of Elizabeth. In spite of her Anglicanism she is artist enough to appreciate the paganism of the poets and buccaneers, and the older indigenous paganism of the common people. In this book she describes this "Merry England"; and then shows how the national cause was betrayed by Stuart incompetence, how Puritan bigotry destroyed the natural cheerfulness and the aesthetic instincts of the English race, and how the old belief in the supremacy of the commonwealth gave place to the individualism of the Puritan merchants and industrialists. She has not made any detailed or scientific analysis of the progress of events, and her debt to Mr. Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" is evident on every page; her aim has been to illustrate a preconceived thesis by quotations and anecdotes from contemporary sources.

The evidence presented in this book will be hard to refute. Professor Morison has argued that the Puritans loved good craftsmanship; but a traditional good taste is not destroyed in a single generation, and it is undeniable that they ruined English music, hated the popular festivals, and proposed to tear down the cathedrals. The Puritan ministers were sufficiently medieval to denounce avarice; but in the long run the exaltation of the private conscience against authority, and of the bourgeois virtues of thrift and hard labor against the aristocratic virtue of generosity, produced modern industrialism. The Elizabethans quoted by Miss Jameson lived in a society of traditional beauty and gaiety, rooted in the soil and conscious of its duties to posterity; after the Puritan revolution that society disappeared.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Pressure Politics

Labor and Capital in National Politics. By Harwood Lawrence Childs. Ohio State University Press. $3.

PROFESSOR CHILDS adheres to the no longer novel view that the key to an understanding of modern politics is found in the pressure of groups. In illustrating this view he limits his attention to the American Federation of Labor and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. A large part of his book is concerned with the procedural similarities and differences of the two organizations, but the more vital questions of policy and objective are slighted. It is, however, made evident that organized labor and organized capital feel impelled to exert pressure upon government agencies in order to "defend" what they regard as their interests. In this process each group tends to rationalize its conduct, taking for granted that the welfare of the group is identical with that of the public at large.

That deeper issues are involved than might be gathered from much of the discussion is implicit in this statement near the close: "There is every reason to suppose that even today access to the centers of public officialdom is much smoother and easier for the chamber than for the federation." This relative ease of "access" has its chief significance in the fact that the groups examined construe their interests as largely opposed—a fact not to be obscured by the author's view that "at no time in its history has the federation been accorded the favorable recognition that it has been receiving, even by many sections of the employer's world." The greater political pressure the chamber of commerce and allied organizations customarily exert is likely to impress informed persons as being in the nature of things. Business, through property ownership and control, possesses great strategic advantage.

Perhaps this would not be so if organization obtained among wage-earners to the same degree that it does among business men. American unionism is doubtless no stronger than it is because many wage-earners, faced by self-confident and well-fortified business interests, fear that little is to be gained and that much may be lost through union affiliation. This fear might be overcome in a measure if it were not accompanied by an optimistic individualism which causes many wage-earners to visualize themselves or their children as future members of a class "above" that in which they are temporarily detained. In time, optimism of this kind will doubtless give way before an increasing realization of the meaning of economic tendencies. In that event, unionism will of course rest on a broader base than it does at present under the domination of an aristocracy of skilled workers. And with a greater infusion of machine-tenders and other types of labor relatively lacking in skill, one may anticipate a broadening of the objectives to which labor aspires. To the extent that politics is involved, the technique for attaining these objectives will probably change from the present "non-partisan" policy of the federation to a type of pressure politics that finds expression through a labor party. In consequence, labor's power in Congress and in State legislatures may become appreciably greater.

But one should not be too confident of this. For as long as the preponderant factor of wealth ownership remains substantially unaltered, it is difficult to discern how the essence of government will be much changed. That a large labor-party vote and occasional labor "control of the government" do not of necessity result in marked changes in basic institutions is demonstrated by an examination of the functioning of labor and Socialist parties in Europe. Such concessions as business grants in these European countries are designed to keep the working population sufficiently satisfied for it to permit the substance of ownership and control to remain unimpaired. This outcome appears to be inevitable—as long as the principal forms of property remain in private hands. For until others will assume responsibility for some alternative, the flow of profits must be sufficient to induce *entrepreneurs* to continue in control.

Much of the concern shown by Professor Childs in his last chapter, consequently, seems beside the point. He draws back from the idea that any one group should, through control of the government, control the state, and he goes to some pains to explain that "group" and "state" are different concepts. Traditional definitions in political science may require these distinctions. But by his own evidence Professor Childs makes it clear which group controls the "state."

LYLE W. COOPER

Lawrence

D. H. Lawrence. By Rebecca West. London: Martin Secker. 3s. 6d.

THIS short book bears the authentic marks of Rebecca West's style, such as show themselves in "The Strange Necessity" and even in her recent novel. She thinks by paragraphs. There is a chastening incapacity for the commonplace. There is a prepossession for the discovery of first or final causes—a habit of interjecting "why?"—which is a joy to the philosophic, if not to the lay and lazy, reader. The ground for her interest in Lawrence is novel to most people and typical for her. He "had the earnestness of the Patristic writers" and "like them could know no peace till he had discovered what made men lust after death."

Yet it is just here that Rebecca West's enthusiasm for genius on the defensive makes her pass over, in this brief notice of a personal acquaintance, the man and his work, a doubt which most of us entertain about Lawrence. He stands forth as the champion of life against a God-fearing, life-hating Puritanic shame. But was he indeed such—a faun, an evangelic nature-god, a Rampion?

If anyone will study the writings of Lawrence he will find a strange desire, under the guise of friendship, love, eros-worship, to dominate. First, men friends; then a refuge from male resistance in women; then, when these are cloying, tend to mother, do not give the full sense of power, back to the stronger, fighting relation with men—a movement reaching its full expression in "Kangaroo." Again Lawrence fails to dominate—the agony of the war is the agony of the physical reject who wants to be the proud objector—and, in the "Plumed Serpent," he seeks a new refuge, where it is always to be found, in worship of powerful gods who do dominate, as the man Lawrence cannot: who dominate others. Already, in the "Lost Girl," at the end, there is the hint of life, as it alone brings rest, as the dark tide—the insistence upon masochism at least for the other half of humanity. In "Lady Chatterley's Lover" there is the hatred of power (in the crippled aristocrat) which does not bite: the center of the plot is not love unashamed but the rape of power from the powerless—from the other half of Lawrence. In the earlier but more matured "Plumed Serpent," as in "The Woman Who Rode Away," the life-god is avowed as a cruel Aztec god who asks bloody worship and human sacrifice. Reason (not just dead academic intellect such as preoccupies Aldous Huxley) forbids this red anarchy of the passions, so against reason Lawrence raises beckoning standards of revolt.

Freud, in his last book, has come to a recognition, long preached by Adler, of the intertwining of the sadic instinct of destruction with the love instinct. Lawrence, maybe, is the more catholic, to use Rebecca West's symbolism, for including in his one person both Ormuzd and Ahriman. But very certainly he is not just Ormuzd, a god of dawn and noon-sun, a Balder persecuted by wicked men. We fear Lawrence—perhaps it is our frailty: but I do not think so—because, back of all the good denunciation of cant and dead men making life fetid, back of the endearing personality "as little sinister as a humming-bird" and the artist with the gift of making experience tremble with life, his writings, in their deeper soul (so it seems; so, without malice, I suggest), were smudged with the cruel Satanic mines, were smudged with cruel fear.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Warriors for Peace

The Fight for Peace. By Devere Allen. The Macmillan Company. $5.

NO mariner ever thought of trying to sail a ship without a compass and a logbook, and no merchant ever succeeded in doing business without occasionally consulting his ledger. Peace workers, on the contrary, have conducted their campaign against war with almost no reference to the pioneer experience which lay back of their movement. The chief aim of Mr. Allen in writing this admirable book has been to supply the engineers of peace with the lessons of experience, to give them perspective, and to enable them to work on something other than a trial-and-error basis. One should hasten to add that this has not been his sole aim. He believes, and rightly, that there ought to be an adequate record of the organized war against war which enlisted men and women of unusually gifted personalities in battles characterized by hard defeats, illusory successes, agonizing struggles, and some noble victories. By incorporating large masses of first-hand material Mr. Allen makes many of these forgotten, though vivid and vital, people live again. This achievement is the more remarkable because he has followed the topical and analytical rather than the chronological method of presenting his material. Though not a professional historian, Mr. Allen has produced a book which is both scholarly and popular. Characterized by admirable factual accuracy, it is a very valuable contribution to the story of the unofficial peace movement in America.

Few historical works, when they appear, promise to exert very much influence on thought and action. It is perhaps too much to hope that this book, which runs upward of seven hundred pages, will be read widely enough to produce the effect intended by the author. Briefly, the upshot of Mr. Allen's diagnosis of the fight for peace is that its warriors, for the most part, have not been real warriors. The almost perpetual confusion and general ineffectiveness of the opponents of war have been largely due to the fact that their ethical and intellectual points of view have been self-contradictory: they have set about to overthrow the war-method while still retaining a deep-lying faith in that method. Mr. Allen believes that peace advocates, in their great desire to conciliate the civil power, have weakened their cause by constant compromising and by presenting an appeal emotionally inferior to the dramatic, colorful, and consistent appeal of the militarists and patriots.

The only anti-militarists who have not truckled to the point of view and methods of the state have been the anarchists—whom Mr. Allen does not mention at all. While one may have, however, great respect for the courage and consistency of Emma Goldman and her followers, one cannot but ask whether their rigid refusal to compromise with militarism and governmental methods has not been at least as ineffective as the more timid and cautious tactics of the bourgeois pacifists. Although Mr. Allen has sustained with ample evidence his well-deserved indictment of the bulk of conservative peace workers, he has underrated their real contributions. Nor has he entirely explained their half-hearted and fair-weather pacifism. It was, I think, half-hearted and conciliatory, and therefore ineffective, because to a considerable extent it was merely a compensation for increasing militarism and materialism; because it was working in a hostile environment which attached great rewards, pecuniary as well as moral, to war-making; and, as Mr. Allen points out, because it did not ally itself with the labor movement.

Mr. Allen recognizes the validity and importance of multiple complementary approaches to the problem of ending war and securing peace; he evaluates outlawry, international organization, and the protests of religious and economic groups. Nowhere has a more persuasive case been made for the efficacy of war resistance, or the consistent refusal to compromise under any circumstances whatever with the war system. Certainly if war resistance could win the adherence even of Mr. Einstein's 2 per cent of the population, it might be more effective in preventing a possible war between communism and capitalism, or between East and West, than many of the legal, juridical, and international agencies on which so many friends of peace lean so heavily.

Very few men have a deeper or more intelligent appreciation than Mr. Allen of the need of pacifism to provide a pacific agency for social and economic change and adjustment. Possibly he is right in maintaining that the fight for peace can be won, not merely by removing the present economic causes of war, but only by strengthening, broadening, and deepening radical pacifism which refuses under any circumstances to sanction the war method. It is this conviction, which is so brilliantly elaborated in these pages, that makes this book a splendid antidote to the talk of tired peace advocates and of those generally who find slipping away from them their faith in the possibility of reforming the social order by intelligent, concerted action.

MERLE CURTI

Books in Brief

Mosaic. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In "Mosaic" Miss Stern, at her brilliant best, lavishes the richness and warmth of her powers on certain groups of that far-flung Rakonitz-Czelovar-Bettleheim family whose ramifications were followed in part in "The Matriarch" and "A Deputy Was King." Her saga may yet win the right to a place beside the family novels of Mann, Galsworthy, Hamsun—novels growing out of a deep emotional sense of those vast river systems of blood, draining a great network of capillaries, coursing down the generations, binding great bodies of human lives together. "Mosaic" is principally about the Paris branch of the family, about Berthe Czelovar and her sister Letti and the comings and goings and doings at their *appartement Seize-Rue-Caumont*. Always at *Seize-Rue-Caumont* there are visiting relatives, other members of this cosmopolitan, Jewish family. Maybe it is little Freda or Tony from London; or Rudi, the great operetta composer, from Vienna; or Etienne and his wife, Camille—née De Jong—from San Remo; or the Matriarch herself. And always letters, or maybe telegrams, containing news of births and deaths and good and bad fortune. So deeply is the story of Berthe immersed in the flux of family affairs that only gradually does the great, warm, selfishly generous, obtuse, frustrated egotist that she is emerge from the mosaic pattern. Only in retrospect, so absorbing are the people and so delightful is the manner, is one able to appreciate the deftness, discipline, and economy that govern the flood of emotional power which surrounds the characters in this book. Miss Stern has not yet received from the critics her full due.

Isabella of Spain. By William Thomas Walsh. Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.

The latest writer to succumb to the fascination of a reign that inspired such great writers as Irving, Lea, and Prescott has produced a biography of a queen whose outstanding characteristics were piety, dignity, courage, and inflexible determination. These traits ideally fitted her for her life work and enabled her to accomplish the impossible. Her chief task was to raise Castile out of the depths of baronial anarchy, unify Spain, and place it in the forefront of European Powers. In this she was eminently successful, but the price paid was high. During the process of achieving unity and prestige, Spain, the most tolerant and democratic nation in Europe, became one of the most intolerant and undemocratic. This unhappy result the author has failed to see, doubtless because of an ardent Catholicism that has prevented him from developing the objectivity so necessary to the true historian. His enthusiasm for Isabella's religious aims has also blinded him to defects in character and has inspired a vigorous defense against writers who have been critical of her policies. The historian Lea particularly offends him and consequently is subjected to a scathing denunciation. Such an attitude has given us a picture of a queen too perfect to be human; a defense too belligerent to be convincing. The respect due the author's conclusions can be somewhat estimated by the fact that his brief bibliography lists the works of Hilaire Belloc and Sabatini but not the standard histories of Merriman and Altamira.

Lyric America. By Alfred Kreymborg. Coward-McCann. $5.

"Lyric America" is an anthology of poetry from 1630 to 1930, and a companion work to Mr. Kreymborg's outline of American poetry, "Our Singing Strength." Both books have the virtues and the vices of books covering, and of necessity rather hastily, a very large field. Both serve merely as outlines, and even in this capacity not very well. Mr. Kreymborg's chief contribution is his research among the very earliest American poets. No other books include these early Colonials. His chief failure lies in the fact that including almost every known poet as he does, he cannot evaluate properly the greater figures. He protests against critics of his first book, against critics in general, in his long introduction, wherein the value of poetry is greatly exalted above that of criticism. We do not disagree with this point. When he states that he has deliberately chosen the inclusive method rather than the critical, we must grant him his choice. But that books of the type of "Lyric America" are of less value than more critically selected anthologies we do affirm, though there is place for both and for many other varieties of anthologies.

Orpheus. Myths of the World. By Padraic Colum. Twenty Engravings by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macmillan Company. $5.

This handsome volume is an attempt to suggest the riches of the earth with respect to the stories of gods and heroes which have flourished on it in all times and places. Mr. Colum, of course, can only hint at these riches; but he does so with great effectiveness, and his renderings of significant tales from seventeen cultures, beginning with the Egyptian and ending with the Zuni, are of such a nature that they may very well lead the reader into further explorations of his own.

The Sculpture and Sculptors of Greece. By Gisela M. Richter. Yale University Press. $12.

First published in a limited edition, this notable work now appears in a less expensive format. While $12 is still a very high price, the book has 750 half-tone illustrations and could hardly have been produced more cheaply. The text is divided into two sections, one dealing with the historical background and the evolution in technique from primitive forms to the classic, the other telling what is known of the sculptors and their works. Well written and displaying keen judgment and ripe scholarship, the book falls short in one respect—it does not satisfactorily account for the one great failure of Greek sculpture, the lack of facial expression. Miss Richter explains that Greek sculptors deliberately chose to generalize the features, for fear that facial individualization might mar the unity of the whole figure. This explanation is unsatisfactory. An inexpressive head on an expressive body destroys unity. The headless Winged Victory, and, indeed, most of the magnificent torsos and decapitated figures that remain to us, are perhaps actually better statues without their heads than they would be had the accidents of time spared them.

Uniting Europe. By William E. Rappard. With a Preface by Edward M. House. Yale University Press. $3.

Professor Rappard, who for years has worked diligently and devotedly to further the cause of world peace through the building up of war-prevention machinery at Geneva and elsewhere, is not over-happy or enthusiastic about the prospects for the future. In this collection of lectures delivered before the Institute of Politics at Williamstown he examines the progress made to date by the League of Nations and by other agencies. He sees "promising symptoms of a wholesale evolution," but confesses that it would take more optimism than he can command to say that the prospects for real disarmament and international cooperation "are bright today." National isolation he believes to be a formidable obstacle to the cause, and he is anxious to have the United States show more willingness than it has to date in helping Europe solve the problem of peace, but he weakens his argument against national isolation by agreeing that "every state has the right to consult primarily its national interest in the formulation of its national policies." This is the bed-rock principle of nationalism, to which many coun-

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tries besides the United States adhere, and so long as it defies successful challenge there can be but small hope of lasting peace.

The Epochs of German History. By J. Haller. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

It is a pity that this brilliant historical work is spoiled by Professor Haller's overvaluation of political processes, which he sees only as the manipulation of power, and by his astonishing obtuseness to the significance of his own findings. He frankly arraigns the disunity of the nation before Bismarck, the selfishness and mediocrity of the old German princes. Acknowledging the havoc done by their petty ambitions and by the imperialism of the Hapsburgs, he is apparently incapable of seeing that the nationalism which he advocates must lead and has led to similar and greater disasters in international politics. To make his points Professor Haller at times ignores and at other times understates the remarkable culture and vigor of the German people during their periods of comparative political powerlessness.

Chingis-Khan. By B. Ya. Vladimirtsov. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

After one able chapter on Mongol life and institutions Professor Vladimirtsov's biography of the bloody conqueror declines into commonplace hero-worship. Much of it is taken up with a defense of Chingis against the charge of brutality, a defense that, in addition to being singularly pointless and unsuccessful, weakens the book by nullifying the chief features of the hero's portrait.

Black Bread and Red Coffins. By Negley Farson. The Century Company. $4.

Mr. Farson, roaming reporter for the Chicago *Daily News*, on an extended trip last year poked into countless out-of-the-way places in Russia. So quickly is change taking place that many of Mr. Farson's observations are already out of date. Nevertheless he has presented in excellent narrative form a worthwhile series of sketches of the new, yet old, Russian nation.

Drama

Deflating the Drama

IN spite of much moaning among the managers, 1931 finds the New York theater in a healthy condition, and this health may be partly explained on the ground of compulsory reduction. Like oil and copper, steel and automobiles, the entertainment field during boom times underwent a process of gross inflation. Theaters were built more rapidly than plays of consequence could be written. Now, in passing through the town, one may see the sign "For sale or rent" upon the doors of dozens of deserted playhouses.

I do not mean that the concentration of effort has meant a masterpiece for every going concern. But, at least, the present season has seen much less of the impossible and obviously inept than usual. As the cynical player said in "The Show Shop" of Jimmy Forbes: "It's always a bad year for bad plays." The reverse of this is approximately true.

In a season during which the buying public is supposed to be on strike, and all luxury industries moribund, "Grand Hotel" is crowded at each performance. And Mr. Kaufman's lively "Once in a Lifetime" also prospers exceedingly well. "The Green Pastures" is not yet within sight of any ending. Possibly, in the next few years, we may have a theatrical season restricted chiefly to palpable hits. There will be no room for the merely moderately successful attraction. Managers are beginning to decide quickly, and to accept defeat after a week or so, and not maintain a losing battle. In the old days there were producers who would suffer staggering losses with poor plays rather than confess defeat. The so-called commercial manager is, among other things, vain and sentimental. He has not been, in any hard-boiled sense of the word, sheer business man.

It is, perhaps, less than sporting to crow over anybody's failure. But I must confess a certain satisfaction at the Waterloo of "Smiles." Florenz Ziegfeld has done a really important work for the American theater. He was one of the first to give opportunity to the newer men in scene designing. This influence went far beyond the musical-comedy field, and there might never have been an opportunity for a Robert Edmond Jones or a Lee Simonson if it had not been for Ziegfeld's earlier alliance with Urban.

I realize that by now Urban probably seems an ultra-conservative to the younger men. But his advent in the theater marked an actual revolution from the old days of literalism. But of recent years it has seemed to me that Ziegfeld grew Victorian. He set his face resolutely against the coming of the new-style revue. It was obvious that New York audiences wanted something intimate, simple, and humorous. The triumph of the first "Little Show" should have been enough to establish the trend. Ziegfeld was not converted. He seemed to feel that he could continue to triumph by weight of names, of metal, and of chorus girls. If only a show were big enough, he seemed to feel that it could not fail to impress the theatergoers. And now "Smiles," one of the most elaborate of his productions, is being withdrawn at the end of a few weeks.

I am hoping that this may lead to merrier times in the musical-comedy field. It is trite, of course, to assail the managers with that old familiar question, "Why don't you buy a joke?" But there never has been a satisfactory answer to that question. We have a right to ask it again, and to keep on asking it. Possibly there may be a chance, now, for some of the younger men to show their worth in the field of musical comedy. There is no reason why the revue form should be nothing more than glitter and some measure of good dancing. George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind in "Strike Up the Band" made it manifest that there is opportunity for the satirists. Let them get going. Let us have now a real chance for the wits of our day to show us in gay fashion just what they think of this world in which we live.

HEYWOOD BROUN

One suspects that some time during the rehearsals of "Midnight" by Paul and Claire Sifton (Guild Theater), which the Theater Guild launched last week, certain changes were made in the text. The play was announced as a "passionate protest against capital punishment." It came out as less than that, ardent enough in spots, in others confused by wisecracks that seemed not to belong to it. The first act, in its delineation of how a citizen can be pursued by the hideous importunities of the tabloids, was even in tone, excellently acted, and a promise of something fine to come. The rest of the play was considerably less sure and the denouement is altogether uncertain in emphasis and therefore wanting in power. Glenn Anders and Frederick Perry are perhaps the best in a generally first-rate cast.

D. V. D.

Because of the pressure of his other work Heywood Broun has been obliged reluctantly to discontinue his regular dramatic reviewing for The Nation. *Beginning with the next issue our contributing editor, Mark Van Doren, will review the drama until the return of Joseph Wood Krutch.*—EDITOR THE NATION.

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

Ruth Draper—Comedy—41 St. E. of B'way.
*Elizabeth The Queen—Beck—45 St. W. of [illegible] Ave.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
*Midnight—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
†This is New York—Plymouth—45 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

Sous les Toits de Paris—(French)—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—(German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Lightnin' beginning Sat., Jan. 17; Sin Takes a Holiday beginning Wed., Jan. 21—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
All Russian Program—5th Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

MUSIC

Dusolina Giannini, soprano—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Jan. 20.
Vladimir Horowitz, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
Nina Koshetz, soprano—New School for Social Research—Tues. eve., Jan. 20.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Fri. aft., Jan. 16; Sun. aft., Jan. 18; Thurs. eve., Jan. 15, 22; Sat. aft., Jan. 17.
Roth String Quartet—Town Hall—Wed. eve., Jan. 21.
Andres Segovia, guitarist—Town Hall—Sun. aft., Jan. 18.

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS

Hon. James W. Gerard on "The German Political Situation Today"—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.—Tues., Jan. 20 at 8:30 P.M.
"Will The World Return to Religion?"—Debate between Gilert K. Chesterton and Clarence Darrow—Mecca Temple—133 W. 55 St.—Sun., Jan. 18 at 3 P.M.
"Disarmament" by Senor Salvador De Madariaga—New School For Social Research—66 W. 12 St.—Fri., Jan. 23 and Thurs., Jan. 29—5:20 to 6:50 P.M.
"Resolved that the Best Political Service Can Be Rendered by Joining the Socialist Party"—Debate—Heywood Broun and Clarence Darrow vs. Norman Thomas and Arthur Garfield Hays—Mecca Temple—133 W 55 St.—Fri., Jan. 30, 8:30 P.M.

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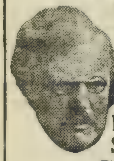

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Films

The Underworld

GANGSTERS and racketeers play so prominent a part in the American life of today that it would be little short of a miracle if their exploits were ignored by the movies. Nor are they. In fact, the number of films dealing with the underworld and its criminal activities is altogether too great. The actual proportion of these films in the total Hollywood output cannot be stated for lack of data. But it can hardly be very small, and if casual observation is to be trusted, there is reason to believe that it is growing steadily. It is sufficient to mention that the week under review saw four new pictures in New York belonging to this class, while several more were being shown in neighboring places.

Of course, there can be no objection to underworld films on the ground that they make crime too attractive. It is the business of the movies, as it is of the theater, to reflect life, and American life is American life. The trouble with these films is that they reflect the life of the underworld in a light that is altogether false. They crown the hold-up man and the safe-breaker with the romantic halo of bravery and adventure that helps to disguise their fundamental moronism. Nor do they ever make the slightest attempt to relate the criminal class to its social source, the economics and spirit of rapacious capitalism. But the glorification of the gangster, pursued mostly for the sake of cheap sensationalism, does not stop at this. To judge by some recent pictures of prison life, of which two, "The Criminal Code" (Mayfair) and "Paid" (Capitol), have just arrived on Broadway, the criminal is not only admired as a hero, but also pitied as a victim, a victim not of this acquisitive society of ours, but of its soulless law which demands an eye for an eye. It is true, the two films mentioned, which are both adaptations of well-known stage plays ("Paid" being the screen name of that famous play "Within the Law"), choose for their victims of the law two innocent characters; but this innocence is purely accidental, and the chief interest of the pictures, as well as their main emotional appeal, lies in their denunciation of the punitive law and its instrument, the prison. Granting the brutal vindictiveness of the penal system, one cannot help feeling that this sentimentalizing over the poor gunmen side by side with the meek acceptance of the conditions that breed the gunmen and create the prisons fosters a hypocritical attitude toward the existing evils.

Barring this false view of crime and punishment, it must be admitted that both "The Criminal Code" and "Paid" achieve considerable success in the presentation of their respective stories. The picture of prison life in the former is not so rich in detail as it was in "The Big House," but it is sufficiently harrowing to keep one spellbound. It is also capably acted, particularly by Walter Huston, though even he is not completely free of a certain stage effect in speech and bearing.

"Paid" does not deal so much with prison life as with its effect on a proud and resourceful young woman who went there without guilt and left it with the determination to avenge herself for her suffering. There is a great naturalness in the acting of this picture, the chief honors both for acting and striking beauty going to Miss Joan Crawford.

Mr. Ronald Colman is also a person with a "crime record" on the screen, but in "The Devil to Pay" (Gaiety) he is only a delightful, happy-go-lucky adventurer in life with a chivalrous regard for the ladies' feelings and quite unusual disregard of money. The picture is a sparkling and wholly entertaining trifle.

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Poland Courts a New War

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SOME weeks ago the Warsaw correspondent of the *New Leader* of London wrote that he felt it his duty "to ring the bells of alarm and make them heard in the remotest corners of Europe. A new bomb is being placed under the powder magazines of Europe—a bomb which threatens to blow up the whole edifice of post-war equilibrium. This time the danger comes from Poland and her military-fascist aggressiveness." The *New Leader's* correspondent was thinking primarily of the effect upon the rest of Europe of the course the Pilsudski dictatorship has been pursuing. He could foresee nothing but disaster, perhaps a revolution, perhaps another war, arising from the unrestricted dictatorship, the smothering of political freedom, the "engineered" elections of last November, the tragic "pacification" of the Ukraine, and the suppression by terrorism of national minorities elsewhere in Poland.

It may be that the correspondent painted the picture a little too dark. Yet a glance at the map suffices to show what perils the runaway dictatorship in Poland might have in store for the rest of Europe. To the immediate east is Russia, of which almost the entire continent lives in constant dread. To the west is Germany, with which Poland has been engaged in the bitterest sort of controversy these last eleven years. A clash with Russia, or an internal upheaval in Poland that would play into Russia's hands, contains many alarming possibilities. It is, however, the quarrel with Germany that presents the more immediate and more serious threat to the peace of Europe.

In Upper Silesia, Posen, and Pomerania is to be found what is unquestionably the sorest of the several sore spots in Europe. Whether justly or unjustly, Germany was deeply wounded when these territories were taken from her. Tact and discretion on the part of Poland might have served with the help of time to heal the wound. Far from being tactful or discreet, Poland has allowed its ultra-patriotic citizens to rub the wound with the salt of unrestrained chauvinism until it has become severely aggravated. In Germany this deliberate irritating of the Eastern frontier wound has let loose headstrong forces (by no means confined to the extreme right) which the Brüning Government may find itself unable to control.

Germany has appealed to the League of Nations Council for justice for the Germans in Poland. Notes sent to the Council on November 27, December 9, and December 17 recited in detail numerous individual instances of extremist activities in connection with the elections to the Polish parliament and Upper Silesian Sejm in November. They told of the unwarranted arrest of German candidates, of the summary disqualification upon the thinnest pretense of other German candidates, of the slugging of German voters by Polish patriots (six persons being killed in the ensuing riots), of other acts of terrorism designed to keep the German voters from the polls, of the circulation of the most inflammatory sort of posters and handbills calling upon the Poles to use every means at their command to prevent German votes from being cast. The posters and handbills, the notes said, were distributed by an organization calling itself the Silesian Rebels' League. Although the Polish government was not directly accused of responsibility for these extremist activities, many government officials were listed as officers or members of the Rebels' League, and it was charged that the acts of terrorism were at the very least openly tolerated by the Polish authorities.

The German protests merely skim the surface of the real problem. They do not go into the fundamental issues involved. These issues concern the rights of the German minority in Poland only incidentally. Nevertheless, when the German charges are taken up at the Council session scheduled to begin on January 19 the Berlin government will be compelled by international political circumstances to confine its argument to a discussion of minority rights. Were the German representative to go farther than this he would in effect be asking that the Versailles treaty be reexamined with a view to revision, and Germany is not yet prepared to go into this very delicate question. An airing of German-Polish relations at Geneva might, on the other hand, awaken Europe to the gravity of the situation, and this in turn might conceivably bring about the necessary readjustment and thereby relieve the present strain. But such an awakening appears too much to hope for. France and her allies, the arch-defenders of the European status quo, may be counted upon to stand in the way. Hence the Geneva debate must of necessity center about the rights of minorities, and a limited discussion of this sort cannot solve the basic problem.

One must go back to 1917 and to the peace conference to find the roots of the real difficulties separating Germany and Poland. In the early years of the war Polish leaders were divided on the question of whether they would have more to gain in their independence campaign by courting Russia and the Allies or by cultivating German friendship. Almost all the young Poles who took part in the war fought on the side of the Central Powers. These men looked to Joseph Pilsudski, ironically enough at that time an ardent pro-German, as their leader. Opposed to Pilsudski and his followers was a group, much smaller in number, that centered around the National Democratic Party and was led by Romain Dmowski and Ignace Paderewski. This group was decidedly, almost fanatically, pro-Ally. It demanded the restitution of all the territories which at any time in history had belonged to Poland, a course that certainly would have involved the annexation of considerable sections of German land beyond that which the Versailles treaty and the subsequent plebiscites and insurrections actually gave to Poland. Naturally the Dmowski faction was recognized by the Allies as the bona fide spokesman for the Polish people when it came time to negotiate the peace treaties.

The peace was actually negotiated by three men, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson. In the light of French policy Clemenceau could not have done otherwise than support the extremist demands of Dmowski, which were designed as much to weaken Germany as to create a strong Polish state. Lloyd George took an almost directly contrary stand. The balance of power therefore lay with Wilson. It cannot be doubted that Woodrow Wilson wanted justice done both sides. His position long had been that lands "indisputably Polish" should be ceded to Poland. Nevertheless he agreed to the cession of territories that were not "indisputably Polish."

Dmowski was ably seconded in his extravagant demands by Professor Robert Howard Lord of Harvard University, American technical delegate at the peace conference, who was strongly anti-German and who is credited with having invented the idea of the Corridor as a means of weakening Germany.

With his confused knowledge of European history, and with Dmowski and his technical adviser, Lord, bearing down on him from either side, it is small wonder that President Wilson surrendered to Clemenceau and the Poles on almost every point. Danzig was torn from Germany and made a Free City under Polish protection by the votes of the Clemenceau-Wilson majority. This was done on the theory that Poland had to have a free port and that Danzig was largely Polish, anyhow, though even the Poles today admit that Danzig is 97 per cent German. It may be noted, however, that Czecho-Slovakia, another creature of the peace conference and similarly cut off from the sea, has been satisfied with free-port privileges in Hamburg and that it was not necessary to detach Hamburg from Germany for this purpose. Moreover, the conference refused to allow a plebiscite in Danzig; it was created a Free City and made a part of the Polish customs system without the consent of its people.

In the same way the majority handed most of Posen and Pomerania (making up the Corridor) to Poland without seeking to establish by means of a plebiscite whether these areas were "indisputably Polish." As a matter of fact, the only districts in the Corridor that were granted plebiscites, Allenstein and Marienwerder, voted to remain German by majorities of 97.5 per cent and 92.8 per cent respectively. Upper Silesia was permitted to choose between Germany and Poland, but only after Lloyd George had succeeded by clever strategy and argument in wearing down the opposition of Wilson and Clemenceau. A plebiscite was held on March 12, 1921. It was preceded, however, by two military insurrections (engineered by Dmowski and led by Adalbert Korfanty in the hope of annexing Upper Silesia by force and thus confronting the Allies with a *fait accompli*) and by a veritable reign of terror designed to keep German sympathizers from the voting places. But despite the terrorism and notwithstanding the general assumption at the peace conference that Upper Silesia was unquestionably Polish, the plebiscite showed 707,393 votes for Germany and only 479,365 for Poland. According to Article 88 of the Treaty of Versailles a majority of the population was to decide to which country the province should belong. In clear violation of this article, the Allies discovered a minor technicality in another section of the treaty which they interpreted as giving them permission to divide the province and they allotted the pro-Polish voting districts to Poland. Before this could be arranged, however, a third Korfanty insurrection brought a solution which the Allies accepted. The regular and volunteer Polish troops took and held the eastern half of the province, including most of the mining and industrial properties, and this area was thereupon ceded to Poland without any ado whatever as to the legitimacy of the act. Adalbert Korfanty was primarily responsible for this Polish victory. He was recently rewarded for his patriotism by imprisonment in the fortress at Brest-Litovsk, whither he was sent by the once pro-German Pilsudski for having questioned the wisdom of Pilsudski's present anti-German policy in Upper Silesia.

Disregarding the conflicting Polish and German historic and ethnological claims to these territories, it must be conceded that an unqualified restoration of these lands to Germany would not solve the present difficulties between the two countries. The problem can only be met by an honest and thorough reexamination, coupled with a genuine desire, not only on the part of Germany, but also on the part of France, Poland, and their allies, to abide by the findings of that reexamination.

Until this is done there can be no hope for concrete improvement in the situation. It is not enough to say that the Germans should stop whining and complaining and should accept the penalties imposed upon them by the peace treaties. It is not enough, even granting that it were humanly possible, to tell the Germans to forget the grave economic problem created by the separation of East Prussia from Germany, the expropriation of the holdings of hundreds of thousands of Germans in Poland, the numerous irritating border incidents, the shameless neglect of the commercially important Vistula River, the suppression by terrorism of the German minorities. This might prove a workable solution if Poland herself were satisfied with the present arrangement. Clearly she is not. She wants more territory; her public leaders make no bones about their desire to annex Danzig, the whole of East Prussia, and the remainder of Upper Silesia. Propaganda and agitation with these ends in mind have lately been increasing in Poland. The propaganda is being spread along the frontiers and in East Prussia. It is openly tolerated, if not actually subsidized, by the Warsaw government. Some of the agitation is being carried forward by ostensibly disinterested writers and publicists, but more of it comes from the Polish Nationalist Association of the Western Marches and related organizations. These groups have undertaken what they describe as "the civil defense of the frontiers." More than 20,000 men have been organized, armed, and trained for warfare by the "civil defense." War games held by these groups have revealed their true purpose. In one set of maneuvers the capture of Marienwerder (which voted overwhelmingly for Germany) was the objective; at another time Western Upper Silesia was the goal. In addition the state police and the regular frontier guards maintain 25,000 men along the borders in readiness "for any emergency." Literature issued by these various groups keeps constantly before its members the thought that East Prussia and other German lands may some day be saved by Poland, and it repeatedly warns them to be prepared "for the next war against Germany."

In the several years that the Berlin government has been fighting for the rights of the German minorities, citing hundreds of cases of discrimination and oppression, the Polish authorities have been able to prove only a few cases of discrimination against Polish residents in Germany with which to offset the German case, and in all these cases it has been clearly established that erring or misguided individuals have been to blame. But today there are multiplying indications that this situation is changing, chiefly because of the growing German resentment of the Polish excesses, and herein lies the greatest menace to the peace of Europe. Following the November terrorism in Upper Silesia and the Corridor numerous German newspapers of nationalist inclinations called loudly for reprisals. The National Socialists in the Reichstag asked permission to form a volunteer corps of frontier guards "to prevent border incidents" and to "quell Polish excesses." Soon thereafter 200 armed fascists were seized near Breslau, not far from the Polish border, where they had gathered apparently with the intention of forming a frontier guard without the government's permission. In the Pomeranian district of Bütow 400 members of the Stahlhelm broke up a Polish children's festival, assaulted several persons, and damaged the Polish school. Similar attacks have been reported from other villages. Unfortunately, the rising tide of nationalism in Germany holds forth no promise of keeping this very recent development in check. If the provocations from across the border were to cease, the hotheaded nationalists in Germany could perhaps be restrained, but with Polish excesses continuing, these nationalist forces may provoke a border incident that will shake Europe.

At the moment the future looks dark. With the Pilsudski dictatorship riding roughshod over the Ukrainians, the Germans, and even over large groups of patriotic Poles who dare to disagree with Pilsudski, any small spark may set off a devastating explosion. Yet there is still time for Europe to take stock of the situation and turn to a consideration of remedial measures. Should Germany take the initiative in proposing a review of the peace treaties she would immediately arouse the most of Europe against her. Witness only the reaction of Europe to the Treviranus speeches of last September. The responsibility lies with France and the other defenders of the peace treaties.

Contributors to This Issue

GARDNER JACKSON is a Washington journalist until recently resident in Boston.

JOHN GUNTHER is correspondent in Central Europe and the Balkans for the Chicago *Daily News*.

STRINGFELLOW BARR is editor of the *Virginia Quarterly*.

LOUIS STANLEY, associate editor of the *New Leader*, has previously published in *The Nation* articles on Matthew Woll and on the Illinois miners.

SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK is the author of a book of poetry, "Winds from the Moon."

CARLETON BEALS was for many years a resident of Mexico.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER is professor of religion at Columbia University.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

LYLE W. COOPER is professor of economics at Marquette University.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

MERLE CURTI is associate professor of history at Smith College.

Mary Ware Dennett's Pamphlet
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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
LITERARY EDITOR
HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY CARL VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN MARK VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
NORMAN THOMAS
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

* Absent in Europe.

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WHEN IS A DOLE NOT A DOLE? Apparently when it pleases Mr. Hoover to make political capital out of the suffering of many hundreds of thousands of his countrymen. A Congressional fund to relieve the victims of drought and depression would be a dole; but a privately raised fund belatedly sponsored by the President is described as charity. Perhaps a constitutional lawyer or a philologist might be able to explain the difference between the two, but frankly we see none. We believe that a Senate dollar will buy just as much as a Red Cross dollar. We believe that a hungry Arkansas farmer will get precisely as much nourishment out of a meal provided for him by Congress as he will from food paid for by Mr. Hoover's "sound American tradition and spirit of voluntary aid." This very necessary relief work must be undertaken and the people themselves must bear the cost, whether they pay the bill through taxes or in the form of voluntary contributions. The essential thing is to get relief to the stricken districts, whether this be done by the Red Cross alone, by Congress acting upon its own initiative, or by both of these agencies working together. What we do object to is the dilatory attitude Mr. Hoover has shown toward the whole question of relief. Congress, or at least the Senate, wanted to provide this very necessary relief many weeks ago, but Mr. Hoover has just now been awakened to the existence of an emergency.

THE TEMPERAMENT OF MR. HOOVER is such, however, that he cannot act promptly when the time for action arrives, and so overwhelming is his desire for reelection in 1932 that when he finally does move he places political considerations before all else. The unemployment situation offers an excellent example. He sought to minimize the extent of the unemployment until the clamor of undeniable truth grew so loud that he was forced to appoint an employment committee to study the problem and to show that the President really was on his toes. The move proved an empty political gesture. What, one may ask, has this committee done? Where are the results of its studies? Where are its recommendations? Even its chairman admits that while the committee has been studying, unemployment has been growing. With regard to the relief question the story is repeated. Mr. Hoover's shamefaced apologists in Congress cried down the suggestion of a dole, laughed at the idea that suffering was widespread. Alone and almost unaided, Senator La Follette revealed the sham of their legal arguments and showed up the hollow pretense of their insistence that relief was not necessary. Armed with unassailable facts the Wisconsin Senator compelled Mr. Hoover to swallow the words of his apologists and admit that relief was needed. There followed his appeal for Red Cross funds, which was so worded as to make it appear that the emergency had only lately arisen and that the President had responded promptly and generously to the needs of that emergency, whereas in truth he had refused to act, had indeed blocked all action, until the facts hurled at him from the Senate by Mr. La Follette and others proved more than he could stand. As a result of it all, the Senate, by a vote of 56 to 27, added a rider to the Interior Department appropriation bill giving the Red Cross $25,000,000 for food and other supplies. Administration leaders in the House express doubt whether they can hold their adherents in line against the rider.

LESS MONEY AND NOT MORE, if the money takes the form of federal appropriations for public works, is the exhortation of a committee of the American Engineering Council which has been considering methods of relieving business depression. The committee particularly condemns the proposal of adding another billion dollars to what is already available. Any such addition to the vast sum appropriated by the United States, the States, municipalities, railways, utilities, and other private agencies, even if it could be made immediately available, would, in the opinion of the committee, "be of secondary and relatively minor importance as a cure for the present depression." Moreover, no matter how large the appropriation, "the rate of expenditure and consequently the time within which its beneficial effects can be realized" depends upon the organization facilities which the government has and upon "conformity to legal requirements, the preparation of plans and specifications, the selection and acquisition of sites, the letting of contracts, and the actual work of construction." The hard-boiled engineers conclude that it will "tax to the utmost" the ability of governmental agencies to use the amounts already appropriated "with sufficient promptness to materially relieve the present economic situation" in less than two or three years. The report will be a bitter pill for Mr. Hoover and the other proponents of salvation through public works.

EUROPEAN CRITICISM of the United States since the World War has never, or at least until just recently, been wholly sincere. There has always been a sneaking respect for that idol beloved of most Americans called prosperity. Our wealth and our seemingly limitless capacity for increasing that wealth placed us on a high pedestal, and most Europeans, whether they liked it or not, envied us our lofty position. Not so today, however. The economic crash has reduced us to the level of more common clay. Fortunately for us, the unreal fawning which marked much of European criticism before our prosperity has not been replaced entirely by gratuitous sneers of the Mussolini variety. A good deal of the new criticism has been honestly and helpfully analytical. It has sought to understand our difficulties and it has discovered, what has been known to most intelligent Americans, that public and big-business leadership in this country is bankrupt. Fritz Neisser, economic correspondent in New York for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has thoroughly explored this problem and has come to the same conclusion. In a recent dispatch to his newspaper he reviewed the attempts of the Hoover Administration to minimize the significance and extent of the depression, he revealed in brief but effective fashion the hopelessly feeble efforts of the government and big business to deal with the situation, and he closed with a devastating reference to Mr. Hoover's own confession that the whole problem must be left to work out itself. Herr Neisser has done a great service by revealing to Europe, which is said to be looking to the United States to lead it out of the depression, that neither the rulers of America nor Mr. Hoover can be depended upon to supply the necessary leadership.

FROM 1928-29 TO 1929-30 world cotton consumption declined by 653,000 bales, but world consumption of American cotton fell off by no less than 2,053,000 bales, consumption of other growths increasing by 1,400,000 bales, according to figures supplied by the International Cotton Federation. Students of the cotton situation declare that United States government stabilization operations have driven the cotton merchants largely out of the market, while mill men, in the face of unaccustomed marketing conditions, hesitate to buy except for immediate use. The government holds a huge stock of cotton as well as of wheat which hangs threateningly over the market. The pegged price of wheat at the same time is making it increasingly difficult to export flour, and the whole marketing situation is thrown into the utmost confusion. It is hard to see any but a political reason for continuation of a policy whose economic and financial results have already proved so disastrous.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is not altogether happy over the report of the St. Lawrence Power Commission. The commission recommends the creation of a Power Authority with the legal and financial powers necessary to negotiate with the federal government and Canada and to construct the power plant. It recommends that the Power Authority trustees arrange for the transmission and distribution of the power by existing utility companies under a carefully drawn contract. In a minority report former Lieutenant Governor Conway advocates equipping the Power Authority specifically "with authority for construction, maintenance, and operation of its own transmission lines and also of distributing systems so far as may be necessary." He also wants the exclusive right of the trustees to fix rates expressly embodied in the contract. The contract plan of utility control has its advantages, and in this case it would save the cost of building transmission lines, but it is hard to see that it will give the Power Authority effective rate control, and it will certainly not give the State such liberty in rate-making as would be possible under independent State transmission. The Niagara Hudson Company, with its widespread system of transmission lines, is in a position of great advantage for distributing the power cheaply, which fact seems to have led the majority of the commission to favor private transmission. If any contract is to be made, its conditions should be such as to assure the benefits of that cheapness to the consumer.

ON MARCH 13, 1930, the New York Appellate Division removed Magistrate Vitale from office on charges growing out of the famous dinner given to the Magistrate when a detective lost his pistol to a naughty hold-up man. Since that day in March three magistrates have resigned under fire, another has been relieved of his duties pending his trial for buying his job (which trial has just ended in a disagreement), the grand jury is still in session to complete its investigation of the conduct in office of another magistrate, a Supreme Court justice has disappeared without a trace, and various nasty facts have come to light about the procedure in the magistrates' courts during the trials of women accused of soliciting. At this point in the current annals of a Tammany-run New York, Mayor Walker is described as on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown and in imperative need of a long, long rest. If the Rockefeller Institute, which has been making a thorough examination of Mr. Walker's condition, finds his blood pressure so low that it would endanger his health to continue his work, we cannot question a disinterested scientific opinion. But it is all the more unfortunate for Mr. Walker, for surely no nervous breakdown was ever more ill-timed. The Mayor is reported to be determined not to seem to run away while certain sections of the city administration are under such a cloud. He may well hesitate. Nobody begrudges the Mayor of New York a vacation; nobody wants Mr. Walker to work if his health demands that he rest. But the matter would have worn a better face if he had appeared to take the New York scandals a little more seriously instead of consistently minimizing them almost to the point of denying their existence.

EUROPEAN STATESMEN have again strikingly demonstrated their adherence to the strange belief that effective peace machinery can be built upon fear and suspicion. At the moment these statesmen are at work on M. Briand's plan for creating a United States of Europe. We understood that the plan was designed to bring the several nations of Europe into some sort of union in the interest of economic and political peace. As we rather naively saw it, the goal could be attained only by tactful and sincere cooperation. This view now appears to have been incorrect. A European union, according to the evidence on display in Geneva, is obviously more readily to be had by suspecting one's neighbor's motives or by playing on his fears. Thus were Russia and Turkey barred from the deliberations, although the technical ground given was their lack of membership in the League of Nations. At the recent Geneva session Germany and Italy joined in asking that Russia and Turkey, important European countries, be invited to take part in the negotiations. One might have supposed that Briand, father of the plan for a United States of Europe, would have given this request his most earnest consideration. Instead, he hastened to voice his suspicion that Italy and Germany, acting together as they did, were engaged in some deep-dyed plot aimed at France. He directly charged Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany with having forsaken France for Italy. He demanded that Curtius explain the meaning of this move. And the wonder of it all is that Briand is still confident of getting somewhere with his United States of Europe idea.

EXPOSURE by a League of Nations commission of an officially sponsored slave system in Liberia, coupled with Secretary Stimson's criticism of the officials responsible, has had immediate results. It has focused attention on the whole slavery problem, which in its turn promises to lead to definite action at Geneva. More encouraging, so far as Liberia itself is concerned, is the proposal for the correction of the Liberian situation set forth in an article by Raymond Leslie Buell in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Mr. Buell is an authority on certain African problems. His book, "The Native Problem in Africa," has been credited with being directly responsible for the League's report on Liberia. Reviewing the situation, he comes to the conclusion that the United States and the League should cooperate in remedying Liberian conditions. He recalls the success of the League in supervising Austrian and Hungarian financial affairs, but urges in the case of Liberia that the proposed supervision be extended to include education, health, public works, and native agricultural development. The reconstruction, Mr. Buell suggests, cannot be carried out unless the United States is willing to make some sacrifices. The program will call for an examination into the relations between the Firestone interests and the Liberian government, in which the Firestone loan, placing an "onerous interest burden" on Liberia, plays an important part. State Department officials, surprisingly enough, look with some favor upon the Buell proposal.

THE VESTAL COPYRIGHT BILL, which was passed by the House of Representatives on January 13, is not an entirely satisfactory measure, since it still continues some absurd restrictions on the importation of foreign books, but it nevertheless registers a notable advance in the legal protection which it accords to American authors, playwrights, artists, and composers. Under the present law, copyright protection runs for twenty-eight years with the privilege of extension for a similar period. The Vestal bill makes copyright automatically effective upon the creation of a work, and extends the protection for the author's lifetime and fifty years thereafter. It further permits the creator of a work to divide his copyright, as the present law does not, and to convey full legal title to the purchaser of serial, motion-picture, translation, or other rights. At the present time such rights may be reserved by the author or relinquished to him by the publisher or producer, but the full copyright protection still inheres in the first publisher or producer of the work. The bill has the further advantage of facilitating the entrance of the United States into the International Copyright Union, thereby giving the holder of an American copyright full legal protection, without further formalities, in the thirty or more countries that are members of the union. As American membership in the union must be accepted not later than August 1 next, every effort should be made to secure favorable action on the bill by the Senate before that time.

AFTER A BARE SIX MONTHS of organized war against the theater-ticket speculators in New York City, the League of New York Theaters has decided, at least for the present, to give up the ship. Harlow D. Savage, executive secretary, resigned on January 13. Dr. Henry Moskowitz, adviser to the league, announced that its affairs would be cleaned up and that its next program would include the study of stage censorship. Presumably the good old days are already back again, hardly any tickets for good shows will be on sale at the box offices, and would-be theatergoers are to have the privilege of paying a speculator anywhere from $5 up for $3.50 seats. When the New York public gets tired of paying exorbitant prices to see a play, it will stop paying those prices. When tickets can no longer be sold at a price far in advance of what is marked up over the box-office window, the price will go down. Meanwhile, in a bad season, the producers can only pray that with the old system of a "buy"—whereby a speculator pays cash in advance of opening for a large block of seats for six weeks or so—business will improve. When it is recalled that the League of New York Theaters was organized because business was so bad, the chances for improvement are not too bright.

BY THE DEATH OF ALLEN JOHNSON, editor of the "Dictionary of American Biography," who was struck by an automobile and fatally injured on January 18 in Washington, American letters suffers a severe loss. Mr. Johnson had been professor of history at Yale when he resigned to take over the editorship of the dictionary, but it was for his admirable work as editor of the "Chronicles of America" that the Council of Learned Societies made him their choice in 1926 to record American biography. He had been in communication with scholars all over the country; this acquaintanceship served him well in his new post, and he insisted besides, not only that the articles be written by the best available person, but that they be well written as well as accurate and complete. The volumes of the dictionary which have appeared so far have been not only admirable in content and tone but have made really interesting reading. All the more pity, therefore, that Mr. Johnson cannot continue the work that was being carried on so well. It will go on, of course, with a new editor and with the help of an able and hard-working staff. And one of their saddest duties will be to include Mr. Johnson's own biography.

A Party for the People

THE Republican Party is the party of privilege. Its weaker twin, the hybrid Democratic organization, differs from the G.O.P. only in that its desire to become the party of privilege has never been satisfied. It is willing to sell its soul at any time for the financial favors big business has to bestow on its political servants, as was pointedly shown in the Alton B. Parker campaign of 1904 and as has recently been revealed once more in the tilt between John J. Raskob, principal owner of the Democratic Party, and Frank Kent, defender of the Hoover faith. Essentially there is no difference between these two major parties except that the bankers and business men have found the Republicans more dependable.

The owners of the two major parties get what they want because they have the immense power that wealth confers upon them; because they are articulate, controlling as they do most of the press, the radio, the movies, and other machinery that molds public opinion, and because they understand the value of organization. They get what they want, but how about the ten million farmers, the three or four millions of organized workers (most of whom are decidedly not satisfied with the scraps the American Federation of Labor can wheedle out of big business by its compromising and groveling attitude), the many more millions of unorganized wage-earners, and the still other extensive groups of small business men, shopkeepers, clerical workers, professional people, and domestics? There is nothing whatever to indicate that they derive any immediate benefits from the governmental activities of the two major parties. The indirect benefits that come down to them are at best only incidental. These cannot be disregarded as having no value, but the vast classes of inarticulate persons must accept them exactly as they are received. They have no control over the nature or extent of these indirect benefits, because their political representatives work, not for them, but for the big-business owners of the political parties.

There is, for example, the plight of the farmers. In the 1928 campaign the Republicans vaguely promised them assistance through tariff manipulation and by other means. What happened? A tariff bill was passed that went through the meaningless gesture of protecting American farm products but at the same time raised the rates on many things the farmers must buy. A Federal Farm Board was established, and this organization is now in the process of gambling away $500,000,000 of the taxpayers' money in the vain hope of bolstering up grain prices. But instead of grain prices being held up they have fallen far below the 1928 levels, and hundreds of thousands of farmers are in want or near the point of starvation as a result of their faith in Republican promises.

What have the other unrepresented classes to expect? One may look to the power interests for one answer. The power trust is in control in Washington. Its control is not complete, but it has the White House, which is essential. It can hardly be said that the power trust is interested in lowering the cost of electricity to the small householders and shopkeepers. Indeed, its activities look the other way, toward higher rates and increased protection for its profits and dividends. Another answer comes in connection with what President Hoover has or rather has not done to relieve or assist the workers in the present crisis. He asked a few business men not to cut wages, but they, the owners of the Republican Party, have been doing it under one guise or another ever since. What more could have been expected from a President who believes that any reasonable move toward helping the victims of the depression constitutes "playing politics at the expense of human misery"? But the most discouraging answer is the success the party leaders have had in selling the prosperity myth to the public.

It has become accepted theory that unless business is prosperous the rest of the country cannot prosper. Hence all the other economic groups, who do not directly share in the dividends of big business, must do nothing whatever, and most particularly must they refrain from attempting to advance their own interests, lest business be disturbed. It is not that the other groups do not want prosperity, but that they ought to have it on terms that will provide for more equitable distribution of its costs and benefits. This they cannot have unless they are given some voice in the shaping of conditions that make for prosperity. At present business interests are considered first in this connection, and the other groups are thought of, if at all, only in passing. What do we find the two major parties advocating in this unprecedented era of Hooverized depression? Simple and in the larger sense meaningless remedies that will tide us over (or at least the more fortunate of us) until prosperity returns. "Rugged individualism" must be preserved in the interest of the rugged individuals. Nothing must be done to disturb business. "Economic wounds must be healed," according to Mr. Hoover, by "the producers and consumers themselves." Not a single suggestion has come from either of the two parties looking toward any sort of social planning that might help us overcome the most glaring and unnecessary defect in our economic structure, that of recurrent periods of depression, or any of its many other deficiencies. The rugged individual can build up huge reserves against hard times, but how about the factory worker, the stenographer, the bookkeeper, the tenant farmer, the small householder? They must live off their savings, such as they are, or go prowling for food in the streets.

These great classes of producers cannot escape their fate by clinging to the two old parties. They must realize that their primary interests are not only distinct from, but directly in conflict with, the interests of the owners and managers of the major parties. They must organize in defense of their interests. They must, in short, become class conscious. This is the task to which the progressive and radical leaders of the country should address themselves. They must awaken these great classes to the realization that the Republicans and Democrats, and their financial masters, are opposed to them on every public question of the day. Until this is done there is small hope of launching an independent political movement that will give these classes a voice in the government at least equal to that of big business.

Pity the Poor Reds

PITY the poor Communists in America. Representative Fish, chairman of the red-hunting committee (called red-herring committee in Washington), has just had at them to the extent of 30,000 words. His revelations are startling, world-shaking, his conclusions and recommendations no less so. His report proves conclusively and apparently for the first time (or is it really the first time?) that there are a number of persons in this world who call themselves Communists and that some of these persons are at work in the United States. The report goes further and establishes beyond fear of successful contradiction that the reds do not like capitalism, that they abhor the present form of the United States government, and that they want to see the current political and economic show wiped out by a world revolution. This is, indeed, astounding and unexpected news.

Nevertheless, the report does have some value, perhaps not for the average American citizen, but certainly for the "Masters of Moscow" and their humbly obedient slaves in this land of rugged individuals. The next time Mr. Stalin calls one of his American agents to Moscow to reprove him for stalling on the job, the agent can simply hand him a copy of the Fish report. It offers the most eloquent rebuttal to the Comintern's ceaseless criticism of the ineffectiveness of American communism that has come within our ken in many a day.

Moscow may think there are only ten or twelve thousand Communists in this country, but Mr. Fish's committee has found that "there are possibly 500,000 or 600,000 Communists and active sympathizers in the United States." Moscow may be impatient because its representatives here are producing no tangible results, but Mr. Fish has learned that the Communists constitute a "real threat" among the "textile workers, clothing, garment, and needle workers, fur workers, food workers, shoe and leather workers, coal miners, metal workers, lumberjacks, building trades, and marine workers, and to a lesser degree among employees in rubber factories, and in automobile and automobile-body plants." Nor does Mr. Fish ignore the Communist press. He lists by name and gives the circulation of each of the red dailies, weeklies, and monthlies in the United States. He also reveals the names of the various red labor and fraternal organizations. It is all a very realistic and impressive review of Communist activities in this country. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* of Moscow can certainly use this material to convince the doubting Thomases at home that the world revolution is making deep inroads in the most capitalistic country on earth.

Mr. Fish has made a number of other notable discoveries too numerous to mention here. We refer those sufficiently curious to the report itself. It makes interesting, if not particularly enlightening, reading. While Mr. Fish may really have been seeking to convert Congress by the imposing array of facts and figures, partly stale and partly imaginary, that he has jammed into his rèport, we feel that he has also used the data contained therein as a vehicle for transferring the fight against communism from the plane of politics and economics to that of religious fear and racial prejudice. Mr. Fish gratuitously refers to the fathers of communism, Marx and Engels, as "two apostate Jews," thus slyly suggesting not only a non-American origin, but that communism was founded by two men who were traitors to their religion. The report states that the movement is largely in the hands of persons "of Jewish origin"; that its followers are aliens who "speak English with an accent, if at all," and that it advocates mixed marriages. Mr. Fish declares "hatred of God and all forms of religion" to be the first goal of communism and by quoting Matthew Woll, the renegade labor leader, he implies that Communists have no sense of ethics and therefore presumably are not to be trusted.

It was inevitable that Mr. Fish should ask that these ungodly and untrustworthy persons be driven from the country. If Mr. Fish would now devote as much energy and devotion to the task of driving out the causes that produce communism, we should not only forgive him his stupid and perhaps dangerous effort to stir up religious, racial, and class hatred against the Communists, and his waste of thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money in "discovering" facts that have long been known to all newspaper readers, but we should also hasten to acclaim him for having courage to undertake a task so shamefully abandoned by the Herbert Hoovers, Charlie Schwabs, Owen Youngs, Joe Robinsons, and Jim Watsons of this country.

The Indian Conference

THE practical results of the Indian Round Table Conference are probably best summed up in the report of the committee on federal structure given out by Lord Sankey on January 12. The complete text is not yet available but according to cabled reports it is a delicately balanced composition of which the main theme and countertheme may be stated as follows: Responsibility for the federal government of India will in future rest upon the Indians themselves, ***subject to certain special reservations.*** The report goes on to outline the form and functions of the new constitution, and though lack of space prevents any detailed examination here, certain important points may be cited as indicating its general burden. Executive power is to be vested in the viceroy. He will appoint a prime minister who will choose his own cabinet. Ministers may retain office, however, only with the confidence of the legislature. Administration, financial and otherwise, of the army and foreign affairs is left entirely in the hands of the viceroy; the Indians are to have control over internal finance; but the viceroy may intervene when the credit of India seems to him likely to be prejudiced in the world money market. Finally, wide powers are available to the viceroy through his veto over legislation and by reason of such reservations as the following: ". . . in certain specified situations which may arise outside the sphere of these subjects [the army and foreign relations] the Governor General must be at liberty to act on his own responsibility and must be given the powers necessary to implement his decisions"; "in the event of a breakdown of the constitution adequate powers will have to be vested in the Governor General for the purpose of enabling the King's Government to be carried on."

So much for London. What about India itself? The Congress Party led by Mahatma Gandhi is, according to the Simon report, the strongest political power in India. It was not represented at the conference. At present it is an outlaw organization with at least 30,000 adherents in jail. Yet its activities—the boycott, the no-tax campaign, the civil-disobedience movement in general—are certainly not decreasing either in volume or intensity. It is obvious to anyone who has kept in touch with the Indian press that the Congress Party can cripple the working out of any British scheme of government if it so chooses. That it will choose to do just that to the Round Table report as it now stands is a foregone conclusion.

Here is an impossible situation. Practically, the British must either break the power of Gandhi or obtain the co-operation of the Congress Party in framing the new constitution for India. The first alternative seems entirely beyond achievement. The second seems almost as hopeless as the first—but not quite. In London, on January 15, Lord Sankey in presenting his report said this, among other things:

> There is a story in our Bible that wise men came from the East. I see many sitting at this table. But there are many still left in India whose opinion and whose assistance is necessary to complete the work of this conference and to start the future government of India on proper and safe lines.

It is obvious that his words refer to Gandhi and the Congress Party. Moreover, persistent rumors have indicated that many of the Round Table delegates, British as well as Indian, realize that Gandhi's support must be obtained if any new constitution is to succeed. To that end various delegates urged both publicly and in private that all political prisoners in British India, including Gandhi, be released from prison. It is further suggested that the Round Table Conference be resumed in India and that Gandhi, having been released, be invited to attend. Prime Minister MacDonald, in closing the conference, took note of the first suggestion and promised amnesty, but only on condition that the civil-disobedience campaign cease—a condition which Gandhi would certainly refuse.

It has been said over and over again in London since the conference opened that the British at last realize that India must eventually govern herself. If it is true that Great Britain has undergone, if not the idealistic "change of heart" that Gandhi has so long and so often demanded, at least a change of mind based on consideration of British-Indian trade figures since the boycott began, it could find no better way of indicating that change than by an act of amnesty. But it must be unconditional. Only then would it furnish tangible proof which Gandhi and his followers might honorably accept that the British raj has a heart as well as a bankbook, that it can and will keep its promises, and that "safeguards" are not merely a device for keeping power. On such a basis negotiations might proceed with more faith on both sides.

Governments are notoriously shortsighted, and there is perhaps little likelihood that anything either so generous or so practical will take place, but it is to be hoped that by some such move Great Britain may make it possible for India to have her freedom and yet be spared a revolution even more disastrous to life and trade than the one now going on.

About the World

NEGLECTED by book-review departments for forty-six years, "The World Almanac," of which the 1931 edition is lately off the press, is one of the most fascinating volumes this side of Ripley's "Believe It or Not," which in fact it resembles. In a smallish book easily held in the hand are assembled 948 pages printed in six-point type which put to shame the compendiums of week-end reading so popular with our publishers.

It would be impossible even to hint at the riches which this amazing book contains. Take the letter "A," for example; look up a few of the 300-odd items, and you will have information on the following subjects: Absolute Zero; Academic Doctors' Hoods, Colors of; Acids, Corrosive, Treatment for; Actors and Actresses, Favorite; Adam, What Language Did He Speak; Admirals, Rear, U. S. Navy; Afghanistan; Agua Caliente Races; Alaska, Altitudes in; Alcohol, Production and Consumption of; Alfred B. Nobel Prize Winners; American Academy of Arts and Letters; Anniversaries, Wedding; Apple Tree and Its Leaves; Ascension; Ash Wednesday; Automobiles on Farms, Number of; Azerbaijan, U. S. S. R.

Nor is this a mere dry-as-dust notation of names, places, heights, and lengths. A little research brings out the interesting fact that although the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World have been added to by fourteen others that are placed all the way from Rome to Angkor, not one as yet is credited to the United States, or even, indeed, to the Western Hemisphere. However, in a long list of memorable dates, beginning with the Deluge in 4,000 B.C., we have the following item, nearly at the end:

> Late in October (1929) the prices of stocks began to go downward. . . . Thousands of speculators were ruined, scores killed themselves, and the whole course of life was changed for the losers in one of the greatest stock-gambling movements in modern times. . . . President Hoover appointed committees . . . vast sums were pledged . . . toward increasing employment and thereby quickening all forms of legitimate business.

The United States thus bears its share of memorable catastrophes if not of marvels. Let us note briefly the following items: Of eighty-six political assassinations listed since 1865 fifty-two occurred after the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo, or about 60 per cent in sixteen of the sixty-five years. The largest lighthouse in the United States is the White Shoal Lighthouse in Michigan, with 3,000,000 candle power; the largest in the world is the Cabo Sao Vicente light in Portugal, with 55,000,000 candle power. Of $150,000 in expense money paid to President Wilson in six years he spent only $91,662; of $125,000 paid President Coolidge in five years he spent $114,529. The fastest speed ever recorded by a pigeon in a race was 3,317 yards a minute, or only 203 yards less than two miles. Ambergris is a fatty substance found in the intestinal tract of diseased whales.

There may be citizens of the United States to whom all this information is well known; there may be others who do not want to know it. But for the vast body of us it is interesting, not to say instructive. Long life to "The World Almanac" for giving it to us.

Can Germany Pay?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

St. Moritz, January 2

CAN Germany pay the reparations demanded of her and her debt to the United States? Of course, Germany can. A pound of flesh can always be had if there is no convenient law or trick to prevent, or the debtor does not perish. If the Allies and the United States insist, Germany can be made to pay in the course of generations, even if its government takes advantage of the moratorium provided under the Young Plan—as it probably will. But the question which the nations involved should put to themselves today is not Can Germany pay? but Should Germany pay? Can they afford to let Germany pay them at the cost of further introducing into the currents of world trade an unnatural factor which beyond doubt has had its share in causing and prolonging the present world-wide industrial crisis? Can they permit Germany to pay them at a cost of still lower standards of living, of enlarging the risk of German economic collapse, of inviting revolution and chaos, of arousing a bitterer spirit of resentment and a hatred of those who are helping to force Germany into its present straits?

Yes, Germany can pay, and you will find foreign observers in Berlin, official and unofficial, who will undertake to prove it to you in marks and pfennigs. They scoff at the idea that it cannot, and declare that "if Germany gets away with this it will get away with anything." First of all they point to the totally unnecessary naval expenditures, including the latest appropriation for beginning a second "pocket battleship." The ships now built or building could not protect Germany at all and are therefore merely a concession to national pride and to the nationalistic desire to keep in existence a nucleus of ships and men for a future large navy. Then there are the military expenditures. They can well be cut—they have been steadily increased—especially if the Reichswehr be regarded, as it should be, merely as a national police force and not as an army for foreign wars—which it cannot be without tanks, heavy cannon, a huge fleet of airplanes, and poison gases. So far I am entirely with the critics. Here much money could be saved; but only the German pacifists and a few enlightened economists and editors are for it. Suggest such a thing—as I repeatedly have done—to the ordinary German and he recoils in horror. To him it means throwing Germany open to Polish invasion; even the fleet is eloquently defended upon that ground of the Polish menace.

But other cuts in German federal expenditure? They are neither as easily suggested nor as practical—in many cases they are open to grave question. The critics dwell upon the fact that the city of Berlin has just opened a marvelous new museum costing millions, which was ten years in building; that Berlin and many other municipalities have established since the war new parks, new municipal bathing places, great stadia for athletics, like the one at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and all sorts of recreation grounds, besides putting up model municipal apartment houses to accommodate at least four million people. Cynical foreigners cite the fact that the federal, state, and municipal theaters in Germany are run today at an annual deficit so huge that journalists are asked not to print it and it has not appeared in the German press. It runs into many, many millions of marks, quite a percentage of the annual cash tribute to the Allies. Belgian and French observers note these things and say: "That money is rightfully ours."

They are on much safer ground when they declare that if Germany increased its inheritance taxes to, say, the English level, it would largely increase its revenues and help to wipe out the remaining inequalities in wealth—there are still two thousand admitted millionaires in Germany. These advocates of exacting the pound of flesh also call attention to the fact that despite the bad times the dividends of 142 German companies recently studied by a Berlin banking house have decreased only from 6.57 per cent in 1929 to 6.26 per cent in 1930. This is to them proof that German industry is neither overtaxed nor overburdened. So is the fact that the Rheinmetall-Gesellschaft, with its gross income reduced from 56,000,000 to 45,000,000 marks, has none the less increased its charges for depreciation from 2,430,000 to 4,080,000 marks, and is still able to report a net of 1,920,000 marks as against 1,810,000 marks in the previous year. The directors of the Gutehoffnungshütte have just increased its dividend rate from 7 to 10 per cent. One single family, the Hamels, owners of two-thirds of the stock, received no less than 6,000,000 marks as against a beggarly 4,200,000 marks the year before—but one does not hear of any bonuses or exceptionally high wages for the workers of the concern.

Next the critics have seized upon a remarkable article by the Minister of Finance, Hermann Dietrich, which recently appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt,* entitled The Transfer Mechanism—an article hastily disavowed two days after publication. It seems that Herr Dietrich had promised an article to the *Tageblatt,* which received this one with his name attached and promptly printed it. Immediately it was explained that Herr Dietrich had not written it, that it was a memorandum prepared for him by some subordinate which the Finance Minister had not even seen. It was further declared that this memorandum presented only a one-sided view of the reparations payments. But the mischief had been done. The article was eagerly seized upon as showing that the necessary transfers under the Young Plan can all be made without disturbing trade; that there are automatic compensations and international financial readjustments which will easily take care of any situation that may arise. "There, you see," the cry went up, "the Reich's Finance Minister admits that the Young payments can readily be made without disturbance at home or abroad." To which the answer is that in the article itself it is stated that the mechanism described in it "must not be overloaded," and that if there should be a complete withdrawal of foreign credits the economic life of Germany would at once be "entirely paralyzed"; there would be a complete collapse of the whole internal banking and credit system and of the public finances. Elsewhere in this article there is reference to the immediately depressing effect upon the financial and economic situation of any home political development which might create anxiety or distrust abroad.

That there is room for further reforms than those embodied in the Brüning sanitation measures, just agreed to by the Reichstag after their proclamation by the President, is perfectly true. For example, the German government is by no means always efficient in the conduct of some of its multitudinous businesses. Thus, the Deutsche Werke in Kiel, a government concern, has just incurred a loss of 10,000,000 marks through faulty construction of two large ships built on order for a Norwegian shipping company. Arbitrators have decided that the ships must be taken back and that the German government must pay 6,000,000 marks to the Norwegians. The total loss will go to 10,000,000. One hears the same complaint among big business men here as in the United States—that when the government begins competing with private industry the losses and waste are great and the injury done to private enterprises serious. A writer in the *Tageblatt* declares that in certain of these government concerns the losses will run to many millions; that the government has tried making motor cars, windows, sashes, doors, and machinery of all sorts, always with losses and always hastily changing from one thing to another. Here again, critics say, a lot could be saved toward reparations.

The German League for Human Rights has still another and a most admirable suggestion for improving the condition of German finances—not, of course, because it wishes the reparations payments to continue, but because it wishes to aid in the solution of the terrible economic crisis. It urges the immediate lowering of all the German protective tariffs. One of the many grave derelictions to be laid at the doors of the Social Democrats is that they have connived at and aided in the development of the existing tariffs, which raise the cost of living to every German and, precisely as in the United States, take the form of special privilege for certain classes. In a notable address before the league on November 21, Dr. R. R. Kuczynski, well known in the United States as a statistical expert and a lecturer at the Robert Brookings Graduate School in Washington, D. C., pointed out some facts in regard to the working of the agricultural tariffs. He showed that the great agrarian interests, notably in East Prussia (which has really governed Germany for as long as our protected manufacturers have run our government), have received large government subventions and tax exemptions in addition to the high tariffs they demanded. These favors have annually cost the city consumers "several billions of marks." But the farming industry declares today that despite all this it is worse off than ever, that all these measures have helped not at all. Yet a ton of rye which could be bought last summer outside of Germany for 60 marks cost 180 marks in Germany—a gift by the government, through its tariff, of no less than *120 marks per ton* to each and every grower of rye. Similarly the coal syndicate charges 16.89 marks per ton at home and is now seeking to market coal abroad at 10 to 12.50 marks per ton. These are but two of many examples.

But granted the overwhelming benefits which abolition of tariffs would confer upon Germany, our question remains: Should Germany, even if aided by changes in fiscal policy and by more economical administration, still be compelled to pay the reparations?

My answer is, No. This is not because of a desire to see Germany wriggle out of obligations solemnly entered into; from the beginning I have felt that Germany ought to pay a reasonable and just amount for the actual destruction in France and Belgium. After studying the German situation at first hand for the last four months, my reasons for now believing more than ever in the desirability of canceling the reparations and debts are these:

1. While, as stated above, reparations are not a major cause of the present economic depression they are contributory, and they place Germany in the predicament of having to meet the world-wide crisis with this extra burden of approximately $500,000,000 a year in payments to the conquerors.

2. There is a limit beyond which no people can, in humanity, be depressed in their standard of living, and the bulk of the German people have reached that limit, with 3,750,000 registered unemployed and an additional multitude in the classes which do not resort to the public registry offices to seek the dole. Today no fewer than 16,600,000 Germans have an *annual income of less than 600 marks, or $150.*

3. If the German people are still further depressed economically there will inevitably come fiercer internal political conflicts, more and more rioting for food, and the strengthening of all the reactionary elements, especially the National Socialists, with probably a dictatorship to follow. It is all very well to tell a people to give up their museums, their parks, their theaters. But these are safety valves; they give the people something to live by, some intellectual stimulus, something to keep them from despairing. The cities must offer more to their inhabitants if only to offset the horrible depression caused by the unemployment, the bareness, and the hardships, the almost hopeless situation which every young German faces when he enters upon his business or professional career.

4. A disorganized Germany means a disorganized Europe, and a disorganized Europe means an economically maladjusted and depressed world, including the United States. So serious is the existing crisis that only shortsightedness amounting to criminal folly will counsel any policy which even remotely threatens the collapse of Germany.

5. The psychological effect of the canceling of reparations and debts upon the mentality of all Europe would be incalculable. In Germany it would go far to insure political stability, even if the direct economic results proved—as they would—not to be so great as the average German expects. It would stimulate trade, reassure capital, and stop its flight to Switzerland, Sweden, and Holland. It would give a breath of life to an all but perishing people which has just come through the sorriest Christmas since the war.

6. In good-will alone, wiping out the reparations would pay all the creditor nations in dollars and cents, and most particularly the United States. How many billions is the world losing annually by the present economic depression? Any sacrifices toward stopping the present fearful loss and the waste of the unemployed millions of workers will be money well expended.

As long as the reparations burdens continue, so long will Germany regard the rest of the world with the bitterness of one who feels himself gravely discriminated against. The German people are not unaware that since their representatives signed the Young Plan the changed financial situation, because of the depreciation of gold, is compelling them to pay actually some 12 per cent more than they agreed to. It must not be forgotten that there has arisen a new generation in Germany which has no memory of the war, or only the vaguest; that these young men and women feel it to be a crime that they should be compelled to pay for the sins of a government dead twelve years, for a war in the making and waging of which they had no part whatever. The American public must not overlook the fact that it is precisely from this section of the German population that the National Socialists are drawing large numbers of recruits.

The enthusiasm of German youth for Hitler and his motley following is in considerable measure due to the fact that vague as their program is—it is as full of platitudes and glittering generalities as most of the speeches of Theodore Roosevelt and William J. Bryan—it is at least a program. And it conjures up a picture of a freed Germany, again mistress of its own house. German boys and girls are today craving leadership as perhaps never before. If they are to be driven permanently into the camp of the Hitlerites, it will be an ominous thing for Europe and the world for several generations to come—if Europe survives. It will inevitably mean the awakening of that fierce aggressive nationalistic spirit which French politicians say they gravely fear, and are doing all they can to produce—a spirit not existent in Germany immediately after the war and one far from controlling there today.

Germany wants peace. I called a couple of weeks ago upon a high financial authority in Berlin—one who still holds high office and wields great power. I wanted to talk finance with him, but he only wanted to talk *peace* with me. "Why can we not have peace in Europe? Why will not America now insist upon disarmament, a final settlement of the war issues, and of all the financial questions? As long as these things continue there will be and can be no peace in Europe, no security, no happiness. We are drifting steadily toward a new war and a catastrophe. Yet we Germans are absolutely desirous of peace—as we have just shown again in Geneva with no success and little support."

I repeat: Against this drift to chaos and misery every possible brake should be applied, and none could be so potent psychologically as the settlement of the reparations problem. It is the capitalist system which is on trial, which is at stake. If the capitalist governments continue to rule Europe as incredibly badly as they have done and are now doing, and Russia succeeds in her communist experiment, Moscow will not only be knocking at the gates of Berlin in a dozen years, as Professor Calvin Hoover wrote in the October issue of *Harper's Magazine*, it will be leveling every gate in Europe. Talk of the menace of Russian dumping! Why, that is but a speck upon the horizon compared with the state of bitterness, of fear, of anxiety, of armament rivalry, and of trade warfare through protective tariffs, yes, the state of international anarchy which constitutes today what men call Europe.

The German statesman was right. Why does not America act? Why does not Mr. Hoover vision that before him lies today a most glorious opportunity to reestablish America in the position of moral leader of the world which it for a time held? Mr. Hoover! *Mr. Hoover!* Fate surely dealt the world a tragic blow when it placed him in the White House in this hour of extremest danger.

A Washington Honor Roll

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 17

ONLY a mining engineer could dig a hole as deep as the one into which our beloved President has finally got himself over the issue of drought relief. Observe his predicament and explain it if you can. Here is a man whose rise in politics is due almost solely to his success in persuading the government to appropriate millions for charity to be dispensed by him in foreign countries. And here, as President of the United States, we find him locking horns with Congress on the question of appropriating for the relief of suffering in his own country a sum which amounts to about one-and-one-half times the cost of modernizing one battleship! A larger sum was refunded this week to a single rich taxpayer. From Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri, and a dozen other States come harrowing descriptions of women and children herded into schoolhouses to keep warm, of families existing on four dollars a month, of bread lines, soup kitchens, and God knows what other pitiful makeshifts against starvation; while the Great Humanitarian stubbornly insists that a government loan of $15,000,000 to feed starving Americans is repugnant to his principles. It is fantastic that a man of Hoover's record should have raised such an issue. It is incredible that anyone with the political experience of a precinct committeeman could contrive to get on the wrong side of such an issue. Of course, Mr. Hoover never had the political experience of a precinct committeeman, but what of his celebrated humane instincts? Alas, it seems they are reserved for that small but worthy class made up of the 511 individuals who in 1928 paid taxes on an aggregate net income of $1,108,000,000. Any adequate relief program would necessitate an increase in the taxes of the impecunious 511, which, to a humane Administration, is out of the question. In other words—why add to the existing destitution?

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EACH passing day magnifies the need of an extra session of Congress. About six weeks of the present session remain. No candid person contends that this is adequate for the consideration of matters that require it. It is not adequate even for the proper scrutiny of routine appropriation bills. The very business interests that are supposed to dread an extra session are clamoring for legislation that would consume months of hard work. The railroads are demanding regulation of buses and pipe-lines. The timber, manganese, oil, and communications industries are yelling their heads off for Congressional attention. And, of course, over and above all this there remain Muscle Shoals, the Wagner unemployment bills, the "lame-duck" amendment, and the anti-injunction measure. Seldom has there been such legislative congestion or such an imperative demand for prolonged and intensive legislative action. The "business man's" widely advertised fear of a special session is, in my opinion, largely a myth. Business men habitually curse Congress in an abstract, impersonal way, but at bottom they have much confidence in its collective wisdom and experience, and they have almost none in Mr. Hoover's. A similar state of mind exists among Democratic leaders and is responsible for their determination to adjourn March 4. Confidently believing that the President if left alone for nine months would succeed only in making bad conditions worse, they are resolved not to let him avail himself of the old familiar Presidential excuses, "Congressional interference" and "Senate obstruction." A similar motive can be detected among the Old Guard. Realizing that the renomination of Hoover in 1932 probably will mean Republican defeat, they desire to give him enough rope to hang himself so thoroughly that he will recognize the inevitable and step aside for—well, Dwight Morrow, perhaps. If Mr. Hoover knew his stuff he would be demanding a special session.

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IT is no accident that the propaganda mill of the power trust is grinding at high speed these days. It is no inadvertence when selected radio speakers fill the air with the old discredited lies about the Ontario's famous Hydro and other publicly operated systems. Despite the fact that Hoover's in the White House and Wilbur's in the Interior Department, all is not well in the world of the "power boys." And their alarm is warranted. Now that such great constitutional authorities as the Washington *Star* and the Providence *Journal* have decided that the Senate had no legal right to recall the confirmation of George Otis Smith, Marcel Garsaud, and Claude L. Draper of the Power Commission, some may regard that particular issue as closed. Perhaps the superannuated reporters and copyreaders who serve as legal experts on so many of our metropolitan editorial pages may be presumed to have more knowledge on the subject than Tom Walsh, Norris, Borah, Bratton, Wagner, George, and the rest of the forty-four Senators whose number includes the chairman and a majority of the Judiciary Committee and three or four former justices of State supreme courts. But the issue is not closed. Thanks to the indecent haste of the commissioners in dismissing two faithful officials and to the blundering of President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur (who is the man immediately behind this business), the public is at last awake to the nature and importance of the power question. The flood of letters pouring in on Senators who voted for the recall shows how quick and complete the awakening has been. Talk about the Senate invading the President's prerogative is a smoke screen. As to that point, the Constitution expressly gives the Senate power to make its own rules, and it is not denied that it acted within its rules. The contention that the unauthorized action of the executive clerk in notifying the President before the legal period elapsed was sufficient to foreclose the Senate from exercising its right to reconsider, sounds pretty flimsy to me, but since I am neither the United States Supreme Court, the Lord God Almighty, nor a New York *Times* editorial writer, I shall not attempt to decide the legal question. It is not the issue. It is notorious that the executive department under this Administration has gone to shocking lengths to break down the Federal Water Power Act. It is notorious that Solicitor Russell and Accountant King were fired because they had striven to enforce the act by exposing the efforts of power companies to water their valuations with such items as neckties, banquets, propaganda expenses, special cars, and similar examples of "investment costs." Consequently, the issue is whether the policy laid down by Congress in the Water Power Act is to be carried out, or whether the act itself is to be nullified by the rulings of administrative officers. In short, it is whether the Power Trust is to be given immunity under the law to continue robbing the consumers of electricity. I think the public understands it. The "power boys" think so too. If anyone doubts that, let him ask a power magnate what he thinks of Mr. Hoover's handling of the matter. But wear ear muffs.

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THE refusal of the Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and other independent dailies to join in the sycophantic orgy of President-petting and Senate-baiting which attended the power controversy, and their realistic perception of the issues involved, are enough to hearten any newspaperman who cares for the honor and influence of his profession. Incidentally, the moment seems opportune to repeat my ancient annual custom by presenting my own Honor Roll of Washington correspondents for 1930. The flowers are distributed as follows:

William C. Murphy, Jr., of the New York *World*, for discovering and exposing the act of the newly appointed Senator Grundy in moving his private tariff lobby into the Senate office building.

Ruth Finney, of the Scripps-Howard papers, and Marion L. Ramsay, of Universal Services, for their intelligent and persistent reporting of the numerous phases of the power battle.

M. Farmer Murphy, of the Baltimore *Sun*, for his brilliant and devastating stories on the trading and chicanery which attended the progress of the tariff bill in the Senate.

Raymond P. Brandt, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, for exposing the character and history of Secretary Hyde's adventure in mutilating the Pure Food Act by his corn-sugar ruling.

D. Harold Oliver and Marguerite Young, of the Associated Press, for exceptional examples of competent and thorough straightaway reporting on delicate subjects under trying circumstances—Mr. Oliver on the tariff; Miss Young on communications, power, and railroad consolidation.

William Hard, of the Consolidated Press Association, for his courage and independence in renouncing a profitable intimacy with the White House when it became apparent that he could no longer maintain it without losing his professional self-respect.

Alfred D. Stedman, of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, for his expert reporting of the intricate operations of the Farm Board.

Robert B. ("Red") Smith, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, for the indomitable courage, humor, enthusiasm, and faith that he has maintained through a sea of physical troubles and professional trials.

I'm Tired of Beans

By WORKLESS

WERE I ever to acquire wealth, or else were I ever fortunate enough to get a job, I should swear off beans for the rest of my natural days. I simply detest those tiny, white, innocent-looking vegetables—and I'll tell you why. I am one of the white-collar unemployed. I have been out of a regular job for two years. In addition, I am nearly forty, scandalously bald-headed, and conspicuously Jewish—all of which attributes are not the least bit helpful when "youth," "pleasant appearance," and "engaging personality" are rigorously demanded by potential employers in the newspaper want ads.

During the early part of my enforced loafing experience I felt morose and almost beaten after the weary days and weeks of tramping the streets looking for jobs. I faced the morrow with an increasing sense of helplessness. Not so, now. For since unemployment has become a recognized national problem, and so many agencies are exerting themselves in their efforts to relieve the unfortunate jobless, it has become almost a distinction to be classed as one of the brood about whom there is so much ado. This is particularly true of the unemployed who are heads of families. It is they, especially, who incur the sympathy of the soft-hearted society matrons, benevolent church committees, community councils, and neighborhood politicians.

I am blessed with an intelligent and loyal wife who contributed considerably toward the family support in her capacity of saleswoman at a time when the public's buying mood was not so "depressed" as it is at present. I am still further blessed with three bright and understanding children of school age—innocent victims of a trying epoch. I have used the term "blessed" advisedly, because it leads up to my peculiarly favored position as a recipient of unemployment relief. It leads up as well to my eventual aversion for beans.

During the latter part of the summer of 1930 conditions became so grave that my little family actually faced starvation. As the food diminished, the children's appetites grew in proportion. They craved fruit, vegetables, and sweets, which we could not supply. Also, as the children's appetites magnified, the unpaid rent bill assumed greater dimensions. While I succeeded in stalling the children's desires with painted illusions of a better future, that technique did not work quite so well with the landlord.

In utter despair, and motivated by the instinct of mother-love, my wife confided our plight to a fashionable lady of the neighborhood whom she had previously met. The neighbor was filled with sympathy and anxious to help. But how? My wife suggested that to secure a job for her husband was the only way to solve our difficulties. Just anything to do, it did not matter what—bookkeeping, clerking, window-washing, yard-cleaning—anything that would help buy food and pay the rent.

To help secure work, however, was the one thing the kind lady could not do. Conditions were bad, and growing worse. There were no prospects of jobs of any kind. But the next day a basket of food was brought to our home. We suspected where it came from. Tears came into our eyes at the thought of having to depend for our food upon friendly and solicitous neighbors, but depressing as the thought was, the contents of the basket were comforting. There were fruit, vegetables, meat, canned goods, and a considerable quantity of beans packed in neat white packages. We fed on the more attractive food and stored away the beans for a rainy day.

Meanwhile the schools had reopened, and my good wife was making an effort to secure free lunches for our children. To accomplish her end, she had to address, as a matter of course, the chairman of the Parent-Teachers Association, a woman coreligionist of extraordinary kindness and influence. Learning of our sorrows, the good lady determined that we should not perish. And accordingly, a second basket of food entered our home. We were very thankful despite our reluctance to accept charity. It helped to keep the children fed and contented. It also helped to raise our spirits. After all, we thought, it was mighty good to experience genuine friendship.

The second offering, like the first, contained several parcels of assorted beans in addition to the other edibles. As the stock of beans accumulated in our otherwise empty pantry, we felt safe in our knowledge that the rainy days were well taken care of.

It was a teacher of the public school attended by my children who next discovered our state of affairs. She was good enough to investigate for herself by a visit to our home, and she assured us that she was actuated in her desire to aid as a devout Christian and active member of her church. We told her that a chance to work and earn a livelihood was the only thing we could ask of our friends. She departed and promised to do her utmost to alleviate our sufferings.

As our friends increased, we began to have some hope for an otherwise uncertain future. I registered at the governor's unemployment council, placed my name with the State free employment agency, and hunted down the want ads as religiously as ever. The newly acquired lady friends were also on the job, and had promulgated our "case" to the community Business Men's Association, the Jewish Synagogue of the neighborhood, and the Republican Ward Committee, all of which had organized committees for the relief of the unemployed. With so much effort being expended in my behalf, I felt sure of getting employment soon.

Several weeks passed. Now and then we received assurances from our friends that everything possible was being done to help us. We waited patiently. As Thanksgiving day approached, we were graciously informed that we were to have no cause to worry in the future, and that we should have something to be thankful for along with the other 120,000,000 Americans. The promise was kept. On Thanksgiving eve we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of five or six baskets filled to the brim with a variety of food and delicacies. The abundance of food overwhelmed us. The Jewish Synagogue, the Protestant church, the Business Men's Association, the Parent-Teachers group, and the Republican Ward Committee all had done their share in bringing festive joy into our home. We managed, moreover, to consume all the perishable edibles before they could spoil. To brighten things further, the neighborhood clothing committee of the governor's unemployment council turned over for my use two renovated suits of clothing. It did not matter that they were ten sizes too large—I still have a feeling that they were owned by the late William Howard Taft. It was the spirit that counted.

As I reflect upon these events, I find it hard to comprehend the adaptability of the human mind to the trying circumstances of life. Six months ago my wife and I would have proudly turned down every offer of unearned material aid. It would have seemed insulting, painful, inconceivable. Yet here we were accepting food and clothing with a mute sense of satisfaction and without the least resentment. Was it evidence of moral degradation? Was it a confession of helplessness? As I reasoned it out with myself I thought that the world was full of luxuries and pleasures, abounding in food, music, laughter, sunshine. Were not we who were temporarily defeated in life's struggle for existence entitled to just a few of the crumbs of the world's splendor, no matter whence they came, no matter how?

And so, for two weeks or more, we gloated upon food. We had chicken and plum pudding, canned peaches, corn and peas, vegetables, fruit, and what-nots. The usual generous amount of beans in bags, tins, packages, and boxes we stored away in the pantry for future reference. Our children gained weight, and their erstwhile pale cheeks showed an encouraging pink. And didn't we still have our friends, the loyal, sacrificing strangers who spent tireless days and nights conferring, meeting, devising all kind of methods for the alleviation of the lot of the jobless. It was not their fault that jobs were impossible to get, that prosperity was not returning as rapidly as predicted. They meant well. The starving would be fed. The children would be cared for.

When, with all things material, our supply of food diminished we were not dismayed. We still had our plentiful supply of beans, ours to do with as we chose. My wife, excellent cook that she is, devised all sorts of culinary tricks with the little white vegetables. She managed to vary our dietary program daily. Beans with noodles, beans with rice, beans with barley, browned beans, stewed beans, bean pudding, bean croquettes, with sauce, without sauce, beans, beans, beans.

Perhaps because of the Christmas holidays and the New Year festivities our good loyal friends seem to have forgotten us. We cannot blame them. They are not responsible for our plight. Nobody is responsible. There are no jobs.

We still have a few beans. And as we eat them and look into the future we wonder what it holds for us. And I am certain of only one thing: if ever I get rich, or even if ever I get a job, beans will have no place on my menu for a long, long time.

A Jolt for High Light Bills

By VIRGIL MacMICKLE

OREGON'S smashing decision, at the November election, in favor of publicly owned and operated hydroelectric power may well have been one of the most significant events, politically and economically, to occur in America during the year 1930. Taken in conjunction with the somewhat similar result in the neighboring State of Washington, it was one of the most disastrous jolts ever dealt the private power groups, considering that these two States possess between them nearly one-third of the entire country's natural resources in potential hydroelectric power.

Politically, in Oregon, it marks the end of one era and the beginning of another. During the last quarter-century there has not been an election—city, county, State, or Congressional—into which the power octopus, to use a shopworn but precisely descriptive figure, has not thrust its tentacles to its own gain and the detriment of the people. It has never hesitated to use any or all of the time-honored means of political corruption, from bribery, booze, and sex intrigue to reputation shattering, against those whose souls it did not own in advance of election. During all that time only a bare handful of men in office, most of them too insignificant to count, have been able to maintain their political integrity, or, having maintained it through a single term, to be reelected.

There was, however, one very notable exception, the late State Senator George W. Joseph, a man whose splendid character, ability, and energy are not only made clear by his record and attested by the reluctant admissions, direct and tacit, of his enemies, but confirmed by the fact that he was returned to office as often as he cared to run, and could have won any position within the power of the people to bestow. Not all the efforts of the power concerns and other utilities could defeat or cow this man. And since the recent victory of the people in their long struggle to break the grip of the power interests was in such large measure the culmination and, in a way, the vindication of Joseph's unceasing personal efforts, nothing of truth will be lost and something of drama will be retained by presenting the facts of the struggle somewhat in terms of his efforts.

In 1928 the Pepco, or Portland Electric Power Company, the older of the two power concerns in Portland, was negotiating with the Northwestern Electric Company what these two companies euphemistically called a merger for more economic administration. There was no question that the merger would have effected economies. That these economies would have been passed on to the people was doubted by everyone familiar with the conduct of the two concerns. The Pepco had a practically perpetual franchise entailing no payment of taxes. The Northwestern, on the other hand, held a limited franchise, which was soon to expire, and was also liable for taxes. Senator Joseph demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of the voters that a merger of the companies would cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars and enrich the stockholders of the companies by that much. The proposal was snowed under.

The power companies gave Joseph the credit for their trouncing. One of their smoothest political manipulators admitted to the writer that Joseph had beaten them almost single-handed. More than that, the gentleman indicated the companies' respect for Joseph's integrity when he replied, in answer to the suggestion that they might have found it more economical to have slipped Joseph twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars to keep his mouth shut, that there was "not enough money in the United States to buy that little ——!"

That fight was only the first skirmish in Joseph's well-planned war on the power companies. He was determined to break their blighting control in all departments of the State government, executive, judicial, and legislative. According to his program, the existing public service commission must be abolished and the law under which it acts as an instrument for the imposition of extortionate rates on consumers must be replaced by rate-making machinery that should inevitably function in the interests of the people. More, the very constitution itself must be so amended that not one or all of these departments could ever again betray the common weal. Finally, one or more determined advocates of publicly owned hydroelectric power must, if possible, be sent to Congress.

In one of the most brilliant and bitter campaigns ever witnessed in Oregon he carried his program to the whole State. He was already supported and seconded by some of the ablest men in the State, and his announcement that he would seek the gubernatorial nomination in the primaries rallied to his cause literally thousands of volunteer workers. Democrats changed their registration to be able to vote for him in the primaries. The Democratic *Journal*, biggest evening paper, favored him as far as possible throughout the entire campaign. The Portland *Telegram*, another evening paper and a determined protagonist of public ownership and administration of hydroelectric power, devoted itself almost exclusively to Joseph and his program.

Meanwhile, the Pepco itself swelled Joseph's metropolitan popularity enormously, first, by raising its street-car fares from eight to ten cents on the pretext of needing the increased revenues to pay the higher wages demanded by its employees, and, secondly, by promptly and cold-bloodedly repudiating the wage raise. The Supreme Court also added fuel to the flame in the State at large by disbarring Joseph after what seems to have been originally a purely private row with one of its members. Later it made amends by hastening to expunge from the record all the charges against him when, within a month after the voters had nominated him by a decisive majority, he dropped dead.

The Republican State Central Committee then convened, and, while the majority of the populace still mourned the passing of this great leader of a great cause, proceeded to scrap the Joseph platform, and nominate by the condemned secret ballot its own chairman for the governorship. By that move it nearly wrecked the regular machine, for almost at once an indignant electorate held an independent convention, attended by nearly 5,000 voters, and unanimously nominated Julius L. Meier, lifelong friend and business associate of Joseph and an ardent supporter of his program, as its independent candidate. Thus, Mr. Meier, the president of the largest department store west of the Mississippi, was practically drafted to lead the power revolt.

In the November election Meier received more than twice as many votes as the "regular" Republican nominee, and thousands more than the latter and all other candidates combined, notwithstanding the desperate fight waged against him by the power concerns and allied utilities. To clinch the argument, the voters also passed by a margin of about 33,000 votes the "grange power district" amendment to the constitution, which makes it practically mandatory on the coming legislature to enact measures preserving in perpetuity to the people of Oregon their remaining unclaimed hydroelectric power resources and providing for their development and exploitation for the benefit of the people. The program also contemplates legislation to compel the private companies, under penalty of practically confiscatory taxes, to develop all claims on which they have already filed.

Majorities in both houses of the legislature either were elected on the same program or have subsequently pledged themselves to support it, while the same wave of protest against the private power interests carried Major General Charles H. Martin, retired, wet Democrat, into Congress from the overwhelmingly Republican district which includes Portland. The main plank of his platform was publicly owned hydroelectric power. Portland chose as commissioner, by the unprecedented majority of 50,000, Ralph C. Clyde, well-known advocate of public ownership.

Commissioner Clyde, the first to take office, has already translated the mandate of the people into effective action by filing upon two choice power sites for the city of Portland, to be followed by other filings as fast as possible. The Governor-elect has been working on measures designed to crystallize his program into law during the approaching legislative assembly—ably assisted by grange leaders, including Albert Slaughter, veteran drafter of fool-proof legislation, and Carey and Harlan, the engineers and rate experts who recently represented the people in presenting evidence and testimony against the Pepco before the Public Service Commission and who have furnished the statistical ammunition for the campaign from the very beginning. And Major General Martin, a man of wide and influential acquaintance in official Washington and of more than ordinary experience in dealing with the Congressional mind, is planning a determined campaign in Congress to secure federal aid in the development of the Columbia River, the greatest single resource of hydroelectric power in America, on which no electric current has yet been developed.

Of course, there is a possibility that the power trust may still be able to influence enough members of the Oregon legislature to obstruct the program. But in view of the recent emphatic tone of the electorate, a legislative bolt is extremely inadvisable, if not unlikely. Besides, Mr. Meier has just issued a public announcement to the effect that if the legislature attempts to mar the program in any single detail, he will go over their heads by calling a special election and placing the proposed legislation in its entirety directly before the people. That he will do just exactly that is not doubted by anyone who really knows him. Nor is it doubted that he will expose any such legislative skullduggery by every possible means of publicity, including the radio, which he used so effectively during the campaign.

The economic motivation of the Oregon revolt is not far to seek. The whole State was tired of having to pay extortionate power rates, and seriously alarmed over the fact that not only did the rates keep new power-using industries from locating here, but were actually forcing many of those already here to move to other States where power is cheaper. The howls set up by Mr. Average Citizen might not have been effective. But when business which is dependent upon industrial pay rolls sees those pay rolls menaced, it becomes very active in seeking the cause, and vehemently articulate in demanding a remedy. This was precisely what happened in Oregon in general and Portland in particular.

Industries desirous of locating on the Pacific Coast, though finding all Oregon's other natural advantages entirely to their liking, were often compelled to locate finally in California or Washington because of Oregon's prohibitive power rates. California cities had low power rates, Washington cities still lower, those of Tacoma being the lowest of all. Thus, Portland lost a number of prospective industries to Los Angeles, Seattle, or Tacoma. The Hooker Chemical Company, for example, found that it could save $50,000 annually on power alone by going to Tacoma.

Why were the Portland rates so high? Certainly not because of a lack of available potential power. Including the Columbia River, which Oregon must share with Washington and which thus makes exact figures difficult to arrive at, Oregon has easily accessible to Portland from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 constant horse-power of natural hydroelectric power resources, only 300,000 of which have been developed. The real reason was that Portland's power supply was privately owned and viciously exploited—was overcapitalized and underdeveloped. Take, for example, the Pepco plant at Oregon City, fourteen miles up the Willamette from Portland. The water rights cost the company practically nothing. Yet it has been allowed to capitalize those rights, exclusive of all plant costs, at about $8,000,000, according to Carey and Harlan. Under the law the company is allowed an 8 per cent return on that capitalization, and the public service commission has been practically compelled to fix rates at a level that would insure that return.

The huge capitalization would have been bad enough had all the potential power been converted into actual power and the burden of paying the return spread out over the whole output. But according to the same experts, only 18 per cent of the potential power has actually been developed, the other 82 per cent having been sold as plain water during the past fourteen years to the adjacent paper mills for the sum of $2,500,000, none of which ever went to lighten the rate burden of the consumer. In other words, the consumer had to pay such a rate on his electricity as would permit this 18 per cent of actual power to pay 8 per cent in dividends and interest on the whole volume of potential power. On the basis of actual output the rates should have been assessed on a valuation of $1,440,000 instead of the present $8,000,000, assuming even the former to be a legitimate and not a fictitious valuation; and the users should have been paying the company a total annual revenue from these particular water rights of $115,200 instead of $640,000.

The Pepco is not the only one. Another company has one 15,000 horse-power hydroelectric development the building of which cost $1,230,000. Yet its water site is capitalized at over $10,000,000. That is to say, $10,000,000 of fictitious value was placed upon the company's books for this small water-power site, and stocks and bonds were issued against it. Under such circumstances Oregon's high rates are easy to understand. What is more, under the present method of State regulation the companies have not only succeeded in obtaining a fair return upon this overcapitalization; they have also been able to force the rate-payers, through operating cost, to pay for such items as advertising, public-relations counsel, and even the propaganda designed to discredit public ownership.

Los Angeles, meanwhile, owned and operated one of the largest municipal plants in the United States. Seattle, starting with a relatively insignificant plant in 1902, would soon complete her Skagit project, giving her control of a million horse-power. Tacoma, which has owned its municipal plant for almost forty years, controlled more than 500,000 horse-power. And none of these projects had cost a single cent of additional taxes. All of them not only had paid and were paying their own way, but had succeeded so well that they could reduce their power rates to a point where they were now pulling the pay-roll industries away from Portland.

It was time to act. And Oregon has acted.

In the Driftway

GEORGE W. "Better-Known-as-Æ" RUSSELL, having attacked the great American pastime of moving to the city, has now turned his amiable guns upon that vice of ours which he calls "busyness." He hangs the responsibility for its inception on one whose beard was as venerable as his own, namely, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and he lays to that vice all our economic woes. But let him say it:

> I've a complaint against the United States. It arises out of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." That poem is drilled in the schools into every child in the country. And they never forget it, especially the line "Let us then be up and doing," and America has been "up and doing" ever since it was published.
>
> That is the cause of all your economic problems. You are working people so hard that you have, naturally, overproduction. You should cultivate the adorable virtue of idleness. Your President and Congress ought to gather on the steps of the White House and formally extract that poem from Longfellow's works and burn it, and then erect a statue to idleness.

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IT is doubtful whether "busyness" can be laid at the door of the mild and benevolent Longfellow—it is the Drifter's impression that his poem was written long after that aweful moral dictum "An idle brain is the devil's workshop" had been engraved upon the American mind. But whoever invented it, busyness is a disease as infectious as it is fatal. If only everyone could be persuaded to spend less time "up and doing" and more time sitting down and, occasionally, thinking, the decrease in the number of bad books alone would be considerable. As for subway crowds, overpopulated cities, national advertising, and super-movies, they might disappear altogether in time. But "busyness" has become so securely fastened upon the American consciousness that it can be exorcised only by a long and patient struggle. The Drifter himself has almost overcome it. After extended practice he can let a railroad train leave him behind without lifting a foot to chase it. He has learned that things are as likely to come to those who wait as to those who run after them—including another railroad train. As for that "adorable virtue," idleness, which the American calls laziness, the Drifter is a past master in its rites. He can sit before a log fire for hours all alone doing nothing and yet experience no pangs of conscience nor feel that he has wasted time. Rather he is filled with a sense of well-being and a satisfying feeling that once more he has triumphed over the great American superstition that one must keep busy every minute or be miserable, not to say morally reprehensible.

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WHICH leads up to the most ironical aspect of the cult of "busyness." The avowed object of the whole process is its very opposite, namely, leisure, or idleness. Many a young and energetic business man has assured the Drifter, when pressed, that he works hard not because he likes to work but because on the contrary he hopes to make so much money that he will have complete freedom from work later on. Leisure later on has become almost as much of a cult as busyness. But unfortunately one cannot learn how to be idle in a day. One must begin young and practice the art all one's life. Otherwise leisure will turn out to be merely boredom or a convenient opportunity for a nervous breakdown. We have hundreds of Schools of Business in this country. It is time we established a few Higher Institutions of Idleness, if only to relieve the strain upon our already overworked insane asylums.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Pershing Memoirs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who served with General Pershing in France I am sorry that he is publishing what are given out as his memoirs of the Great War. I have just read the first instalment, and it left a bad taste. In the first place, at the very opening, he gives the impression that, instead of his being selected by the immortal Woodrow because of his particular fitness, his father-in-law, the late United States Senator Warren, chairman of the powerful Military Affairs Committee, was holding conferences with Secretary of War Baker, and at these conferences his name first came up.

Now, as a matter of fact it was no secret among Pershing's colleagues that perhaps Wilson and Baker were anxious to put him forward to head off the senior major general, the bumptious Leonard Wood, but the historian of the future will have Pershing's own record, even in mild form, to help clinch the fact that his being the son-in-law of Senator Warren, who was in a position to throw a monkey wrench at any time into the Wilson military program, or lack of it, probably was the influencing factor in his being named commander-in-chief.

In the next few lines Pershing tells how he became a fluent French scholar by spending a vacation in France in 1908. Now, everyone who was anywhere near the top knows that he never spoke French with any ease. Only three days ago one of Pershing's panegyrists, in telling of the meeting of Joffre and Pershing in Washington soon after Pershing's selection, said, "Joffre did not understand a word of English and Pershing did not understand a word of French," and so Joffre asked his aide, Fabry, to say to Pershing that he "liked him from the start."

But I think the prize observation of General Pershing's is contained in his positive conviction that the complete blame for the World War has long since been fixed by mankind "where it properly belongs, on the shoulders of the then German government." I thought the world was still giving serious study to this problem, and it seems to me not only a serious blunder, but exceedingly bad taste for a man who is himself of German extraction to put such language into what is being touted as the great and only real story of the war. Was it Napoleon who said that war is entirely too serious business for the army? For twelve years General Pershing has been writing and rewriting and revising proofs of this story, and yet he has apparently not been reading the disclosures that reputable historians have been making. If the future instalments are on a par with the initial chapter, the Pershing contribution to war history will take its place with most of the other memoirs and diaries of our de luxe generals.

DISGUSTED EX-COLONEL A. E. F.

Miami Beach, Fla., January 12

The Dear Ancestral Relics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some of your readers to learn that one of the "backward States" inhabited by the "sons of wild jackasses" is coming to the front. In proof of this I quote a resolution recently adopted by the D. A. R. of the State of Wyoming and signed by Mrs. B. B. Brooks, wife of a one-time governor:

> *Resolved*, The Daughters of the American Revolution in conference assembled greatly deplore the growing communistic spirit in our public schools and higher institutions of learning; therefore be it resolved, that we recommend that the Oath of Allegiance to the National and State Governments be incorporated in the teachers' contract; and resolved, that a copy of this resolution be presented to the State Board of Education, and to the Board of Trustees of the University, and to the Commander of the American Legion.

It remains to be seen whether the Legion will or will not assist in the cause. But Legion or no Legion, we of the great State of Wyoming have a feeling of ineffable security. We need fear no Red Menace.

The national D. A. R. may blacklist a few educators. In Wyoming the Dear Ancestral Relics suspect them all. Have they not heard that the teachers are well read? Is not that enough?

Wheatland, Wyo., January 6 W. W. WOLFE

For California Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* Club of San Francisco will hold its third annual dinner in the Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, on February 12 at 6:30 p. m. Tickets are $1.50 per plate. The public is invited.

Paul Blanshard will be the chief speaker of the evening. His subject will be "International Economics and the Next War." All who are interested in making reservations may communicate with the secretary at 775 Guerrero Street, San Francisco.

SOPHIE GREENBERG, *Secretary*

San Francisco, January 10

Books, Music, Drama

Descent from the Tower

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

I

Solemnities of sifting from the chaff
Some golden grain of learning; the pursuit
Through dusty shelves of eighteenth-century calf
Of an elusive passage to dispute,
Became for him at last a more than cloak
Flung over fustian—the brown livery
Of an old vagabondage. When he spoke,
It was the accent of Authority.

But somewhere an invisible, tempered spring
Ran down or snapped, as though to prove the fact
That too much knowledge is a dangerous thing,
And books are books, however neatly stacked—
He found it more congenial to discuss
A penny whistle with Theocritus.

II

Yardsticks for Immortality fall short
Sometimes, and magic circles can be traced
By anyone who lightly will consort
With elder gods of laughter and unhaste.
Their signs are in the dust; where willows lean
Over the river reaches; near a hut
Where no one is remembered; in some green
Corner of Elfland or of Lilliput.

What is the stature of a man, unless
He stand no taller than a wooded hill,
Or give allegiance to a singleness
Greater than any labored act of will?
So measured, he can listen unchagrined
To the last words of earth and sun and wind.

Laski on Liberty

Liberty in the Modern State. By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. LASKI'S opening sentence, wisely, is a definition: "I mean by liberty the absence of restraint upon the existence of those social conditions which, in modern civilization, are the necessary guaranties of individual happiness." Further: "By making liberty the absence of restraint, I make it, of course, a purely negative condition. I do not thereby mean to assume that a man will be the happier the more completely restraints are absent from the society to which he belongs."

To Mr. Laski the idea of liberty is intimately associated with the idea of equality, but he is careful to give the word equality a special meaning. Nothing is easier, he remarks, than to make equality seem a notion devoid of all common sense, as Mr. Mencken and Mr. Aldous Huxley have done. But Mr. Laski speaks of equality not as identity of talent, temperament, or treatment, but as "an insistence that there is no difference inherent in nature between the claims of men to happiness." In this sense equality is, so to speak, complementary to liberty, for the absence of equality means special privilege for some and not for others, a special privilege which is not, so to speak, in nature but in a deliberate contrivance of the social environment. The more equality there is in a state, the more use, in general, we can make of our freedom. In a chapter on Liberty and Social Power this idea is developed in its economic aspects. In a society where there is any serious inequality of economic condition the workers may almost be said to form a separate and subject nation. The rights of labor cannot receive real and full consideration, for a wealthy or relatively wealthy governing class always suffers from self-sufficiency. "It is inaccessible to ideals which originate from without itself. It tends to think them unimportant if they are urged tactfully, and dangerous if they are urged with vigor."

One cannot expect a writer on liberty to be entirely original. Mr. Laski's own justification for the present volume is that, because of the almost irresistible temptation to throw overboard the habits of tolerance in a time of crisis, it becomes necessary in each age "to restate the case for freedom." But a restatement implies a repetition. Whatever originality is open to a writer here lies mainly in the aspects of the problem that he chooses to emphasize, and in his position on certain specific issues. What is perhaps most arresting in Mr. Laski's discussion is his outspokenness regarding the extent to which he would permit freedom of utterance. If men believe even that violent and bloody revolution is desirable, he would permit them to say so, certainly through the printed word. He would even, under ordinary conditions, permit a speaker addressing a crowd to say so. He would admit the right of the government to take action against a speaker only if it were in fact demonstrable that the speech had "a direct tendency to incite immediate disorder."

I have no wish to argue with Mr. Laski's conclusions. I find myself, indeed, almost completely in agreement with them. But some of the arguments by which he reaches those conclusions seem to me questionable. Mr. Laski is in favor of permitting extreme utterances, for example, because

> It is the history of these matters that if governments once begin to prohibit men from seeking to prove in writing that violent revolution is desirable, they will, sooner or later, prohibit them from saying that the social order they represent is not divine.

This argument is clearly double-edged. Advocates of suppression may retort that it is the history of these matters that if you do not prohibit fundamental criticisms of the social order, the critics will, sooner or later, advocate and organize violent revolution. Mr. Laski later contends that the government "must not prohibit a meeting before it is held on the ground that the speaker is likely to preach sedition there." This position is thoroughly sound; but if governments were permitted to argue from "the history of these matters" rather than from the merits of the particular question at issue, they would find plenty of excuses for prohibiting suspected meetings.

Again, Mr. Laski is capable of contending that persecution of opinion is futile. "No technique of suppression," he writes, "has so far been discovered which does not have the effect of giving wider currency to the thing suppressed than can be attained in any other fashion." Mr. Laski is misled by isolated instances of particular books or plays. Certainly his generalization is not true of the technique of motion-picture censorship. And would he contend that knowledge of birth-control methods is more widespread than it would be if there were no laws against the dissemination of such knowledge? "Most people," he continues, "can see that Nero and Diocletian accomplished nothing by their persecution of Christianity." But was not this, as John Stuart Mill suggested, because the persecutions were only occasional, separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism? Mill, at least, was under no delusions on this score.

> The dictum [he wrote] that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed forever, it may be thrown back for centuries. . . . In Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out . . . Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted.

It is precisely because persecution *is* so effective that the struggle for liberty must be so continuous and so unrelenting.

But these few criticisms give a false emphasis. Mr. Laski has written an essay admirable in temper, often acute and penetrating, and at times movingly eloquent. It is fine restatement of a noble case.

Henry Hazlitt

Pagan-Catholic Mexico

Religious Aspects of the Conquest of Mexico. By Charles S. Braden. Duke University Press. $3.50.

ECONOMIC and religious motives underlay the conquest of Hispanic America. Professor Braden of Northwestern feels that the religious aspects have been insufficiently emphasized. His purpose was to approach the history of Latin America from that angle. But he soon found this task too extensive both in space and in time. Accordingly he limited himself to Mexico and to the sixteenth century.

The book is written with scholarly detachment and judicious evaluation of the early chroniclers' testimony. The writings of the *conquistadores* and of the early missionaries—Motolinia, Mendieta, Sahagún, and the rest—pass in review. The author also relies considerably on the contemporary work of the Jesuit historian, Father Cuevas. No hitherto unknown documents have been utilized, but the reexamination of published material from a new viewpoint is a legitimate function of the historian.

The concluding chapter, which leaps four centuries, on The Permanent Influences of the Native Religions of Mexico upon Roman Catholic Christianity, is wholly inadequate. Professor Braden arrives somewhat hesitantly at the conclusion that "due to the interpenetration of the two types of religion [Roman Catholic and Pagan Aztec] which met in the Conquest, the resultant religion is to a degree different from either of the original cults" (p. 308). That thesis has been more fully demonstrated by other recent writers. Professor Braden's conclusion rests on a few extracts from travel books, none of them factual and written from half a century to a century ago. He complains that "the writers who trouble to give any reasoned basis for their opinions [of vestiges of the pagan cult in contemporary Mexican Catholicism] are very few" (p. 279), and that while he has sought for evidence in a "large number of books of travel and description of Mexico written at intervals throughout the history of Mexico . . . a great deal of reading has netted but meager results" (p. 328).

An examination of his bibliography amply reveals why the results were meager. The latest publication date of any book read was 1925—prior to the recent profusion of publications on Mexico—and the forty-five volumes listed in this category are not the ones which contain the information that he desired. The books which do Professor Braden apparently overlooked. First-hand observation in rural Mexico today would likewise have supplied overwhelming evidence of the vigorous persistence of Aztec religious patterns and practices.

Ernest Gruening

Robert Frost

The Collected Poems of Robert Frost. Henry Holt and Company. $5. Limited Edition published by Random House. One thousand copies numbered and signed. $15.

A READING of the "Collected Poems" can leave no doubt of Mr. Frost's importance. They have an appearance of obscurity, but what renders them difficult to first reading renders them also powerful and compact. The simplicity of their subject matter is never betrayed into coarseness or sentimentality. They constitute a body of poetry certain to enter into classic American literature.

However, since current reviews of this volume are all praise and no serious criticism is being attempted, I think it may be of interest to point out the limiting elements in Mr. Frost's work. There is a danger in too complete an acceptance of any man's achievement, a possibility of his influence becoming a catch-all for literary prejudice.

Mr. Frost, for instance, is singularly out of touch with his own time. Indeed, many poets who antedate him are more contemporary in spirit. It has, indeed, been Mr. Frost's wish to keep out of his own age and his own civilization. We may go therefore to his poetry for diversion and relief from our time, but not for illumination. Mr. Frost does not understand our time and will make no effort to understand it. When he essays to speak of it, as in the long poem New Hampshire (one of the poorest in the book and a sort of pudding of irrelevancies), he shows a surprising lack of comprehension. There, to the challenge of contemporary ideas, he replies with know-nothing arrogance, "Me for the hills where I don't have to choose."

In fact, Mr. Frost's work is weakest in ideas. His style is gnomic; it sounds impressively thoughtful and many sentences have the rounded conclusiveness of proverbs. But his thought, disengaged from the style, is often discovered to be no thought at all, or a banality. (I am far from agreeing with Mr. George Moore and other advocates of "pure poetry" that ideas are foreign to the nature of poetry. Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Milton, Donne, Lucretius would have to be among the many poets sacrificed, and the purification of poetry would turn out to be its annihilation.) Mr. Frost has casual ambitions to be a philosopher in his poetry; and in these strivings he is not successful.

We may take for example the beautiful poem A Star in a Stone Boat. The star is a meteorite built into a stone wall. Mr. Frost follows it from its fall to the time a farmer finds it, handles it, puts it into a stone boat, and drags it to the wall he is building. We are given a marvelous sense of its weight and feel in the hands and the puzzled awe with which one looks at it. The concluding lines are perfect:

Such as it is it promises the prize
Of the one world complete in any size
That I am like to compass, fool or wise.

These lines, summarizing as much of philosophy as the poem comes to, do not contain thought so much as a renunciation of thought. I doubt whether a poet of philosophic imagination could have given us a more satisfying poem. Nevertheless, this piece, so suggestive and so full of possibilities, shows how little the philosophic imagination is developed in Mr. Frost.

It is curious, therefore, that Mr. Frost should be so regularly praised for the thought content of his poetry. But there is a reason for it. The touch of philosophy in his writing is the commonest, most easily understood, most easily applied, most comforting form of thinking—renunciation. Mr. Frost adds to it no subtlety and no depths; when it occurs in his poems it is, despite the graces and novelties of his style, banality.

I dwell upon this because it is the one respect in which Mr. Frost clearly shows himself to be influenced. The influence is New England, the New England of other days. The individuality of his style is one of the valuable effects of this influence, for New England life and tradition have always encouraged intense individualism. But this individualism derives in part from renunciation. What a man renounces he is free from and in freedom he can be himself. Perhaps here lies an explanation of the individuality of Mr. Frost's style. He has made a renunciation of usual poetic subject matter and usual poetic effects, not primarily for originality's sake, but in disdain of literary comforts. He has chosen instead to write of homely and country things, regarding them with his matchlessly keen observation and celebrating them with his almost painfully restrained eloquence. No doubt some deliberate and unnecessarily harsh lines are a further process of this renunciation.

Related to this lack of a developed and original philosophy is another lack. Mr. Frost's narrative poems are frequently poised upon a psychological situation. The satisfaction the poetry and the narrative give the reader often leaves him with the impression that Mr. Frost is an excellent psychologist. Now many poets have been good psychologists, as Freud has shown; but Mr. Frost as a psychologist does not get very far. He can describe sensations perfectly; in fact, such descriptions are among his finest achievements. But he does not reach beyond the sensation; and in a psychological narrative he does not reach beyond the fact. The interesting poem of the man who burned down his house to buy a telescope with the insurance money succeeds only in reporting a curiosity; the poem Maple, which attempts to describe the psychological effects of having an unusual name, stretches out to absurd length in the attempt and succeeds in doing no more than to supply the reader data for his own psychologizing.

No, the distinctions Mr. Frost achieves are not those of a thinker or a prober; nor does he need those. He has rounded out a poetic individuality of exceptional dignity; he has developed his descriptive powers to an accuracy so sensitive that his lines often have an effect of clairvoyance; and the patient, logical fulfilment of his metaphors gives his rhetoric an effectiveness achieved by very few poets besides him.

Mr. Frost's style is one of the most individual in all poetry and certainly the most individual of our time. The consciously aristocratic T. S. Eliot, with his almost selfish obscurities, the dazzlingly inventive E. E. Cummings, with all his inimitable experiments, sound like the generality beside him. It is impossible to describe this individuality because its most conspicuous elements, terseness and the use of plain words and the avoidance of metronomic rhythms, are characteristics of many other poets. One can only say that Mr. Frost writes in a manner wholly his own; and if he has been influenced in it at all, it is only in the individualism urged by the New England tradition.

The descriptive power of Mr. Frost is to me the most wonderful thing in his poetry. A snowfall, a spring thaw, a bending tree, a valley mist, a brook, these are brought not to, but into the experience of the reader. The method is simple and can be analyzed. What he describes is never a spectacle only, but an entire adventure. In Our Singing Strength we follow him disputing with birds a bit of roadway; in A Hillside Thaw we almost see him on his knees trying to feel with his hands the process of snow turning into water. With the sight and the act the emotional response comes naturally. The three fuse together and the experience comes whole to us. It is an effect rare even in the best poetry. This simultaneous description gives the reader almost a sensory instrument with which to share the perception; and since it is natural, anyway, for the reader to identify himself with the author, the result is to bring the reader into closer touch with this aloof poet than with many poets who directly seek such a companionship.

Metaphors as Mr. Frost uses them are more functional than they commonly are in poetry. Many poets have more abundance and more brilliance, but few have used metaphor so justly, so carefully, and so fully. It is worked in naturally and at length, becoming a part of the whole idea, not a mere illuminating flash. The most conspicuous example of this is A Hillside Thaw. The first three lines announce the metaphor,

> To think to know the country and not know
> The hillside on the day the sun lets go
> Ten million silver lizards out of snow!

For most poets this would be sufficient. They would turn to other metaphors. But Mr. Frost continues it for thirty-two lines more, and we have a wonderfully complete sense of the coolness, swiftness, and liquidness of these snow lizards that the night will catch and hold, and the sun will again release in the next daylight.

There remains to make some estimate among the poems themselves. The later sections are much superior to the earlier, where the poems are frequently incomplete, beginning with promises of drama, of discoveries of thought that fail into unresolved and weak endings. This disappears in the later poems which, with the exception of the poem New Hampshire, are sound throughout. On the whole it seems to me that the longer lyrics are the most thoroughly satisfying of his poems. The narratives, although among the best in English poetry, suffer from the incompatibility found in all narrative poetry which attempts to be realistic—the rivalry of the poetic and the colloquial. The attempt to fuse the two seems to me doomed to failure; a noble failure, preferable to easier successes, but a failure nevertheless. It were better for a narrative poem to be written wholly in poetic language, which, being complete and self-sufficient in its own terms, will sound natural, certainly more natural than when colloquialisms are inset and draw attention to their competing naturalness. A few of the very short lyrics in the book are inconsequential and, as in Fireflies in the Garden, tend to become cute. Mr. Frost seems to require space to express himself, for in a few lines his terseness and involution have the look of a mannerism.

In conclusion I wish to say again outright in words what I have already said by implication—Robert Frost is one of the great poets, one whose perceptions are among the most acute and the most personal in the whole range of literature. To this nearly every one of the poems written in his maturity bears witness.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

More of the Sangers

The Fool of the Family. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

LET me say at once that I am one of the few persons who have not read "The Constant Nymph." I am unable to say, therefore, whether or not this new illumination of the Sanger chronicle is an improvement or otherwise on the earlier one. Taken by itself it is the story of Caryl Sanger, who lacked the fire and individuality that characterized his brothers and sisters, of Sebastian Sanger, who possessed that fire and individuality to a marked degree, of Miss Fenella McLean, whom both brothers loved and one of them married, and of their Muse. As a background, Papa Sanger, though posthumously, is very much in evidence. His sons, strangely enough, call him "Sanger," showing what a figure of legend he had become, even to them.

Miss Kennedy treats the Muse with great respect, and paints the Sangers as unvaryingly faithful to her in the face of love, betrayal, poverty, disloyalty, and death. This novel, then, is another story about the artistic temperament. It contains, besides much spirited writing and many scenes that are genuinely sincere and touching, all the old hokum about artists. Artists, and especially artists who approach genius, are irresponsible, they cannot live a regular life, they are not bound by the ordinary conventions, they should not be expected to conform to the usual standards of loyalty and honor. The Muse transcends these matters and in her presence all is forgiven. It is true that many geniuses have lived irresponsible and irregular lives. But that their irresponsibility and irregularity were due to their genius, or vice versa, I should consider a highly dubious generalization. There is, moreover, in this point of view always the implication that if, on the contrary, a man pays his debts, keeps his appointments, is faithful to his wife, and does not beat his children he cannot possibly possess that flame which sets the world afire. One has only to remember that irreproachable family man and indefatigable father, Johann Sebastian Bach, to see that this is nonsense. Some day some novelist will write a novel about an artist who never did anything spectacular in all his life except in the actual performance of his art. Nobody will believe it and perhaps nobody will read it; but it will be nearer the truth than the tales about wild-haired, wild-eyed, and unmanageable young men and women who do anything for the sake of Art.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Report on Dr. Pattee

The New American Literature. By Fred L. Pattee. The Century Company. $3.50.

PARRINGTON'S failure to complete his third volume has created a need for a book that gives some comprehensive interpretation of the literature of the past forty years. Professor Pattee is not, however, the man to take advantage of that kind of opportunity. The nearest he comes to proposing some sort of unifying thesis is in the three generalizations he suggests in his preface. These are all commonplace, and not one of them is consistently developed in the book.

Not only does Pattee fail to unify his material; he fails to exhibit anything like a sense of proportion. In the first place, he omits, rather strangely in view of his calling the book "The New American Literature," all detailed consideration of writers who have come into prominence in the last decade. But even if one accepts the book as a history of the period from 1890 to 1920, one finds the space peculiarly apportioned. There may be some justice in his devoting sixteen pages to Mencken and only two to Babbitt and More; but there is no justice at all in his giving three lines to John Jay Chapman and three pages to Elbert Hubbard. He omits, of course, discussion of the younger poets, but he also omits all reference to such older poets as Cabot, Stickney, Sterling, and Ficke—and gives a page apiece to Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer. He says very little about the drama and nothing at all about O'Neill. Dr. Pattee will, no doubt, say that he was pressed for space; but in that case why did he drag in Herman Melville, on the ground that he was revived in this period, and devote twenty-three pages to an elaborate critique of his work?

We next examine the book as a volume of criticism and find that as such it has almost no value at all. In one or two passages, notably in the chapter on Jack London, Pattee does do pioneer work, but such passages are exceptional. Frequently he dodges the critical task by announcing that the time is not yet ripe for adequate estimates; and after reading such critical judgments as he does indulge in, one regrets only that he does not dodge oftener. We read, for example, that much of Emily Dickinson's poetry "must be dismissed as jingling

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nonsense." We learn that Winston Churchill has written "the epic of the American Republic," whereas Ernest Hemingway has deliberately placed "strangeness and sex uncleanness and grotesque newness among his leading artistic canons." We find that T. S. Eliot is the "leading eccentric of the period," whereas Edgar Guest "despite his daily handicaps is a poet."

It must be evident at this point that the only conceivable use to be made of "The New American Literature" is as a reference book. But even as a reference book it must be used with caution. I have noted some twenty errors, varying in seriousness from the bestowal of a Ph.D. upon Van Wyck Brooks to a rather considerable confusion in the chronology of the muckraking movement. *American Literature*, one of whose editors Professor Pattee is, has frequently rebuked non-academic writers for their inaccuracies. If "The New American Literature" is a fair sample of what academic writers can do, most of us will stick to the journalists.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Books in Brief

The Approach to Shakespeare. By J. W. Mackail. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Shakespeare's Problem Comedies. By William Witherle Lawrence. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Professor Mackail's approach to Shakespeare is literary as distinguished from historical or technical. Believing that the playwright is in danger of having his qualities obscured by various efforts these days to solve the "problems" of his work, he sets out to describe those qualities in their own terms. He is a famous critic, and he says some excellent things. Yet a reading of Professor Lawrence's book will convince the serious student that there is still something to be done in the field of historical criticism. Professor Lawrence has taken "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Cymbeline" to be a group of comedies in which Shakespeare, under the influence of literary fashion, chose to treat the deeper issues of human conduct in the light of a certain realism and without any intention of being gentle or charming. These have been the least understood of all the plays for the reason, Professor Lawrence says, that they have not been read with their medieval background in mind. He supplies this background by listing analogues of the plots in medieval fiction, by throwing light upon certain moral attitudes that had survived into Shakespeare's time, and by making clear the extent to which the same background affected Shakespeare's contemporaries in the theater. The result is that the comedies in question become clearer, more consistent, and more interesting than they have usually been made by previous commentators. Strangely enough, Professor Lawrence's approach is the more strictly literary of the two, since it insists upon a knowledge of Shakespeare's literary equipment and procedure. It is a definite and important contribution to the discussion of Shakespeare.

Four Contemporary Novelists. By Wilbur L. Cross. The Macmillan Company. $2.

The four contemporary novelists selected by Dean Cross as a supplement to his standard textbook "The Development of the English Novel" belong to the elder generation of English writers. The work and background of Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells are discussed at some length. Originally published in the *Yale Review*, these critical studies are a competent blend of biography and criticism written in an authoritative and scholarly manner. The best essay of the four is undoubtedly the estimate of John Galsworthy, whose "Forsyte Saga" was once called by Hugh Walpole "the one universally read novel." The Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale" and the Wells who remained essentially a gifted and inquisitive cockney are given less extensive treatment. This is an excellent conservative contribution to criticism.

The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. $3.

A detailed consideration of the poetry of Hopkins appeared in the issue of *The Nation* of April 16, 1930. The present volume, a reprint of the edition of 1918, now a literary rarity, contains seventeen new poems. In the interval since 1918 Hopkins has won recognition as a major English poet. His few detractors accuse him of overcultivating verbal dexterity. However, a study of even his obscurest poems reveals that his experiments in internal rhyme, in counterpointed rhythm, and in word transposition have always a justified intention, and his failures are remarkably few. No other poet in the entire range of English literature has brought sense and sound into so perfect or beautiful a unity.

A Winter Miscellany. Edited and Compiled by Humbert Wolfe. Decorated by Frank Adams. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The author of "The Uncelestial City," with the aid of two friends, has compiled an eccentric anthology of prose and poetry having to do with winter. The selections range from Hakluyt's description of Russia, where the sailors of Queen Elizabeth after only a moment in the open "had their breath oftentimes so suddenly taken away, that they eftsoones fell down as men very neere dead, so great is the sharpness of that colde climate," to a poem by Chesterton; from a Calverley translation of Horace to an excerpt from Conrad; from the Pickwick Club on the ice to a mystical vision of Richard Crashaw's. There are sections devoted to the countryman's winter, the traveler's winter, the soldier's and sailor's winter, the reveler's and the fireside winter, the sportsman's winter, the poet's winter, and the religious winter. Each of the sections is prefaced by a hitherto unpublished poem by Mr. Wolfe, and the whole by a prose defense in a whimsical vein. The chief merit of the selections is their oddity, for the nature of his anthology has permitted Mr. Wolfe to depart from the beaten path and to include some odds and ends that most of us would not otherwise encounter. It is evident that the selections were made from wide reading and with a fair amount of imagination.

Minoans, Philistines and Greeks. By A. R. Burn. History of Civilization Series. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

The years between 1500 and 1000 B.C. comprised one of the most important epochs in the history of civilization. That epoch saw the florescence of the remarkable civilization of Crete, which reached the Greek islands and the mainland of Greece and became a substratum of Hellenic civilization. It saw the migrations of the peoples that destroyed Crete and later its Mycenean inheritors, that humbled the Hittite empire and implanted the Philistines in Palestine. It saw the extinction, for a century, of safe commerce in the Aegean and the Phoenicians learning their seamanship. The author has a fine style and a narrative gift to take full advantage of this material, and in consequence his book is perhaps the most readable, and surely one of the most distinguished, in the series of which it is the fiftieth volume.

The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware. By Christopher Ward. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.

Mr. Ward has written a very readable history of the little-known world which stretched along the Delaware in the seventeenth century under the rule now of the Dutch,

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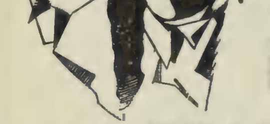

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now of the Swedes, and now of the two together. In 1664 Great Britain took over this territory along with New Amsterdam to the north and east, and there are few survivals today of the picturesque society which preceded the seizure. Mr. Ward, writing with warmth and imagination, revives as much of it as can now be known.

Music

From Behind a Screen

THERE is a favorite theory among professional musicians that if all the critics could be gathered together in a room and played and sung to from behind a screen, without announcement of artists, compositions, or composers, they would all be completely at sea. The value of music criticism would thus be shown to be nil, and critics would be exposed as the parasites they are.

It is true that it would be a rather bewildering experience. But would it necessarily prove the uselessness of the critics? As well say that the title of an unfamiliar work and the name of its composer should be of no importance to the performing musician—that he should play at first sight a nameless and anonymous work just as well as if he knew its origin. This theory rests upon the notion that music is "just music" and that one should be able to assay a piece of it as one would a piece of iron ore.

Now, if the recent chamber-music concert of the League of Composers had been given under the circumstances outlined above, I am not at all sure what the outcome would have been. I think many of us would have spotted the Hindemith String Quartet, for the combination of great harmonic freedom, lively and fairly conventional rhythm, and immense fluency and technical sureness is unusual enough to eliminate all but a few. It is not impossible that we would have happened on Kodaly as the composer of the other quartet. But I am quite sure that few of us would have thought of Aaron Copland in connection with the piano Variations he played. Had his authorship been suggested, we would have said they lacked the cogency, the finish, the spontaneity of the Copland works we already knew—the "Music for the Theater," say; the two pieces for violin and piano; the piano Concerto.

I do not say that the Variations seemed more cogent or more spontaneous because we knew Copland wrote them. I say only that those who know some of his earlier works are bound to consider the Variations in the light of those works. For music is not "just music," and a piece of it cannot always be analyzed separately. The adequacy of a composer's powers of expression may be much less constant than the value of what he has to express. Thus, the content of certain music is really understood only by reference to other works in which the composer has expressed himself more successfully. And some works of mediocre intrinsic worth are of interest chiefly for their artistic and historical relations with the composer's more important music. Only closer acquaintance will indicate whether these Variations are important in themselves, or in relation to the rest of Copland's work, or not at all.

If performers, on the other hand, could remain anonymous, it would be very helpful. For they, unlike composers, are important, not for what distinguishes them one from another, but for what, in greater or less degree, they have in common—the ability to realize faithfully the intentions and implications of the composer. In a recent week we had recitals by three violinists of first rank: Szigeti, Yehudi Menuhin, and Heifetz. In forming an opinion of their performance, how is it possible to exclude what should be excluded: Mr. Heifetz's apparent ease; Mr. Szigeti's bodily angularity; above all, Yehudi Menuhin's fourteen years?

Prejudices based on these things being inevitable, a certain discount must be made for them. On the score of technical purity and accuracy of intonation, Yehudi can afford to give the discount, for a comfortable margin separated him from his elders. There was no music on his program so deeply moving as the slow movement of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," as Mr. Szigeti played it, but that lack of depth was doubtless more in the Mozart and Viotti concertos themselves than in his playing. Mr. Heifetz still dazzles, and the few technical defects of his performance were noticed only, perhaps, because from him one expects nothing short of perfection in technique. On the musical side, he seems to have added to what used to be called his heartless playing the mannerisms of more sentimental players. So that for a real *tempo rubato* (i. e., bending of the rhythm to meet the requirements of phrase structure) he seems to substitute a superimposed "expression" (i. e., rhythmic distortion added to an essentially unfelt performance). But this is really a case where no substitutes will do, and his earlier chaste and regular playing was by far preferable to this.

It might have been possible to hide Mr. Heifetz's identity behind a screen, but I do not think his substitution of "expression" for truly sensitive phrasing would be so easy to conceal.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Comic Spirit Takes a Rest

THE coming on last week of two new plays by George Kelly and Philip Barry was grounds for supposing that the week in question might make an important contribution to the history of American comedy. But not so. Mr. Kelly, whose danger has always been not that he should become savage, which he usually and effectively is, but that he should become serious, became deadly serious well before the middle of "Philip Goes Forth" (Biltmore Theater); and Mr. Barry, who wrote "Hotel Universe" as well as "Holiday," simply refrained from being comic at all in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" (Henry Miller's Theater). Yet it was a good week. For Mr. Barry's play was excellent for another reason, and Mr. Kelly's was a very capable—and therefore only a comparative—failure.

Mr. Kelly's failure was a failure to maintain that attitude of skepticism toward his characters and their convictions which I take to be the distinguishing sign of comedy. In his first act, which was much the best of the three, he did maintain such an attitude, for there was then no way of knowing which of the two antagonists was right—the young Middle Westerner who wanted to come to New York and write plays, or his blustering father who would bully him into staying at home in the family business. Either might be right, either might be wrong; and I hoped that we should never find out which was what. But we did, for by the time the second act was well under way Mr. Kelly had begun to decide for himself and to try to convince us. He discovered the truth, which is a deadly thing for a comic writer to do. He even created an oracle through which the truth should be delivered to us—Mrs. Ferris, the young man's landlady in New York. From the moment Mrs. Ferris began to speak the play began to sink, and nothing could lift it up again to its very bright first level. Mrs. Ferris's message was this: that we can tell a true artist by the fact that he likes to do the work which his

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Films, Theatres, Debates and Lectures continued on pages 108 *and* 109

DEBATE

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art requires, and that we can tell a fake one by the fact that he thinks chiefly of fame or money. Even if this were true it would be out of place in a comedy such as "Philip Goes Forth" started out to be; and it probably is not true. Mr. Kelly grows quite romantic about sincerity—and puts, for instance, some very bad poetry in the mouth of Mrs. Ferris's most "genuine" artist, Miss Krail, on the occasion—surely invented to convert us—of the musician's suicide. Not that the play lacked pungent dialogue; and not that it was anything but very intelligently acted, in particular by Harry Ellerbe as the young playwright and by Dorothy Stickney as the pathetic poetess. And I dare say there were many in the audience who were glad to be convinced that the "real" artist dotes on the drudgery of his calling.

Mr. Barry's play is a deeply touching version for modern minds of the story of Elisha and the Shunammite woman. The prophet in this case is a famous Canadian physician with great though vaguely defined powers as a healer. The woman to whom he gives a son—quite in the natural way, be it said—is a young Middle Western wife who has so much more imagination than her good-natured husband that she cannot be wholly occupied in his house and cannot, for instance, conceive a child by him. The coming of the specialist, however, changes all that; a boy, his son, is born; and several years later the specialist is called back from his travels to prevent the child's death from a mysterious affliction which is probably psychological. Leaving then for the last time he asks the wife to go with him, and she does not go.

The old story is translated with the utmost ingenuity, yet the chief virtue of the play lies in its dialogue, which has all the lightness of Mr. Barry's best comic writing at the same time that it is sensitive to an extreme and beautiful degree. Mr. Barry is always tactful and tasteful, even to the point of turning his head from the more painful moments and entertaining us with charming remarks about watch crystals that won't stay in. He proceeds—and succeeds—always by understatement, by the cultivated gestures of polite comedy. This in a play whose theme calls for comparison with that of "Strange Interlude"! The difference between the two pieces defines very well the quality of Mr. Barry, who certainly will never try to achieve the full and powerful tragic note of Mr. O'Neill. He prefers pathos, of which he is a master. But it is worth noting that pathos merely touches us, making us softly cry perhaps. Tragedy moves us, though at a greater distance, and does so by overstatement in the grand style. Tragedy moves us more, and perhaps more significantly; it cannot touch us, however, for it is not tender. The acting of Herbert Marshall as the specialist and Zita Johann as the wife is in the neighborhood of the season's best.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch.*

WORKLESS is an unemployed journalist.

VIRGIL MACMICKLE is a free-lance writer resident in Portland.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

MARK VAN DOREN has written theater reviews for the *Theater Guild Magazine* and is giving a series of lectures on current plays at the New School for Social Research.

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

Plays to See

*Elizabeth The Queen—Beck—45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
†Petticoat Influence—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
‡The New Yorkers—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Films

Sous les Toits de Paris—(French)—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—(German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.

Morocco—beginning Sat., Jan. 24; Outbound Bound, beginning Wed., Jan. 28—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.

Gretel Und Liesel (Kohlhiesel's Tochter)—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.

Music

Philharmonic Symphony, (Bernardino Molinari conducting)—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., 22, Fri. aft., Jan. 23, Sat. eve.. Jan. 24.

Albert Spalding, violinist—Carnegie Hall, Sun. Jan. 25 at 2:30 P. M.

Sigrid Onegin, contralto—Town Hall—Sun., Jan. 25 at 3 P. M.

Jose Iturbi, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Mon., Jan. 26 at 8:30 P. M.

Philadelphia Orchestra, (Ossip Gabrilowitsch conducting)—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Jan. 27.

London String Quartet—Town Hall—Thurs. eve., Jan. 29.

Mary Wigman, dancer—Carnegie Hall—Sat. eve., Jan. 31.

League of Composers—Second concert of Modern Chamber Music—The Art Center—Sun. aft., Feb. 1

Rachmaninoff, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Sat. aft., Feb. 14.

Myra Hess, pianist—Town Hall—Sun. aft., Feb. 15.

Debates and Lectures

"Resolved that the Best Political Service Can Be Rendered by Joining the Socialist Party"—Debate—Heywood Broun and Norman Thomas vs. Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays—Mecca Temple—133 W. 55 St.—Fri., Jan. 30 at 8:30 P. M.

Are There Generally Accepted Standards of Decency Which Can be Applied to The Theatre—Debate—John Haynes Holmes and Elmer Rice—Community Church Auditorium—Wed., Jan. 28 at 8:15 P. M.

Will Birth Control Improve Our Race—Dr. Charles Francis Potter—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.—Tues. Jan. 27 at 8:30 P. M.

What is Happening in the New York Theatre—Irma Kraft—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St.—Sun., Feb. 1 at 4:30 P. M.

☐ PLAYS ☐

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International Relations Section

Mexico Turns to Fascist Tactics

By CARLETON BEALS

DURING the past twenty years Mexico has embarked upon many military, social, and political adventures. Now, the leaders in control of the government have established an all-powerful official ruling party. They have forged the National Revolutionary Party (founded after Obregón's assassination in 1928) into a close-knit disciplined organization designed to control national affairs completely and be the final arbiter in matters of state. The Communist Party in Russia, the Fascist Party in Italy, the Kuomintang in China—all are dictatorial one-party expressions, but they all antedated the seizure of power. But like the Unión Patriótica of Primo de Rivera, the new National Revolutionary Party (PNR) is a post-revolutionary creation, imposed from above, to achieve support of the regime already in power.

The restricted official character of the new ruling party did not clearly display itself until toward the end of the provisional presidency of Portes Gil, when by executive decree every government employee was required to donate seven days' pay a year to sustain the party, thus converting it into a bureau of political control instead of a bona fide party.

The PNR was baptized in its official role at a meeting in the Ideal Theater in Mexico City, a meeting attended by high heads of the party from all over the country and by President Ortiz Rubio and his cabinet. Heretofore, during past "revolutionary" administrations, official groups camouflaged their governmental connections. Calles and his cabinet members were wont to attend the conventions of the Mexican Labor Party and the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM), but these groups, while they basked in the sunlight of governmental favor, had no monopoly of political activities in the country.

Portes Gil, as new head of the PNR, defended the forced collection of funds from public employees. He declared that if these funds were used purely for political and electoral purposes, those affected would have the right to protest, but "everyone is advised, especially functionaries and public employees, that the funds gathered in this manner will be used for important and noble ends." Out of these funds, according to Portes Gil, the PNR would establish a life-insurance fund and provide doctors and medical supplies to care for all illnesses of all government servants and all members of the party. The PNR would aid the new government labor banks to promote workers' and peasants' cooperatives, would foster rural credits, and see to the proper functioning of the new peasant communes, preventing them from falling into the control of cheap political agitators. In Mexico City, the PNR would establish a "Proletarian Home" to care for workers' children and provide lodgings for all visiting workers' and peasants' delegations. Workers' cultural activities and ambulatory social missions would be furthered, and the Museum of the Revolution and a Workers' and Peasants' University would be founded. Finally, the party would attempt to develop new proletarian leaders "who will not exploit their followers." Such was the program laid down by the politician who has done more than any other single person in Mexico to destroy all existing workers' and peasants' organizations.

In detail, many of these proposals overlap present government activities, and it seems a device, in part, by which the PNR may take over certain radical undertakings and thus curry favor with the masses, who are not permitted to organize freely outside of the PNR, while at the same time the government itself presents a more diplomatic and respectable front to the world. Portes Gil concluded: "The PNR is frankly a government party. . . . The revolution having been made, the government needs an organization of agitation and defense. The PNR is proud to be this organ of agitation and defense. The government has the program of the revolution. The party has the program of the government and the revolution."

These are the avowed "important and noble ends" toward which the PNR will work by means of the funds extracted from government employees—a total of at least 30,000,000 pesos during Ortiz Rubio's administration. The functional theory behind the undertaking is, of course, that of the Roman-Prussian superstate, strained through Communist and Fascist practice and adapted to Mexican needs.

What chance has this unilateral party for success? The PNR is relatively a new organization, though directed by political and military personalities who have emerged successful during the past twenty years of strife. It was founded to bridge a definite crisis resulting from the 1928 assassination of President-elect Obregón. Almost anybody who could lay the slightest claim to being "a revolutionary" had clambered upon the Obregón reelection band-wagon. Among his campaign followers could be discerned: (1) the Calles group, including the Mexican Labor Party, led by Morones, then Secretary of Industry, and the more disciplined wing of the army, controlled by General Joaquín Amaro, Secretary of War; (2) the surviving anarchic but powerful generals, long closely associated with Obregón, those who had surged up recklessly during the worst years of disorder, such as Manzo, Topete, Escobar, Aguirre, Caraveo, Urbalejo; (3) the middle wing of the army, half pro-Calles, half pro-Obregón—Saenz, Almazán, Pérez Treviño, Rodríguez, and others; (4) the peasant groups, especially favored by Obregón at the time—the National Agrarian Party (founded by Soto y Gama in 1920), with whom was now associated Aurelio Manrique, ex-governor of San Luis Potosí, a party bitterly anti-Calles, and the National Peasants' League, under Ursulo Galván, indirectly supported by Secretary of Interior Adalberto Tejeda and at that time affiliated with the Moscow peasants' international; (5) the Communist Party; (6) the bureaucratic Alliance of Socialist Parties of the Republic, founded and swayed by the notorious gunman, Deputy Gonzalo N. Santos; and (7) the outstanding state bosses, such as Tejeda of Vera Cruz, Zuno of Jalisco, Garrido of Tabasco, Portes Gil of Tamaulipas. Some of the generals, such as Pérez Treviño, Saenz, Caraveo, and Rodríguez, were also powerful state bosses.

There was no fundamental cohesion, no unity of program. Even before the campaign was over the Calles labor group had broken sharply with Obregón, and it became open gunning season between the followers of both bands. After Obregón's election and death the political pattern broke up completely. The various soup-kitchen groups split badly. Things looked shaky. Calles was the only strong pivot, and about him swirled the torrent of frustrated ambitions. To save the situation Calles clung to the Amaro wing of the army but threw overboard his long-standing friends, the Laborites. The state bosses, or caciques, saved themselves out of the wreck because of their strong regional support. The middle wing of the army wavered, then fused with the Amaro wing. In March, 1929, the unruly old-line generals dashed into sordid revolt. Part of the National Agrarian Party, led by black-bearded Manrique, jumped in with the rebellious generals. The rest of the peasant elements pursued a policy of watchful waiting. The Communists launched bitter and insensate personal attacks upon Calles, Portes Gil, and other Obregón elements.

Portes Gil assumed the provisional presidency, a compromise man to bridge the gap between the pro-Calles elements and the pro-Obregón elements, except that the Labor Party was definitely out. Portes Gil intensified his onslaught upon Morones and the CROM by propaganda, by police coercion, and by subsidizing enemies of the CROM. The National Agrarian Party was subjected to a coup d'etat by official elements and died a natural death. The romantic Zapatista lawyer, Soto y Gama, retired to a life of quiet study. The National Peasants' League split into various factions, and an official coup ejected the founder, Ursulo Galván, who died planning a revolution after an operation at Rochester. The Communist Party was ruthlessly suppressed, its Moscow agitators were deported, and various members were shipped off without trial to the Islas Marías penal colony. Everything was smashed except the PNR, conceived and founded by Calles to inaugurate an era of liberal democracy. Now, back of the government stands the PNR; back of the PNR stands Calles, who, according to Luis León, "broke the shield of his own military leadership to cover himself with the tunic of democracy."

But in Mexico no ruler can long afford to wear the tunic of democracy. Political control is still too precarious. True, a freer system of political expression had grown up in the shadow of the revolution, but the PNR, under the stress of Obregón's assassination and the subsequent political confusion, not only had to consolidate itself internally, but also had to establish its sway in the tempest of conflicting groups and ambitions. The original democratic concepts were dumped. The first true demonstration of PNR democracy was the installation of an absolutely 100 per cent PNR chamber and senate, over which the pistol of Gonzalo N. Santos waved menacingly—no members of the Labor Party, no Catholics, no Vasconcelists, no representation whatsoever from any but the official group.

In April, 1930, Portes Gil left the cabinet of Ortiz Rubio to take over the party, which was threatened with its initial disruption. Congress had split into "reds" and "whites" quarreling over control of jobs and the permanent commission which controls the seating of future members. The whites had been given control of the commission by Pérez Treviño, Minister of Agriculture, then head of the PNR, but the reds, led by Campillo Seyde of Vera Cruz and Gonzalo N. Santos, made a coup. Seventeen of them were promptly expelled from the PNR. Portes Gil now reinstated the reds and a division of control was agreed upon, but the strife continued back in the states. Finally, however, differences were patched up.

No sooner had Portes Gil and León secured control of the party machinery than they began to use it for personal ends, installing their relatives and friends in key positions. One of Portes Gil's henchmen was General Ortiz Rubio, who had earlier in the year inaugurated a minor reign of terror and jailed all opponents of the PNR. He had been transferred to a northern state where he was again making trouble by attempting to undermine the control of Saenz and Pérez Treviño. Rumors of revolution against Ortiz Rubio even got under way. Calles jumped back upon the scene, Portes Gil and Luis León were ejected from the PNR, and it was turned over to the Amaro army group by the appointment of young General Cárdenas from Michoacán, Amaro's home state. The PNR, after having crushed all organized popular political expression, now represents an army party.

The only organization which has attempted, and to some slight extent successfully, to put up any opposition to the PNR steam roller is the flouted Labor Party under Morones. The Laborites have united with the two "out" factions, the Anti-Reelectionists and the Socialist Party. The particular *bête noir* of the Laborites was Portes Gil, and his recent elimination at least removes an element of personal bitterness from the controversy. According to Morones, Mexican politics have become a cemetery with the PNR acting as the hangman. The collection of the seven days' pay a year from government employees has led Morones to dub the PNR the "Thirty-One Club," because the money is collected on the last day of each thirty-one-day month. What the Laborites forget is that the idea was inaugurated by themselves, for when the Labor Party controlled public office, each bureaucratic chief forced all subordinates to belong to the Labor Party and pay a percentage of salary into the coffers of the party. The PNR differs only in that it has monopolized and universalized this privilege, forcing all other parties out of existence through presidential decree.

In the past, attempts similar to that of the PNR to dominate Mexican politics have been met by the cry of "Imposition." This accounted for the downfall of Carranza. But as the leading daily, *Excelsior*, shrewdly remarked at the time, the reason that Carranza did not succeed in imposing Ignacio Bonillas as a puppet president was precisely because the Liberal Constitutionalist Party of Carranza was more a name than a fact and he did not choose Bonillas soon enough or support him long enough. Also, Ortiz Rubio still had other supporting elements besides the PNR when he was thrust into office by Calles and Portes Gil; he had the nominal support of the Laborites and he had the army of Joaquín Amaro; and his way was paved by the successful suppression of the 1929 revolt.

The PNR, more than any of its bureaucratic party predecessors, bears the earmarks of the privileged parties of the dictatorial European regimes mentioned in the first paragraph of this article. The PNR is the government and the government is the PNR; and thus far no quarter has been given to any elements outside of that combination. Here is the first time an official government party, sustained by the government and dedicating itself to keeping the government in power through effectively destroying all opposition and even all sympathizers not definitely in the party, has functioned in quite this manner in Mexico. And by the militarization of the PNR, politics in Mexico have been reduced to factional feuds. The conflicts revolving around the problems of labor, agriculture, nationalism, the church, and foreign capital have been relegated to second rank.

What is to be done about the seven million people dislocated from the haciendas and thrust into free villages without the proper economic basis for self-maintenance? They must be driven back on to the large haciendas, which are now, in many places, in the hands of Calles, Portes Gil, Saenz, León, and others. Or the country must be rapidly industrialized. Or the population must be kept down by armed force. Or the agrarian revolution must go on to its logical conclusion. The immediate answer will probably lie in a partial reabsorption of the peasants into the large private haciendas and the suppression of all efforts at continuing the agrarian revolution by armed force. Industrialization still seems remote. American capital is still wary, and though it has seized a few key positions, such as new railroad extensions, the light and power resources (Electric Bond and Share), and the telephones, and though the National City Bank has installed itself, the major raw-product industries—petroleum, henequen, and mining—are in a ruinous state.

The evolution from one-man dictatorship to party dictatorship may represent a real advance in Mexico. But the PNR has cut the roots of its popular origin. Furthermore, the road of the one-party system is fraught with even more difficulties than one-man dictatorship. To survive, such a party needs a powerful personality at its head, an iron-clad organization, a fearless willingness to employ any opportunistic means; and at bottom it must have a military basis as in Italy, Russia, and China. Already Portes Gil has demonstrated how such a party may be turned into a personal machine. In eliminating him and turning to the Amaro war party, Calles has definitely jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, but he has insured more party stability.

For a time the regime made an honest effort to promote native industry and to create a sustaining economic basis for an independent governmental system along the lines of native capitalist development. The dilemma is now clear. Calles could not provide the support necessary for a native industry competing with foreign enterprise and at the same time support the Labor Party, which was making inroads from another direction. Obregón's program had better chance for success. He threw overboard the Laborites and turned to the peasants. Calles has now thrown overboard the Laborites and turned to the army. All the popular roots of the regime having been cut, it can only maintain itself by a foreign alliance, namely, with the American State Department. The present Mexican regime is now in the same position as was Leguía in Peru, Luis in Brazil, Siles in Bolivia, Machado in Cuba, and Moncado in Nicaragua. Mexico is a much harder country to control, but if Calles and Amaro are moderately successful they will come to depend more and more upon the United States. One of these days even a good fat bond issue may be in order.

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THE RELEASE OF GANDHI and other Nationalist leaders in India, with the concurrent termination of the government order under which the Working Committee of the Congress Party has been an outlaw organization, will make fluid, at least temporarily, a situation that threatened to harden into deadlock. The release was made, according to the Viceroy, in order that the Nationalist leaders might be free to decide their future attitude toward the Round Table results. It is hard to see how the Working Committee in the light of past pronouncements can consistently accept the Round Table recommendations as they stand without convincing assurance that the self-government promised therein shall be real and the reservations shall not be merely a device for preserving British dominance. Unconditional amnesty to the thousands of political prisoners in Indian jails might provide that assurance. It might even break down the power of the Congress Party to continue its revolutionary activities. As it is, the release of the leaders serves to dramatize the plight of the led, who still remain in prison. At the same time it appears that the Round Table results, along with the gesture of amnesty so far given, will find considerable favor among the business elements, whose wide support of the Congress Party is amply proved by the statistics of British-Indian trade given out the day before Gandhi's release. In the event of a split in the Congress Party, the future course of events—the difference between further cooperation with the British and revolution—will depend of course on the strength of the two factions. At present only one thing is certain—the decision of the Working Committee will be the next important development in the Indian drama.

CASH FOR VETERANS, in the form of an immediate payment upon application of the adjusted service certificates held by veterans of the World War, has now been demanded by the national executive committee of the American Legion, notwithstanding that a resolution favoring such payment was tabled by the national convention of the Legion at its meeting at Boston last fall. The retirement of the certificates at this time would, in the opinion of the committee, "materially assist in the relief of present distressful economic conditions," "put new life into American business," and "benefit immeasurably not only the veterans themselves, but the citizenship of the entire country." The hard-headed Mr. Mellon does not see it that way. Commenting on the Garner bill calling for the immediate payment not only of the veterans' certificates, but also of the 25 per cent added for endowment insurance and 4 per cent compound interest from the date of issuance, Mr. Mellon points out that the Treasury would have to borrow at least $2,100,000,000, or $375,000,000 more than the face value of the certificates, and that such a loan, even assuming that it could be floated, would heavily deplete capital funds available for industrial or other use. We are entirely with Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover in their opposition to the immediate-payment scheme. Not only would the endowment insurance be swept away, but the bonus payments themselves, on the average only a trifle more than $1,000, would almost certainly be dissipated for immediate needs without leaving any provision for the future.

A SPECIAL FEDERAL GRAND JURY has indicted Victor Seymour, former Western manager of the Republican Senatorial Committee, and George W. ("Grocer") Norris, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, for perjury in their testimony in the Nye committee's investigation of the anti-Norris campaign in Nebraska. Senator Norris declares that the end is not yet, and newspaper dispatches state that additional indictments are expected. We set forth these facts only to remind our readers once more of the utterly unscrupulous nature of the campaign that was waged against Senator Norris, and the readiness of officials in his own party organization to defeat a man whose loyalty to the public interest was greater than his loyalty to that organization or its financial backers. Men whose memories go back a month will not forget the part played by Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, in the campaign against Senator Norris, and his attempt to read the Nebraskan out of the party when his own work was brought to light. There has been criticism of the work of the Nye committee, but certainly in respect to the anti-Norris campaign it has contributed materially to our understanding of the meaninglessness of the present political line-up and to our appreciation of the forces really at work in our politics.

THE CONFERENCE of seven governors of industrial States called by Governor Roosevelt to consider questions of unemployment and stabilization of industry has given needed stimulus to the discussion of unemployment insurance. President Hoover simply sits tight, and there is no hope of national executive leadership, though the problem is national in scope. The governors are to be commended for taking up the question, but at best State action is bound to be partial and inadequate. According to Governor Roosevelt's announcement, the adjourned conference of governors has authorized a series of subsequent meetings by representatives of the industrial and tax departments of the States concerned. The first one, to be held in New York, will consider European and American experience with both voluntary and compulsory unemployment insurance, and the modifications of such plans that ought to be made here if a general system by States should be adopted. Nothing but good can come of any genuine study of this problem, but we cannot too strongly insist on the essentially national character of any solution that even gives promise of being satisfactory. We hope that the representatives of the seven industrial States involved will help make that clear.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, in addition to urging Congress to repeal the recapture clause of the Transportation Act as not only useless, but mischievous in its possibilities, also recommends important changes in the rate provisions of the act. The fundamental theory that the regulating body should attempt to insure a fair return on the value of the property used in transportation has always appeared to us economically impracticable, and the Supreme Court in the O'Fallon and other cases has complicated the matter yet further with considerations of reproduction cost and other disturbing elements. The commission now invites Congress to help free it from court-imposed fetters by requiring it, in fixing the general level of rates, to give attention to the transportation needs of the country, the necessity for an adequate credit basis for the carriers, and the further necessity that the carriers furnish adequate service at the lowest possible cost. Transportation costs are a necessary charge against industry, which under private ownership must of course cover the cost of adequate service if industry is not to suffer. This public conception of a rate basis, however, differs sharply from the idea that the primary purpose in fixing rates is to insure adequate return to railroad capital, which seems largely to have dominated the court's thinking on the subject. It will be a public gain if Congress gives the commission the legislation it asks, thus lending legislative sanction to the more enlightened theory of rate-making held by the commission as opposed to the majority of the court.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COUNCIL lacks courage. In setting February, 1932, as the date for the world disarmament conference, it privately intimated that it would like to have an American preside over the meeting. It is widely anticipated that the conference will resolve itself into an old-fashioned dog fight over purely European political questions. The United States, traditionally in any event, has no stomach for the job of sitting in as umpire at Europe's domestic quarrels. Hence the promptness and the coldness with which Washington rejected the Council's suggestion. The State Department quite properly pointed out that the main question at the conference will concern land armaments, that this question is peculiarly European, and that Europe therefore should seek among its own statesmen for a conference chairman. Again, in the Polish-German controversy the Council, though displaying more tact, showed little courage. A formula for rebuking Poland was found that not only satisfied the Germans, but was acceptable to the Poles. This is perhaps excellent diplomacy, but nowhere in the dispatches from Geneva is it even suggested that the minorities row between the two countries has been permanently settled. However, the New York *Times* reported Foreign Minister Henderson of Great Britain as describing "the solution as one of which the League could be proud and which would relieve all its friends." Obviously, it is more important to the peace of the world that the friends of the League should be relieved than it is to remove a condition that disinterested observers believe is leading Europe to a new war.

RUSSIA MUST HAVE ENGINEERS and technical experts to carry its Five-Year Plan through to successful completion, and it appears that capitalism out of its very weakness will help Communists to meet this need. Lack of adequate technical assistance has long been the largest problem the Soviet Government has had to face in its scheme of industrialization. An authority on Russia, writing in the conservative London *Economist* last November, said: "The training of hundreds of thousands of workers for the task of industrialization is one of the most baffling problems of the Five-Year Plan. The number, quality, and devotion of these *cadres,* as the industrial army is called in Russia, will in the end decide the fate of the industrial revolution." Moscow sought to overcome this difficulty by increasing the number of its training schools and speeding up the courses. Unfortunately, the schools have failed to produce enough qualified men to meet the demands of the industrialization program, and Moscow has now turned to the workers in the capitalist world for help. It has announced that positions are open for 3,000 engineers, 3,000 foremen, and 7,000 workmen. The appeal comes at a time when the capitalist countries are suffering from one of their protracted periods of depression and unemployment. There can be little doubt that of the millions of men out of work at least 13,000 will be found willing and competent to fill the positions Russia has to offer.

MUST THE WASHINGTON GOVERNMENT be continually reminded that its complete exclusion of Japanese immigration under the terms of the 1924 law has not been and cannot be forgotten by the Japanese people? Will Washington never awaken to the fact that until amends for this gratuitous Congressional insult have been made, there will always be an undertone of falsity and hypocrisy in our otherwise friendly relations with Japan? During and for a few weeks after the London Naval Conference hope was revived that Congress itself would, by putting Japan on a quota basis, take the initiative in repairing as best it could the damage it wrought six years before. Chairman Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration promised as much in a statement issued after the signing of the naval treaty. Japanese delegates returning to Tokio felt certain that some such action would result from the markedly more friendly relations between the United States and Japan. High quarters in Washington at least did nothing to discourage the Japanese in this hope. Yet our relations with Japan are still drifting along under the cloud of this insult. According to Foreign Minister Shidehara, the wounding of their national honor is still "weighing heavily on popular sentiment" in Japan. The Japanese remain patient, but Shidehara's recent message to the Diet reveals that they have not forgotten. "We shall," he said, "watch further development of the question with unimpassioned but keen interest." Cannot Washington act of its own accord to repair this wrong?

FRANCE ALONE of the important countries succeeded in staving off hard times when the economic depression was engulfing most of the rest of the world. Now, however, even France has hit the economic toboggan. There were indications of an industrial and commercial decline several months ago, but not until the official year-end reports were made public in Paris was the extent of the decline made known. Foreign trade for 1930 fell off 13,200,000,000 francs, or about 13 per cent, as compared with 1929, but as most of the decrease was registered in the last two months of last year, the drop was more severe than that which has taken place in American foreign trade. Industrial activity showed a similar decline, while the number of unemployed increased in the last three months of the year from 988 to 11,952, a gain of 1,000 per cent. A strong financial position and the well-protected domestic market were among the factors that helped postpone the hard times, and it is thought that they will now operate to keep the slump from reaching disastrous proportions. Nevertheless, economists believe, because of the wide spread between the various price levels, that France will be subjected to a severe price deflation that will tend to aggravate the depression to an extent that otherwise would have been improbable. Besides its economic difficulties France is still laboring under the strain of the Oustric and other financial scandals, and to these was added a few days ago the wheat-speculation scandal which forced the Steeg Government out of office.

EVENTUALLY the State Department may awaken to the fact that its defense and support of the Cuban dictator have not saved and cannot save American property from destruction. Protection of American investments has undoubtedly been the principal motive behind the department's present Cuban policy. Washington has reasoned that by throwing all its weight behind a strong man it could forestall revolution and thus prevent wholesale destruction of property. Until recently this policy met with the anticipated success. Those opposed to Machado realized only too well the hopelessness of attempting a revolution against the remarkably efficient Cuban army. Lately, however, the opposition has expressed itself in other ways; numerous cane fields have been fired and many sugar centrals have been burned. The damage has run into the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars, most of the loss falling upon American owners and American investors. Details as to this wave of incendiarism are set forth in the flood of daily dispatches that have come to American newspapers from Havana in recent weeks. It cannot be long before the Department of State is confronted with complaints from American investors, whose losses in the sugar-field fires are mounting daily.

A DANDY TIME was had by all at the Poverty Ball held in St. Louis on January 24. Guests were invited to "Emerge from Depression; Celebrate Hard-Times Finale. . . . Your last chance to look poor, act poor, feel poor, talk poor, be poor!" Quaint costumes were helpfully suggested by the committee. Under a picture of an unfortunate-looking tramp with Monday-to-Saturday whiskers was playfully inscribed: "Dress in the New York Manner." An apple-vendor pushing a baby carriage full of apples was another brilliant suggestion with the caption: "A Fruit Magnate in an Executive Capacity." A young lady attired in a barrel was described as "Barreled Sunlight or a Keg of High Spirits." At the St. Louis country club where this merry party was held, three rooms, it was announced beforehand, were to be decorated "in the spirit of the occasion." "One will be a downtown street scene, with its apple salesmen, hot-dog stands, and stores advertising price slashes. One will be a winter scene in a park, with snow and cold benches. The third will be a cellar." There was much more in the same vein, but this will give everyone who was so out of luck as not to be present a good idea of the delicate wit, sympathetic understanding, and deep intellect of the sponsors of the affair. No doubt as a result prosperity will come back to St. Louis with a bang, and the unfortunate ones who didn't get invited but who had to keep on wearing their old clothes on the bread line will have a terribly nice evening reading about it all in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

NEWSPAPER MERGERS go on in England as well as in the United States, the latest to be announced being the amalgamation of the *Nation and Athenaeum* and the *New Statesman*. The old *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*, the former, under its great editor H. J. Massingham, long the foremost of English liberal weeklies, and the latter an equally distinguished literary journal, were merged in 1921. In 1923 the control of the paper passed into the hands of a group of which Professor John Maynard Keynes was the best-known member. The *New Statesman* was founded in 1913 as an organ of those whose political sympathies were with the Labor Party rather than the Liberals, but neither of the two journals was properly to be classed as partisan. The new weekly, which is to be known as the *New Statesman and Nation*, will, it is said, be "an independent organ of the left." The merger will thus leave the Liberals without a weekly organ. The change is in line with a political transformation which has reduced British liberalism to a position of hopeless minority among the parties, and at the same time taken from Labor much of its former socialistic radicalism. As the Liberals, from the standpoint of the Conservatives, are obviously a left party, an "independent organ of the left" may, it would seem, find place for Liberal as well as Labor sentiments. *The Nation* wishes well to the new venture, only hoping that the editors will speak out and hit hard.

Confusion Worse Confounded

AMAZING and amusing—that's the Wickersham Commission report. The day it was made public some New York newspapers changed their headlines on each successive edition, as they examined a new part of the report, and finally the *Telegram* came out with this head: "Figure It Out for Yourself—We Can't— Editor." The conclusions of the report contradict its evidence, so far as it supplies any evidence, and controvert the conclusions of the individual members. Eleven members, eleven opinions—it seems to be a faithful reflection of the present state of American thought on the liquor question. The London *Morning Post* observes caustically: "The ludicrousness of this babel of conflicting counsel is only equaled by the ludicrousness of the law itself." Opposed (collectively) to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and to the restoration of the legalized saloon, the commission still finds that there is "no adequate observance or enforcement," and that there can be none without the cooperation of the States and the support of public opinion in the several States—which by implication does not exist. Nevertheless, "some of the commission are not convinced that prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment is unenforceable"; but over their own signatures all except Mr. Lemann are able to agree that if the amendment is to be revised it should take a form giving Congress power to "regulate or prohibit"; after which the commissioners open their mouths, shut their eyes, take a long breath, and unite in recommending nine relatively minor measures for strengthening enforcement of the amendment as it stands. The palm for consistency must be awarded to Mr. Baker, who signs the report opposing repeal, yet states categorically that he favors repeal. Among all the commissioners, however, we confess that our heart goes out to Mr. Lemann, who alone refused to sign.

As one passes from the conclusions to the body of the report, on which presumably the conclusions are based, the wonder grows. It must be remembered that the "amount of scientifically provable facts bearing upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment" available to the commission was small; so it had to depend largely on opinion. Even so it is no great news that "taking the country as a whole, people of wealth, business and professional men, and, perhaps, the higher-paid workingmen and their families are drinking in large numbers in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the national prohibition act." The report goes on, however: "From its inception to the present time the law has been to a constantly increasing degree deprived of that support in public opinion which was and is essential for its general observance or effective enforcement." The commission continues:

> If, with regard to any law, assuming a vigorous effort at enforcement, the result is found to be that, notwithstanding enormous numbers of convictions, there is little deterrent effect and, after a decade of experience, the volume of violations seems to increase steadily and the public attitude is increasingly indifferent or hostile, the question arises as to whether such a law is, in any proper sense, enforceable.

If we pass to the individual opinions, we only journey farther into wonderland. There is no space for quotation, but only four out of eleven commissioners even favor giving the amendment further trial before considering modification; five want immediate modification; two are for outright repeal now. In other words, seven out of eleven are for immediate change; yet the commission with a perfectly straight face advises no change. This is probably statesmanship; it looks like humor. If anybody can read this document carefully and deny that these commissioners are overwhelmingly against the Eighteenth Amendment he can do better than we can. We do not say that their opinions are necessarily much more important than those of any other eleven equally intelligent citizens; we do simply say that Senator Borah is right in observing: "The torpedoing of the report by the individual views of the members of the commission leaves the report without force or effect in the ultimate solution of the problem."

How did eleven intelligent men and women ever come to make such a report? Politics has bedeviled prohibition from the start; it has prevented the Wickersham Commission from doing anything really useful—and this even if we discredit the unpleasant stories of Presidential interference that lie back of the Tydings resolution. The commission method of dodging executive responsibility is yet further discredited, and prohibition is left where it was except that its opponents will draw much ammunition from the report. In appointing the commission, the President bravely called for "an accurate examination of fact and cause," followed by "constructive, courageous conclusions." Now, ignoring the whole body of the report and the individual opinions of the members, he rejects out of hand the uncertain suggestion of modification. Is his action either constructive or courageous? Is his treatment of the report in his message of transmittal even honest? He bends the report to favor prohibition; then, frightened by the storm of criticism, he lets disclaimers be put forth. Was ever a more pitiful spectacle of cowardice and futility?

We are back at the old possibilities. We may go on as at present, with perhaps more vigorous attempts at enforcement, but, so far as can be determined, with little promise that the lawlessness, corruption, hypocrisy, and nullification now prevailing in great sections of the country will be much lessened. We may conceivably repeal the amendment outright, and go back to State control, with its possibility of the legalized saloon, which everyone professes to reprobate. Or we may perhaps repeal the amendment by modification, thus keeping the liquor question in national politics, where it has already done vastly too much damage. On none of these possibilities has the commission thrown any particular light. Toward none of them has it made any clear-cut and convincing recommendation. For none of them has it offered a single carefully thought-out plan, if exception be made of Mr. Anderson's interesting recommendation of a modified Swedish system under a modified constitutional amendment. The commission is not to be blamed too much, for it was given an impossible task to perform under impossible conditions. The President declined the responsibility of leadership by seeking to shift it to the commission under a "fact-finding" mask, and the hobbled commission has been able to do nothing except to add to the general bewilderment. The report is another liability in the general bankruptcy of the Administration.

New-Party Obstacles

WE may be possessed of a burning desire to form a new party in the interest of better and more equitable government. We may adopt a compelling philosophy and a workable program. We may educate the masses and awaken them to the necessity for such a party. Still the road to success would be blocked by numerous political and constitutional obstacles. These, too, must be tackled and as many as possible removed before a party for the people can be launched with any reasonable hope of getting beyond the discussion and agitation stage.

In another section of *The Nation* several major aspects of this problem are effectively explored by Henry Hazlitt. He suggests that new parties cannot be brought into existence overnight; that they must take firm root in our political life and be permitted to grow normally and naturally. "But," he declares with equal truth, "it is precisely growth from the grass roots that our present election and constitutional machinery is calculated to stifle." He asks for the elimination of lame-duck Congresses and that the people be allowed to elect Presidents by direct voting. Citing unassailable examples, he reveals how under our present election system huge blocks of voters are not only disfranchised, but actually have their votes counted for the opposition candidates; and he shows that by a proportional-representation system all groups might be given a voice in the government.

These are some of the reforms progressives and radicals must fight to obtain. There are other reforms necessary to the success of a new-party movement. Among them are simplification of the present cumbersome election machinery, effective reduction and control of campaign expenditures, and regulation of campaign propaganda. Today our election machinery is so complicated by red tape that in many cases it is practically impossible for citizens to register and vote. Several plans for overcoming these defects have been suggested. Permanent registration instead of periodical registration would go far toward simplifying and facilitating the task of voting; central registration instead of registration by precincts or districts would work to the same end. Registering and voting by mail, which is now legal in only a few States and cities, would enable many citizens, temporarily absent from home or otherwise prevented from getting to the polls, to share more fully in the duties and responsibilities of government.

A more important difficulty is the multiplicity of elections. So many elections are held in most parts of the country that only the most elaborate and expensive party organizations are equipped to keep the voters actively interested and to bring them out on election day, and obviously these party machines want to bring out only those voters who will support their particular candidates. Moreover, the many elections serve to confuse the average citizen as to the essential differences between the great numbers of offices, candidates, and issues, and so it becomes a relatively easy matter for the well-equipped, permanent organizations of the two dominant parties to lead him into the one or the other of their camps. It is upon such local machines that the two national parties rest. At the present time any other national party would have to build itself upon the same sort of costly and complex local organizations.

Simplification of the election system would make the maintenance of a permanent party organization less expensive and less necessary; but it is during the campaigns that most money is spent. We have seen that the corrupt-practices act has failed to keep down campaign expenditures; the party with the largest contributions has usually won, and as long as elections continue to go to the party with the largest war chest, a party of the people will always be at a disadvantage. It has been proposed in the New York State legislature and elsewhere that the government bear all the election and campaign expenses. Under this system the State would print pamphlets for all the candidates of whatever party, giving each candidate for the same office the same amount of space. No other publicity or advertising would be permitted except over the radio and perhaps from public platforms. Radio time, however, would be divided equally among the various candidates in accordance with the prominence or importance of the office being sought. We cannot say that this proposal for limiting expenditures is flawless, but we do contend that until some such scheme is adopted a party of the people would be laboring under the greatest handicaps in trying to compete with the present two dominant parties, whose owners can at any time put up tens of millions of dollars to swing an election by publicity, propaganda, or other means.

Bar for Sale

IN 1695, in the Province of New York, there were only forty-one lawyers. In that year several wealthy litigants bought up the entire bar, and as a result the assembly of the province regulated the number of lawyers that any litigant might retain and fixed the number at two. The statute declares that if any more are retained "it shall be lawful for the judges of the bench where the suit is depending to order all such attorneys as shall be retained, more than two as aforesaid, to plead for the other side without returning the fee received."

The community might have been better off if the law had read that the state should supply every client with two lawyers. But the issue which prompted this statute (we intend to find out whether or not the law was ever repealed) is of interest today because of the wholesale purchase of the bar of the city of New York in defense of those men who were behind the failure of the Bank of United States. The State of New York, for investigation of this social calamity, supplies its prosecutors with $100,000 and has as attorney in charge Max D. Steuer, who receives as compensation $1. On the other side, the bank directors, its officials, and its attorneys have purchased the services of practically all the outstanding trial lawyers in the city. John W. Davis, formerly candidate for President on the Democratic ticket;

Joseph M. Proskauer, formerly Justice of the Appellate Division, a close adviser of former Governor Smith; former District Attorney Tuttle, who has just finished a campaign for governor of the State on the Republican ticket; Emory R. Buckner, formerly United States District Attorney; Samuel Falk, son-in-law of the Republican leader Samuel Koenig; Martin Littleton, of Sinclair-oil fame; and at least a score more have been retained at an expense that will no doubt run in excess of a million dollars. It will be the duty of this imposing list of counsel to prevent indictments and convictions being found against the directors and attorneys of the defunct Bank of United States.

If the bank had failed in September instead of in December, Mr. Tuttle in his gubernatorial campaign would have gloriously attacked the banking departments and those of the directors who are affiliated with Tammany Hall. Across Mr. Tuttle's lips now rests a large fee. These attorneys are now the advocates of a discredited banking group. To some of them New York has looked for guidance. Next time John W. Davis or even Emory Buckner discusses the problem of banking and the State we shall have to remember that they are split personalities, true to the basic fiction of the profession that a lawyer should never state his own belief in his client's case or in his client's innocence. Lawyers are merchandise sold off the shelf to the highest bidder. In this case as in others, the State's purse is restricted, the leaders of the bar are intent on getting Mr. Kresel, Mr. Marcus, and Mr. Singer freed from criminal charges, and the odds must be at least a million to a hundred thousand that the procedure will vindicate the directors and attorneys of the bank. We are altogether likely to find, when the trial is over, that the failure was entirely legal and that the unfortunate fact that the depositors are likely to get about fifty cents on the dollar is only one of the unavoidable exigencies of a harsh world.

Death of a Swan

IT was somehow surprising to learn that Pavlowa was just short of forty-six when she died on January 23. Watching her dance, one could not connect her with age at all; yet it seemed as if she had been dancing forever and would go on doing so. It is reported that she kept swans in her garden at Hampstead to watch their movements and learn from them in her famous swan dance. And no swan ever made a movement more ineffably graceful than hers, as with bent head and drooping arms she, in her imitation of the bird, sank to the floor in her imitation of its death.

Like all young Russian girls with a passion to dance, Pavlowa was trained at the school of the Imperial Russian Ballet in St. Petersburg, which she entered at the age of ten. It was a rigorous, monastic, disciplined life. The children danced all morning, ate a brief lunch, went for a brief walk in the yard, and were busy at classes—geography, arithmetic, history, music—until supper. Except for summer vacations, there were only three days off at Christmas and at Easter. Parents were allowed infrequent visits and the sweets they brought their darlings were carefully locked up and doled out to the young ladies piece by piece on Saturday night. Literally nothing was thought of except the dance, and the best ways of becoming an accomplished dancer. For this, technical perfection was necessary; and a liberal education was considered necessary in addition. Pavlowa was slender, delicate, hardly equal to the more rigorous demands on her muscles that the mode of the dance demanded. But she had her own excellences, she contained within herself her own perfections, and the ballet master was sensible enough to allow her to distinguish herself in her own way. She restored the romantic mode of dancing which had died out with the great Taglioni.

It is recorded of her that she once took part in a little revolution, when with others of her dancing mates—Fokine, the beautiful and famous Karsavina, and others—she attempted to bring the imperial ballet theater, the Marinsky Theater, into the rebellion of 1905 which resulted in the granting of the Duma by the Czar. The conspirators drew up a set of demands—autonomy, the power to choose their own committee to decide artistic questions and amount of salary—and presented them to the director, who coldly received them. The "committee" even attempted to make the other members of the ballet strike on the eve of a performance, with small success. They were first in disgrace and then graciously the recipients of the amnesty that was extended to all after the establishment of the Duma.

This, of course, was before the days of Pavlowa's triumphs, although even in her student days she was recognized as a dancer of great beauty and promise. She came to the heights of her career, as several fortunate dancers did, with Diaghilev's presentation of the Russian ballet in Paris. Such dancing, such costumes, such performances had never been seen in France. Diaghilev worked like a man possessed, with Karsavina, Nijinsky, Bakst, Ravel, Stravinsky, Debussy, as well as Pavlowa, to astonish and delight first Parisian, then London, finally American audiences. Even then, in the midst of unprecedented triumphs, when the ravished audiences crowded the stage and would hardly let the dancers escape, hard work, hours of it every day, was demanded to retain the perfection of grace and power that was necessary.

Pavlowa had kept up her skill and her power. She had announced another American tour for next year and thousands will mourn because they will not see her. It is worth asking, indeed, whether they will ever again see her like. Partly because she was herself, supreme, incredibly expert, graceful beyond compare; partly because the great days of the ballet may be gone. The old school, subsidized and heartily patronized by the Czar, will never come back, although a school of the ballet does exist now in Leningrad. But surely in Soviet Russia such unequivocal and undeviating devotion to pure art cannot be looked upon with much favor by the proponents of a proletarian dictatorship. And it is questionable whether outside of Russia there will ever exist that peculiar combination of passionate, almost pious devotion and exhilaration that resulted in technical perfection and incomparable grace. Pavlowa herself, at the close last year of a tour on the Continent, is quoted as saying that the talkies and the modern craze for mechanical entertainment were "killing the true dance, the most beautiful of all the arts." It may be that she was right, that with her death, and with the death in time of her contemporaries, the day of the dance in this particular form will be ended. If it should be so, a rare thing will have perished from the earth.

Will the Five-Year Plan Succeed?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, January 14

AT the turn of the year, after a January-to-December stay in the Soviet Union, I permit myself a look backward to recapitulate and forward to anticipate. Fortunately, decisions adopted in Moscow late in November and in December make it possible to speak of future policy with some degree of certainty.

Nineteen thirty was a year of Socialist offensive. Nineteen thirty-one will be a year of retrenchment, of shortening the line, and of less buoyant progress. Construction efforts will be concentrated on a limited number of giant industrial plants and on fewer small factories. The pace of heavy industrialization will be slackened and more attention will be paid to the immediate needs of the population. Nineteen thirty passed under the sign of foreign hostility to the Soviet Union. The last phase of that hostility, the anti-dumping campaign, is one of the chief factors which induced the change of policy. The trial of Ramzin and the rest likewise contributed toward a modification of the 1930 course by revealing the pitfalls of an excessively rapid tempo. The strain on the nation has been very great. The state will therefore stop, inhale deeply, and rest. How long this period of recuperation will last it is difficult to predict.

How will all this affect the Five-Year Plan? Will it be carried out? The question is difficult to answer because there is no fixed plan. Indeed, no sooner does an industry give indications of approaching the production totals set as its final goal than that goal is moved forward in order to stimulate further effort. This has occurred several times in single branches of economy, so that the original minimum *Piatiletka,* or Five-Year Plan, adopted in 1928 was very different and much lower than the *Piatiletka* of today. And even the present levels will probably be raised before December 31, 1932. The *Piatiletka* is as much a political slogan as a practical economic task. Hence the psychological value of "raising the ante," so to speak. Now if one asks whether the plan as first inaugurated in October, 1928, will be carried out in the quinquennial ending December, 1933, the answer must be a categorical affirmative. It is more to the point, however, to inquire into the likelihood of the complete fulfilment of the much-modified and augmented Five-Year program, not in five years but in four, in accordance with the present firm resolve of the government, the party, and the proletariat.

In 1929-30 the Soviet state industries increased their production 25 per cent, which was 5 per cent ahead of the plan. A further increase of 45 per cent as compared with the previous year is contemplated for 1931. If this is achieved, 79 per cent of the Five-Year-Plan-in-Four will have been carried out in the first three years, and in heavy industry 98 per cent. At the end of the third year of the *Piatiletka,* that is, on December 31, 1931, moreover, the coal, oil, machine-manufacturing, and electrical industries will have exceeded their five-year schedule. According to the plan, the Union was to have produced 53,000 tractors in 1932-33. These will be turned out in 1931. When we say "will" it means that in each case the factories, funds, and all other facilities are available for such production and that past records warrant present expectations. Transport is a fair index: in 1931 the Soviet railways will carry 330,000,000 tons of freight as compared to 281,000,000 tons originally fixed for the fifth year of the *Piatiletka.*

In light industry success has not been so spectacular, and unless lost ground is made up as a result of the shift of policy determined on in November and December, the textile, shoe, food, clothing, and paper industries, as well as other branches supplying the immediate consumption needs of the country, may fall behind the requirements of the plan. But two years still remain; domestic raw materials that are sources of light industry—cotton, flax, leather, lumber, vegetables, sugar—have been stimulated by collectivization and the organization of state farms; and the Bolsheviks are apparently convinced that the nation must be better taken care of than in the past. The cumulative effect of these circumstances should permit the Soviet light industries to reach their goal during the second half of the four-year *Piatiletka.* In fact, the recent plenary session of the Central Committee promised an increase of 25 per cent to 30 per cent in retail goods for 1931.

In agriculture, too, tremendous advances have been made. The 1930 grain harvest amounted to 87,400,000 tons compared to 71,700,000 tons in the previous year. Collectivization has, with the aid of pressure from the authorities, made greater headway in two years than anybody could have hoped for in five. The Communists regard this as a guaranty of a higher rural productivity—a view which their first harvest tends to confirm—and a promise of more amicable relations between the village and the city—the crux of the whole Russian situation.

In considering whether the Five-Year-Plan has been or will be a success or a failure, I do not believe that percentages are altogether conclusive. The world wants to know whether the general purpose of the plan is being achieved; whether Russia is industrializing quickly and rationally. Here no doubt is admissible. The answer is yes. Whether the high standards of the program will be met to a degree of 90 per cent or 115 per cent—both are possible—really matters little. Thus, whereas almost every capitalist nation is at best holding its own, the Soviet Union is experiencing a period of enthusiastic high-speed construction.

I should be the last to forget the shady side of the picture: the poor quality and high cost of manufactured goods, the difficulties of management—it is easier to build a factory than make it produce—the subordination of the welfare of millions of individuals to the welfare of the state, which cannot yet pay dividends, and the innumerable mistakes by officials and leaders. The truth about Russia is Janus-faced. Everyday life is hard and black. People suffer. The gratification of primary requirements absorbs a huge amount of attention. But there is another, a bright and encouraging, side: the birth of new "Socialist" cities, the erection of giant factories and farms, the thrill of a whole continent tapping new sources of creative energy and marching toward economic independence and a better standard of living. Which phase one chooses to dilate on frequently depends on one's temperament and principles. The hardships of today sometimes impress and depress me, but more often the light of the future blurs them out of sight, and the focus of my mind's eye shifts to the positive, the constructive, the creative. The difficulties are those concomitant with growth and youth.

One of the outstanding developments of the year was the disappearance of unemployment. For all practical purposes anybody who wants a job can get one if he has qualifications of the slightest and often even if he has no skill whatsoever. Cities, factories, and offices compete violently for workers and offer special attractions to draw them away from their present places of activity. Hence the excessive "fluidity" of labor, which the government vainly seeks to combat with an endless series of decrees.

The scarcity of labor is a direct consequence of increased industrial production and construction and of the inefficient use of labor. Yet it also reflects significant, I am tempted to say epoch-making, changes in the Soviet village. Nineteen thirty was preeminently the year of agrarian collectivization—Stalin's chief contribution to the Russian Revolution. Collectivization has probably stirred the peasantry even more than the abolition of serfdom. It absorbs all the village hands and minds. It threw the torch of civil war into the countryside and aroused first the vigorous resistance of the masses of peasants, then the venom of anti-Soviet elements abroad, and finally the opposition of strong forces within the Communist Party itself. This struggle for the collective and against the kulak is by no means ended. But it will scarcely assume the sanguinary forms of January and February, 1930, and the state will scarcely again resort to the drastic measures of coercion employed earlier in the year. The Bolsheviks have learned a lesson. Nevertheless, I see no indication that the policy of further collectivization will be abandoned or even moderated. I believe, on the contrary, that the advantages of collectivization appeal so much to the village administrator that he will be tempted to push the movement as far as possible. He thus gets rid of the obnoxious kulaks, and grain procurements, formerly a perilous adventure, become a relatively peaceful pursuit. The *Kolkhoz* creates many problems, both economic and of organization, but once under way it eliminates or at least mellows peasant hostility. Further collectivization, however, should soon compel or enable the party to return to unchecked tempos of industrialization. The next few years may indeed witness such a cycle of retarded and then accelerated speeds, together with some noticeable political zigzags and, in consequence, renewed feuds in Communist ranks.

The crusade to destroy private capital in the village by means of collectivization and in the city by super-industrialization and the direct disfranchisement and arbitrary economic suppression of traders was inaugurated early in 1930. It colored all the events of the year and still continues, though with less crudeness. The Nepmen have not recovered from the blow. They are not likely to. The peasant peddlers who come into town with milk and vegetables do not replace them economically, much less socially.

The blows rained on the urban and rural bourgeoisie, the class war, in other words, took on harsher forms in 1930 than at any time since 1921. Inevitably, important social and cultural phenomena accompanied them. If this whole new development could be summed up in a phrase it might be called the "death of liberalism." The phrase, I hasten to add, is inadequate and very general, but it may help to explain a condition which is still too recent and vague to permit of final definition.

It will be difficult to describe just what has happened. In the realm of literature, for instance—in fact, in every field of art—emphasis on the class struggle is the demand of all critics and political leaders. Quality is a secondary consideration so long as the subject is new life in the collectives. What are love and personal life when the ***Piatiletka*** is at stake? Vsevolod Ivanov, the author of "Armored Train," therefore goes as a reporter with Leonov to tell about cotton planting in Turkestan; Pilniak, perhaps the most talented of Soviet authors, turns out a ream of sketches about the transition from feudalism to socialism in Tadjikstan of the Pamirs; while Gladkov, who wrote "Cement," goes in for a critique of collectivization. Of course, it does the *popuchiki,* or non-Communist novelists, who nevertheless are Soviet sympathizers, a world of good to come into contact with the new society instead of with the declassed, crumbling society which is their natural element. Yet it is scarcely conducive to literary production when unfavorable descriptions of conditions are condemned as "counter-revolutionary" and when the hero of every love story is expected, so to speak, to echo Stalin and praise the party's economic program. Not only is art for art's sake taboo—it was never very popular with the Bolsheviks—but art must frankly be only for the sake of politics.

It is an expression of the same general tendency when deviations from the official policy are combated more fiercely than ever. Tolerance toward dissenters is unknown now. More and more the slogan is, "If you are not for us you are against us." A middle-of-the-road attitude is anathema. The government asks the engineering caste to enunciate its credo; neutrality will no longer be countenanced. Similarly, Radek asks Pilniak to declare himself; he must not be an outside observer. Those who sit on the fence are finding that perch extremely uncomfortable. The result is that the doubters, the indifferent, the dissidents, and the enemies are either converted by the Communists' dynamic will to succeed, or keep their mouths shut and act the hypocrite, or are driven into active hostility as was the Ramzin party.

The class-war psychosis and a frantic faith in the early triumph of the Socialist cause explain this year's increase of the Bolsheviks' traditional antipathy toward neutrality and liberalism; while added practical difficulties have increased the popularity of the old Russian weapon—ruthlessness. On the other hand, during 1930 a sort of economic democracy struck deeper root. Stalin's famous article of March 2 and the decrees which elaborated it were a recognition of the principle that economic advantages are a more effective means of real collectivization than government fiat or administrative pressure. The mobilization of popular support and the elimination of certain faults in organization have worked wonders in the execution of practical tasks, yet when coal production in the Donetz basin commenced to fall in the spring, additional goods and food for the miners proved more effective than proclamations and circulars of instructions. Man does not live by enthusiasm alone; one happy chief engineer is worth five mass-meetings. The Bolsheviks forget this truth far too often.

These psychological, social, and economic factors in the domestic situation are inextricably bound up with Russian foreign relations. Indeed, the fear of capitalist attack and the partial boycott of Soviet exports contributed directly to making the internal policy and atmosphere what they were in 1930. Russia's foreign relations during the year have been more or less sterile. Negotiations with Great Britain have made practically no headway; frantic red-hunters in the United States have succeeded in obstructing Soviet-American trade; the Mongolian tangle is still in a hopeless mess. France has made herself the leader of anti-Bolshevik forces everywhere; sentiment in Berlin is not so friendly as in previous years; and, practically, only Germany and Italy have granted important credits to the Bolsheviks. After many years of passivity, relieved only by Litvinov's diverting performances at Geneva, the Moscow Foreign Office has at last displayed a bit of initiative—toward Italy. A rapprochement between Fascist Italy and Bolshevik Russia is certainly no comfort to the professional foreign Communist nor does it exactly clinch the argument which identifies the Soviet Government with the Comintern, but it is good *Realpolitik,* and the Kremlin will go farther if necessary. It would be very premature, however, to speak of a division of Europe between the Versailles Powers—France, Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia—and the anti-Versailles nations—Italy, Russia, Hungary, Turkey. No revisionist bloc is complete without Germany, and Germany, still harboring illusions of French friendship and mindful of Rome's betrayal of the Triple Alliance in 1914, cannot decide where she belongs. Much will depend on internal German developments. Moscow is prepared to meddle in dirty European politics because it must maneuver against French hegemony on the Continent and because a role in the drama enhances Russian importance and brings commercial and political benefits. But if the war which pessimists see in the offing really materializes, the Bolsheviks will not be in it. They will let capitalism dig its own grave.

After thirteen years during which every brilliant seer prophesied the fall of bolshevism in six months, the world has suddenly discovered that the Bolsheviks are strong enough to be a menace to the existence of capitalist society. While American officials still tell private meetings of bankers and industrialists that Russia is a "bad risk," the press, Congressmen, and intellectual jacks-of-all-trades show how this semi-bankrupt will soon flood the earth with its goods, undersell the powerful capitalist magnates despite its inefficient, because Communist, methods of production—and thus pave the way to world revolution. On the one hand, tales of distress, starvation, revolt, collapse; on the other hand, pictures of a new and mighty giant preparing to destroy the bourgeoisie of the planet with one huge puff. Of course, if scare headlines and fake news send up circulation in these depressed times, the lies about Russia should by all means continue. But a little realism and truth would do no harm.

The Plight of the Pueblos

By NATHAN R. MARGOLD

THE sad plight of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and their eleventh-hour resort to litigation to avert the imminent disaster with which they are threatened should enlist the sympathy and active cooperation of all fair-minded Americans. These Pueblo tribes, twenty in number, represent the most ancient of our Indian cultures. For several thousands of years they have been irrigation farmers, peacefully cultivating the land on whose last remnants they still subsist. Deeply religious, glorious artists in dance, song, pottery, and pure design, they have developed and maintained a unique civilization richly worth preserving for its own sake. They have always been friendly to the white race; it was they, in fact, who enabled the whites to establish themselves among the wild nomads of the Southwest. They have been repaid for that friendship with impoverishment, disease, and incalculable suffering. Forced now into a desperate legal battle to secure the means for continued existence, they have a just claim to active assistance from every enlightened American.

The various Pueblo tribes are distinct legal entities, each Pueblo holding title in communal fee simple to the land cultivated by its members. The titles were recognized and confirmed initially by grants from the Spanish Crown antedating 1700, and subsequently by Act of Congress and patents issued pursuant thereto. Like other tribal Indians in this country, they are wards of the United States government, theoretically entitled to protection and actually disabled in large measure from protecting themselves as a result of the imposition of this guardianship. As population increased in New Mexico, numerous Mexicans and pioneer Americans without the slightest right or color of title helped themselves to various portions of the Pueblo lands. The guardian government did nothing to remove the encroachers, and the helpless Indian wards struggled along as best they could on what land was left to them.

The failure of the government promptly to dispossess the encroachers led eventually to a twofold result. One was the gradual impoverishment of the Indians and the crumbling of their civilization. The other was the intrenchment of the trespassers and the constantly increasing injustice of putting them off land on which they had become established with tacit government approval. Normally, an owner cannot permit another to occupy his land for a period of years under a claim of ownership without losing his title altogether. But the general statutes of limitation, specifying the requirements for obtaining title by long-continued adverse possession, do not apply to government-owned land nor to Indian-owned land under the guardianship of the United States. This prevented the squatters on Pueblo lands from acquiring any legal right or title to the land which they occupied; but it could not and did not prevent them from coming in time to regard themselves and to be regarded as the true owners.

In 1919 Richard H. Hanna, a conscientious United

States attorney, commenced an action to eject some of the squatters from land urgently required by the Indians for subsistence. The case was tried in 1921 and was pending decision when Secretary of the Interior Fall and Attorney General Daugherty requested the court, on behalf of the United States as guardian plaintiff, not to render a decision, stating that legislation was being prepared which would destroy the ward's right to win the suit. The proposed legislation, known as the Fall-Bursum bill, provided practically for outright confiscations of large tracts of Indian land. It passed the Senate, but was bitterly fought and finally defeated in the House. The hearings before the House Committee on Indian Affairs contain a revealing picture of the sad state to which the Pueblos had been reduced by the inexcusable failure on the part of the United States government faithfully to perform its self-assumed duties of guardianship. Extensive quotation is impossible here, but a few tell-tale excerpts from the testimony of Mr. John Collier, then research agent for the Indian Welfare Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, are here appended (Hearings before H. of R. Comm. on Ind. Affairs, 67th Cong., on H.R. 13452 and H.R. 13674, Feb. 1-15, 1923, p. 225):

> If conditions remain as they are without becoming any worse the majority of the Pueblos must perish. . . .
>
> Spokesmen for some of the non-Indian settlers appeared before the Senate committee and made statements tending to show that the Pueblo Indians were very well off. It is a question of fact which can be answered from data readily available. The case of Taos Pueblo is an example. There is appended (Exhibit A) a summary of investigations made by Dr. Richard Shevky, a scientist of repute of Leland Stanford University, California, in the fall of 1922. Doctor Shevky personally interviewed each of the 126 families representing the 548 people who are reported on. (The total population is about 635.)
>
> Doctor Shevky's conclusion was that the per capita income of Taos for 1922 was about $30, and the estimated income in a good year is about $36. . . .
>
> Taos is admittedly the most prosperous Pueblo north of Santa Fé, and of its approximately 5,000 irrigable acres it has retained about 1,500, or about 2½ acres per person. Part of these 1,500 acres, however, is water-logged and available only for the grazing commons.
>
> With regard to the Pueblos south of Taos there is attached (Exhibit B) a summary which was prepared in November, 1922, based on statistics of income from all sources in the Pueblos of San Juan, Tesuque, San Ildefonso, Nambe, and Santa Clara.
>
> A summary here appended is based on data which were collected by the government farmer for these Pueblos. These data have been checked up by Doctor Shevky, who made the original study of Taos, and he believes that the incomes stated in the report of Mr. Hubbard (the farmer) are rather in excess of the actual incomes.
>
> [The summary referred to showed the following average *annual* per capita incomes: San Juan, $31.01; Tesuque, $16.68; San Ildefonso, $13.11; Nambe, $46.02; Santa Clara, $32.50.]
>
> The committee may find it hard to believe that self-respecting human beings not the recipients of charity can live on incomes so small as are shown by these exhibits. As a matter of fact, the Pueblos are not living, but in the case of the Pueblos near Santa Fé are slowly dying on these small incomes. . . .

After a two-year struggle Congress worked out and enacted a compromise measure designed fully to protect the Indians and probably to vest many of the white settlers with legal title to their holdings as well. This was the Act of June 7, 1924. It created the Pueblo Lands Board, consisting of the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney General, and a member to be appointed by the President of the United States. It set up a certain standard for discriminating between valid and invalid adverse claims to land originally owned by the Pueblos, and required the board to investigate and report which claims fell within the standard and which did not. It also provided, in effect, for the issuance of patents by the United States to the adverse claimants found entitled thereto, for the payment of compensation by the United States to the Pueblos for the loss of this land, and for the institution of suits by the United States as guardian for the Indians to recover all the tracts in the possession of adverse claimants found not entitled thereto by the board. In addition, the act provided that nothing contained in it should impair or destroy the right of the Pueblos before the lapse roughly of about two years after the filing of the board's report, "to assert and maintain unaffected by the provisions of this act their title and right to any land . . . in any court of competent jurisdiction."

Under the latter provision, the Pueblos could at once have gone into court and ousted every settler from their land. It was hoped, however, that they would delay action until they knew what land was returnable to them under the board's findings and what compensation was allowed for the balance, and that, finding themselves adequately provided for, they would voluntarily permit the two-year period to expire without taking any independent action at all against the settlers.

The Pueblos fully lived up to the expectations of Congress. They brought no independent suits and trusted to the board to deal fairly with them. The board made its investigations and began to file its reports. In the matter of compensation its awards have been shockingly meager. For many thousands of acres to which the Indian title was held extinguished, no compensation whatsoever was allowed. At the Pueblo of San Juan, of 3,000 acres lost to the Indians, only 1,000 have been made the subject of any award at all.

The sums so far awarded on the average have not amounted to more than one-third of the present value of the land, less improvements. In deciding between valid and invalid adverse claims, however, the board has been quite faithful to the provisions of the act. Its findings, if eventually sustained by the courts, would give back enough land to most of the Pueblos to enable them at least to continue a modest existence. In view of this, the Pueblos contented themselves with attempting to obtain judicial review and enlargement of the compensation awards and made no effort to regain possession of any land to which adverse claims were sustained by the board.

In obedience to the provisions of the act, the Attorney General, on behalf of the Pueblo of Taos, brought suit in the United States District Court in New Mexico to oust the settlers whose claims to title the board had found invalid. The District Court differed with the board and adopted a construction of the act under which most of the invalid claims became or could easily be made valid. The difference related to the method of satisfying the requirement for the payment of taxes by the adverse claimant during the period of his possession. Under the act the claimant was required in effect to show that he had *continuously* paid all the taxes levied on the land during the period of his occupation. The board interpreted this as a requirement of regularity and continuity in the payment of the taxes to evidence the good faith of the settler's claim of ownership and disallowed all claims where taxes were not so paid. The District Court, on the other hand, held that the payment of back taxes in a lump sum *after* the enactment of the statute, and, indeed, after the filing of the board's report, was sufficient to meet the requirements of the statute and to entitle the claimant to retain the land. On appeal the Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the District Court.

The government attorneys in charge of the case recommended that an application be made to the Supreme Court of the United States to review the case by *certiorari.* The papers were prepared, but five days before the expiration of the period allowed for such an application the Attorney General and the Solicitor General summarily directed their subordinates not to file the papers.

This was a bitter blow to the Indians, who are accustomed to defeat in the lower courts and final victory in the Supreme Court of the United States. But still they did not assert the full measure of their legal rights by means of independent suits. The Pueblo of Taos immediately pressed an independent suit previously instituted but deliberately framed so that only the tax question would be raised. The Indians being in control of this case, they intended by means of it eventually to obtain a decision from the Supreme Court on the merits of the tax question.

The Attorney General and Solicitor General, having already decided not to place this question before the Supreme Court, decided further to have all the other cases disposed of as quickly as possible and proceeded to put this decision into immediate effect. It was a foregone conclusion that every one of these cases would be lost on the tax issue and would ripen into a judgment adverse to the Indians, and that unless these judgments could be delayed, or the right to appeal therefrom saved, pending the final outcome in the Taos independent suit, the Indians would be stripped irrevocably of their land under the tax ruling of the lower courts before the Supreme Court had an opportunity to pass on the validity of that ruling. If the Supreme Court later held the ruling erroneous, its decision would affect only the comparatively insignificant amount of land directly involved in the Taos independent suit. It would be entirely ineffective with regard to the large bulk of Pueblo land awarded to white claimants under the judgments theretofore entered in the various other suits.

Here was a situation, certainly, where in fairness to the Indians all the pending suits, or appeals therefrom, should have been held in abeyance until the Taos test case had been presented to the Supreme Court. But the Solicitor General, despite urgent appeals made to him on behalf of the Indians, held fast to his original determination to reduce all pending cases to final judgment with utmost dispatch.

The government suit relating to the Pueblo of Picuris was immediately brought to trial, and of its many thousands of acres in possession of whites the Pueblo was allowed to recover only 119 acres. The significance of this will be better appreciated in the light of the following excerpt from the report of the board concerning this Pueblo (filed on October 20, 1928):

> The records—such as they are—seem to show that at the time of the Spanish conquest there were several thousand of these Picuris Indians. . . . Numbers of settlers from the Rio Grande moved into the hills and gradually occupied these valleys, since which time the Indians have rapidly decreased in numbers and have been crowded out by the non-Indian settlers until there are only about 116 Picuris Indians left altogether, and this number will dwindle to nothing in a comparatively short time unless something is done to rehabilitate them and much more attention is given them than has been the case during the last fifty years. The Pueblo village itself is a mere remnant of what it once was, and is in a sad state of demoralization. There is little or no sympathy for the Indians among the non-Indian inhabitants of the district. On account of the presence of undesirable non-Indians within or in the immediate vicinity of the Pueblo, many of the Indians are becoming demoralized, many of them are also ill and in actual need of food. On the whole, they are in a very distressing and deplorable condition. There are, however, some excellent men among the younger Indians, through whom a revival of the tribe and reconditioning of the Pueblo might with proper encouragement be brought about.

A decree returning 119 acres to a Pueblo so circumstanced, a Pueblo whose whole life, religion, and culture are all deeply rooted in the land, could serve only to seal the doom prophetically predicted in the board's report. Following Picuris, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and Cochiti are each being led to judicial slaughter. The Taos independent suit even now has not been passed upon by the Circuit Court of Appeals and cannot possibly come before the Supreme Court earlier than next fall. By that time every other Pueblo can be stripped of its land through final adverse judgments in the government suits.

This, coupled with the assurance of pitifully inadequate compensation, has proved to be the benefit in exchange for which the Pueblos are asked to bargain their undoubted legal right through independent suits to sweep every white settler off their land. In such a situation only one course could be taken; and that course was initiated on December 27, 1930, when, immediately before the expiration of the period allowed therefor, an independent suit for Taos was filed. Similar suits will follow for the other Pueblos, each being instituted only just in time to prevent a loss of rights through the running of the two-year period.

Unfortunately, the Indian Defense Association has exhausted its resources in the long struggle to procure for the Pueblos the limited but essential benefits under the act. The new suits will entail an expense of from $5,000 to $10,000 for such items as typewriting, printing, court fees, and service of process on the defendants. Unable to meet this new burden, the association has asked the public for help.

To a fair-minded person familiar with the situation this question permits of but one answer; and that answer should be made in the form of a check for whatever amount can be spared, which may be sent to Fred M. Stein, Treasurer, 270 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Our Obsolete Constitution

By HENRY HAZLITT

IT is no accident that American national politics is shallow, unreal, irresponsible, that intelligent European observers find it frankly uninteresting and its present party division pointless and meaningless. It does not seem likely that this state of affairs has much to do with our qualities as a people. The stagnation in our political life contrasts too vividly with the dynamic energy of our business life to make any such assumption plausible. Our discussion of fundamental issues is superficial and half-hearted because the machinery of government under which we live, devised more than 140 years ago, is hopelessly antiquated. That machinery, as it stands at present, is uncannily calculated to smother living issues and to make genuinely responsible government impossible.

No candid and realistic observer can fail to see that the chances of building up a new progressive party, or of bringing about a realignment of the old parties on genuine and vital issues, are extremely small—indeed, almost negligible—under our present Constitution and our present election laws. It is still impossible, despite Mr. Shaw's hopes for the future, for a human being to spring into life as a full-grown adult; and it is nearly as impossible for a new party to do so. Usually it must have a long period of infancy and growth. It was eighteen years from the emergence of the British Labor Party as such until the day it became large enough to form a government. It has been remarked of late that a new party can grow only "from the grass roots." But it is precisely growth from the grass roots that our present election and constitutional machinery is calculated to stifle.

To ameliorate this condition Senator Norris and some of his progressive colleagues have long been advocating two constitutional amendments. One would provide for the elimination of "lame-duck" Congresses and the other for the direct election of the President by popular vote. There can be no question regarding the necessity for these changes. That members of Congress can be repudiated at the polls and still continue to carry on their repudiated course for four months—which may often happen, as today, to be four crucial months—is preposterous. That the new Congress, unless an early session is called, cannot come into real existence until more than a year after its election is perhaps even worse. Our present rigid system dissipates political responsibility and makes our government essentially inefficient and unresponsive as an instrument for carrying out the public will.

Nor is there any longer the shadow of an excuse for the existence of the Electoral College. That device sometimes, as in the notorious Tilden-Hayes campaign, actually reverses the popular verdict, and always distorts it. Because Mr. Hoover's vote in the Electoral College was 444 compared with 87 for Governor Smith, the myth was immediately created that his popular indorsement was far greater than it actually was. What happened can be most plainly seen in the case of New York. New York gave Mr. Hoover 2,193,344 popular votes out of a total of 4,405,626—an actual minority. Yet, instead, say, of twenty-two of New York's electoral votes going to Mr. Hoover and twenty-one to Governor Smith, all of New York's forty-five electoral votes went to Mr. Hoover. The 2,212,282 persons who voted for Governor Smith and other candidates were not merely in effect disfranchised; their votes were actually counted for the opponent of the candidates for whom they voted. Such a distortion of results is intolerable, and anyone with the slightest belief in popular government would vote for its immediate discontinuance.

It must be said, however, that both of these changes are of relatively minor importance in their bearing on the prospects either for a new party or for obtaining any meaningful realignment of the old parties. The alteration in our electoral machinery and in our Constitution must be far more drastic. Fortunately, one change of the very first importance in its possible results can be made without even a constitutional amendment. This is the inauguration of proportional voting for members of the House of Representatives. The present division of States into geographical Congressional districts, with one member elected from each district, is unknown to the Constitution. That document simply provides that Representatives shall be apportioned among the States according to their respective populations, that the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, and that

> The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.

Proportional representation is an electoral arrangement designed to make the legislative body as exact a reflection as possible of the real voting strength of the parties. The case for the system is at bottom the case for representative government itself. Every shade of minority opinion should so far as possible receive its appropriate voice and its mathematically proportional representation in the legislature. It would take little argument to show that this ideal is far from fulfilment under our present arrangement. In the present lame-duck Congress, for example, thirty-five Republican Congressmen were elected from Pennsylvania and only one Democrat, whereas representation in the same ratio as the popular vote would have given the Pennsylvania Republicans only twenty-five seats and the Democrats eleven. North Carolina sent eight Democrats to the House and only two Republicans; proportional representation would have given the Democrats six seats and the Republicans four.

The bearing of this on a third party is obvious. The Socialist Party in the last Congressional elections polled nearly 240,000 votes for all its candidates, enough, under a system of proportional representation, to secure at least four seats in Congress. It did not secure any. What happened is obvious from a glance at the result in the Sixth Congressional District in New York. The Democratic candidate, Andrew L. Somers, polled 46,211 votes; the Republican candidate, J. G. Myerson, 29,901 votes; and Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, 21,882 votes. The Democratic candidate, though only a minority of the voters wanted him, was thus elected, and will now ostensibly represent in Congress the interests and opinions of all the voters of that district. In reality, of course, he represents neither the 30,000 Republican voters nor the 22,000 Socialist voters; these 52,000 voters, constituting a majority of the district, are virtually disfranchised. If this Congressional district had been merged with at least four other districts around it, and this larger district had been able to send five men to Congress under a proportional representation system, a vote of approximately the same ratios would have sent, say, three Democrats, one Republican, and one Socialist to Congress; and thus the voters of each party in that district would have obtained some representation.

Proportional representation is in no sense merely an academic scheme. Some form of it is already used in all important elections in Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and a number of other European countries. It has already been used for several years in municipal-council elections in Cleveland and Cincinnati, and in each city it has broken the former strangle hold of the political machine. The most satisfactory form of proportional representation seems to be the single transferable vote, otherwise known as the Hare system, which is the one used in Cleveland and Cincinnati and in the Irish Free State. This gives each voter a single vote in a district electing several members, so that each member is in effect elected by a separate group of the district's voters. It also gives each voter a chance to express his second, third, and fourth choices, and so on, so that his vote will not be wasted on a candidate who has either too many other votes to need it or two few other votes to be able to use it. This system has the particular advantage of doing away with the necessity for direct primaries.

Many may think that, aside from grounds of abstract justice, a voting system which would merely seat, say, three or four Socialists in the House under the present popular vote would not make any great practical difference in our political life. This contention overlooks the fact that, as soon as the possibility of electing Socialists appeared, the Socialist vote, or the vote of any other minority party similarly situated, would make astonishing gains, for under proportional representation small minorities would no longer feel that they were merely wasting their vote. Nothing discourages the growth of a small party more than the feeling of eligible voters that their votes are futile, even as a protest. And, by the same token, nothing does more for the life and growth of a party than to have some of its members constantly seated in legislatures, constantly making its demands articulate, constantly advertising its principles, and sometimes, by holding a possible balance of power, influencing the course of legislation.

Not only may the progressive group in Congress fight for proportional representation without having to fight for a constitutional amendment, but the political obstacles to the change may prove much smaller than they seem at first sight. Many Democrats may vote for it in order to enfranchise the Democrats in Pennsylvania and half a dozen other Northern States; many Republicans may vote for it to enfranchise the Republicans of the South. It need hardly be said that no other measure would do more to bring back real issues into our national political life by helping to break down what is still to a large extent the merely geographical division of the old major parties. Nothing would do more to encourage a larger volume of voting and public interest, and to make possible the growth of a new party.

But a far larger issue must be raised than proportional representation, important as that is. This is whether our whole constitutional system is not in need of radical revision. The result of fixed terms of office for the President and Congress and of chronological rotation in the Senate is to divorce both the legislative and executive departments from any close connection with public opinion. Our constitutional separation of executive and legislative powers, again, is ingeniously calculated to bring about constant friction, and the deadlocks are made even more frequent by the election of a new Congress every four years without the simultaneous election of a new President. It is impossible under such a system to fix real responsibility upon either the legislature or the executive. It is impossible to determine party responsibility. It is impossible to hold the President or a Representative or a Senator accountable for his acts until the end of his term; it is impossible for the voters to remove him before then. From the standpoint of a new party, so long as the single office of the Presidency carries such overwhelming powers as it does, there is no encouragement for the formation of a new party unless it may reasonably soon hope to become the majority party. The result of such a system must inevitably be, as it has been, to discourage continuous interest in politics or any serious political thinking except spasmodically at election time, and to cultivate in the public an easy-going indifference to abuses. This attitude is usually, and quite shallowly, attributed to our national temperament. The fault lies with our sacrosanct Constitution itself.

It is time that we seriously considered the radical revision of our Constitution to make our government at least as responsible, as flexible, as sensitive to public opinion as the parliamentary systems of Great Britain and the leading democracies of Europe. If the biological or economic descendants of Henry Ford, 140 years from now, were still turning out the present Ford model (with perhaps a slight change in the brakes and fenders), and argued in defense of their course that Henry Ford had been a great and wise man and must have known what he was doing when he designed the model, the contemporaries of those descendants would be justified in looking on them as pure idiots. Yet this is precisely the attitude that most Americans take toward our 1789-model Constitution today. The true heirs of Henry Ford would not really want to emulate the precise machine he designed, but his spirit of enterprise and inventiveness, and his own contempt for antiquated methods. The true heirs of the Founding Fathers will want to emulate, not their exact machinery or even their precise political philosophy, but some of their courage in founding a new form of government to meet the needs of their own time, and not least of all their sense and wisdom in abandoning their own former basic law, the original Articles of Confederation, when those had proved inadequate. "There is no greater disloyalty to the great pioneers of human progress," as even a conservative like Dean Inge reminds us, "than to refuse to budge an inch from where they stood."

An Echo of Wheels

By ROLLIN KIRBY

ON the fifth day of November, 1895, a man named George B. Selden of Rochester, New York, finally received a patent on an internal-combustion gasoline engine and a cluster of men humped over the handle bars of their bicycles flashed by. The pedestrians looked up sharply as they passed, some in indignation at these speed demons who imperiled life and limb on the public highways, and some in frank admiration of the zanies who perspired so freely and who were so humorlessly intent on completing a century run, which consisted of covering 100 miles within twelve hours.

After this group of "scorchers" had passed came the more leisurely cyclists, those who sat more erect on their Garford saddles and whose handle bars curved upward rather than down. And still they came, the young, the old, and the middle-aged. The whole world was awheel, men, women, and children. Ramblers with their copper rims, Columbias, Victors with their spring forks, Iver Johnsons, Monarchs, Barnes White Fliers—how well we knew the different makes as they spun by with a great whirring of chains over the sprocket wheels. Once in a while an imported Humber or a Rudge or a Raleigh appeared and gave a cosmopolitan touch to the pageant.

Those were the days of the L. A. W. (League of American Wheelmen, in case the reader is either too young or too forgetful), when every town had a bicycle club; when Colonel Albert A. Pope of Hartford was a Henry Ford; when the annual race meet of the league was a sporting event of major importance at which Arthur A. Zimmerman ("Zimmy"); John S. Johnson, the flying Swede from St. Paul; Eddie (Cannonball) Bald; Mile-a-Minute Murphy; little Jimmy Michaels, the Welshman; "Major" Taylor, the Negro sprinter; and a score of others rode and were national heroes.

At the meet at the World's Fair in Chicago "Zimmy" won the last mile open for "ordinaries" and closed the epoch of the old bone-shaker. Mounted on a Star whose little wheel was in front so that a header was impossible and which was propelled by levers instead of pedals, he nosed out John S. Johnson, and with that the old high wheel was relegated to the pile of discards at the back of the bicycle repairman's shop and the ascendancy of the geared safety became complete.

On December 31, 1930, there appeared buried on the eleventh page of the New York *World* the following item:

> WHEELMEN'S CLUB QUITS
>
> NEWBURGH'S BICYCLISTS DISBAND AFTER 44 YEARS' ANTAGONISM TO AUTOS
>
> NEWBURGH, DEC. 30.—After forty-four years' existence the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club has disbanded. It was decided today that the bicycle craze would never come back and officials of the club sorrowfully voted to disband.
>
> John Daly is the oldest member, a charter Wheelman. Daniel Becker was the club's last president. Mgr. Henry O'Carroll has purchased the clubhouse and added it to the nearby property of the Catholic church.

As though with the touch of a mysterious but awakening wand this little item galvanized into action the recollection of a time when the world seemed fresher (but perhaps wasn't), for it was the time of my youth and I was an ardent, obsessed cyclist; when to possess an imported Humber would have seemed the sum total of earthly bliss, and when an evening spent on my stomach beside the base-burner in the living-room poring over my various catalogues transported me into a realm of infinite joy and interest. Bells, lamps, spanners, pumps—all the gadgets that went to make up the accessories—were of surpassing wonder, and I lost myself in a world of mechanical things of which I have never had any but a very imperfect understanding.

And now the old diehards of Newburgh have capitulated. There is something admirable in the stiff-necked antagonism to the automobile of these old dwellers beside the Hudson. Year after year they have kept the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club together, and year after year Henry Ford has sown the roads with a contraption built around George Selden's idea which has forced them into the ditches and taught them that they were to venture on the highways only at very great peril. Yet they went on hoping that the thing might be only a passing fancy; that when the public was tired of being whirled at forty miles an hour along the roads and the novelty of effortless locomotion had worn off, once more sanity would return and they might with safety venture off on a modest club run, as suited elderly cyclists.

Doubtless they argued a bicycle was safer, less noisy, cheaper, healthier than an automobile and that facts so self-evident must, in the long run, bring people to their senses. One can almost see a meeting at the clubhouse. In the old days there would be copies of the L. A. W. *Bulletin* and the *American Wheelman* lying about and there would be much debate as to the relative merits of a high or low gear, especially on hills, or whether the spade handles of the Victor were as restful on a long run as the ram's-horn handle bars of the Barnes. On the walls would be fading photographs of groups awheel: tight knickerbockers, turtle-necked sweaters, and small caps. The men nearly all wore mustaches and here and there were sideburns. A banner bearing the club's name hung draped over the photographs, while on the mantel were three or four tarnished trophies won by the stout legs and hearts of the Newburgh Wheelmen.

Eheu, fugaces! A few years ago I came upon a crumbling old inn in Connecticut and there, overgrown by vines on a front porch that was a drooping ruin, was an almost indecipherable tin sign which announced that this was an official hotel of the League of American Wheelmen. And on the instant the place became peopled again for me and I saw dozens of bicycles leaning against the porch railing and the great elm that spread its branches over the house. Men and women—for the girls were beginning to perk up at that period—with cheeks ruddy from exercise sat on the steps or in the big chairs and rested from their labors. There was no sound of jazz nor was there a dancing floor. The few who drank, drank beer.

I do not know whether it was a better world than the one I now inhabit, but I am certain it was a more leisurely one and decidedly a quieter one. It seems, as I look back on it, a healthier one, although the statisticians tell me the span of human life has been extended since then. The deaths on the highways were trifling then as compared with those of the motor age, and although life, gauged by the ingenious but inconclusive graphs the actuaries present, may have been shorter, it most assuredly was safer on the main roads.

Gaffer though I am, I should like to throw my leg—whose power of propulsion is perhaps less than it once was—again over my Humber and start in the early morning, while the dew still glistens on the leaves and the sun is just coming up over there by the waterworks, for, say, Newburgh; for although the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club has gone down with the band playing and the flags flying after a gallant fight, there is still a very good, old-fashioned tavern on a wide and very precipitous Main Street in that old riverside town.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter always swells responsively with national pride when Oklahoma is mentioned. Of late years, perhaps, that allotment of national pride has concentrated on Will Rogers, the Last American. But since the inauguration of the new governor the Drifter hopes we have with us also a Next-to-the-Last American. There was a time in Oklahoma, in the early dignity of statehood, when "no gentleman would be seen in anything but broadcloth and no governor without a diamond stud." But Oklahoma has outlived her self-conscious adolescence, and America wakes again. Would that the Driftway had bent its course round Oklahoma City for the inauguration of "Alfalfa Bill"! The news accounts bring a whiff of fresh air that makes the Drifter prick his ears and whinny with delight. "Alfalfa Bill of the clarion voice, the gaunt figure, and the bristling mustaches," weather-beaten farmers, stately chieftains of Comanches and Kiowas in ceremonial feathers, the bent old father of the governor, at ninety-one murmuring, "This is my happiest moment, next to the time, under an elm tree, when I got religion." The American pattern has come alive again in Oklahoma—alive not only in its color but also in its simplicity.

* * * * *

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief"—Governor Murray is ready for them all. The rich man, he says, has no excuse whatever for violating the law; the poor man should have equal rights before the courts. "I don't believe much in pardons, but I do believe strongly in paroles. If prisoners do not keep the parole provisions, take them back to the prisons to stay." The present emphasis on college athletics is "the most deplorable of all our educational errors." He is for giving every boy and girl a chance at higher education "if they can stand the examination," but "when they are passed into the university, say to them, 'Do or get out.'" Which sound and simple advice brings the Drifter to the last of his buttons, "Indian chief." And here, of course, Alfalfa Bill is the real thing, or rather his wife is the real thing. For she is a daughter of the Chickasaws and he is adopted into the tribe. (The Drifter has one transient pang of envy, for he himself came within ten minutes of being adopted into the Ojibwa tribe.)

* * * * *

SUCH a state of affairs, or rather such a State of Oklahoma, should, if noised abroad, send travelers from England and the Continent scurrying for the Southwest. "Where is he?" they will pant as they rush through New York. "Is he real? Alive? Not a Rotarian or a cigar-store Indian?" The Drifter visualizes the procession, crossing ocean, mountain, plain, and three generations—reaching that domeless capital, entering the governor's office. When the Drifter was a boy, a hearty handshake was the governor's greeting and a cordial "I sut'n'y am mighty glad to see you," while the governor's wife, comfortably settled in a rocker in the gubernatorial chamber, looked up from her sewing with a friendly smile. If Oklahoma carries on this tradition of the governor's chair and the lady's rocker, the Drifter hopes for local color's sake that the governor's lady, dressed, needless to say, in the lovely costume of her tribe, may be beading bright-colored moccasins—or bags.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"The Coming of the War"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note the review of a group of books on recent diplomatic history, including Bernadotte Schmitt's "The Coming of the War, 1914," in your issue of December 31 by Professor Frederick L. Schuman of the University of Chicago. If Schmitt's actual views on war responsibility bore any considerable resemblance to those attributed to him by Professor Schuman in the latter's review, I would have little fault to find with them. Professor Schuman's statement, however, to the effect that "Schmitt comes nearer than any of his predecessors to a realization of the futility of the guilt-and-innocence dichotomy" actually raises the question as to whether he had read Schmitt's volumes at all. Professor Schmitt may be right in thinking Germany and Austria guilty, but no writer, not even Judge Bausman, has been more decisive in insisting on unique and black guilt. His volumes might well have been entitled "Let Germany Explain."

As to whether my charges against Schmitt's book are "worthy of serious consideration" or not, this will not be settled by Professor Schuman's inspired gesture of disdain or through reiteration by me. But I may offer in evidence the views of the chief authority on recent European history, who happens to be resident in Professor Schuman's own State of Illinois—Professor Joseph Ward Swain. Writing in the official journal of the history teachers of America, he said of Schmitt's book: "In the reviewer's opinion, Professor Schmitt's prejudices are so strong as to render him unable to write impartial history." In his competent and impartial review in the New York *Times* Professor Parker T. Moon observed: "Where there is conflicting testimony he [Schmitt] puts the evidence against Germany in the text and the evidence for Germany in the footnotes." What becomes of Professor Schuman's hero who "is thoroughly the historian and never the propagandist"?

New York, January 3 HARRY ELMER BARNES

Professor Schuman's Reply

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Barnes's comments raise two questions: (1) the nature of Professor Schmitt's contribution to the literature of the origins of the war; (2) the utility of dealing with 1914 in terms of "guilt" and "innocence." As to the first, allegations supported by other allegations are seldom convincing. If Professor Barnes can cite a single passage in Schmitt's volumes in which the "unique and black guilt" of the Central Powers is insisted upon or even suggested, his criticisms of Schmitt can be taken seriously. Thus far he has not done so. In his view, any study of 1914 which is not an indictment of the Entente and a whitewashing of the Triplice is hopelessly partial and prejudiced. Since Schmitt is relatively uninterested in indictments and whitewash, but moves in another universe of discourse, he is condemned forthwith.

As to the second question, it is clear that Professor Barnes still regards it as useful to take sides in the war of the pots and the kettles. I would be the last to disparage the value of his services in helping to explode the myth of a guilty nation and to show the injustice of the verdict of Versailles. This was a task for the journalist and dialectician, and Barnes, as *advocatus diaboli*, performed it with neatness and dispatch. The historian's task, as this reviewer sees it, is to present a full and well-balanced statement of the facts and to interpret these facts, not in terms of indictments and apologies for individuals or governments, but in the light of the patterns of political behavior constituting the Western state system. This goal Professor Schmitt has come nearer to achieving than any of his predecessors, despite certain faults of partisanship, as any layman can discover readily enough by reading his volumes for their content and not for brickbats with which to continue the guilt-and-innocence brawl. It is for this reason that the reviewer regards Barnes's charges as irrelevant, as well as unsubstantiated, and that he considers Schmitt's work worthy of high commendation.

Chicago, January 17 FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Where the Fault Lies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can progressives in Congress—or in editorial sanctums—learn from experience? The hullabaloo being raised by them about the Power Commission indicates that they cannot. All that they say about the commission is true enough, no doubt, but anyone surprised or shocked by anything favorable to monopolies done by it or by any other commission with similar functions needs a guardian. What other kind of commission did they think that Hoover would possibly appoint? No one able to profit from experience will expect anything else from a commission empowered to regulate a monopoly but that sooner or later the monopoly will regulate it. Occasionally, perhaps, a President may appoint a commissioner who cannot be so regulated, but such appointments are, and in the nature of things must be, exceptional.

The original error in regard to the Power Commission was made when the present water-power act was drawn up. A provision might have been inserted that title to all power sites should remain with the government or that in any event, no matter who might hold the title, the entire rental value of all sites must be paid into the public Treasury. This would discourage holding of sites for any other purpose than use. Further encouragement to use should have been given by protecting users against predatory tax legislation by means of a provision guaranteeing exemption of all improvements. This would have made giving the public the best service at the lowest profitable cost the best policy for the site-holders. No arbitrary regulations by a commission would have been needed.

There is no record, however, that any of those progressives who are now raising the roof with denunciations advocated anything of the kind or even now realize that they should have done so.

Baltimore, January 10 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Another Complaint

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing Bernadotte Schmitt's "The Coming of the War, 1914," in *The Nation* of December 31, Frederick L. Schuman writes:

> In reacting against the fantasies of the extreme revisionists, he [Professor Schmitt] perhaps leans slightly backward in an effort to be fair to the Entente. So long as the lie of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles remains written into the public law of Europe, the usefulness of such an effort is questionable.

What is less questionable than the usefulness of any effort by a historian to be fair?

Geneva, Switzerland, January 10 C. K. STREIT

Aliens and the Courts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Because of my admiration for and devotion to *The Nation,* I regret what seems to me the inaccuracy and inappropriateness of the closing sentence of your editorial paragraph in the issue of January 7 on the pending deportation of the Italian anti-Fascist, Guido Serio: "Thus do the federal courts of the United States aid in enforcing the political laws of Italy."

As a lawyer I have appeared for about thirty aliens against whom deportation proceedings have been brought under the alien-anarchy statutes, and I think you will conclude after further inquiry that Judge Bondy was powerless to do other than turn Serio back to the not-so-tender mercies of the Department of Labor. The law clearly vests in that department the decision as to whether Serio shall be deported and to what country. The department's decisions of questions of fact are not subject to review by the courts, which are warranted in overturning departmental orders only when it appears that the proceedings have been unfair to the alien, or that there is no evidence to support the department's findings. It is true that on many occasions permission to depart voluntarily to a country of their choice has been granted to aliens. But that permission, in all instances, has been granted by the Secretary of Labor and not by the courts.

It appears from your editorial and from other sources that Judge Bondy did his best to induce the department to act humanely and permit Serio to go to Russia. Perhaps it should be pointed out also that presumably it is as a Communist, and not as an anti-Fascist, that Serio is deportable. The Department of Labor has repeatedly held (and the courts have upheld the decisions) that alien Communists are deportable as members of an organization that advocates the overthrow of our government by force and violence.

If you will start a rapid-fire campaign of protest to the new Secretary of Labor, and flood his desk with letters and telegrams from citizens in all parts of the Union, you may be able to save Serio's life.

Los Angeles, Cal., January 7 JOHN BEARDSLEY

Kings and Grandmothers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What a curious thing is a king! In today's New York *Times*, which is so careful to print only news that is fit to print, General Pershing gives a detailed account of his arrival in England and the glorious entertainment he received at Buckingham Palace. After the feast, which was probably not too dry, the good King George stood with General Pershing near a window overlooking the garden and made some observations on his first cousin, Kaiser Wilhelm, that deserve to be preserved for all time as the kind of thing a king would be worrying about while millions of his subjects were being slaughtered in the trenches. It appears that Cousin Wilhelm, the Kaiser, in return for what Cousin George, His Majesty, had been doing to the inhuman Germans, had been permitting some of his subjects to bomb good old London. And, in the words of General Pershing, the King, pointing to the beautiful statue of Queen Victoria just outside the window, suddenly exclaimed: "The Kaiser, God damn him, has even tried to destroy the statue of his own grandmother."

Sir John Pershing, who seems to be a theologian as well as a hero, says he "quickly realized that it was a solemn expression of profound indignation, and not profanity." Of course, of course! How could the titular head of the Church of England be profane? Does any patriotic American think George Washington was profane when he put over his verbal assault at the Battle of Monmouth? Perish the thought!

The more General Pershing unravels the inside of our participation in the war, the better understanding we will have of why America sent billions of dollars and millions of men to Europe to save the kings and their grandmothers' statues.

Princeton, N. J., January 16 PERCIVAL WILMOT

Bumpers and the Bumped

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of January 21 contained a letter from Bertrand Shadwell in which he proposed to change the type of bumpers on motor vehicles to make them similar in action to the cow-catcher on a locomotive.

Because of my connection with the insurance business for a number of years I have been very much interested in death and injuries to persons. Although I cannot give any definite percentages, I would like to point out to you and also to Mr. Shadwell that although hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid in personal-injury and death claims through this office, I know of only two cases in which the injuries were caused by the bumper on an automobile. Our files will disclose innumerable cases of people being injured and killed by the cowl, lamps, door handles, and hinges of automobiles, which would seem to indicate that what is really needed is something to prevent people from running and walking into the sides of passing cars.

Hyannis, Mass., January 23 ROBERT M. KELLEY

Ideals and Meals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question of incentive is again presented in the letter of Mr. J. C. Menzel in your issue of January 21, captioned euphoniously Better Ideals than Regular Meals. He indicates that an emergency minimum-wage insurance would damage the incentive to earn a full wage, i. e., that a brakeman would never want to be a conductor or the president of the road. It seems, on the contrary, that the instinct to activity is amazingly strong and can only be injured by enforced idleness.

Great fortunes are not made by earning and saving. Stories say that they start that way, but to leave the argument at this point is to indicate but not acknowledge the further incentive, after the start is secured, to exploit on the grand scale under political protection. The writer mentions the extremes "rich" and "poor," apparently unconscious that a medium may be desirable and extremes due to evils.

It appears more reasonable to suppose that if possible extremities due to our still defective industrial economy were covered to some fair extent by wage insurance, real efforts to solve the employment question would result as an alternative to paying insurance losses. Also, the earners would be encouraged to save capital by instalment buying of lands, bonds, and stocks, and increasingly become dividend recipients themselves. Insurance is a stabilizing factor and is not feared except, apparently, when put forward primarily as a slight measure of safety to wage-earners by insuring their purchasing power.

Detroit, January 23 CHARLES H. BENNETT

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The Grindstone

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Here by the grapevine is the altar stone.
Here was the place where mysteries were known
And men learned how to make their sons in sweat.
Here was a place where women never met.
Out of this wheel the splendid words of God
Ran like sparks and cried themselves abroad.
At this table men bowed down to pray
When they ground their scythes to mow the hay.
Old powers dim and mighty as a seed
Came upon them as they bent and kneed
The earth beside this whirling wheel of prayer
And gave these men tremendous wings to wear.

Debate

WHY do people go to debates? Is it for the same reason that they read a serious analysis of a serious question, to receive intellectual light, or is it for the same reason that they go to prize fights, to see two people pummel each other, more happy when either of them lands a terrific blow than when either makes a successful parry? Are they thirsty for knowledge or thirsty for blood? I suppose the answer is the banal one that motives are mixed. But certainly if such people come for illumination they must feel pretty consistently cheated. I confess that I am myself only an occasional debate attender, but all in all I must have heard a rather considerable number, yet except in a single instance (Mr. Bertrand Russell's argument in favor of democracy against Mr. Will Durant) I cannot recall a debate on any subject in which either of the speakers advanced considerations for his side that seemed to me in any way fresh or original. The spirit of debate is hostile, not only to originality, but to nearly all subtleties, to nearly all nice distinctions, to profundity, and above all to common candor.

These reflections are prompted by the recent debate which I attended between Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and Mr. Clarence Darrow, on "Will the World Return to Religion?" In the ballot that followed, the audience voted more than two to one for the defender of the faith, Mr. Chesterton of course, and if that vote was on the relative merits of the two debaters, and not on the question itself, it was surely a very just one. Mr. Chesterton's argument was like Mr. Chesterton, amiable, courteous, jolly; it was always clever, it was full of nice turns of expression, and altogether a very adroit exhibition by one of the world's ablest intellectual fencing masters and one of its most charming gentlemen. Mr. Darrow's personality, by contrast, seemed rather colorless, and certainly very dour. His attitude seemed almost surly; he slurred his words; the rise and fall of his voice was sometimes heavily melodramatic, and his argument was conducted on an amazingly low intellectual level. Ostensibly the defender of science against Mr. Chesterton, he obviously knew much less science than Mr. Chesterton did; when he essayed to answer his opponent on the views of Eddington and Jeans, it was patent that he had not the remotest conception of what the new physics was all about. His victory over Mr. Bryan at Dayton had been too cheap and easy; he remembered it not wisely but too well. His arguments are still the arguments of village atheists of the Ingersoll period; at Mecca Temple he still seemed to be trying to shock and convince yokels. Mr. Chesterton's deportment was irreproachable, but I am sure that he was secretly unhappy. He had been on the platform many times against George Bernard Shaw. This opponent could not extend his powers. He was not getting his exercise.

But I began by talking, it will be recalled, of the absence of common candor from debate. Both speakers, in the present instance, were notably lacking in that quality. Mr. Darrow actually attempted to dismiss Mendel's work on heredity as negligible or accidental when Mr. Chesterton reminded him that Mendel had been a monk; and Mr. Chesterton could profess to believe that the church, from the days of the monasteries—the church that burned Bruno at the stake and compelled Galileo to recant his views on astronomy—had consistently guarded and encouraged not merely all literary learning, but all scientific research. I need hardly add that Mr. Chesterton's whole method of argument, illustrated not merely in the recent debate but in most of his essays, is lacking in a certain fundamental candor. I am not now referring merely to his minor tactics, to his verbal acrobatics or his famous paradoxes, but to the larger strategy of his whole campaign. He almost never defends concrete myths or dogmas; he merely attacks the (usually unrelated) beliefs of agnostics or rationalists. Thus if someone doubts the story of the virgin birth, Mr. Chesterton will reply that scientists have recently been radically changing their theories of the atom, and possibly know very little about the matter. I should not think sincere Catholics would be particularly enthusiastic about that kind of argument. Controversy is often good fun and often unavoidable, but serene and original thinkers have always known in their hearts that one cannot have the spirit of controversy and the spirit of truth at the same time. The great defect of Mr. Chesterton's mind, though perhaps it is trite to say so at this late day, is not merely that he has become the victim of his own verbal virtuosity, but that he has lived too habitually on the debating platform. He has ended by becoming interested in what can be said, not in what might be true.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Meaning of "Ulysses"

James Joyce's Ulysses. By Stuart Gilbert. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE clearest indication that we have not yet produced a critic who can cope with "Ulysses" is that we are still waiting for Mr. Joyce to tell us what it means. When our true spokesman arrives, our world-seeing interpreter, we shall listen to *him,* not to Mr. Joyce. Mr. Joyce could not possibly know what "Ulysses" means (in spite of a consciousness of intention throughout the work which multiplies the effect of its novelty, erudition, and scope. But this consciousness simply signifies that Mr. Joyce is the master of his staggering material and his self-wrought medium, that he has conceived his message as firmly as he has executed it. Neither firmness of conception nor mastery should beguile us into thinking that he knows what his message consists of. We may depend on it, great artist though he is—without peer in this century—he more than anyone else is waiting for this instruction).

The present "study," by an English member of that group of writers who, we are told, have attached themselves to Mr. Joyce's Paris headquarters, can only be regarded as a semi-official lifeline—since it was written with Mr. Joyce's "assistance"—thrown out to those who are still floundering in the wake of the great liner which passed by a decade ago. Of itself this book by Mr. Gilbert has no value, but it can be recommended as practically indispensable to anyone who wishes the best possible understanding of "Ulysses." Everybody will perceive that Mr. Gilbert himself has nothing of moment to say, yet what he has said here, owing to his association with Mr. Joyce and his peculiar zeal as a fisher of symbols, trapper of cross-references, occultist, philologist, handyman, will be sure to prove valuable to that critic who is going to arrive finally and pass judgment on "Ulysses." We could do without most of what in the past has been written about "Ulysses"; this, though it is intrinsically worthless, for the time being we need.

Part I of Mr. Gilbert's book, while attempting to be a general introduction to the subject, deals principally—and most interestingly—with the ancient and esoteric learning that Mr. Joyce has drawn upon for "Ulysses." There can be few readers of "Ulysses" who will not have many passages cleared up for them by this information. But the bulk of Mr. Gilbert's book consists of Part II, which is devoted to a methodical retelling and analysis of each of the eighteen chapters of "Ulysses." Here, so far as the censorship will permit, Mr. Gilbert takes up every thread of the enormous pattern and relates it to its narrative and its symbolical significance. If we have not read "Ulysses" for some time this analysis often takes us by surprise. If we read carefully a chapter of the original, however, and then read Mr. Gilbert's analysis of it, we find little that we had not already observed for ourselves—except, perhaps, in the matter of Homeric recalls, or "symbols," "organs," "arts," and "colors." In other words, Mr. Gilbert's book makes better readers of those of us who have been lazy. It also provides us with a few of Mr. Joyce's working notes.

But Mr. Gilbert's chief service is performed through his errors. For it is while we are reading his book, which puts an almost priestly emphasis upon the esoteric aspects of "Ulysses," that we realize that these are not an end in themselves but simply a means. Mr. Gilbert belongs personally to an unusual category; he is fascinated by the recondite, the occult. It is not too much to say that he seems to believe that if you shut your eyes and gulp down a saying of the Buddha, meanwhile recalling that a certain line by Blake was anticipated by Thomas Traherne, you are certain to become wise. It is his ridiculous exaggeration of the esoteric doctrine employed in "Ulysses," therefore, which forces us to the realization that if Mr. Joyce has elaborated "Bloomsday" with so much learning, it was not to give *meaning* to it, as Mr. Gilbert would insist, but simply to round it out. Learning, in other words, could never be more than at the service of so profound a man as Mr. Joyce. The value of this realization, simple though it is, becomes apparent when we consider the much-discussed Homeric recalls. For we appreciate next that while these are an organic part of the comic plan of "Ulysses," their significance nevertheless is a minor one and they likewise serve only to round the story out. (It is possible that they also served another purpose in the private game played between Mr. Joyce, while he was writing the book, and his material. It is possible that the characters in "Ulysses" were for the most part given Mr. Joyce by his memory but some of the incidents had to be invented, that he made use of the Odyssey to stimulate him toward the production of the latter. It is possible that the "arts," "symbols," "colors," "organs" which so delight Mr. Gilbert were used by Mr. Joyce also not so much for their meaning as for the spark they set to his imagination.)

But what is the difference between "meaning" and "rounding out"? If the Homeric recalls, for example, merely round out the story, what is that part of "Ulysses" which has meaning? The answer, for anyone who has ever followed with clear eyes the line-by-line, exact revelation of that "allincluding" day in 1904, will be too elementary. The meaning of "Ulysses" is on the surface. It is to be found in that part which is simplest to see, once we have got the hang of Mr. Joyce's method, if we will only be simple ourselves. We can be certain that our world-seeing critic, when he arrives, will select the "simple" rather than the esoteric side of "Ulysses" for most of his attention. And he will find enough there to engage a lifetime.

GERALD SYKES

Primitive Childhood

Growing Up in New Guinea. By Margaret Mead. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

WITH this book Miss Mead continues the investigation which she began with her study of the adolescent girl in Samoa. The problem which she has set herself, both in her earlier research and the one on which she reports in the present volume, has to do with the manner in which a culture becomes instilled in the persons who are born into it, and how it acts on them. How do the members of a primitive group assimilate their culture? Can universals be discerned in the process which may be said to apply to all cultures? Finally, and for Miss Mead, most importantly, the question that interests so many persons in our own civilization is set: What is the significance of the answers to these questions for our own practical everyday problems of assimilating to our own culture the raw human material born into our civilization?

The people who furnish the data for this study are the Manus tribe of the Admiralty Islands, north of New Guinea. Comparatively untouched by the civilization of Western Europe, the traditions of these folk resemble those of our pecuniary culture in a curious, distorted fashion. Among the Manus wealth is the end of life, and he who has wealth has the means of gaining the only kind of social position that carries any significance to his fellows. This regard for wealth, almost religious in its intensity, is carried so far that in the presence of great possessions the voice is lowered, and people walk and behave with the circumspectness that is associated among all peoples with contact with the most sacred and worth-while things of life. The greatest business exchanges are made in connection with marriage, a peculiarly cruel institution according to Miss Mead's account, since the form in which it is cast makes it well-nigh impossible for the mated pair to hold for each other any feeling but distrust and dislike, and since it burdens the family of the man in particular with heavy debts that make first claim on his efforts.

Into this pattern of the worship of wealth, of fearsome traffic with the ghosts of the dead, and of the difficulties engendered by stringent family duties, the child is born. Except that he must respect property, he is in his younger years ruler of the household. His whims are deferred to, his time is his own, he pays no respect to anyone, nor are any duties exacted of him. With adolescence all changes, and, particularly if the child is a boy, this change comes not graciously, nor by careful steps, but with all the chilling experience of being plunged into the most distasteful experience of his civilization. In a few short months he becomes a grown man, with all the cares of adulthood placed roughly upon his shoulders. In the case of a girl, the process is somewhat more gradual, but only slightly less abrupt than in that of the boys. Miss Mead draws a skilful picture, and packs into her account a great deal of material to show how the process works.

After the presentation of the material collected among the Manus, the lessons for our own civilization to be drawn from it are discussed. Whether this part is as valid as Miss Mead's ethnographic contribution is not for me to say, for whether one likes one's science to stay within the confines of its own boundaries or to be applied to problems of the day is a matter of personal preference. Certainly Miss Mead has ample precedent for her ventures into what is being called "applied anthropology," and the morals she draws from her contact with the educational methods of two primitive cultures should be of value to those who are interested in the methods which we employ to introduce our children to our own whirring culture. But whether the emphasis is placed upon the ethnographic aspect of her book or on the lessons that are drawn for us from the data on which it is based, Miss Mead has produced a challenging work, and the reading of it should be stimulating to all whose interests are not bounded by the horizons of our own civilization. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Upton Sinclair Enigma

Roman Holiday. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

"ROMAN HOLIDAY" is an arresting novel because its author is Upton Sinclair. If it were written, exactly as it is, by anyone else, I doubt whether it would receive any marked attention at all—which is simply to say that Upton Sinclair is far more arresting as a man than he is as a novelist.

Anything that Upton Sinclair writes, therefore, is bound to make us pause, if only because we know that it is the product of a mind sensitive to injustice, sincere beyond cavil, and burning with an eagerness to turn its art into a form of social inspiration. No one who respects personality, and admires *character* in a world which values only reputation, can fail to esteem such a man or fail to concern himself with his work. The very fact that his novels have sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies in many European countries, and by the millions in Soviet Russia, is a most convincing testimony of the international extent of this esteem among the masses. And despite the fact that his fiction has been praised by such intelligent literary critics as Georg Brandes, Johan Bojer, and Floyd Dell, I am sure that it is among the masses rather than among the literati that his work has been best appreciated. Does this mean that the literati are opposed to the work of Sinclair on the basis of class prejudice; that their minds are so distorted by the ideology of the bourgeoisie that they cannot appreciate the nature of his art? I should be one of the last to deny that such elements enter into the problem. At the same time, however, I am convinced that they are not the main part of the problem here. Did not these same literati praise Mike Gold's "Jews Without Money" and John Dos Passos's "42nd Parallel"? If it be argued that "Jews Without Money" and "The 42nd Parallel" are not radical books, which many radicals would argue and have argued, it need only be added that they are in every way as *left* in import as "Roman Holiday."

What then is at work in this problem—this Upton Sinclair enigma? It is not "Roman Holiday" which created it; "Roman Holiday" only raises it anew, as does almost every novel of Sinclair's. "Roman Holiday" is not, as the blurb on the book states, "a spectacular love story"—there is nothing spectacular about its love scenes except the intrusion of the automobile race, which after all adds but little intensity to the love element in the story—but it is, as the blurb states, "an indictment of our present civilization." As an indictment of our civilization "Roman Holiday" says many true things, many important things. In fact, I agree so completely with every aspect of its indictment that my main regret is that "Roman Holiday" is not a better novel, for then its indictment would have been all the more telling and significant. I have no disagreement with it, in other words, on the basis of its propaganda, and I am sure that those critics who trace the weaknesses of the novel to its propagandistic purpose are pursuing the wrong approach. If it were a more successful novel, as a novel, its propagandistic purpose would have been better served. The disagreement, on the other hand, is with its form, its organization, its execution.

Now what is wrong with the organization and execution of "Roman Holiday"? Just this: they fail to communicate the emotive force and intensity which are necessary to a successful novel. There is no quarrel with the conception of the novel. The conception is exceedingly ingenious. The idea of having Luke Faber, the wealthy son of an established American family, member of the American Legion, a Babbitt out-Babbitted, experience by means of a psychic trauma a plunge-back into Roman life, whereby his Roman existence, in keeping with the rhythm of the Rome of that day, is seen to be but a definite duplication of his existence in America today—the idea is indubitably unusual and clever. It is the execution of it that is not. I do not question the existence of Luke Fabers in American—or Roman—life, or of Virginia Tullys, Hortense Manleys, or any of the other characters in the novel. The love life of Luke runs true enough to type; the struggle between his affection for his mistress and his family obligation to find a wife of social station, colored for a moment as it is by his sudden infatuation for Marcia Penny—all this is in keeping with the characters, as many of us have come to know them in life as well as in this book. Certainly the attacks upon the radicals and the attempt to drive them out of town, ending up in the murder of the radical leader, Jerry Fields, we can recognize as all too real. Even the Roman scenes are faithful enough to fact. There is nothing in "Roman Holiday" that is incredible, then, nothing that we need to scoff at as being inaccurate, untrue, or even exaggerated, and I should disagree here most emphatically with those critics who would say that such capitalists as Luke Faber do not exist, that such scenes as are depicted in the novel are unreal, and that the whole conception of the novel is a vast exaggeration—or caricature. It is just those things that it is not.

But if the characters are real and the situations are true to life, then wherein is the novel weak? The weakness, in my opinion, is entirely one of method. The difficulty with Sinclair's characters and situations is not in recognizing them, but in *feeling* them. His characters are rational—or cerebral if you will—rather than emotive creations. One can see them—but not experience them. This is partly due to the fact that, in the main, they are types instead of individuals, types that you know, that you knew before you read "Roman Holiday," and which you do not know any better after having read it. The reason that you do not come to know these types any better in "Roman Holiday" is because Sinclair conveys their ideas to us but not their emotions, or perhaps it would be better to say that he is successful in conveying their ideas but unsuccessful in conveying their emotions. (And this is true despite the fact that he adventures rather interestingly in parts of the novel into certain deductions from psychoanalysis.) Literature, like all the arts, is primarily emotive in essence, and it is most successful in dealing with ideas, and "gets across" its propaganda most effectively, when it is *emotionalized* instead of cerebralized. Sinclair tends to portray his characters in terms of straight lines instead of in terms of all those zigzags of personality, those intricate and irrational contradictions of self, which create individuality in life as well as in fiction. Those penetrating glimpses of personality, those nuances of reaction, inner as well as outer, those intimate "slow-motion" shots of self which are necessary to make one feel, and be moved by, characters in fiction are absent from Sinclair's novel, and it is that absence which prevents "Roman Holiday," with all of its ingenuity of conception, from being a success as a novel.

"Roman Holiday" is a better novel, however, than "Mountain City," far better, and I only wish it were possible for Sinclair to get back to something of the stride that he struck in "The Jungle," which still remains the best of his novels. Then his indictment of present-day civilization would be a far greater challenge.
V. F. CALVERTON

The English Romantics

Leigh Hunt and His Circle. By Edmund Blunden. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The Friend of Shelley. By H. J. Massingham. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THE English romantic movement seemed destined for a bad end. Byron and Wordsworth were exceptions to the rule, for Byron had the satisfaction of dying, still in the thick of the fight, at Missolonghi, and Wordsworth declined slowly and peacefully, his conviction of personal grandeur intact, surrounded by his beloved lake country. William Godwin, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny ran true to form. Even though Keats and Shelley died young, they had lived long enough to enter a period of violent disillusionment, encircled by petty quarrels and the tragic mismanagement of practical everyday life.

To speak of Leigh Hunt's failure as a man and as a poet in terms of high tragedy would be presenting his case in false colors. In his defense of his hero Edmund Blunden does not make the mistake of enlarging upon Hunt's talents or protesting too loudly against whatever injustice may have fallen upon Hunt's posthumous reputation. After all, Leigh Hunt was scarcely more than a literary man about town in the London of a hundred years ago. For the purposes of a literary career his family connections were excellent. His father, Isaac Hunt, an ex-American, a Tory, found London far more hospitable than his native city, Philadelphia. Related by marriage to Benjamin West, the portrait painter, Isaac secured the protection of London fashionable society for himself and his family. With the background of a few years spent at Christ's Hospital, then a veritable incubator for young men of literary ambitions, Leigh Hunt joined his brother John in the business of editing a popular liberal weekly, the *Examiner*. At the age of twenty-nine he had already published two books of poems, had made a considerable success as a dramatic critic, married, and by a brilliant attack upon the Prince Regent found himself in Surrey Gaol. He was a very famous young man indeed, and with a characteristic and charming lack of deliberation made Surrey Gaol an attractive home for himself and family. It became the fashion for literary London to visit Leigh Hunt in his new quarters; everyone of any importance, including Lord Byron and Thomas Moore, made a point of dropping in for an hour's conversation with the witty young devil's disciple and champion of liberty. It was a grand show. No one could afford to miss the spectacle of the brothers editing the fiery *Examiner* behind prison walls.

With this episode behind him, it is no wonder that Leigh Hunt attracted such personalities as William Hazlitt, John Keats, and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Although his talents for the writing of poetry, criticism, and political pamphlets never extended far beyond literary journalism, he was a symbol of revolt for the young men of his generation. His very weaknesses, a lack of control over domestic finances and excessive amiability, made him, for the moment, a personality of inimitable charm.

The rest of the story is anti-climactic. Leigh Hunt had an unfortunate habit of living beyond his means, and it is evident that Mrs. Hunt was a social as well as a domestic blunder. She was hopelessly inadequate to the management of a large family. The poor woman was kept busy at the task of bringing young Hunts into the world. No wonder she became a whining, gossiping invalid, borrowing money and articles of household furniture from the wives of her husband's friends. The union of the Hunts and the Shelleys in Italy was inevitably disastrous. It was an amalgamation of disorder on a large scale. Leigh Hunt's lack of money and Shelley's sudden death threw the burden of frenzied domesticity upon Lord Byron, who lived hard by with an Italian mistress. The fact that Byron did not go raving mad is a high tribute to the strength of his intelligence. Nor did the presence of Edward John Trelawny help matters. The super-romantic Trelawny, all fire and no brains, despite his good looks and fantastic costumes, must have been, to say the least, annoying. Byron coolly insulted both Hunt and Trelawny. Immediately following Byron's death Hunt and Trelawny wrote books describing Byron as the prince of darkness, the original devil himself. The quarrel with Byron was Trelawny's road to fame and the beginning of Leigh Hunt's descent into a period of chronic hard times. Hunt returned to England, and though he lived until 1859, welcoming the various talents of Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, and William Allingham, he never caught up with the rapid accumulation of his debts and domestic worries. Edmund Blunden has written the story of his life with admirable honesty and literary distinction. His portrait is clear, sympathetic, and just. Mr. Blunden must have had enough material at hand to fill a half-dozen volumes the size of the present biography. By exercise of exact literary judgment he has eliminated all superfluous detail and yet his story of Leigh Hunt may be taken as a fully rounded survey of English literary history during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Massingham's life of Trelawny is definitely limited in its appeal. It makes clear the relationship of Trelawny to the Byron-Shelley circle, but at best the book is scarcely more than a footnote to a remarkable period in English literary history.

HORACE GREGORY

Books in Brief

England's Greatest Statesman: A Life of William Pitt, 1759-1806. By E. Keble Chatterton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.

It is often said that there is no satisfactory biography of the younger Pitt; but he was a man almost without a private life, and his political career has been adequately described by Macaulay, Stanhope, Rosebery, Whibley, and Holland Rose. Mr. Chatterton's biography will not supersede any of its predecessors. It is more thorough, but less readable, than the recent work on the same subject by Mr. P. W. Wilson. Mr. Chatterton is painstaking and accurate, and covers the ground well; but he uses no new authorities and suggests no new interpretations. His style is long-winded and prosaic; his efforts to brighten it by using colloquial phrases, making platitudinous generalizations, and suggesting trite comparisons with recent history are not successful. This book is little more than a narrative of events, and its hero never comes alive. By principle Pitt was a reformer and an enemy of royal influence; yet he consented to accept office as the king's instrument and the enemy of the reforming party; by this means he held the premiership longer than any other Englishman before or since, but he delayed reform for fifty years. Pitt's craving for power offers an interesting psychological problem; to Mr. Chatterton, however, he is merely "England's Greatest Statesman."

Charlemagne, First of the Moderns. By Charles Edward Russell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Mr. Russell's book is an excellent example of the kind of popular biography which combines exceptional knowledge of the subject with a lively style, and singles out for emphasis what is dramatic or entertaining without doing injustice to what is sober or matter of fact. Students will be interested to know that Mr. Russell does not repeat the time-honored views of Charlemagne for which the Monk of Saint Gall and the ubiquitous Einhard were mainly responsible, but relies instead upon modern studies, among which those of Professor Halphen, of the University of Bordeaux, are notable. Whether Charlemagne is properly to be hailed as the first of the moderns depends, of course, upon what one means by the phrase, but he at least looked ahead as well as about him, and his innovations in political administration, his curious interest in learning, and his efforts to make both kingly and imperial rule something more than a name make him a figure with which no other in the Middle Ages can well be compared. It is to Mr. Russell's credit that his admiration for his hero does not blind him to failings or inconsistencies, nor beguile him into ascribing to Charlemagne virtues which the latter did not possess. Among the best of the passages are those which deal with the career of the Empress Irene, the work of Alcuin, the provisions of the capitularies, and Charlemagne's relations with the popes. The twenty illustrations are well chosen.

The Great Crusade and After, 1914-1928. By Preston William Slosson. With an Editorial Foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Professor Slosson's conception of history does not appear to be a very profound one, and a number of subjects which have bulked large in political or economic interest during the fourteen years covered by his book, such as armament reduction, the war debts, and the tariff, are passed over with relatively small notice in his pages. He has, however, brought together a very large amount of information regarding a wide range of topics, and the reader who wants well-ordered and up-to-date surveys of American industrial and business achievements, the changing aspects of city and country life, education, journalism, sport, and the status of women will find the book readable, instructive, and entertaining. Particularly well done are the opening chapters in which Professor Slosson deals with the effect of the World War upon American opinion, the devastating sweep of war propaganda, the mobilization of industry and patriotic fervor, and economic and social readjustments after the peace. The chapter on prohibition, on the other hand, while packed with incidents and data, leaves the impression that the author is not much moved by the situation one way or the other, and the treatment of literature, drama, music, and the like is hardly more than a recital of names and titles interspersed with brief, obvious comments. An informative chapter on the progress of science during the period is the work of the late Edwin E. Slosson. The choice of illustrations shows commendable skill.

Toes Up: A Chronicle of Gay and Doleful Adventures of Alpini and Mules and Wine. By Paolo Monelli. Translated by Orlo Williams. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Down the Red Lane. By Henri Nadel. With a Preface by Romain Rolland. Translated by Blair Taylor. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Of these two war books the first is described on the jacket as "the great Italian war book" and the second as "the great French book of the war." Such blurbs do ill service to two valuable volumes. While neither may properly be described as "great," the Italian book is a vivid, worked-over war diary of the Alpine front, written in fascinating style, a book which may very well be, in its original tongue, a piece of distinguished literature, and which varies in mood from the rollicking or the genuinely sentimental to the terrible. The French book, also based on a diary, is notable for its seriousness. Individual readers may be weary of war books. But there can hardly be too many of this order, serious volumes which, whether of an outstanding literary quality like "Toes Up" or of a desperate sincerity like "Down the Red Lane," come straight out of individual experience. These two deserve a place among the growing body of war literature worthy of permanence.

Drama

Child's Plays

I SEEM to have suffered last week from an attack of something like senility. I do not say maturity, for that would be flattering myself, and anyway I am not sure what the word means. I am a little surer, perhaps, about the meaning of the word immaturity. So I shall say that I went to two plays with the expectation of being fully entertained and found them immature.

Booth Tarkington's "Colonel Satan" (Fulton Theater), which by the time this appears in print will have gone off the boards, was childish in one of the better senses of the term. One didn't at all resent the quality; one simply noted it and sat half-occupied through three long and superficial acts. If there were any youthful readers of historical romance in the audience, or if there were spectators of greater age who could remember "Monsieur Beaucaire" and could forget everything that has happened in the theater since, they—and only they—had a perfect right to be interested. "Colonel Satan" was singularly and completely lacking in the power to hold anybody else—anybody, for instance, who cannot wholly like a play which cannot at least occasionally surprise him. There were no surprises in "Colonel Satan." This could please the youthful reader of costume novels, because such a reader is pedantic and comes with definite expectations; and it could please an old follower of Mr. Tarkington, because it was exactly what Mr. Tarkington used to provide. For others the glitter of the intrigue was all too obvious, the bravery of the speeches all too neat. The limits of the characterization were apparent from the first, and the situations were so predictable that the author's labor in working them out became painfully apparent. Not that the hero, Aaron Burr, whom we saw here on a night in Paris in 1811, was anything less than excellent subject matter for a dramatist; and not that McKay Morris, who played the part, failed to be brilliant. Indeed, his performance was too energetically and consistently brilliant. But that, I fancy, was Mr. Tarkington's fault. The play was written too much in a single key—the expected key.

The revival of Schnitzler's "Anatol" with Joseph Schildkraut in the title part (Lyceum Theater), for which Jo Mielziner designed such extraordinarily beautiful sets, was childish in a much less inoffensive fashion. The child who would find it fascinating is the least attractive to me of all known children. He is the well-dressed sophomore who reads only the cleverest literature and is perfected in all the most nonchalant poses. As a matter of fact, it occurs to me as I write that I know some sophomores, and that they are not like this. I do not think they would care very much for "Anatol." Twenty years ago the situation may have been different however, and I suppose I had the mythical undergraduate in mind when first I spoke. Since the audience around me looked fairly grown up, and since it was enthusiastic from start to finish, I deduce that it was composed of persons who had not ceased to be sophomores and who therefore could mistake the sentimentality of this piece for sophistication.

It is Schnitzler's first play, and it is immeasurably old. Nothing ages so quickly as plays which take love lightly, as this one does—with the apparent difference, however, that it mingles melancholy with its wit. The mixture, which for all that might be something capable of enduring forever, is in this case so much a concoction of its time that the flavor has quite escaped the bottle. The imp has flown, and even the syrup which remains has lost its sweetness. A revival of "Anatol," I think, should have gone in for sweetness wholly, on the theory that such cynicism as used to be there is irrecoverable. At least we could have felt some tenderness for this antediluvian Vienna, been stirred by certain affectionate memories. Mr. Schildkraut, instead of restoring the sugar, made for me the great mistake of pouring the liquid out with condescending gestures. He vulgarized a play which already was vulgar enough—seeming to say, "Well, we'll put some kind of sparkle into this stale ale anyhow." Revivals should be undertaken with more humility than that, and with a better sense of humor. Walter Connolly as Max and Patricia Collinge as Gabrielle both had a saving sense of how to act their parts; Miriam Hopkins as Mimi and Ruthelma Stevens as Lona scarcely did. They were lively, of course, as the lines demanded. But they were too lively. They broke the bottle, which had been blown of the thinnest—though not the most expensive—glass.

MARK VAN DOREN

Films

Shaw's First Movie

THE inevitable has happened. For years George Bernard Shaw turned a deaf ear to all proposals to put his plays on the screen. He has at last relented, and one of his early plays, "How He Lied to Her Husband," has been made into a talkie by an English company. There was doubtless great wisdom in Shaw's refusal to submit to the ministrations of the Hollywood experts. For one thing, he spared us the disappointment of seeing his showman's display of a nimble and effervescent mind brought down to the level of the infantile understanding. He also spared us the painful experience of sitting through some of the worst films that could possibly be made. For as silent pictures, shorn of their conversational brilliance, Shaw's plays, with the possible exception of "The Devil's Disciple," would have been particularly lacking in the qualities that make the flesh and blood of a good movie. In talkies he is on safer ground, though one still has grave doubts whether any of his bigger plays can be successfully adapted to the screen.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" (Cohan's), regarded as an augury of what is to come, is disappointing. The film

ANNE GREEN

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was produced under Shaw's personal supervision; and it is rather a pity, for Shaw's ideas of direction, which cramp his plays even on the stage, are little short of disastrous when applied to the movies. He evidently does not feel the difference between the movies and the stage. Though Cecil Lewis, who directed the film, has given it a pleasant fluidity of changing "shots," he has adhered to the stage original in practically everything else. So much so, indeed, that he has confined the entire action to a single room, showing even that only from one end, as if, like a stage set, it had only three walls.

But what seems to matter even more is the essential theatricality of the whole piece. The intimacy of contact with the audience which enables the actor to make his points on the stage is still unobtainable in the talkies. A deficiency affecting all the genres of the talkies, it makes itself felt with especial force in the conventional theatrical genre, and "How He Lied to Her Husband," with its invented situation of a husband welcoming and even demanding admiration for his wife from a lover who feigns indifference to her, has decidedly all the earmarks of a stunt. On the screen this simply does not work.

Yet even this failure does not quite explain the paucity of effect produced by the film. The truth is that besides its situation—a not very happy conceit at best—the play has little to offer. What is most surprising of all, it has none of the Shavian brilliance of dialogue and none of the sudden twists of characterization that have made Shaw's reputation as a playwright. One is still kept in a state of amused bewilderment in watching the antics of "You Never Can Tell," but "How He Lied to Her Husband" is not even mildly amusing. The one relieving feature of the film is the acting of Miss Vera Lennox. The finesse of her craftsmanship is admirable.

The outstanding picture of the fortnight under review is "Al-Yemen" (Cameo). Here at last is a travel picture that knows how to tell its story. After seeing it one knows not only something of the scenery of this inaccessible Arabian kingdom, but also a great deal of the ways of life of its ancient though still primitive people. The social contrasts between the feudal sheiks and the downtrodden peasants are effectively brought out, as are the conditions in the local trades, with a very subtle hint at the foreign exploitation. Not the least interesting feature of the film is the picture it draws of the Ghetto life of the Jews in the community, the only numerous section of the population that throughout the ages has preserved its identity under the dominant Moslems.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

NATHAN R. MARGOLD, legal adviser on Indian affairs to the Institute for Government Research, is a practicing attorney in New York City.

ROLLIN KIRBY is the well-known cartoonist whose drawings appear regularly in the New York *World*.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

V. F. CALVERTON is the author of "Three Strange Lovers."

HORACE GREGORY is the author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House."

SIEGFRIED KRAUS is the adviser of the Municipal Department for Social Welfare in Vienna.

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT appears on page 140,—*dinners and luncheons on page* 139

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Social Welfare in Vienna

By DR. SIEGFRIED KRAUS

THE war and the years after the war brought in their train disaster and difficulty to the whole world; in Vienna the effects of those years were especially serious. Until the end of the war Vienna was the capital of an empire of fifty million subjects; the population of Austria as it was reconstituted after the war was six and a half million. The old was to the new Austria as the earth to the moon. Moreover, the countries which tore themselves away from the old Austria, among them Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, were the richest of the old empire.

In Vienna itself four years of war had brought shortage of food for nearly all the inhabitants; for many those years had meant a deterioration in health; and for the youth, to some extent, they had meant neglect in education. There existed a terrible scarcity in lodgings. Thousands of young people had married and there were no homes for them. Food grew scarcer and scarcer from day to day and the number of those who could not find employment increased rapidly. At the same time many thousands of fugitives poured in, adding to the number to be fed and sheltered.

Help came from almost all parts of the world. We will not forget what America did for us then. But such help could be only temporary; its sources were bound to dry up some time. We must help ourselves and we must particularly bear in mind that it was our first duty, at any cost, to save our population from utter destruction, to restore its physical and moral forces. For only if the "organic capital" of Vienna, so to speak, was preserved, could we hope for an economic improvement in the future. We had to begin, therefore, with the children of all ages, from the baby up to the youth and girl. To that end the Städtisches Jugendamt, or the city department for juveniles, was established.

The organization turned its attention first to the care of the unborn child. Expectant mothers with no means received free advice about what to do before, during, and after confinement and were given financial assistance. I wish especially to mention what is called Mutterhilfe, or mother-help. Mothers who do not belong to any of the Krankenkassen, or institutions for sick insurance, are paid ten (Austrian) schillings per week for four weeks after delivery. They are required, in turn, to undergo a blood examination in the fourth month of pregnancy at the latest, as a safeguard against syphilis. If this examination shows a positive result, the mother is treated free of charge.

The Jugendamt successfully endeavors to ascertain all births in Vienna. For this purpose in all municipal institutions for confinement and also in all clinics there are municipal social workers, who call on the mother and child directly after the birth and procure for them what they need. Owing to the fact that nearly two-fifths of all legitimate and illegitimate children are born in the institutions mentioned, it is possible to obtain fairly accurate and comprehensive statistics of birth. Moreover, the Jugendamt is also informed of other cases, for the midwives as well as the local authorities are obliged to report births. Regardless of their financial condition, all mothers of newly born babies can, upon demand, receive baby linen free of charge, providing these mothers are natives and citizens of Vienna. Application for such aid may be made until the eighth month of pregnancy to the Jugendamt of the district in which the woman lives. And it is carefully pointed out that this help is not to be considered as alms, but as a gift which the city thinks it is its duty to give.

Besides its head office the Jugendamt has fourteen district offices and each of these has attached to it one advisory office for mothers, managed by physicians and kept open several days each week. The district Jugendämter are also the headquarters for the "General Guardianship," organized for the protection of all illegitimate children. Individual guardianship, that is, appointment of individuals as guardians for illegitimate children, had not in the past proved a great success. The guardians were often not in a position to safeguard satisfactorily the rights of their wards. The Guardianship was organized to meet the problem. Among other services it gives advice on all questions concerning education, and for its purposes it employs the services of physicians, psychologists, and teachers. It maintains close contact with the school through municipal social workers, whose duty it is also to call upon any family in their district likely to need help. Thus the school, the Jugendamt, and the physicians cooperate.

Such cooperation has proved valuable also in organizing the provision of meals for schoolchildren, which was undertaken during the war as a measure of public emergency and was greatly extended after the war through the help of the American relief organizations. Today we have a comprehensive municipal institution for the boarding of pupils, which offers a regular luncheon to all children who seem to be in need of it. The preparation and distribution of food is carried on by the Public Food-Distributing Company of Vienna, which was founded by the government and the city of Vienna in 1919. The children are first examined by a physician and then sent to one of the food depots, which in all cases are located in schools. The price of the luncheon is set at sixty groschen, but payment in most cases is waived.

The health of children is being fostered by several other institutions. In many city districts excellently equipped school dental clinics have been established and these report an ever-increasing attendance by the pupils. There are also numerous institutions for recreation, including many vacation homes in the country and day homes located on the outskirts of Vienna. These institutions are open not only to schoolchildren, but also to thousands of apprentices. At the same time the number of municipal playgrounds is increasing.

Another field of activity of the Jugendamt is the organization of kindergartens and children's homes. These institutions in many cases are considered to be models of their kind and are attended by many thousands of children. It is interesting to note that most of the kindergartens do not close at noon but keep the children during the whole day. In all of them children may receive breakfast and in those which are open the whole day they may receive luncheon as well.

The Horte, or homes for schoolchildren, offer adequate occupation to the children outside school hours and for the whole day during vacation. These homes look out for both the psychical and the physical education of the children. They provide lessons in gymnastics and swimming and excursions into the country. The development of these homes and of the kindergartens is of great importance in view of the living conditions of the modern family in a big city or industrial center, where the work of the father must be performed in a place separated from his home and where, often, the mother also must work outside the home in order to help earn the living.

Day homes, kindergartens, and similar institutions lead naturally to another kind, namely, institutions for temporary care of children, and others for more or less permanent care. The most important institution for the temporary care of children in Vienna is the municipal Kinderübernahmestelle. All the children who are to be taken in by municipal or private homes for pay have to pass through this institution and be registered and examined as to their special needs. It has several departments—one for babies, one for children from one to two years who are unable to walk, one for small children, and one for girls and boys of school age; there is also an infirmary. Each department is equipped with a tea-kitchen, laundry, and bathroom. In the event of a contagious disease it is possible to isolate each department immediately. After three weeks' observation, final decision is made as to where the child shall be sent. There are three possibilities. The child may be sent back to its own family, brought up in a foster family, or sent to an institution.

The Kinderübernahmestelle functions also as first-aid station. It receives children who may be found in the street, at home, or elsewhere in a helpless condition. Not only district social workers, but also the supervising officers for the poor, the police, the poorhouse, the hospitals, and similar institutions apply to the Kinderübernahmestelle in the case of necessity. A second institution for the temporary lodging of children, the observation center on the Wilhelminenberg, carries on more thorough researches into educational conditions of schoolchildren.

For the permanent lodging of children there is the large Zentralkinderheim, or central children's home, which cares for babies and, if necessary, their mothers. Children up to six years old are cared for. The city of Vienna owns also a number of orphan asylums and two homes for girls and boys who have had to be taken away from their homes but who show no great deficiency in education. The children in these homes attend the public schools. Special mention must be made of the great institution at Eggenburg to which children and youths showing great deficiencies in education are sent. Here are a school and a continuation school, where the children are prepared for trades by selected teachers and craftsmen. Finally there are apprentice homes in which orphans are lodged and fed while they follow their trades outside during the day.

Social work for adults in Vienna is conducted by institutions situated in various districts of the city and manned by Viennese citizens chosen for the purpose, who hold honorary office. Thousands of men and women are engaged in this work. The problems they have to solve are mostly

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The fundamental idea of the social-welfare work done by the city of Vienna is the moral conception of the dignity of man. The municipality is of the opinion that help granted to a man who needs it should never be regarded as an act of charity but rather as a duty, and that the man has a legal right to such help. But the municipality also is of the opinion that it is the duty of everyone who is in need to help himself. The community must help only in so far as the needy man cannot help himself. So it follows that the fundamental purpose of welfare work should be to make it possible for the needy man to help himself.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
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DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
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SOVIET PLANS for largely increased employment of foreign technical experts are announced. Of particular interest, Charles A. Gill, superintendent of motive power for the Eastern lines of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and a supervising force of 150 other Americans are to put American railroad methods into effect on the Russian roads, with their 60,000 miles of line and 1,040,000 workers. The demands of the swiftly advancing Five-Year Plan, as is well known, have swamped Russia's transportation system during the past year, and it is stated that Mr. Gill and his associates will have at their disposal a budget of $1,700,000,000 for use during 1931 in the effort to meet the situation. It is a tremendous undertaking, and the decision to use American methods and technicians is one of great possible advantage to American industry, if we have sense enough to realize it. The employment of our engineers and other technical experts in the great Russian experiment is useful to both sides. Especially it will help us to a little better understanding of what is going on in the industrial development of the huge Communist state.

SUCH UNDERSTANDING is needed badly enough, heaven knows, with a new crop of Helsingfors rumors on Russian "convict labor" filling the front pages, and with fresh proposals for barring Russian goods being urged at Washington. We wish, therefore, that all Americans might read and ponder the words of Valery I. Meshlauk, acting chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, at a recent luncheon of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce at the Bankers Club in New York. Mr. Meshlauk scouted the current idea of Russia being a trade menace:

> We want to increase the well-being of our people, not to compete with the world. Our domestic market is, under these conditions, constantly growing. . . . It is my belief that matters of ruinous international competition in wheat and other products could be solved by means of international agreements, in which the Soviet Union would willingly join. The U. S. S. R., by virtue of its vast natural resources, is in a position to produce most efficiently a number of materials which the rest of the world requires. And we are going to import from the United States for many years goods the production of which will not be developed in Russia for a long time to come. We are not going to destroy world markets. It is not to our interest to do so, for we want to import from and export to the rest of the world.

This horse sense is refreshing after the hysterics of our Oddies and Matthew Wolls and Hamilton Fishes and other industrial sob sisters. We have no taste for communism, and we see no evidence that Americans are inclined to that economic and political dogma. If the leaders of the United States, however, are unequal to the task of devising and working out a planned and ordered economic life, then their capitalistic order, we believe, will go crashing down to destruction. Any adequate plan must be world-wide in scope; it must therefore include in its scheme of cooperation the great Russian state.

THE DECISION OF JUSTICE ADKINS of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in the Clarion River power case sustains the right of the Federal Power Commission to determine immediately, and not after fifty years as contended by the company, the cost of projects under the commission's jurisdiction and subject to recapture at the expiration of the fifty-year license period. The opinion is such self-evident common sense that it is hard to see how any other contention could be seriously put forward, but the power companies stop at nothing in their efforts to keep themselves and their rates free of any effective public control. In this case the company claimed capital expenditures of $11,132,000 (all of which, of course, will figure in the rate base). Chief Accountant King questioned no less than $6,386,000 of this amount, calling on the company to show that the items in question had been "actually and legitimately expended." Small wonder that the companies would like to get rid of Mr. King, and would like to have their accounting deferred half a century till we are all dead. Attempted regulation is one continuous struggle against the greed of the power companies. Meanwhile the House refuses any appropriation to build transmission lines for Muscle Shoals power. Is that power also to be turned over to the private companies for exploitation?

IT HAS BECOME THE FASHION to sneer at Congress and its works. Most of this Pecksniffian contempt has been aimed at the Senate and its many investigations. The other day Senator Moses of New Hampshire found it necessary to spread across twenty pages of the *Congressional Record* the detailed expense account of the Nye committee which has been looking into campaign expenditures. Chairman Nye declared he was "glad to have the report in the *Record*," although he objected "to the motive that places it there." This motive, as he saw it, was to give his political enemies a chance to show "how lavishly Nye lives when he is out on government expense." Whatever the motive, Senator Moses provided the critics of the Senate with another opportunity to sneer. As has become customary, the New York *Times*, from its high moral perch, led the chorus. Commenting on the fact that the committee had in nine months spent $96,503.12, the *Times* remarked: "That is a modest sum in view of the invaluable discoveries of Mr. Nye's investigators. We don't know what they expected to discover in some of the States which they visited as observers, but it is pleasant to know that they traveled freely, were well fed, and stayed at good hotels. Nothing is too good for Senators or their emissaries and collectors of information or surmise." Perhaps the *Times* meant it all in good fun. Certainly it did not intend to imply by its thin sarcasm that it would have been better to have saved this relatively small sum in order to have kept the lid tightly screwed down on such political scandals as the Grocer Boy Norris affair in Nebraska and the recent $1,200,000 election in Pennsylvania. Or do the critics really want these scandals and other violations of the Corrupt Practices Act suppressed?

GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER'S TONGUE at last has got him into serious trouble. It has often wagged indiscreetly. When the General, something over a year ago, in his jocular way told how the marines ran Nicaraguan elections in his day so that the right candidates were chosen, his remarks were "explained" to the satisfaction of the Navy Department, but when in a public address in Philadelphia on January 18 he charged Premier Mussolini with being a hit-and-run driver, that was a different matter, and a court martial has been ordered. An officer in active service, of course, bears a peculiar responsibility for public utterances, and the formal protest of the Italian Ambassador was both natural and proper. The Secretary of State, too, was perfectly correct in his apology for the "discourteous and unwarranted utterances by a commissioned officer of this government on active duty." The incident is disagreeable in every respect. Most fair-minded citizens will wish that if General Butler was to be reproved or punished for his public utterances it might have been done on some previous occasion rather than when he was repeating wild tales about the truculent head of the Fascist Government.

ON NOVEMBER 21, 1929, the White House announced that the big business men of the country had agreed "that they will not initiate any movement for wage reduction." That this agreement was not faithfully followed by big business we have only too much reason to suspect. There is, for example, the case of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which a few days ago asserted that "we have maintained our pay-roll force," but this was done only "through part-time operations." In other words, the wage scale was probably maintained, but Bethlehem Steel confesses that it has in fact reduced wages. And this confession came just a day after it was announced that the company's net earnings in 1930 totaled $42,242,980 as against $23,843,406 in 1929. Nevertheless, the prosperity howlers continue to pour out their false promises. Under date of January 3, Paul Block, the newspaper publisher, asked the managers of his various papers, among them the Milwaukee *Sentinel-News*, to "please notify every regular employee of the *Sentinel-News* that all their jobs are secure for 1931. We believe the business depression would be ended sooner if all employers acted in similar manner." Yet within a fortnight the editor of the Milwaukee *Leader* was able to publish evidence that a number of regular employees of the Block newspaper had been thrown out of work despite the January 3 instructions. In plain-spoken language the editor of the *Leader* asked Mr. Block how he justified this action in face of his dazzling promise to keep all his employees at work. Mr. Block replied that "of course, in assuring people that their positions were secure we did not mean that we will not replace incompetent help with competent help, and that general practices of good business administration will not be followed out." As the *Leader* editor pointed out, " 'good business administration' covers a multitude of sins."

GOVERNOR PINCHOT has announced his plan for getting rid of the coal and iron police, that unique private army of 1,100 men commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania but paid by private companies and responsible to them. When the commissions of the present force expire on June 30 next, the Governor would replace them "with officers selected and commanded by the Commonwealth and paid by it at company expense." It is not clear to us that the proposed changes will wipe out the long-standing abuses which have culminated in such incidents as the Barcoski killing of 1929. The Pennsylvania Civil Liberties Committee, affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union, is opposing the Governor's plan and urging instead its own measure for outright abolition of the coal and iron police. The preservation of order and the protection of property are functions of the State, to be performed by its officers and not farmed out to private hirelings. Pennsylvania has a black record in the use of such hirelings with State sanction. It is full time to abolish them and to demand that Pennsylvania, like every other civilized community, do its full duty in respect to police protection.

TWO LYNCHINGS have occurred so far this year. One took place on January 28 in Shafer, North Dakota, when a mob took from the county jail the confessed murderer (white) of six persons, man and wife and their four children, and hanged him from a nearby bridge. The other ran more true to form. A Negro in Maryville, Missouri, had by his own admission assaulted and murdered a young white school teacher; although the National Guard was present and awaiting a call from the sheriff in case of attempted violence to the prisoner, no call was issued, the Negro was mobbed, chained to the roof of the schoolhouse, and the building burned about him. In both lynchings the victims were in jail, they had confessed to atrocious crimes, there was no doubt that they would be speedily punished to the full extent of the law. Yet the white man and the Negro, in the North and in the South, were left to the mercy of a murderous mob because local officials were not willing to do their sworn duty and protect their prisoners by force if necessary. Sheriff England of Maryville declared he did not call out the guard because he was afraid somebody might get hurt; Sheriff Thompson of Schafer said the whole affair was most discouraging. The Missouri House of Representatives refused to entertain a resolution condemning the county officials for not resisting the mob. By contrast, Governor Shafer of North Dakota calls the lynching in his State a "shameful act which destroys the good reputation of the State for law and order." It remains to be seen whether any citizen of North Dakota will be punished for it. In both cases lynch law is tolerated because local officials, backed up by local public opinion, tolerate it.

THE DANVILLE TEXTILE STRIKE was formally ended by the United Textile Workers on January 29, after a gallant four-months' struggle carried on by the strikers with extraordinary self-restraint in the face of overwhelming difficulties. The contest was waged primarily over the right of organization, and in calling off the strike union leaders asserted that the mill management had, in fact, conceded the principle by taking old employees back without raising the question of union membership. On the basis of an alleged agreement between representatives of the strikers and the brother-in-law of H. R. Fitzgerald, president of the mills, union members were assured by their leaders that they would be reinstated without discrimination. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, asserts flatly that the management has not entered into an agreement "of any nature, directly or indirectly, with any organization, individuals, or group of individuals," and that it is under no obligation to take back the strikers. This assertion of Mr. Fitzgerald's purpose to run his mills as he pleases is a flat denial of the implied claim of the union that some sort of concession has been secured from the management, and the organization, faced with a lost strike, is ready with charges of bad faith.

GANDHI and the working committee of the Congress Party, meeting in Allahabad, have decreed that the party will negotiate with the government only on four conditions: first, the granting of amnesty to all political prisoners; second, the withdrawal of all repressive measures; third, permission to continue "peaceful picketing" of foreign cloth, drink, and drug shops; and, fourth, permission to make salt during the period of the peace negotiations. In England Gandhi's refusal to modify demands which he has consistently said he would never modify has infuriated even so judicious a journal as the *Manchester Guardian* to the point of linking Gandhi, "the saintly politician," with Winston Churchill, "the mountebank," as the two "saviors" of India. Neither of them, in its estimation, will be of much help to the Round Table delegates in their attempt to persuade India to take a middle course and accept what England offers. The dictum of the *Guardian* may be irrelevant to realities in India, where Gandhi, for better or for worse, wields tremendous power and cannot be dismissed as lightly as a Churchill at home. As an indication of the possible future trend of public opinion in England and therefore government policy in India, where a new viceroy will shortly take charge, the *Guardian's* remarks are at least interesting. Meanwhile the "mountebank" has provided the "saintly politician" with fuel for his holy fire. In a recent attack on the Round Table results, Mr. Churchill said:

> It is this scheme which we are told that the Conservative Party will have to implement when it returns to office. Of course, we are sure there are all kinds of safeguards. What is given in word is taken back in fact; what is given with one hand is taken back with the other.

MRS. MARGARET SANGER, chairman of the Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, announces that a bill has been introduced in the Senate and will, on February 13, come up for hearing before the Judiciary Committee permitting doctors to give contraceptive information to their patients at their discretion, to publish such information in medical journals, and to send and receive it through the mails. The ban on contraceptive devices is also, by the proposed bill, to be lifted if their distribution is under the control of physicians or properly licensed medical clinics. It is, of course, an interesting comment on American culture that such a bill need be introduced at this time, and that considerable opposition to it is anticipated. Yet it is obviously a long step forward from our present position, and it should be gratefully welcomed and generously championed by intelligent Americans. There is, of course, nothing in the bill that would make the giving or receiving of contraceptive information obligatory under the law. It is hard to see, therefore, just where ground for opposition to it might lie. Sincere professing Catholics, who will furnish most of the opposition, need have nothing to do with it. For the rest of the country it will afford relief for a state of affairs in which unjust discrimination is exercised against the ignorant and the poor, who are most in need of information.

WHEN SCHOOLS BURN DOWN, children ordinarily throw their hats into the air and shout for the vacation caused by the catastrophe. An instance of an exactly opposite reaction has just come to our attention. The Hessian Hills School, a progressive school in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, burned to the ground the other night, and within twenty-four hours nearly every child in the school had offered to help rebuild it. One offered pennies; many pledged allowances; one club of pupils offered to double the dues paid by every member so that the school might have "between $8 and $9 a month for the place where we will study next year." Another class voted to be "self-supporting" and buy paper, pencils, and a blackboard out of money in its possession. Here was the reaction of a new generation to a new type of education. No less exceptional, in view of the uninspiring character of much public and formal education, was the spontaneity with which the teachers seized upon the catastrophe for educational purposes. When some youngsters scratched down on paper plans for the new school, they were made the basis for lessons in arithmetic, geometry, mechanical drawing, and discussions on architecture. "What are schools for?" was one question asked. "How should the rooms, shops, auditorium, and so on, be located with respect to each other? What are the building problems of a school?" Maybe the new Hessian Hills School—if sufficient funds can be raised in a dark year to build one—will reveal some of the ideas worked out by the folks interested, the very children who will use it!

Anarchy and the Red Cross

SHALL we have the anarchy Mr. Hoover and the Red Cross so clearly desire, or shall we have some sensible and responsible measure of social control in administering relief to the more unfortunate members of our society? Shall the government honestly and fully aid and protect the society which it was created to serve, or shall the state leave this, one of its more important duties, to Mr. Hoover's haphazard and irresponsible "American tradition" and "spirit of voluntary aid"? This is the real core of the battle between the Red Cross and the Senate. There is no fleeting political significance in the struggle, and no question of undue Congressional interference or domination is involved; the issue goes straight to the heart of the meaning of government.

Either the organized state has certain duties and responsibilities to its individual members or it has not. If we agree that it has, then government is not only within its rights, but is morally and legally obligated to extend protection and relief to those of the individual members of the state who are suffering or in distress because of the faulty functioning or the unavoidable misfortunes of society as a whole. A laboring man loses his job; he is willing to work; but because of economic circumstances beyond his control there is no work for him to do. Must he choose, then, between starvation and the occasional and illogical charity of private persons? Does the state, to whose rules and limitations he has submitted by keeping the peace, by paying taxes, and by offering his body in time of war, owe him nothing whatever when he falls upon evil times? Similarly, the hungry farmer suffering as a result of the drought is a member of society and has abided by its rules. Must he, too, be left to shift for himself? If we admit that the state has no duties, if we admit that society exists to serve government instead of government having been created to serve society, then it cannot be denied that Mr. Hoover and the Red Cross are right, for in that case we shall be admitting that government is not the creature of society, but has been superimposed upon it from above.

This sharp cleavage between government and the people, which in practice does actually exist even in this land of theoretical democracy, can serve but one end, and it is doing so in very effective fashion. It is serving the relatively few individuals and interests who own and control the government. They are the persons and groups who benefit by government through high tariff rates, government-protected monopoly rights, government subsidies. They get what they want out of government; when, however, government help might be of benefit to society as a whole, as would certainly be the case today in the matter of relieving the jobless and feeding the hungry, contemplated assistance from the organized state is roundly damned as un-American, unpatriotic, even socialistic.

But why is it that this heated denunciation should come just from the very individuals and groups who so greatly benefit by government? Why should the Boston bankers denounce Congressional relief as a "soul-destroying dole"? Why should the ultra-conservatives like Mr. Hoover condemn the Senate plan as being in conflict with "the American way of meeting such a relief problem"? Why should the copper magnate, the multimillionaire steel man, the banker's widow, and the other eight representatives of the conservative ruling class, members of the Red Cross central committee, vote unanimously to refuse the Senate's proffered $25,000,000? The answer is all too obvious. If the people learn that the government can help them in times of distress, if the people learn that the government is really their servant, the people may decide to use the government for their own purposes at other times as well. They might even go to the seemingly improbable length of taking the government away from the party owners and managers who now control it. And thus would the plutocracy under whose rule we have been living be brought to an abrupt but conclusive end. This is the essence of the whole struggle between the Senate on the one side and Mr. Hoover and his Red Cross on the other. The question is not one of whether relief shall be extended by Congressional or private charity; the question is whether government belongs to the people or to a few private individuals.

We find the Senate upholding social responsibility and social control. Society at the moment is confronted with a grave problem. Shall society be permitted to guide and control the solution of this problem through its own organized agency, the government? Or shall the solution be left to private agencies over which society exercises no effective, organized control? The Senate has elected the former course. Opposed to this we find Mr. Hoover and the Red Cross sponsoring anarchy as a substitute for social control. They want the government to abstain from ministering to the needs of society in the present emergency, preferring rather to keep this task in the hands of private charitable organizations. They are in effect estopping the government from exercising one of the fundamental duties of the organized state, so that in this province, with government absent, anarchy rules.

It has been argued that governmental relief, to use Mr. Hoover's own words, would mean "playing politics at the expense of human misery." Although we confess that under our present party system this is possible, we cannot grant that the kind of politics Congress might play would be any more "soul-destroying" or any more misleading and deceitful than the type of politics the White House and the Red Cross have been playing. The President tried as long as he could to minimize the extent and the consequences of unemployment. His apologists in Congress denied that there was widespread suffering in the drought areas. Judge John Barton Payne went before a Senate committee with the same tale, declaring that the Red Cross was amply equipped to handle the situation. Yet the force of undeniable truth, coupled with the heroic efforts of a few Senators, ultimately prevailed and a call for a $10,000,000 relief fund was issued. In the end Mr. Hoover and Judge Payne were compelled to admit, though even then only by implication, that while hunger and hardship were spreading they were deliberately blocking all but the most essential attempts at relief. If this cannot be called "playing politics at the expense of human misery," we do not know the meaning of that phrase; and as we have already seen, this Hoover-Payne kind of politics serves the purpose of keeping the capitalist class securely in control of the government.

The British Labor Puzzle

THE British public, it is reported, is much at sea regarding the probable future of the MacDonald Government. There may well be confusion and apprehension, for the recent alternation of successes and rebuffs is rather bewildering. When Parliament reconvened on January 20, confident predictions were heard that Stanley Baldwin's New Year's wish for a speedy downfall of the Labor Government would be realized in about three weeks, in which case there would probably be a new election, but the hope was dashed on the opening day by Mr. Baldwin's bland remark that "there is no prospect of a general election now." Within twenty-four hours the combined opposition, in an exceptionally large attendance of the Commons, rolled up a majority of thirty-three against the Government on an amendment to the education bill, but Mr. MacDonald declined to see in the amendment any question of principle—the amendment postponed the operation of the bill until satisfactory grants for the support of sectarian schools were assured—and business as usual was resumed.

On January 26, five days after this rebuff in the House, Mr. Baldwin for the Conservatives and Sir John Simon for the Liberals lauded the work of the India Round Table Conference, Mr. Baldwin going so far as to pledge the Conservatives to the enactment of a law giving India a constitution in case his party should return to power. The only important dissent was voiced by Winston Churchill, who presently followed his attack by resigning from the Conservative "shadow Cabinet," thereby setting the tongues wagging over the possibility of a Conservative split. Before many hours had passed Sir John Simon was launching a broadside attack on the trades-disputes bill, only to see the bill pass on second reading by a vote of 277 to 250, and then sent to committee of the whole by a comfortable and comforting government majority of sixty-seven.

With the India program meeting the approval of a heavy majority of members of the two other parties, and with the trades-disputes bill speeded on its way, political prophecy affects to see Mr. MacDonald's position secure until April, when the budget will be submitted. The outlook for plain sailing, however, is anything but clear. Mr. MacDonald is still, as he has been all along, dependent upon the active support or benevolent neutrality of the Liberal minority. In the division on the trades-disputes bill, on January 28, all but nine of the Liberals present abstained from voting, while eight of the nine voted against the bill and one stood with the Government. Lloyd George's tactics are obvious. He is not going to help the Labor Government reinstate strike privileges, nor contribute to any prestige that may follow the passage of an education bill raising from fourteen years to fifteen the age at which British children may leave school. The only part of the Labor program that offers him any advantage is the electoral-reform bill, a measure providing for a form of proportional representation under which, it is believed, the Liberal representation in the Commons would be materially increased. As long as there is a chance of gaining that advantage, the Liberals are not likely to join the Conservatives in throwing Labor overboard.

Mr. MacDonald, accordingly, must steer his course with an eye on the Liberals. Between Conservatives and Labor there is, of course, an impassable gulf. Within the Labor Party, however, there is dissension. The Independent Labor following, perennially rebellious, grows increasingly restive over the slow approach of socialism, and Sir Oswald Mosley and his supporters would like to experiment with a super-Cabinet whose powers would be essentially those of a dictatorship. For this latter solution of the nation's difficulties, if the conclusions of C. E. M. Joad in a remarkable article in a recent issue of the *Political Quarterly* are to be accepted, there is significant favor among the younger British voters.

Mr. MacDonald probably feels the usual pride of high office, and accordingly seems disposed to ape other politicians in fighting to the last ditch to keep his place and refusing to resign as long as there is any chance of holding on. He may be expected to capitalize for political purposes the work of the Round Table Conference, especially now that his enemies have bestowed benedictions upon it, and to insist that the London Naval Conference achieved important results. The addition of a year to the period of required school attendance has already been pointed to as a relief of unemployment notwithstanding the added burden to the Treasury, and proportional representation can be defended as better than the present system. The failure of the Imperial Conference is embarrassing, but Mr. MacDonald is enough of a free-trader to make it appear that he preferred to let the conference fail rather than sacrifice an economic policy which the Liberals, as it happens, also approve. Even the wrath of the Labor dissenters can be made to praise him, for the radicals of the North may usually be counted upon to be raucous in urging their dissent.

The difficulties of the Labor Government are much the same as those which beset most governments at the present time—an inability to find sensible remedies for economic distresses which are not merely national but worldwide, and hesitation or compromise in crucial domestic matters. The vast unemployment in Great Britain is not to be laid at Labor's door, but the dole at best is only a palliative and its crushing financial burden points toward disaster. A great strike of cotton weavers and coal miners is nothing that a Labor Government could have desired, but the "rationalization" of industry which the Government would like to bring about means the closing of unprofitable mines, more labor-saving machinery in factories, and more goods at lower cost for world markets already overstocked. It is hard to see in the past eighteen months or so of British Labor policy any wisdom in meeting the economic crisis that merits greater praise than can be given to governments that do not bear the Labor name. Until the problem is approached with more fundamental intelligence and courage than Mr. MacDonald has shown, there seems little reason to think that his Government may not continue indefinitely from mere lack of a better. There is equally little reason to think that it may not be turned out at any time.

On the Air

THE National Broadcasting Company in 1930 took in $22,000,000, an increase of more than 50 per cent over its 1929 takings. The 2,000,000 letters that poured in were nearly six times as many as those received four years earlier. The company had 263 "clients" (advertising sponsors), 54 more than in 1929. The President spoke over the network twenty-seven times last year, more than twice as often as in 1929, and in addition 328 government officials made 850 addresses. So the figures run. It is all very gratifying. Best of all, the whole thing has happened since the war and is still growing.

To be sure, there are those who complain. They point out that the radio opened a new world of amusement, education, and cultural possibilities, and that in the absence of any effective control the profit-makers promptly preempted the whole territory, just as they had preempted land and forests and mines and oil and water power before. Having appropriated the air, they promptly sold it to the advertisers. They sold time and more time for money and more money, till now the man who wants the coast-to-coast chain of both big systems pays $20,000 an hour for it. This is the heart of the matter. The 263 program sponsors pay the National Company's bills and give it its profits. Despite the company's use of unsponsored time, therefore, the needs of advertisers inevitably limit the policies of this and every other commercially successful American broadcasting concern. The American listener must hear chiefly what makes for advertisers' profits, and must stiffen his sales resistance against tooth paste, soap, and shaving cream, cigarettes and department stores and hardware and radiators. We permitted the creation of a great private vested interest in the air, which was sold to advertisers, thus binding the companies hand and foot. And all this seems more or less inevitable to us.

But there is nothing inevitable either in what we have done or in the kind of programs from which American radio audiences suffer. In an admirable article on this subject in the January *Atlantic* Professor William Orton of Smith College calls attention by contrast to the work of the British Broadcasting Company, a public monopoly supported not by advertisers, but by a two-dollar annual license fee from owners of receiving instruments. Its programs not only provide entertainment for the mass of people, but also offer nourishment to the minority whom our system necessarily forgets.

> In England [says Mr. Orton] . . . I could obtain at least one full orchestra program every night, including whole evenings of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and modern work . . . I could listen to Eugene O'Neill's "Ile," to a first-class debate on the international-language question, to various lectures, including Dean Mozley on Christian theology and Mr. Francis Birrell on the cinema. . . .

But why go on? The point is simple. The British did not simply turn over the air to anyone who wanted it as a means of profit, but put it under social control for civilized purposes. Their scheme works. It deprives nobody of the ordinary radio features, but does not reduce the whole art to the mental "level of thirteen-year-olds," as our commercialized system inevitably does. On the air the honors certainly do not rest with our chaotic American system.

Higher Learning

IN refreshing contrast to the numerically large and financially impressive reports of certain university presidents to their trustees—and incidentally to the newspapers—comes the announcement of the Institute for Advanced Study under the donorship of Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Felix Fuld. The purpose of the institute, as described in a letter to the trustees, is "the pursuit of advanced learning and exploration in fields of pure science and high scholarship." No degree except the Ph.D. or professional degrees of equal value will be awarded, and it will be unique in the United States in being an institution

> . . . where scientists and scholars devote themselves at the same time to serious research and to the training of competent post-graduate students entirely independently of and separated from both the charms and the diversions inseparable from an institution the major interest of which is the teaching of undergraduates.

The donors have chosen Dr. Abraham Flexner as director of the institution, and both his professional standing and his recent sharp criticism of American universities will be assurance that the new organization will have a good chance of avoiding the pitfalls which threaten the modern "business" university. Dr. Flexner announces that there is no need for haste in beginning the work of the institute; that patience and wisdom in assembling a faculty are of far more importance than that classes begin with the new school year. Among faculty as among students no account is to be taken "directly or indirectly, of race, religion, or sex." Dr. Flexner is enough of a practical man of affairs to know that a desirable group cannot be assembled without assurance of adequate financial recompense.

> Poor salaries [he declares] frighten off the abler and more vigorous and compel the university instructor to eke out his inadequate income by writing unnecessary textbooks or engaging in other forms of hack work. . . . We should endeavor to attract into the institute a small number of scholars and scientists who will be free from financial worry and concern, who will live and work amidst conditions favorable to intellectual activity.

So much for the faculty. The students are to be chosen because of their announced desire to undertake serious and advanced study. "They will not," says Dr. Flexner, "in so far as we can judge and select, be immature or uncertain; nor will they in any department of intellectual activity be so numerous as to distract the members of the faculty from their own creative tasks."

This ideal, of course, lies directly across the aim of most American universities, in which so strong an emphasis is laid on number of students. The institute, moreover, lays all its stress on pure scholarship, abstract science, disinterested research. Nothing practical about it, nothing modern, nothing that even remotely suggests "good business." No president of this university will ever issue a report declaring his to be the largest institution in the country, nay, in the world. Probably no president will claim for it the largest endowment. If the generous promise of its founders and its director is realized, however, its influence on American culture may be immeasurable.

The Banks of New York

By NORMAN THOMAS

ON the morning of December 11, 1930, the New York Superintendent of Banks closed the doors of the Bank of United States. The bank had fifty-eight branches and upwards of 400,000 depositors. It served four boroughs of the City of Greater New York and had an unusually high proportion of poor folks as depositors. More than 50 per cent of the deposits were in thrift accounts. It has been publicly stated that 350,000 people have deposits in the bank averaging $400 or less. Obviously, the failure of such a bank in a winter of bitter unemployment was a social tragedy of great dimensions.

The newspapers, acting from the best of motives and at the urgent request of men high in the banking world, played down the story of the failure and, at first, played up optimistic prophecies of the reopening of the bank's doors through reorganization, merger, or sale to some other bank. Failing that, at least the ultimate payment to depositors of one hundred cents on the dollar was sure. But the banks of the Clearing House backed up no such rosy hopes by their deeds. The best they were able to offer was a loan up to 50 per cent of deposits, which loan was to draw 5 per cent interest. Since the Clearing House member banks were paying at most not more than 2 or 2½ per cent for this money, and since the demand for money just now is not great, it will be seen that this generosity was not only safe but profitable. Now, some seven weeks after the failure of the Bank of United States, no one is indulging in optimistic hopes of its reopening or of its paying depositors one hundred cents on the dollar. Superintendent Broderick's inventory of the bank's resources indicates the loss, impairment, or "freezing" of about $75,000,000, or nearly a third of its assets.

There has been no epidemic of failures of New York banks, and unquestionably the strong banks will henceforth go to great lengths to prop their weaker brethren in New York City. Nevertheless, lack of confidence following the failure of the Bank of United States has resulted in a pronounced withdrawal of deposits even from sound banks.

It is already possible to apportion blame for the fiasco of the Bank of United States to a great many individuals and groups, some of whom have no use for the others. It may simplify a tangled story to discuss it in terms of the responsibility, first, of the bank itself, second, of the State of New York, and, third, of other banks.

1. *The Bank of United States and Its Directors.*—It now appears that the bank was conceived in sin, born in iniquity, and nourished on unrighteousness. Thousands of depositors, especially those coming from other countries, thought that the bank was a government institution. The Superintendent of Banks, Van Tuyl by name, who permitted the bank to take this imposing and misleading title, shortly afterwards resigned to become an officer in it. In the boom times when the whole financial world went more or less mad, the Bank of United States grew not only through its own aggressive policy, but through various mergers with existing institutions, the stocks of which were bought or were replaced with the stock of the Bank of United States at extraordinary prices.

It now appears that these were not anything like the worst features of the situation. President Bernard K. Marcus, Mr. Saul Singer, and their particular buddies on the board of directors of the bank went into the popular game of organizing affiliates in a big way. When the crash came, the Bank of United States had sixty affiliates. Some of them were formed for specific purposes—for example, to negotiate a single real-estate transaction. Occasionally these real-estate corporations leased their property to the bank for branch buildings at exorbitant rentals, which were capitalized in the value of the property for the purpose of getting mortgages and loans on it. So many were the bank's affiliates that the officers ran out of handy names and were thinking of calling on the man who names the Pullman cars, until one of them, who had been in France, thought of the bright idea of using the names of streets in Paris.

Of these affiliates four were of fundamental importance in the complicated business of buying and selling and rigging stocks in which Mr. Marcus and his colleagues indulged. All four are now in bankruptcy, with the bank as a chief creditor and amazingly few liquid assets in sight. Of the four the basic ones were the City Financial Corporation and the Bankus Corporation. I have not space to tell of the complicated and ingenious relationship between these two corporations and the bank. The whole story has been well told by John T. Flynn in the *New Republic.* Suffice to say that after Mr. Marcus had got through playing with his companies, the City Financial Corporation dominated both the bank and the Bankus Corporation. On a boom market it was making money. Mr. Marcus and his friends carefully arranged that they, as holders of the Class B stock, got most of the profits and all the power. To these two important affiliates Marcus now added the Municipal Financial Corporation, again with Class A and Class B stock. The bank's officers were the Class B stockholders, who got the 47 per cent profit. The ordinary stockholders of the Bankus Corporation, who were also stockholders in the bank, got 6.75 per cent. Even this was not enough, however. A syndicate which included the principal officers of the bank, Mr. Kresel, a director and its general counsel (of whom more later), and Mr. Samuel Levy, recently elected Borough President of Manhattan, was formed to trade in bank stock. This structure of affiliates and syndicate controlled by the bank's officers had immense power, as long as a boom market was on, to rig the price of stock. When the market crashed, the members of the syndicate, it appears from press reports, were caught—with the exception of Mr. Levy, who proved his fitness for his present high office by knowing when to get out. All this, as Mr. Flynn points out, was not of itself illegal under present banking laws. Perhaps later investigations, or some of the inquiries now afoot, may show illegal transactions, but it is entirely possible that the only crime of the officers was failure. Personally, I have so much confidence in the astute Mr. Kresel, who was chief adviser to the bank, or rather to its directors, that I question whether even the astute Mr. Steuer will finally land any of the directors in jail.

Let no one think, however, that Mr. Marcus and his friends, who thus juggled stocks, were unwilling to let the humble depositors of the bank in on a good thing—especially after it had become less certainly good. In the summer of 1929 the bank opened a high-pressure sales campaign to sell units of bank and Bankus stock to depositors. One of its own directors, the plunging Mr. Rosoff, has publicly testified that he was "Mr. Sucker" and "Mr. Sap" in the series of transactions connected with the sale of the stock. He could afford it a great deal better than the small storekeepers and workers who were persuaded by a circular of the bank and by eager branch managers to buy these units of stock with a promise, in many cases, that the bank would buy back the stock if it fell below 198. This was just before the market broke, and it is to be hoped that some of the various investigations will discover just how many officials unloaded on the poor depositors. As matters now stand, many small depositors have not only lost on their deposits but as stockholders they face a possible double liability for par value of their stock. These lambs are likely to be not merely shorn but sacrificed.

As usual, the ordinary rank-and-file directors, chosen for their business and political affiliations, are now testifying that they did not know anything about what the bank was doing. Yet it appears that many of these directors successfully borrowed money from the bank on vague security far in its excess of their deposits, which means that they are well insured against the loss that has overtaken the ordinary depositor. The poverty, moreover, of these directors, all of whom profess to have lost heavily in the stock market, has not prevented them from employing the most expensive lawyers in the city, including Messrs. Tuttle, former candidate for governor in New York State, Proskauer, recently of the Supreme Court and the Smith kitchen cabinet, Buckner, of much fame as a prosecutor, and John W. Davis, more fortunate as lawyer than Presidential candidate. It is not known that these lawyers are donating their services.

2. *The State of New York.*—Banking is not an unregulated enterprise. Long ago, through sad experience, the public learned that capitalist honor, the automatic laws of competition, and the zeal for profit were not sufficient protection for money intrusted to bankers. New York State is blessed with a banking law and a banking department, and also with divers and sundry prosecuting officials. Moreover, New York's Banking Department was supposedly purged of wrongdoing and warned against bad banking tactics as a result of the lurid history of Clarke Brothers, private bankers, who—a fact unknown to most of the depositors—were not subject to the Banking Department under New York's inadequate banking law; and the episode of the City Trust, which was subject to the department. The City Trust affair resulted in the conviction of Bank Superintendent Warder, who, even though he was defended by the famous Max D. Steuer, was finally sent to jail by the Court of Appeals shortly after the Bank of United States was closed. Mr. Warder's conviction, be it said, was not due to the zeal of Tammany prosecuting officials; it was a necessary consequence of an unusually efficient investigation of the Banking Department in relation to the City Trust affair which was ordered by Acting Governor Lehman under the Moreland Act, with Robert Moses acting as commissioner.

Mr. Moses's vigorous report laid a solid basis for substantial reform. In particular, he demanded that thrift accounts be given the protection accorded to similar accounts in savings banks, and denounced the whole practice of allowing banks to set up affiliates and finance them with depositors' money to the profit of the acting officials of the bank. Mr. Moses also let it be known to newspapers, to the legislature, and to the Governor that other banks would go the way of the City Trust if his recommendations were not carried out. In testimony before a legislative committee he pointed a warning finger at the Bank of United States, but his testimony was kept off the record by the committee. Even more amazing was Governor Roosevelt's attitude. He appointed a commission of his own to consider Mr. Moses's report. It is understood that originally he intended to put Mr. Moses on the commission, but in the end he omitted Mr. Moses's name altogether and appointed Mr. Henry Pollak, a former State Senator and a director and counsel for the Bank of United States. No wonder that both the Governor's commission and the legislative committee almost completely disregarded the Moses report and solemnly concluded that everything would be all right if everybody would put his money in a sound bank.

Although the Moses report fell short of achieving the necessary reforms of the law, the investigation did bring about some reorganization of the Banking Department and the appointment of Mr. Joseph A. Broderick as superintendent. Mr. Broderick has had much experience in the Banking Department and in banking. Neither his knowledge of banking nor his personal honesty has been questioned. Since the failure of the Bank of United States he has thrown together a great number of recommendations for changes in banking law and procedure. Some of them are repetitions of suggestions already made by Mr. Moses. One of them is the extraordinary suggestion—which Mr. Broderick makes number one in his series—that in emergencies the superintendent be allowed to arrange mergers without the consent of the stockholders but with the consent of the directors. He says that if this provision had been enforced the Bank of United States could have been saved. This is probably true, but the law appears rather naive in its faith that, in an emergency, putting three cripples together will produce a strong man, or that a strong bank will always be ready to buy a weak bank. It is a striking commentary on banking under capitalism that a banking superintendent should make his chief concern, not the problem of keeping the system healthy, but the right to administer oxygen in an emergency.

Admitting Mr. Broderick's general good intentions, it remains true that he took some serious risks in the hope of saving the Bank of United States. He now says that for fifteen months he knew that the bank was shaky. Yet a few days before the bank was closed he permitted the opening of a new branch, and he allowed the bank to circulate a financial statement on September 24 showing that it had capital, surplus, and undivided profits of $42,000,000, which equaled 20 per cent of the deposits and was twice the amount required by the banking law. That is to say, the bank was, on the face of things, in unusually good condition. It is now known that weeks before this report was circulated the State examiners had marked off as doubtful items a total equal to the entire surplus and undivided profits.

They had also declared that some of the capital had been impaired. Obviously, in the face of such a showing Mr. Broderick should not have allowed the statement of September 24 to be circulated.

In spite of the statement of September 24, rumors of the real state of the bank were widely current and about sixty million dollars of deposits were drawn out in the two and one half months preceding its failure. Mr. Broderick must have known the effect of such withdrawals. To make matters worse for the Banking Department's reputation, the State Bank in Binghamton, New York, which appealed especially to immigrants—note again the misleading name—had to be closed, having been apparently so completely looted by its own president that it is doubtful if the depositors will get much more than five cents on the dollar. In the face of all this Governor Roosevelt has steadily refused my requests that he order a further investigation under the Moreland Act.

Instead of a Moreland Act investigation we have under way an inquiry by the Attorney General into the question of the sale of fraudulent securities under the Martin Act, and by District Attorney Crain into possible criminal action by officers and directors. These inquiries are of themselves proper and necessary. It should be noticed, however, that they do not and cannot go to the root of the matter, and that the Crain investigation is limited by law to the one county in which he is District Attorney, out of the four counties in which the bank operated.

Still worse is the political aspect of the situation. Tammany, as some cynics have observed, has thrown over prostitution as its leading racket and taken up banking. Certainly the records of the City Trust and Bank of United States indicate it. The directorates in both cases were loaded with Tammany politicians. The city kept a million and half of its money in the Bank of United States until the bitter end. Not all, however, of the directors of the Bank of United States were friends of Tammany. Tammany hates Mr. Isidor Kresel, chief counsel of the bank, with a deadly hatred because he has been an efficient counsel in the Seabury investigation into magistrates' courts. Moreover, it would be political suicide for Tammany not to appear deeply concerned over the fate of more than 400,000 depositors. Hence the venerable but politically shrewd sachem and District Attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain, has had to add one more to his numerous investigations beginning with the Rothstein case, all of which when they touched politics and racketeering have resulted in failure. There was ready to Mr. Crain's hand that very able lawyer, high in Tammany's graces, Max D. Steuer. Mr. Steuer at various times has been counsel for Mr. Marcus and had been involved in considerable litigation affecting the bank. His wife was well-enough informed of the state of affairs to draw out her $53,000 in deposits after banking hours on the last day of the bank's life. Early in proceedings after the crash Mr. Steuer occupied the limelight as counsel for a stockholders' and depositors' association. Just how he can identify the interests of stockholders and depositors beyond making the directors pay up all that they can, it is difficult to see. Obviously, it is to the interest of depositors who are not stockholders to enforce the liability of those who are stockholders. To this complicated set of relations with bank affairs Mr. Steuer adds a long-standing personal feud with Mr. Kresel.

It was this Mr. Steuer whom Mr. Crain made special assistant in complete charge of the present investigation, and for whom the Board of Estimate cheerfully voted $100,000 for expenses, Mr. Steuer's own salary being $1 a year. The young Attorney General also made Mr. Steuer a special assistant, so that the two investigations were consolidated. Of course the first thing the bank lawyers did was to seek to enjoin Mr. Steuer's acts as an assistant attorney general in view of his previous relations with the bank. This move failed in the lower court but an appeal may be taken.

Mr. Steuer, who has heretofore made his reputation by defending gentlemen like Harry Daugherty, Maurice Connolly, and Frank Warder, will now have a chance to use his great skill to handle a difficult situation—that is, if he is allowed to go on. It is expecting almost too much of our poor human nature to think that he will rise above the temptation to use this inquiry to win for himself credit as a friend of the people, to hurt his personal enemy Mr. Kresel, to discredit that gentleman's investigation into the magistrates' courts, and to save Tammany's chief friends on the board of directors of the Bank of United States. That latter job is easier than it may look to a layman because of the weakness of the banking law, which does not make directors criminally liable for much, if anything, short of outright theft or forgery.

3. *Other Banks.*—There prevails in banking circles plenty of condemnation for the Bank of United States in general and for Mr. Marcus in particular. Mr. Marcus is accused of shopping around with his stocks when sixty days before the failure he might have made an arrangement which would have saved the bank. Doubtless there is not much to be said for Mr. Marcus. But neither can one say very much for the big banks. It would have paid them in public confidence to go farther than they did to save the banking situation, even if some of their rich directors had lost a little money in the process. As it is, they are making money out of their alleged generosity in loans. Still worse is the fact that it was the big and strong banks themselves that originated the whole complicated game of security companies and other bank affiliates, that is, of buying with one hand and selling with the other. Doubtless they carry on the game more skilfully and perhaps more honestly than Mr. Marcus and his associates. But their interest in the game was such that they successfully blocked any legislative action such as Mr. Moses recommended. Certainly they are not now encouraging the discussion of more effective regulation, and there was considerable consternation in financial circles when Dr. Max Winkler, himself a banker of standing, proposed at a luncheon of the League for Industrial Democracy a system for setting up a fund to guarantee depositors against loss.

Such is the story in outline. It can be matched or perhaps exceeded in folly by stories of bank failures in other parts of the country, especially by the terrible crash in Tennessee for which that politician and newspaper editor Luke Lea seems to bear so heavy a burden of responsibility. Banking is in a bad way in a country where more than 1,300 banks closed their doors in a single year, 1,100 of them under circumstances which permitted no reopening. Yet the stronger bankers are the principal masters of America. What this suggests, a Socialist whose space is now exhausted will leave to the imagination of his readers.

Food and Drink in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 31

THE conflict between Congress and the President over appropriating money to feed the victims of drought and unemployment is rapidly degenerating into a blood feud in which compromise will be impossible. Ridden by that curious fatality which seems to attend all his major decisions, Hoover has elected to stand and fight on ground which cannot be defended. Some subjects are debatable, but a satisfactory apology for starvation has yet to be discovered. If the first duty of a government is to protect the lives of its citizens, how can it be argued successfully that famine sufferers should be compelled to rely on private charity? Knowing the answer, the wise men of the Republican Party have expostulated with Mr. Hoover until their throats are dry and their tongues parched. He has been told that public opinion is shocked by his attitude, that his present position cannot be reconciled with his past record, and that the members of his own party in Congress are overwhelmingly opposed to his course. In the House, dumb and docile as it is, such a callous cynic as Boss Snell of the Rules Committee privately acknowledges that about 5 members out of 435 are honestly in sympathy with the President. But all protest is vain. The same Herbert Hoover who fed the starving Russians, Belgians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Serbs at the expense of the United States Treasury insists it would be a crime to feed starving Americans that way. Thus he not only courts political ruin for himself and his party, but also involves the Red Cross by making it a partisan to his side of the controversy. It will be a long time before that organization recovers from the charge of permitting itself to become a political subsidiary of the Administration in this instance. Nevertheless, the situation has its bright side. Eventually the Administration will be compelled to surrender, and the sum ultimately appropriated for hunger relief is likely to be nearer $50,000,000 than the $15,000,000 first asked by the Senate or the $25,000,000 which it asks now. Meantime, the President's attitude has done more to increase the prospects of an extra session than anything which has happened since the present session began. A few days ago Representative Kahn, that witty and charming old lady from California, was asked whether the Republicans were counting on the Democrats to make the usual mistakes before the next election. "Have we left them any?" she replied.

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HOOVER'S stubborn stand on hunger relief is in strange contrast to his frantic attempts to hedge on prohibition. Prior to the appearance of the Wickersham report he had definitely decided to cast his lot with the drys in 1932. He made that perfectly plain in his message of transmittal by declaring flatly against repeal or revision and by reiterating his intention to enforce the law. Yet such was the reaction of Eastern Republican leaders and such was its effect on this strong man that within forty-eight hours various newspapers carried Washington dispatches explaining that he had been "misunderstood," that he still had "an open mind" on the subject, and that he was not nearly so dry as his message sounded. Among the papers printing this explanation was the New York *Times*, which attributed it to "a close friend of the President." As a matter of fact, the President's "close friend" was his political secretary, Walter Newton. After the White House had been inundated with protests from Republican wets, Mr. Newton called certain correspondents to his office and gave them this moist "explanation," although with the candor characteristic of this Administration he forbade them to reveal its true source. Simultaneously Mark Sullivan, the President's closest journalistic associate, issued a syndicated article explaining that "any lawyer would understand" that Mr. Hoover had not definitely committed himself for or against revision in some form, but merely against the particular form approved by a majority of the commissioners. Moreover, he likened the President's position to that of a court which declines to render an opinion on a question which is "not before it." He did not state what would be necessary to bring the prohibition question "before" President Hoover. A few days later Frank R. Kent, whose reputation as an expounder of the Hoover mind approximates Sullivan's, predicted in the Baltimore *Sun* that as soon as the time seems propitious the Chief himself will make some gesture further calculated to appease the wets but not sufficient to alienate the drys. In short, the President's one consuming aim in connection with prohibition is to discover the winning side and get on it, or failing to be sure which is the winning side, to get on both sides. If there has been a more ghastly exhibition than this I do not recall it.

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THUS far nobody has advanced an intelligible explanation of the outstanding mystery raised by the Wickersham report. In the individual reports signed by Judges William I. Grubb and Paul J. McCormick they dissented explicitly and in plain language from a recommendation which they presumed to be in the general report signed by them and eight other commissioners, but which in fact does not appear in the general report. Judge Grubb stated: "I join in the findings of fact and all the ultimate conclusions of the general report of the commission except that recommending that the amendment be revised immediately without awaiting further trial." Likewise Judge McCormick stated: "I am in accord with all the conclusions and recommendations [of the general report] except that in which a revision of the Eighteenth Amendment is suggested immediately." Nowhere in the general report is it recommended that the amendment be revised immediately. Under the head of Conclusions and Recommendations appears the statement: "All the commission agree that *if* the amendment is revised it should be made to read as follows," whereupon it gives a tentative form. That is all. It is obvious that these commissioners had read what they supposed to be the final draft of the general report when they prepared their individual reports. It is obvious, moreover, that they were distinctly under the impression that it contained a recommendation for immediate revision. Did it once contain such a recommendation, and was it deleted without their knowledge? Or was it deleted with their knowledge and did they forget to make their individual reports conform to the change? If such a change was made, at whose instance was it made? These questions are important and they have not been answered. The general report itself is full of interesting contradictions. The commission recommends changes in the law to prevent home wine-making—and then declares it is a practical impossibility to prevent either home wine-making or home brewing. It states that such a law cannot be enforced without public support—and admits that prohibition lacks such support. It declares against repeal—and states that "as things are at present, we have virtual local option." It recommends further increases in enforcement personnel and equipment—and declares that if Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock receives all the additional help he is asking, we shall still have "State nullification." The document abounds in internal evidence of a definite conflict between commissioners who had been impressed with the unenforceability of prohibition and someone who was determined the report should not be "too wet." This conflict explains much of the glaring incongruity between the statement of facts and the recommendations ostensibly based on them. The wets may be inclined to take comfort from the forthright manner in which the commissioners denounced the various under-cover methods which have brought enforcement into disrepute among respectable citizens. Let the wets take notice that within a week after the House received the report it voted overwhelmingly to appropriate funds for the continuance of wire-tapping, spying, use of stool pigeons, operation of government speakeasies, and the employment of ex-convicts.

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NOT all the current mysteries are the product of the Wickershammers, however. When the $116,000,000 public-construction bill was before the Senate—as the Administration's principal contribution to the relief of unemployment—Senator Couzens offered an amendment to provide that contractors engaged on those government projects be required to pay the scale of wages prevailing in the localities where the work was done. It was defeated, but on December 23 a statement was issued at the White House which read as follows:

> The federal government has necessarily required contractors to maintain wage scales at the pre-depression level. There have been some differences with minor contractors but these have been adjusted. The President has informed the various executive departments that the policy of the federal government is that wages on contracts let by the government shall be held up to the standard existing in the district where the work is done.

Nevertheless, officials of the American Federation of Labor report that wages are being cut drastically by contractors engaged on government projects. One such contractor advertised that only Mexican labor would be employed. Others have reduced the wages of skilled mechanics more than 50 per cent. More surprising still, inquiries made at the executive departments by union officials and newspapermen disclosed apparently that no instructions had been received from the White House, and that a number of department heads were letting contracts without any attempt to stipulate wage scales. It recalls the time when the White House issued a press statement announcing that the construction of certain battle cruisers would be suspended. Months later two enterprising reporters ascertained that no such instructions had ever been received by the Navy Department and that work on the cruisers had proceeded according to schedule. This is one of the refreshing features of a Business Administration. The old-fashioned politician was so untrustworthy!

Hunger—1931

By A. ROBBINS

Hickman, Kentucky, January 31

THE magnitude of the drought disaster of 1930 is not realized by the country at large, while only those who have observed them at first hand can have any adequate conception of the tragic and pitiable conditions that prevail in the drought area. The American Red Cross is feeding farm families in more than seven hundred counties scattered through a score of States, but the States hardest hit on the whole are Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Oklahoma, with parts of Texas, Louisiana, Missouri, Alabama, Illinois, Indiana, West Virginia, and Maryland. Final statistics issued by the Weather Bureau indicate that Maryland and Virginia received less rain in 1930 than any of the other States, but crop averages, curiously enough, were lower in Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. It must also be pointed out that the drought is not yet broken in large sections of this area. Ponds, streams, springs, and wells are still dry and thousands of farmers continue to haul water many miles to supply their live stock as well as their families. The subsoil is almost as dry as it was last September before the scattering fall rains relieved conditions a little in most sections; and unless heavy and continuous rains come soon the subsoil will not be moist enough to grow a good crop in 1931. For instance, the Mississippi River has been lower during the past eleven months than it has ever been known to be.

The drought area may be roughly divided into two sections—the cotton and the tobacco sections. In both of these the tenant-farmer and sharecropper systems are largely prevalent. In those sections where more diversified farming is practiced and live stock is a large farm item, the farmers have been able generally to weather the drought on their own resources, but throughout the cotton and tobacco areas large numbers of tenants and sharecroppers, as well as the farm laborers, have been reduced to absolute want and privation. The outsider may find it hard to believe that hundreds of thousands of farm folk can be starving in the United States in this year of grace, 1931, but it is true nevertheless. Stand in front of any Red Cross headquarters in any one of a thousand communities in the drought area and watch the ragged children, blue with cold and undernourishment, who have come to ask for clothing; anxious men, with large families, waiting to receive the disbursing order that means food for another week; frantic women begging for medical aid for babies dying of malnutrition or the many forms of disease that attack the underfed and underclothed.

These people are reduced to such straits not through any fault of their own; they are victims of a system and of the worst drought in recent history. They have weathered lean years before; many of them—in the great Mississippi valley—have weathered several flood disasters; but none of them can remember a year like the past one. They have no resources to see them through an unusually bad year because of the system of sharecropping, which is in general vogue in the cotton country and large sections of the tobacco country. A man with a large family is nearly always in debt to his landlord except in unusually good years. In those years, being what he is, he buys a used automobile. By the next spring he has spent all his money and is back expecting the landlord to "furnish" him through the crop season.

The landlords, in most instances, are doing and have done the best they can. The great majority of them are not much better off today than their tenants. Most of them are heavily mortgaged; their credit facilities are strained to the limit. They hardly know how they are to finance a crop in 1931, and it is impossible for them to take care of their people through this winter. The usual time to start furnishing tenants and sharecroppers is from March 15 to April 1. They are allowed so much a month, according to the acreage they cultivate and the size of their families, on which to live until the cotton is picked and ginned, or the tobacco cut, cured, and stripped. At that time the accounts are cast up and the tenant is given his profit on his year's work, if any. This year few tenants were able to pay their debts to the landlord, and few landlords made enough to pay the taxes on their farms and plantations.

Even among the small farmers who own and work their own farms this has been a year of acute distress. The drought ruined their gardens, cut the corn crop in large areas to almost nothing, reduced the hay crop, and hurt their live stock. On small farm after small farm visited by the writer in several States anxious men and women were wondering how they were going to "get by." That is the general expression in the drought area. If they can just "get by" until spring; if they can just "get by" and make another crop; if it will only be a good crop year and if prices will only be a little better so they can get enough ahead by the fall of 1931 to see them through the winter of 1931-32, they will be satisfied. Gone are any thoughts of new clothes, new cars, new radios; the farmers are thinking in terms of food and feed for family and stock.

Cupboards, cellars, and closets that never before have been bare are swept clean this winter. There was little to "put up." The housewife will tell you that the garden was almost a complete failure, that the fruit did not do much, that even nuts and berries were very scarce. But the biggest worry of the average small farmer in the drought area is the problem of feed for his live stock. His cribs and barns are empty in thousands of cases. He is afraid the government feed loans will not be available in time to keep his stock from dying. In some cases the Red Cross is making allowances for feed to keep work stock alive, but the Red Cross does not have the money to go into any extensive feeding program and few people realize the extent of the feed shortage.

Most of these small farmers and better-class tenants are loath to talk about their troubles, or to write to the newspapers or their Congressmen. They have never been in such a predicament before and they are proud. Most of the population in the drought area is of Anglo-Saxon stock.

I have not mentioned the Negroes specifically for the reason that no distinction is being made in administration of relief between white and black, just as the drought made no distinction when it reduced them to want. In the cotton country, of course, a large number of the sharecroppers and farm laborers are Negroes. On the whole, they are a bit more thrifty and shifty, a bit more loath to ask help, than the whites on the same economic level. However, thousands of them are being fed and cared for by the Red Cross.

The Red Cross is doing its best in this great emergency and the country is fortunate in having an organization able to take over the task; for it is a tremendous job—the biggest job the Red Cross has ever tackled in its history. Beside it the task of feeding and caring for the people left destitute by the Mississippi flood of 1927 seems small. The present disaster is much more widespread, involves much more territory and many millions of people. The Red Cross, unfortunately, has not enough trained workers to fill the need. It must rely on local chapter officers to attend to the details of the relief work in their communities, and, naturally, when untrained workers take over such a task mistakes are made, but so far it appears that the hungry are being fed as fast as possible. The chapters I have seen in operation are doing good jobs, and the thousands of men and women in the hundreds of towns and villages who are giving their time and energy so unselfishly and freely to this work without compensation, without even thought of reward, thanks, or appreciation, deserve the thanks of the nation.

The aid of the Red Cross will tide the drought sufferers over until spring, but the outlook for spring in many sections is none too encouraging to those who know conditions. The drought is not yet broken. Many landlords do not know whether or not they will be financially able to farm their land this year. Much work stock is in too poor condition to work, while in some places many work animals have died. Last but not least, the widespread closing of banks in the drought territory has crippled credit. All these things may make it impossible for thousands of families to earn a living. For those who do find it possible to carry on, future security depends on the yield and price in 1931, and the outlook, for prices at least, does not seem reassuring.

Because the majority of our farmers have been in a bad way for years, even the most prosperous have been hard hit by the drought. The failure of banks in the drought area, largely due to frozen credits, indicates the unsound conditions that prevailed before the drought put the finishing touches on the farmer—as well as on those dependent on the farmer, for conditions in the towns and villages in the drought area are almost as bad as conditions on the farms.

It is probably true that our entire system of farming is wrong and out of date, but it cannot be changed overnight, and meanwhile the drought has brought real suffering, privation, untold tragedy and hardship to hundreds of thousands of American citizens who make their living from the land. Farm relief has been a football of politics and a joke for columnists for years; it is time the nation woke up to the real plight of the farmers, for while farm conditions remain economically unsound the country cannot truly prosper.

Whose Agent Is He?

By ISABEL PATERSON

WITH all the indignation that has been expressed over the convictions, by paid perjury and framed evidence, of girls charged with soliciting on the streets of New York, the protests have significantly and rather sickeningly avoided touching the real issue. Nobody has cared or dared to face the fact that the law under which such convictions were obtained—and the New York law is typical of most American State laws on the subject—is a source of corruption because it is inequitable by intention. In itself it is a kind of blackmail, being a legalization of privilege, of the double standard.

The definition of the crime or misdemeanor of "soliciting" betrays the determination of those who put it on the statute books and keep it there, to secure a masculine advantage. In earlier times no trouble was taken to disguise the purpose. The inequality of the sexes was not only assumed but stated. Women were frankly penalized in innumerable ways. Often enough it was predicated that they had no standing whatever in law. Only as property were they entitled to legal recognition, and then not for their own benefit but for that of the men of their family, fathers or husbands. On the other hand, some extra responsibility attached to the men of the family. This theory could not maintain itself in a political system based on axiomatic human rights and equality. After hundreds of years of gradual change most of the disabilities of women have been lifted. Even this particular law had to be redrafted in new terms to retain the one here involved.

But in its present form it is rather more obnoxious than before, since it adds hypocrisy to injustice. Men of decent instincts avoid thinking of it. When forced to do so, they save their feelings, if not their self-respect, by denunciation of the mere incidents of its operation. They don't care to stand up in court beside Chile Mapocha Acuna. But that is where they belong, as long as they approve the law.

For if the law is not meant to suppress venal sex relations, then it has no object whatever. Its only possible purpose is to prevent making sex an article of commerce.

Serious reasons, both social and emotional—call them moral and religious, if you prefer—can be adduced against prostitution. Whether or not legislation is an effective means of stopping it is another question, still open to debate. The most stringent laws have failed in the past, under economic pressure. If there is less commercialized vice in the United States than there was, say, thirty years ago, it would seem to be chiefly because the opportunities for women to earn a living in other ways than that of selling themselves have been correspondingly increased.

But a venal sex transaction is an act which requires two principals to commit. There are other crimes of this dual nature, such as bribery, in which the guilt of both parties is obviously equal. Also it is a legal maxim that whoever pays for the commission of a crime assumes full guilt: "Who does it by another does it himself." By these fundamental principles of law the man would be a little more guilty than the woman, having paid for and then participated in the act. To dodge this basic axiom, the law in question was carefully and consciously drawn. The girls are not charged with illicit sex relations, in which some man would necessarily be involved. They are accused of "soliciting." It is thus made a crime—in the present instance, specifically, a misdemeanor—to suggest to another person, a man, that he commit with them an act which is not in itself a crime. Could a more contemptible chicanery be imagined for the purpose of exculpating the man? How are the legislators and magistrates and lawyers engaged in enforcing such a statute, and the worthy citizens who lend it tacit support, any better than the nasty little informer who gives paid testimony?

It may be argued that it is a misdemeanor for a man to "solicit," that is, to accost a woman on the street with improper proposals; and therefore there is no lack of equity. This is another quibble. It is a misdemeanor for any person to annoy any other person, on the street or elsewhere, for no good reason. If one should address a stranger and follow him and persist in talking about the weather, the law would afford protection on request. It is a disorderly act. If any man cares to complain of the undesired attentions of a strange woman he must be heard.

But when the man has followed her, without compulsion, to a room, and further indicated his willingness by some overt sign, such as removing his coat, before the police can break in, after which the woman only is arrested, the travesty of justice is palpable.

With such a law, the employment of an *agent provocateur* inevitably follows. He is pernicious, but he is a symptom; an effect, not a cause. Whose agent is he? The phrase itself reveals a higher responsibility. In short, if prostitution is a crime, and two persons are shown to have intended to commit this crime, then the law has a fair pretext. As it stands, it is devoid of the slightest shred of equity. Puritan laws against sexual immorality have been much jeered at. Certainly it is arguable that they were both harsh and futile. They may have been mistaken, and they might cause resentment, rebellion, and of course lawbreaking. But they do not poison the sources of justice. They don't contravene equity. The issue is drawn on principle, and opinions may be honestly held on either side.

The present law against soliciting is vitiated by the same humbug on the part of respectable people which taints the prohibition law. The sale of liquor is a crime, but not the purchase. The only conceivable object of prohibition is to prevent drinking. It is based on the belief that drinking is wrong. The buyer is the one who intends to drink. But even if he actually does drink the liquor, still he is not guilty under the law, while the vendor is.

In the case of the convicted girls, men are only silencing their own uneasy conscience by an outcry against the police and the decoy. This is nothing new; it is the immemorial way in which respectable people seek to avoid responsibility for an iniquity by which they profit. Before the Civil War slave owners professed to despise slave dealers and over-seers, who were in fact their agents, executing their orders. At the same time they defended the institution of slavery, and demanded that the law as embodied in the Constitution be respected. Justice commands respect; it does not need to ask for it.

Good men and true who are willing to defend the law against soliciting, as it stands, ought not to repudiate Chile Mapocha Acuna; they are all members of the same club.

In the Driftway

EVEN in the days of prosperity the Drifter was often troubled by doubts concerning the quality and capacity of that much-touted phenomenon, the American business mind. His worst suspicions have been confirmed, unfortunately, by the spectacle of that mind at work on the first proposition it had ever met which held out no possibility of immediate private gain, namely, the current depression. The Drifter's admiration for the magnificent industrial mechanism that has risen before his eyes within the past twenty years has been seriously undermined by the fact that such inefficient and primitive devices as charity and the bread line can exist in the same country and the same city block as the machine age. Now the Drifter is a humble soul—in some ways. He knows his place, for instance, in the presence of that mysterious and awful science, economics. Nevertheless, he feels quite sure that if he set even his unpretentious brain to the task, he could bring forth some more effective solution for unemployment than football games and apples, not to mention buy-now drives, spruce-up-the-home campaigns, and public works that have, up to the present, yielded a good deal more publicity than work.

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IF the works of economic experts and business leaders have been a disappointment, the words of other Americans have been something much less appetizing. Indeed, the depression, like famine, seems to have brought in its wake a pestilence of pettiness. The Drifter could make a list two columns long of examples in this category but he will mention only a few: (1) the pious platitudes of well-fed ministers who have been earning their dole for months with sermons on the spiritual benefits of economic distress and the joy of giving; (2) those "woman's-place-is-in-the-home" economists who suggest that all married women be fired; (3) the barber-chair philosopher who, between applications of the lotion and the talcum (with the "masculine" scent), states firmly that the only people out of work are the ones that don't want to work; (4) the angry opposition of the Great Engineer to the Senate's $25,000,000 food appropriation on the ground that "we should maintain the sound American tradition and a spirit of voluntary aid"; (5) the further smug Republican remark of Representative Wood that government aid to the Red Cross would have a "deadening effect on our sources of generosity." As for Calvin Coolidge's dictum, in discussing unemployment insurance, that "not even the unemployed have a right to what they do not earn," the Drifter would like to ask Mr. Coolidge in person if he thinks he earns the two dollars he gets for each of the puny words he syndicates.

FROM the modern "efficiency" and "service" of his native land, the Drifter turns for relief to ancient Europe, to Mother England where kings and queens still live in castles and the graceful culture of an earlier day survives. And what does he find? He finds that Queen Mary has just packed her two oldest boys off to South America to drum up trade for British Goods, Ltd. He finds, moreover, three paragraphs by Catherine Milnes Gaskell, J. P., in the London *Saturday Review* which read as follows:

> The queen has most graciously let it be known through her lady-in-waiting that she is now constantly wearing a coat of moleskin, as her majesty is anxious to promote the wearing of moleskins among ladies for capes, muffs, and coats, or for gentlemen as waistcoats, to help in all ways English industries.
>
> Every order helps, and ladies and gentlemen have only to order locally or in London such capes, muffs, and waistcoats as they may wish to have.
>
> Formerly mole-catchers were able to get 4d. to 6d. for each good moleskin, now they often receive only ½d. each. Help in this way would be of great value nationally, as it would mean employment and that English hands were doing the work they could do.

So far as the Drifter knows, nothing so beneficial and presumably heartwarming to the English workingman has occurred since the king "let it be known" some months ago that he had purchased two Daimler cars in order to speed up the wheels of British industry.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Rights in Cuba

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The inclosed copy of a letter which I have just received explains itself. For obvious reasons the identity of the writer is withheld.

The conditions portrayed in this letter direct attention to the little-regarded Article IV of the Platt Amendment, which became incorporated in the Permanent Treaty with the United States, signed May 22, 1903. By this article the government of Cuba agreed that "all the acts of the United States in Cuba during the military occupancy of said island shall be ratified and held as valid, and all rights legally acquired by virtue of said acts shall be maintained and protected."

Havana, January 17, 1931

DEAR SIR: On the morning of December 26, 1930, a group of men (about fifteen) surrounded the house of Colonel Aurelio Hevia, entered the house, and, without any judicial order, took him away. Since that moment he has been kept incomunicado, in a dungeon in the military prison of La Cabana fortress (an old fortress of Spanish times). All this has been done in violation of the Cuban constitution and Cuban laws, which prohibit the placing of civilians in military prisons. Colonel Hevia is not a military man, he is a civilian; he was a colonel in the Cuban War of Independence, but he is not and never has been a member of the Cuban army. The Cuban laws prescribe that when seventy-two hours are passed the prisoner must be presented before a judge; in a case when individual rights are suspended this must be done before ten days have passed.

Five writs of habeas corpus have been presented in court. The first one was presented on December 30 before the Supreme

Court, which declared itself incompetent; the second on December 31 before the third section of the Audiencia of Havana, which denied it on the ground that it was not signed by Colonel Hevia; the third one on January 1 before the first section of the Audiencia, which denied it on the ground that Colonel Hevia was in a military prison by order of an army officer. The fourth writ was presented on January 6 before the second section, which ordered the presentation of Colonel Hevia—the order was disobeyed and the presentation did not take place. The court left things at that, acting against the law which compels it to order the arrest of the person who disobeys a writ of habeas corpus. The fifth writ was not granted on the ground that Hevia was under military orders.

During the present month numerous writs of habeas corpus have been presented in favor of numerous individuals that are in prison by order of Machado; all have been denied. Today, January 17, twenty-two days after the arrest of Colonel Hevia, he has not yet been presented or indicted by any judge. [An Associated Press dispatch reports that Hevia was finally charged for trial on February 2.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The writ of habeas corpus, the only guaranty the citizens have against the oppression and misbehavior of force, has become merely words on paper in Cuba. Yet this law was promulgated by the American intervention government in Military Order 427 of October, 1900, and today is part of Cuban law.

Would not the United States be justified, in view of Article IV and Military Order 427, in inquiring of the Cuban government just what steps it is taking to fulfil its solemn treaty obligations?

Wellesley, Mass., January 28 LELAND H. JENKS

The Washington Honor Roll

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The one serious criticism of Paul Anderson's Washington honor roll of newspaper correspondents is its incompleteness. To the ten correspondents cited by Mr. Anderson might well be added the following:

LOUIS J. HEATH, of the United Press, for his intelligent and sympathetic Latin American correspondence, as well as HARRY FRANTZ, also of the United Press, for Latin American and other foreign correspondence, including Hawaii and the Philippines. Much of their work does not appear in American papers.

DREW PEARSON, of the Baltimore *Sun*, for keeping the spotlight unflinchingly upon the State Department.

THEODORE C. ALFORD, of the Kansas City *Star*, for being the major source of news concerning the antics of the Federal Farm Board.

RUBY A. BLACK, of the Portland *Evening News*, for supplying the State of Maine with the first Washington correspondence estimating fairly and honorably the achievements and shortcomings of the State's delegation at the Capitol, and making known, likewise for the first time in Maine, the national aspects of the tremendously important power question.

JOHN SNURE, New York *Herald Tribune*, for his conscientious and searching reporting of the United States Senate, despite the handicap of working for an official Republican paper.

FRANKLYN WALTMAN, JR., of the Baltimore *Sun*, for his excellent reporting of the work of the Haitian commission.

MARK THISTLETHWAITE, who has developed an extraordinary faculty for reporting to his constituency in Indiana what goes on underneath the surface in Washington, especially in relation to the power issue.

HENRY HYDE, of the Baltimore *Sun*, for his brilliant and unremitting "debunking."

This list, added to Anderson's, doubtless still falls short of just inclusiveness.

Portland, Maine, January 30 ERNEST GRUENING

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We Part the Husks

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

We part the husks and feed like mice
Upon the grain of paradise.
The secret growing on its stalk
Is always with us when we walk.
The earthquake of a bursting seed,
The dark decision of the bud,
Being a motion in our blood
Is heaven encountered in a deed.

Thomas Mann's Obsession

Mario and the Magician. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

AT a small Italian watering-place frequented by foreign tourists a conjurer, Cipolla by name, announces that he will give a performance. Influenced perhaps by the pleas of their two small children, the narrator and his wife decide to attend. Soon it becomes clear that this is to be no ordinary evening of sleight-of-hand and parlor conjuring. This Cipolla, with his ravaged face, his sinister, not undignified deformity, his arrogant grimace, his silver-clawed hunting crop, and his cognac decanter, is no itinerant trickster but a hypnotist of parts. He insinuates numbers into the minds of his audience; forces the village youths to dance to the crack of his whip; entices women from their husbands. "Freedom exists," says Cipolla, "and also the will exists; but freedom of the will does not exist, for a will that aims at its own freedom aims at the unknown." None can withstand him. He draws from his seat the guileless waiter Mario, the friend of the narrator's children, and lo! forces Mario into seeing in him, the humped Cipolla, the face of his beloved. Mario kisses him; is released from the spell. Sobbing with humiliation, he stumbles down the platform steps, turns, and shoots the wonder-worker dead.

To call this the story of "Mario and the Magician" is equivalent to saying that "Moby Dick" is about a mad sea captain who revengefully pursues a white whale and is at last destroyed by his quarry. This tale is brief, simple, a small fragment of life, and "Moby Dick" is as vast as the Pacific; but they are written on the same emotional level. Mann and Melville are identically obsessed: both are tortured by the metaphysical problem of evil, though Mann, writing in a psychoanalytic age, sees evil as illness, as a multiform malady. His is the true *morbidezza*—that concern with death, so far removed from the mere fascination of the decadent, which first troubled, then uplifted Melville and Baudelaire. Confronted with a riotously rotting society, he has sought always the cancerous spots, particularly in their subtler manifestations. From the diseases of its parts he deduces the nature of the whole. The groundtheme of "Buddenbrooks"—what is it but the sickness of an acquisitive society, considered *as* a sickness? To the same problem, more grandly, more elusively treated, the volumes of "The Magic Mountain" surrender themselves. And this little tale of Mario and the magician emerges from the identical preoccupation. It is a study, in terms of pure, unemphatic narrative, of malevolence, of the power the will attains when it is distorted and willing to crucify itself that it may dominate other, healthier wills. "Shall we go away," muses the author, "whenever life looks like turning the slightest uncanny, or not quite normal, or even rather painful and mortifying?" And, as ever, his answer is: "No, surely not."

Had Mann been content merely to pose and examine the problem of the will to evil in terms of Cipolla and Mario, his story would have been interesting, but possibly rather thin, as this sort of symbolism is apt to be. But with weird skill he thickens his narrative, carefully blurs its implications, so that the idea skeleton does not affright us with its bare and pallid bones. By insensible degrees we are led along a pathway of conflict and unwholesomeness, beginning with the petty irritations offered by an overbearing hotel management and closing with a horrible psychic struggle ended only by death. When we reach the last page we realize that it is the honor of the human race which has been resisting the evil Cipolla. Thus the tone of the story preserves a deepening unity of atmosphere which mesmerizes us apart from the incidents themselves. Again, the macabre quality of these incidents is touched with its own special irony when we are bidden to view them through the gleefully uncomprehending eyes of the little children. To them, of course, Cipolla's entire performance is a sort of glorified romp. Who, indeed, can tell how far Mann's irony extends? Is not Cipolla, with his strident and theatrical patriotism, a deep thrust at the domination-ideal of the Fascisti—and a prophecy of the pit they are digging for themselves? Also, and perhaps more obviously, this Cipolla is a type-figure out of Freud: his hump is a symbol of his organ-inferiority, he is destroyed by the very Eros he thinks to mock.

Finally, the chiaroscuro attains an added density and terror through the circumstance that the chief character is both trickster and miracle worker. To that misty mid-region of phenomena which seems to partake both of charlatanry and the supernatural Thomas Mann has always been attracted—witness the manifestation scene in "The Magic Mountain" and his description of the Schrenck-Notzing seances. What attracts the psychologist in him is the ambiguity of the human will which, even when it seeks merely to exercise itself playfully or out of the mere pride of technique, finds itself involved in the darkest of human relationships and even, at times, with powers we cannot or dare not name. Cipolla becomes more than a super-Svengali. The theatrical atmosphere with which he surrounds himself is more than theatrical. It is agonized and broken and disturbing. It haunts us, not like the elegiac violin strains of "Death in Venice," but like a nightmare out of some old Gothic legend.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Martyrdom of Mr. Justice Brandeis

The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis. Collected with Introductory Notes by Alfred Lief. The Vanguard Press. $4.50.

SO often have Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis been united in dissent that after "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" the present collection was practically obligatory. The two volumes when read together make the characters of the two great justices emerge clearly by way of contrast. It is an illuminating commentary upon the workings of the human mind that two men who are so profoundly different in their mental constitution and outlook should have been so often companions in dissent. Some literary gentlemen who commented upon the opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes when published seemed to discover for the first time that he was not a liberal. Yet he had never pretended to be anything but a constitutional skeptic. He always took particularly great care to say that he was indifferent to the actual merits of the social causes before the court for judgment. That such an attitude of constitutional boredom redounded to the benefit of liberalism is obvious, and that it has been welcomed by liberals is natural and inevitable, but Mr. Justice Holmes never entered any camp. He is the only judge in the history of the court he has adorned who has remained as aloof and unprejudiced in the struggles of classes and factions as it is possible for a human being to be. He has remained always imperturbable and epigrammatic.

Now, on the other hand, Mr. Justice Brandeis is the only judge in the history of the court who has been openly partisan in favor of the common man. It is surely doing him no dishonor (except to mention him in the same breath) to say that he is obviously as much in favor of labor as Judge Parker is in favor of capital, and it may as well be honestly admitted by liberals that the struggle which resulted in the former's confirmation was as inevitable and justifiable as the struggle which resulted in the latter's rejection. If it is important that the Supreme Court be "picked" it may as well be recognized that God will be on the side of those who can marshal the most votes. Mr. Justice Brandeis *is* a liberal. He believes passionately in human rights as above property rights, and is as sensitive to economic injustices as most Supreme Court judges have been indifferent to them. He is an economist where they have been lawyers, and he believes in twentieth-century socialization as they believe in early-nineteenth-century individualism.

Mr. Justice Holmes's Olympian remoteness makes it impossible to regard him as a sacrifice to constitutionalism. But considering the character of Mr. Justice Brandeis, and the character of the Supreme Court, it becomes obvious at once that his membership in it has been a lifelong martyrdom in the public interest. His warm advocacy has condemned him to the pathetic business of teaching elementary economics to the class of jurists who are his colleagues. It has been his fate to attack simple constitutional solecisms with a formidable array of data and statistics. Indeed, the famous Brandeis briefs of the period of his practice before the Supreme Court bar are supposed to have established the furnishing of such material to the jurists on the bench as a new method in constitutional exegesis, although it hardly amounted to more than proving the obvious facts of life. In other words, he has been compelled to devote his energies to establishing beyond the peradventure of a doubt such truisms as that the United States Steel Corporation has a greater bargaining power than an individual steel laborer, or that the Nineteenth Amendment has not abolished the physical disabilities of women. If such a task is not martyrdom the world has never known it. It must particularly tax the patience and the strength of a first-rate economist. Mr. Justice Brandeis seems particularly out of place upon the Supreme Court. From its bench his opinions sound almost paradoxical and utopian. One wonders if he could not have better served the "new freedom" to which he was devoted in his early years from without the court.

Yet, if any radical judges are to be appointed to the Supreme Court in the future, they are far more likely to be of the type of Mr. Justice Brandeis than of Mr. Justice Holmes. At present the Supreme Court is undergoing a rapid change of personnel, and the importance of personalities in the work of the court has been stressed. But the career of Mr. Justice Brandeis makes it quite apparent that while some minor concessions can be won through the influence of individual liberal justices, no really profound and revolutionary modification of the Supreme Court as an institution existing to render stillborn all radical experiments can be accomplished. Constitutional teachers, leaving out of account the uncanny skill of the Supreme Court justices in keeping their ears to the ground to see how much the people will stand, have fallen into the somewhat naive habit of attributing whatever liberalization has taken place in the attitudes of the Supreme Court to the constitutional method of Mr. Justice Brandeis. But it seems difficult to believe that any group of hard-headed lawyers would be so devoid of sense as to believe honestly that to forbid a man to work more than twelve or fifteen hours a day in a factory is to interfere with his freedom of contract. But even if Mr. Justice Brandeis is to be regarded entirely as *deus ex machina*, it must be small comfort to him on blue Mondays. He may well reflect that his martyrdom has in the long run done more harm than good. Both his own and Mr. Justice Holmes's dissents are cherished by liberals, but it may well be that they only serve to lend an appearance of honesty to an institution that must in the very nature of things remain fundamentally iniquitous. As long as voices of dissent issue from the chamber of the Supreme Court itself, the delusive impression is created that the dice are not loaded against the common man. After all, only five justices are needed to prevent "dangerous" tinkering with the Constitution. If, as is often proposed, the Supreme Court is forbidden to hold a statute unconstitutional except by a two-thirds' or three-quarters' vote, the only result would be to make the appointment of liberal justices impossible. From the honest point of view this would be highly desirable. As it is, if our Rulers of America are real Machiavellis, they will appoint radicals to succeed Messrs. Justices Holmes and Brandeis when they have ceased their labors upon the land's highest tribunal.

William Seagle

Selma Lagerlof's Trilogy

The Ring of the Löwenskölds. Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

SELMA LAGERLÖF'S art is an art rooted in a tradition. Back of the simple audacity in character portrayal lies the author's assurance that these types are familiar to her readers, that a certain homogeneity of feeling concerning the old aristocratic families and their legendary backgrounds persists. For the American novelist every background presented is sectional, and any culture is a veneer upon the changing surface of cultures in this country. Nothing, therefore, may be taken for granted here, no values, no history. But in Sweden there is a literary history and a well-established folk tradition. The romantic and heroic sagas are not lost to the knowledge of the race; they are merely translated into more modern versions. Therefore it is with the greatest economy that Selma Lagerlöf is able to present her story and its character types, all of whom are individualized, each of whom moves within the definition of a certain social rank and attitude.

"The Ring of the Löwenskölds" is a trilogy: "The General's Ring," "Charlotte Löwensköld," and "Anna Svard." The first part would seem to be a ghost story only, did it not serve to introduce the curse fallen upon the Löwensköld family. The avaricious ghost is laid, but the curse persists. The two following books indicate how this curse worked upon the characters of the story and, in particular, upon Karl Arthur, the religious fanatic, and his female counterpart, Thea.

The reader is, however, likely to forget the curse entirely, for it is unnecessary to the motivation of such fully analyzed characters as the author now presents. These are men and women controlled not by the supernatural, but by human passion. Here is a study of religious fanaticism which is unforgettable. Karl Arthur, upon whom the curse rests, is a perfectly understandable egocentric and melancholic young boy who must find some outlet for his vanity. This outlet comes when he accepts a "faith" and comes to believe himself "like Christ." He is engaged at this time to Charlotte, his cousin, whose essential sanity might save him, since it is in every way the antithesis of his own passion. But he resents this sanity and flees from her to take, as wife, the first woman who may cross his path. He marries the peasant girl, Anna Svard, because over her his pride and egotism may triumph. Poverty and self-torture have become the necessary outward signs now of his religious power. But Anna is better able to endure poverty than he is, and again he finds himself the less important person in a situation. This he cannot endure, so he joins himself to the fanatical Thea, and they go out together to preach on the streets. Karl Arthur's madness grows. He is selfish and cruel to everyone, and all in the name of Christ. Finally he who began by preaching love ends by denouncing all mankind in a kind of frenzy. Gradually this man's fanaticism destroys all whom he might have loved, and the curse is carried out.

As in "The Story of Gösta Berling," Selma Lagerlöf is interested here in the psychology of religious fanaticism, and not in the influence of any so-called curse upon a family. The folk superstition is used and to advantage, but the novel is a powerful study of the disintegration of a character whose powers overleap themselves. EDA LOU WALTON

The Difficulties of Democracy

The Public and Its Government. By Felix Frankfurter. Yale University Press. $2.

THE four Yale Lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship which make up this volume have for their respective subjects The Demands of Modern Society upon Government, Does Law Obstruct Government? Public Services and the Public, and Expert Administration and Democracy. Like the Beards in their recent "American Leviathan," Professor Frankfurter concerns himself mainly with the actualities of American government and only secondarily with theories, and frankly warns his hearers that he proposes to offer perplexities rather than guidance. A good deal of guidance creeps in, of course, for citizenship involves moral and intellectual as well as legal obligations, and most of the counsel, while rather obvious, is to the point. We are reminded, for example, that we have not adjusted our thinking to the demands which modern society makes upon government, and view with disquietude the multiplication of laws without sufficiently considering the expanding range of calls which they attempt to meet. The difficulty with the Constitution, again, itself "a strange phenomenon of permanence" as constitutions go, seems to Professor Frankfurter to be not so much with the instrument as with the judges who interpret it, and his survey of the judiciary offers some sharp criticism of the Supreme Court. The criticism is widened when the subject of the regulation, and particularly the valuation, of public utilities is reached, and Professor Frankfurter sees that question standing in the forefront of State and national issues now and in the immediate future.

The guidance is less certain when we come to democracy. Professor Frankfurter insists that democracy is not contracting its territorial spread except in Italy, but he appears unable to find anything better to say for it than that its "ultimate justification . . . still remains the lack, in the long run, of a decent and workable substitute"—a negative commendation which contrasts strikingly with "the lyric note which characterized the democratic faith a hundred years ago." If we cannot be entirely comfortable under democracy in this time of disillusionment and machine civilization, we may at least hope that popular education will improve, scientific study of governmental problems be more generally applied, and a high standard of civil service prevail over the demand for spoils. All this, of course, is merely the hopeful note which most holders of university public lectureships feel obliged to sound before they get through. Professor Frankfurter's final lecture would have been more worth while if he had more thoroughly exposed the difficulties of democracy in a technological age, as the second would have been better if he had not straddled the issue of the Eighteenth Amendment. WILLIAM MACDONALD

A German Caricaturist

Das Neue Gesicht der Herrschenden Klasse. Sechzig neue Zeichnungen von George Grosz. Berlin: Malik-Verlag. 4 and 6.50 marks.

Die Gezeichneten. Sechzig Blätter aus Fünfzehn Jahren von George Grosz. Berlin: Malik-Verlag. 4 and 6.50 marks.

THERE can be no doubt that since his stay in Paris the work of George Grosz (an exhibit of which can now be seen at the Weyhe Gallery) has entered a new stage. In 1917, when he was one of the leaders of the revolutionary dada movement in Germany, and for some years to follow he was not concerned with visible reality, but aimed solely at stressing traits in the individual which were socially significant. These earlier drawings, with their contempt for perspective and substance, in which all walls were transparent and the persons wore their faces like masks, achieved immediate fame by the way in which they overpowered the spectator. Each sketch reported an infinity of minute traits, observed with the most cruel accuracy, and assembled so as to call forth the wrath of heaven upon the Germany of the war and the "inflation." George Grosz's craftsmanship was then mainly admired, or abused, as the means by which he lent expression to his revolutionary ethical pathos. His realism, which, for instance, caused the confiscation of his "Ecce Homo," lay entirely in the unsparing cruelty with which he reported facts; there was no trace of it in his technique.

Of the present two collections, "Die Gezeichneten" contains sixty drawings culled from earlier collections and chosen to illustrate the artist's development over a period of fifteen years. Although neither chronologically arranged nor including exactly his best, and most bitter, drawings, the selection gives a fair idea of the development of that unique artist and, incidentally, furnishes a commentary on the reverse side of Germany's reconstruction.

"Das Neue Gesicht der Herrschenden Klasse" (The New Face of the Ruling Class), a sequel to Grosz's famous collection called "The Face of the Ruling Class," besides containing some older material and some of Grosz's purely political cartoons, includes a few drawings which manifest, by the delightful way in which they catch actual types, characterizing rather than caricaturing them, that they are of recent date. Both collections are splendidly printed, and sell at a price that must seem incredibly low to American book lovers.

Both collections, however, above all present George Grosz the fighting satirist, the champion of a social cause. There is another George Grosz who employs a mixture of tempera and oil wherever it is necessary to enhance the structural lines of his intensely realistic paintings, an artist whose nature studies and portraits have won even critics whose political antagonism caused them to heap personal abuse upon the satirist. As he grows more mature, concern with form seems to prevail more and more over an interest in the subject of his work; a development which is to be welcomed, as, once Grosz was stamped the "Daumier of our age," the danger was imminent that he would forever imitate himself. WALTER KIEN

Books in Brief

Together Again. By Helen Grace Carlisle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

Miss Carlisle is a story-teller. She has the gift of clutching a reader and holding him to the end of her story and making him believe, against his wish, every word she has to say. But the next morning he is apt to sober up. She has power and passion, and for each of her novels she has developed an original technique that seems almost perfect. And each of her novels marks an advance, a definite forward step. With her natural gifts she will bear watching. Her chief fault lies in a certain superficiality that, with the aid of the new psychology, leads her to make her stories "work out" rather than grow. "Mothers Cry" had moments of power and truth. It had a moment or two of near-greatness. But after all was over, the critical reader had a serious relapse. In "Together Again" the Boy, the Girl, and the Doctor (none of the characters have names) form a triangle which, though not new, remains unusual and is here developed with conviction. But it is supported on the same flimsy structure. The psychology is too ready-made; the technique a little too obvious; the whole a little too stagy. One would like to see Miss Carlisle do, instead of a fourth "stunt," a novel that in its purely surface aspects was wholly conventional.

The Water Gipsies. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This long novel, modern in its psychology but strangely reminiscent of Dickens, is about an attractive little London housemaid who becomes a model to improve her "stattus," and who lives with her queer, mild father and her sister, a working-class beauty, on an old barge moored to the bank of the Thames. The story is about her and her adventures with her three men—Fred, the stodgy and faithful, a bargeman as were his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him; Ernest, the socialist agitator, the son of the widow proprietor of the Black Swan; and Mr. Bryan, the aristocrat turned bohemian artist. A. P. Herbert is a genial and delightful story-teller. But if there is none of the false sentimentality, the unreal development of plot, the artificial moral groundwork of Dickens in his novel, neither are there the infectious humor, the irresistible characters, the inexhaustible gift of invention which testify to Dickens's genius. But this is a good story. All is by no means beer and skittles with Jane Higgins and her little circle but, first and last, there is a great deal of both between the covers of this "true story" of London work-a-day life.

White Jade. By Maude Meagher. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

There is a tale in China, based on historic fact, which like the Occidental story of Cleopatra is told again and again—that of Yang Kuei-fei, the imperial concubine, whose body was like "an altar lamp carved of clear white jade"—so perfect in her loveliness that the Emperor Ming Huang, hypnotized by her beauty, forgot his other three thousand women, and to gratify her slightest desire discarded everything else. With one of China's greatest emperors now unconcerned with state affairs, the court became more and more demoralized, until another of Yang Kuei-fei's lovers, yearning for her, captured the city, and the people demanded her death. Before they had seized her, she had hanged herself. Maude Meagher has attempted to tell this tale in English and to tell it by imitating the involuted and exaggerated style of Chinese prose, with its frequent bursts into poetry. Such a style, with its heavy embroidery

"THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS"★

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and inevitable repetitions, is apt to seem dull to most Western readers, though the translation a short time ago of the authentic "Tale of Genji" was eagerly received here, and Miss Meagher's tour de force is not without delicacy and charm.

A Modern Galaxy. Assembled by Dale Warren. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

This collection of short stories seems designed as a piece of publicity for its publishers. It is a kind of publicity of which we could stand a great deal more. All the contributors are Houghton Mifflin authors and the book that results from its editor's selection is a fascinating one. The stories, arranged alphabetically according to authors, are of all kinds; but each in its field is good. Sabatini's Blood Money stands in contrast to Willa Cather's poignant Double Birthday. Harold Nicolson's brilliant, sophisticated portrait study, Lambert Orme, precedes Roland Pertwee's charming short piece of youth and old age and fishing called The River God. Mary Austin and Oliver La Farge write diverse studies of the American Indian. John Buchan contributes a mystery tale, while Henry Sydnor Harrison is represented by an unusual detective story. Choices will differ. In the opinion of one reader Katherine Newlin Burt with her story Herself, Willa Cather, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick with The Rat carry off highest honors. But Esther Forbes, Phyllis Bottome, James Norman Hall, Dennis Mackail, Elsie Singmaster—all are very much in the running.

The White Devil. By Luis de Oteyza. Translated from the Spanish by Frederic Tabor Cooper. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

Luis de Oteyza, globe-trotter and journalist, had put together several vivacious but not epoch-making compilations and travelogues, when suddenly, in the year 1928, he startled Spanish readers with a daring novel of a Barcelona bookkeeper's frenetic adventures in revolutionary China. This Spanish Richard Harding Davis found himself an internationally famous novelist almost overnight. The novel was speedily translated into almost all the leading European languages except English. The belated English version, an excellent one, has at last appeared. This narrative homily on the demoralizing effect which the cruelty and corruption of the Orient may have on the sedatest of Occidentals, is full of blood and sadism and cynicism; but it moves like a Kansas cyclone, and the best way to keep from reading it through is not to read the first page.

River to the Sea. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Brewer and Warren. $2.

Here is another of those romantic novels the receipt for which is: one fairly sophisticated young man to meet one glowing, earthy, utterly unsophisticated young girl, a veritable child of nature. In this case the girl is possessed of a magnificent voice and comes of an interesting family, all of whom are individualists with a touch of mystery. The young man undertakes to educate the child of nature, and of course ends by falling in love with her. The book is well written and even, in its way, convincing; the locale of the story, the Connecticut hills near Torrington, allows for some pleasant description of the countryside.

Egil's Saga. Translated from the Icelandic by E. R. Eddison. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Mr. Eddison has attracted attention for his remarkable novels "The Worm Ouroboros" and "Styrbion the Strong," historical romances that had their impulse in saga literature. In the present work he pays homage to his source by a direct translation of what is regarded as artistically one of the most perfect of the sagas, and the most representative, in its totality, of the Icelandic civilization of which the sagas are the classics. With this version Mr. Eddison takes rank as the foremost translator of the sagas. His efforts to equate in modern English the effects of the saga style result sometimes in archaic passages, but on the whole his rendering is remarkably sensitive. Added to the text are valuable introductory material, notes that are in themselves penetrating and informative, short essays on phases of saga literature, and a long and interesting article on the principles of translation.

A History of Spanish Civilization. By Rafael Altamira. Translated by P. Volkov. Richard P. Smith. $5.

This volume, edited with an introduction by J. B. Trent, is the author's own abridgment of his well-known four-volume "History of Spanish Civilization." It is obviously designed to appeal to two groups of readers, the interested layman and the student of Spanish history and culture. Into 240 pages are packed an amazing amount of material on the arts, crafts, sciences, trades, and social and economic development of Spain. The space given to political events and international relations is consequently restricted, a fact that doubtless will fail to satisfy the expectations of those who interpret history chiefly in terms of past politics. Spain of ancient and medieval times is given considerable attention. The contributions of the successive invaders to Spanish culture are estimated with the accuracy and fairness of the historical scholar. In dealing with overseas expansion and its effect upon Spain, the author is equally capable. He clearly portrays how colonization drained the mother-country of its best blood, its ablest administrators, and in the end contributed to its rapid political and economic decline. In the last chapter the author has sketched the developments of Spain during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His treatment, although brief, helps toward an understanding of the difficult problems confronting present-day Spain. The book contains fifty admirably chosen collotype plate illustrations and an excellent bibliography.

Ballads and Poems, 1915-30. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Stephen Benét has collected his verses of the past fifteen years and presented them in a single volume which indicates clearly that his is a talent for light verse in particular, for fantasy, gaiety, and facile lyricism. His later attempts at serious poetry are less successful than, for example, the delightful Rosemary poems of several years ago. When he would be serious, this poet is likely to show his worst faults: his overelaborate and at times absurd imagery, his too great agility in rhymes, his general superficiality of conception. But none of these faults mar seriously his light verse. And although he has not the intellectual wit or fine craftsmanship of the English light-verse writer Q (Quiller-Couch), he is probably one of the most graceful of the American ballad and parody writers.

Art

Bread Lines and a Museum

GRAY bread lines wound about city blocks refer us to the Museum of Modern Art. Pardon, this connection of the miserable state of things with the conduct of an institution for the appreciation of painting and sculpture is not frivolous, the phantom of a narrow aesthetic preoccupation, given to moonraking among splendid objects. It is a very pertinent and realistic one. Together with its purely aesthetic virtue, the work of art has a property, possibly identical with its aesthetic one, of intense practical value in a practical world; it has a power of quickening, orientating, humanizing. And when the effects of arrogance, insensitivity, and mismanagement shriek on every side, it is perhaps anything but irrelevant to recognize the partial responsibility of all those in whose hands one of society's best means of consciousness, vision, and self-knowledge is consistently misused—and, because of its strategic position, that of the well-meaning but pathetically blind management of the museum in the Heckscher building in particular.

Art—one is obliged to say it again and again—is not an entertainment. Art is a shock of reality, a communication of the sense of life. What is revealed to the colorist, the sculptor, the draftsman in inspiring visual and sensuous images or material balances is the present way of things and the forces at play in man, the wonder of creation in its affinitive horror and splendor, the exquisitely articulated structure of life. The pregnancy of his medium, the problem of the relationship of lines and shapes and volumes demanding solution by whatever means the artist has or can invent, is but the effect of the stimulating impact of life on his intimate philosophy, referred by his aesthetic nature to his material. The quality of the object he produces is itself merely the result of complete responsiveness to the vision or image or material balance; the power to reproduce itself in the mind; inhering in proportion to the force of the inspiring idea, and the relentlessness of the selection of detail making for clarification. In the beginning, there is the sense of life, the picture of things, the shorthand expression of what exists. And in the end, there is the sense of life, the system of values, the shorthand expression of what is at work and going on.

And what in the world is more generally useful than direct, untheoretical contact with things, to the man who wishes to sell a pair of shoes no less than to the statesman and philosopher in their watchtowers? The success of the narrowest as well as the widest interests very largely depends on it. It quickens and orientates and humanizes. It adjusts the balance. It yields intimations of the trend of the world, the state of human forces. Flaubert was perhaps not merely boastful when he asserted that had the authorities comprehended "L'éducation sentimentale," the Franco-Prussian War might have been avoided. And whether or not it can actually control the course of events, the sense of life can at least prepare for them, forearm for them. Even in distress and defeat the recognition of an impersonal, almost abstract adventure is the most serviceable of possessions, standing with the poor devil in the bread line, modifying even the ultimate agonies.

But the virtue inclosed in art as richly as in any other human product renders its light to society only when a sense like that which produced it presents it to the world. If the work of art is to function, the feeling of livingness, the intuition of the forces at play in man and in the continually changing balance of nature, must be as largely present in the showman, the museum director or curator, as in the artist himself. The director too must have the compulsion to clarify what is in process of creation, the sense that certain representations are well-nigh categorical and salutary because of all that is living today. Existence itself must always have an absolute meaning, interest, and satisfactoriness for him, no matter what its condition; even though tomorrow the heavens themselves should fall. Perception of quality is ultimately dependent on such artistic feeling; and the efficient showman must not only be able to recognize quality, he must be able to recognize what expressions are relevant to and illuminant of the present moment, and what ordering and disposition can help them to effectiveness. Above all, he must be able to understand the new expression almost unbearable because of its radicalism, its relation to what folk are living today and still not aware of—the truth that has not yet a name.

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Free Love, beginning Sat., Feb. 7; Tol'able David, beginning Wed., Feb. 11—Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
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MUSIC

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Myra Hess, pianist—Town Hall—Sun. aft., Feb. 15.
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Beethoven Association—Town Hall—Mon. eve., Feb. 16.
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Leon Theremin—Ether Wave Instrument—New School for Social Research—Tues. eve., Feb. 17.

Now, there can be no doubt that what has been absent in Washington, in Wall Street, all over the land has been the direct feeling of life. Unpreparedness has been almost criminal. And while it would be absurd to lay special blame for the almost universal failure on such things as museums of art, their form of inactivity is none the less too influential a contribution to the general stupefaction to bear passing over. They are the guardians of the sibyls, and have not been able to exploit their sentences. They have not found means of showing art significantly, relevantly. An amount of vital strategy no doubt is at work in certain of them. One glimpses it in Newark and Brooklyn. One hears of it in Boston. But it is not large—possibly on account of the terrific handicap under which the form of their bequests places the managements. Hampering provisos usually accompany them. Still, one suspects that the inefficacy of most of these institutions is due to something besides lack of funds. They frequently come into possession of important works, both old and new. They have ample opportunity to use their halls to reflect whatever illumination art can throw on life; and one tediously finds them grouping works by schools and periods. It is more likely that the nigger is a very vague sense of what art is all about.

That is what the Museum of Modern Art makes one feel. Few institutions are more admirably situated to refract the peculiar light of art than this one is. It is endowed to house running exhibits of contemporary and recent art. It has a metropolitan seat; it is free of the responsibility, incumbent on certain other galleries, of supporting a number of workers. While it has the general purpose of forming a permanent collection and of constituting the modern museum the Musée du Luxembourg so miserably fails of being, this objective would by no means interfere with its use of art to reflect and clarify the present world. But in the long year of its existence the museum has failed to make any genuine connection between art and life, and has succeeded only in compromising the endeavor it pretends to foster. True, it has advertised modern art; and it has shown many interesting works by important contemporaries. But in all its exhibitions there has been no vestige of a creative idea; no order, significance, development. It began by showing the work of four dead Frenchmen; and followed it by an exhibition of nineteen living Americans, in which good and bad, important and unimportant work was jumbled together. None of its shows have been living issues. Daumier hung on its walls awhile, but his social revolutionary idea was not built up into the present through Forain and the rest of his successors. A number of inferior Americans have made their appearance there; meanwhile, the idea of a photographic show has been rejected by the direction; nor is there any sign of an architectural or a water-color exhibition. And yet photography, architecture, and water color happen to be three arts particularly germane to the present American temper, and of great future importance.

Not only are all vestiges of ideas wanting in the exhibits; traces of a sense of quality are equally absent. While Mr. Goodyear and his henchmen have shown Paul Klee, they have also thought fit to introduce Hassam, Tack, and others of like accomplishment into a museum of "modern" art. The directors seem to have no sense of workmanship, of what is good and what is bad, of what is interesting as "life" and art and what is dead. Nor have the exhibits been hung with effect or point. And the lighting is indifferent. And the background is inappropriate. Indeed, one is finally obliged to ask whether, in their blind attempts to advertise modern art, these gentlemen have not befuddled the whole issue and confused the present American effort to produce the seer, the artist.

Again, let us repeat, it is with regret that we find ourselves forced to challenge the museums, in particular the Museum of Modern Art. The intentions of the latter have been especially serious. Its attitude has been most kindly. Its benefactions have been numerous. But when the country, beginning with the Eminent Personage in the White House, seems to be suffering from nothing so much as from an incapacity to face reality and accept the world as it is, it is perhaps a not unpardonable offense to point to the misuse of a power most gloriously able to correct the all-too-human tendency to evade the facts.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Music

Toscanini

ON the occasion of Mr. Toscanini's vacation from the conductor's stand of the Philharmonic Symphony Society it is perhaps worth while to consider a few of the elements that contribute to his extraordinary artistic and popular success. It may as well be admitted at the outset that a portion of his spell is in the remarkable magnetic force of his personality. There are certain artists, oratorical and dramatic as well as musical, who, although not by any means all of equal artistic stature, make the same sort of direct personal appeal. Each listener or spectator at times feels a special personal understanding and sympathy, even affection, for the artist. Briand, Duse, Chaplin, Kreisler, Myra Hess—all have worked, in varying degrees, this same sort of personal spell. With Chaplin, of course, it is an integral part of his art—he has the good fortune to be his own interpreter. In orators, actors, and musicians it is a dangerous power, and the listener needs constant critical alertness to separate the artistic from the quasi-hypnotic.

But the force of this power wears off a good deal after frequent hearings over a considerable period. Mr. Toscanini can still burn us with the ecstasy of Wagner or Brahms. But he gives us almost no illusion of warmth nowadays from the tepid theatrics of his composer-countrymen. The spell of the magnetic personality enhances the effect of whatever truly artistic ability its owner possesses long after its power to deceive has worn off. That is to say, the truly great qualities of an interpreter can be adequately observed only when the material he interprets is adequate. Just as full knowledge of a composer's greatness can be approached only when the greatest performers give life to his conceptions, so the insight of such interpreters can be fully measured only in the greatest works.

It is frequently objected that certain works of the masters are imperfect as to form or mediocre as to content, and that to make them seem perfectly proportioned or weighty with meaning is to inject something that does not belong to them. Toscanini's performance of the "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven is instanced. It is true that under his baton it seems better unified, less repetitious, than ordinarily. But the fact that even so one still hears imperfections in the work is proof that he has merely penetrated farther into its inner logic than most of us—not added to it, nor glossed over real faults.

Complete absorption in the music itself is the condition upon which excellent performance is based, I think, and Toscanini fulfils it more completely, perhaps, than any other musician. The extraordinary thing with him is that he is acutely alert to a whole work at once. His architectural sense consists not in an understanding of the structural plan but in a feeling for it as intense as Kreisler's feeling for the phrase.

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deep breaths, taken seldom. (I call a breath the moment of rhythmic relaxation, the caesura, that comes at the end of a musical idea.) The immense difficulty of proper rhythmic breathing is twofold. Refusal to yield anything to the demands of the phrasing results in the inflexible, nervous, often exciting performances of Landowska and Samuel. Preoccupation with individual phrases to the exclusion of their place in the larger scheme leads men like Koussevitzky and Iturbi into fragmentary and sentimental performances. The latter tendency is by far the more common and the one that Toscanini never shows. On the other hand, he does occasionally tend toward inflexibility (as in the Beethoven First Symphony, early in the season). Perhaps at these times, for one reason or another, the emotional content of the music is less vivid to him than usual, and he falls back on classical conviction and principle.

Besides his extraordinary rhythmic understanding, and connected with it, his greatest single distinction is in the phenomenal climaxes that he builds. "The word *crescendo*," said Hans von Bülow, "implies *piano*." *Ritardando*, he might have added, implies *accelerando*. There are physical limits to dynamic intensity and rhythmic deliberation, and one can make a climax really loud and really deliberate chiefly by contrast with what has preceded it. To hear Toscanini build a climax, carefully holding back his *crescendo* and his retard, is to realize for the first time the full import of Bülow's remark. Without any forcing of tone and without the slightest exaggeration of the rhythmic emphasis he achieves climaxes for which the overworked word "incandescent" is truly appropriate.

In a small space it is possible to hint at only the most salient virtues of so extraordinary a man. But when one considers his unfailing virtuosity and the versatility of his imagination, in music from Mozart to Wagner and from "La Mer" to "Pacific 231," one begins to realize the height of the standards by which we now must judge conductors. And Mr. Molinari, who stands the test amazingly well, must realize that the warmth of his reception is temperate only because we hear him through ears made cruelly fastidious.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Oklahoma and the Riviera

MUCH has been made of the novelty which Lynn Riggs slipped into Broadway through one of its many side doors when the Theater Guild last week put on his Indian Territory folk-play, "Green Grow the Lilacs" (Guild Theater). It was indeed a novelty, but I suspect that the discussion of it has for the most part lacked the proper emphasis. There has been a tendency, for instance, to say that Mr. Riggs with one puff blew artifice out of the theater, replacing it with the strong, free, natural air of life as it is lived, or was lived, in one very real portion of this inhabited continent. If there was something naive and undramatic about the piece, that didn't at all matter—in fact, it made it what it was, and stood as nothing less than a guaranty of the author's sincerity, and of his desire to bring a full-bodied population into the region of thin wings.

But "Green Grow the Lilacs" was packed with devices that are very old on this or any other stage; it thronged with easily recognizable properties; it was one of the least natural pieces imaginable. The hero, for instance, was a cowboy—and might not one have expected that he would be fine and hearty, rough but good, with a grand flow of words on every occasion except that of his wooing, when of course he would be stricken dumb? Might not one have foreseen, given as setting an Oklahoma farmhouse, the presence there of somebody's old aunt, a woman with a kind and knowing heart but with a pretty tart tongue? Couldn't one have looked forward to seeing a lovely, timid heroine threatened by a dark, designing villain with a dirty mind—a hired man, perhaps? What would be surprising about the arrival of a Jewish peddler with a derby on his ears and with a pack of trinkets at his feet which he gesticulatingly recommended? Might there not also be a fat, ridiculous neighbor girl whose gaucherie would contrast with the rather miraculous grace of the heroine, though both were farmer misses? And wouldn't such a contrast make a pleasant parallel to the contrast already established between the sunny-hearted cowboy and the dark-minded hired man? Nor would a rustic dance be out of order, or a set of local songs.

Of such things was Mr. Riggs's piece composed. Which is not saying at all that it was anything less than it should be. It should have been, and decidedly was, a play that could be thoroughly enjoyed in the theater. The theater is not an exhibit hall for nature, it is hardly convertible into a museum of ethnology. Mr. Riggs must have known very well what he was about when he refrained from taxing the powers of his audience's attention in the mere matter of plot. He made his story conventional so that we could be free to listen to his language. That was his novelty, and that deserves the praise. I haven't the slightest idea whether the speeches he put into his people's mouths were authentic or not, nor do I care; but I know that they were good to hear—rich, full, and carefully flavored. After the first few minutes, in which they seemed a bit forced, we became accustomed to them and soon got to listening for only them. It is really an event on Broadway when the audience grows interested in the language of a play. In that sense "Green Grow the Lilacs" was a triumph, and an important one. Also, it was triumphantly staged. Franchot Tone, Helen Westley, June Walker, and Richard Hale contributed greatly to the success of the whole affair, since their acting was lively and imaginative. And the group-singing of old songs between the scenes was done with precisely the proper lack of professional pose.

I suppose that the critic who would rave over the freshness of Mr. Riggs's play would rave over the staleness of "Private Lives," Noel Coward's new bit of fluff at the Times Square Theater. But "Private Lives" is stale only in so far as we have seen almost exactly the same thing done a number of times before. To an Oklahoma cowboy I can imagine it coming with a very considerable degree of novelty. The folkways of sophisticates in the Midi—the long, slender cigarette-holders, the gigantic brandy glasses, the mysteries of overnight divorce, the subtle sense of just what is tiresome in conversation and what is not—these would have their fascination. This would be a folk-play, too. The only difference for us is that we know the folk. Mr. Coward relies upon that knowledge, and succeeds chiefly by what he does not say. He does manage to give a neat, new turn to the old story; and he does manage to keep his audience laughing from first to last by appealing to their further knowledge of what it would be old stuff to have his ladies and gentlemen remark in the familiar crises that come with coffee and cocktails. The dialogue is certainly funny, and the whole thing is very amusing. The effect of the brief speeches, however, depends so entirely upon the situations in which they are made tonight that it will be quite impossible to remember them tomorrow. One will remember the delicious acting of Mr. Coward and of Gertrude Lawrence. But in what play?

Samuel Shipman's "She Means Business" (Ritz Theater) is about woman in the office and the home, and it is probably true. But in no sense whatever is it original.

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Prince Max and the Peace Treaty

[*Margrave Berthold of Baden has just made public a letter which his father, Prince Max of Baden, wrote a few days before his death to Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. Prince Max saw clearly, as far back as 1919, that the inequities of the Versailles treaty unless corrected were likely to lead to national and social upheaval in Europe, and as recently as October, 1929, he predicted that a Germany deprived of hope with respect to revision of the treaty would turn away from peaceful means of obtaining liberation. The statement of Margrave Berthold in which the letter is incorporated is here published in English for the first time.*]

I AM in a position today to make public the letter which my father, Prince Max of Baden, wrote to the British Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in October, 1929, in answer to a message of sympathy which he had received on his sick bed. This was his last letter; he died on November 6, 1929.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM PRINCE MAX OF BADEN TO MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Salem-Baden, October 7, 1929

I wish I could profess my faith in the League of Nations, but such a profession would be a lie coming from me. Only considerations of expediency can lead the German nation to Geneva as long as there is no hope of undoing the wrong of Germany's eastern and the Austro-Italian frontier.

I am sure we still ought to wait for many years to come, and my last message to my countrymen will be a plea for patience, but in this letter I think it incumbent upon me to utter a frank warning: without any hope, however distant, of the revision of the Versailles treaty Germany will not look to pacifism for her liberation. Those who believe in force as the dominant factor abroad and are encouraged by Italy's example even at home draw their strength from the Versailles treaty and its broken pledges. (I may refer here to my analysis of the agreement of the Fourteen Points of November 5, 1918, in the second volume of my "Memoirs," page 369.)

Millions of Germans are ready to believe in the new world which you have proclaimed at Geneva, provided they are made to feel that at least the Labor Party of Great Britain is ready to face the realities of the international situation and is loath to see the grand structure erected on a rotten foundation; so that we are not called upon any more to regard the Versailles treaty as a holy shrine which ought not to be tampered with.

[*Signed*] MAX PRINCE OF BADEN

The analysis of the Fourteen Points to which my father refers in this letter was first published on June 11, 1919, as a last warning against the signing of the treaty.* It is perhaps appropriate to quote the following passages:

> If the Treaty of Versailles now comes in place of peace, then the 15,000,000 who will be *de trop* [*sic*] in Germany cannot be expected simply to die out quietly, and thus if Germany's fetters are not broken, we shall experience a fratricidal struggle more terrible than all that war and the armistice have brought upon us.
>
> The newly created Poland, too, would become the scene of uninterrupted struggles for liberation.
>
> Even should the inconceivable happen and a German government be found ready to give up Upper Silesia or East Prussia or West Prussia, these German territories would not be willing to give up Germany.
>
> To establish by force a Polish imperialism as planned by the Entente means doing a great wrong even to the Poles themselves, who would be able to administer a national state but are not equal to the task of ruling one composed of heterogeneous nationalities.
>
> The Poles are unscrupulous guardians of the national minorities intrusted to their care—today just as much so as in the days of the Polish republic. I need only refer to the news of Polish pogroms which is now appearing daily in the English press, in particular to the report of the American food expert, Mr. Zuckermann (*Manchester Guardian* of May 9), on the massacre at Pinsk, which was furthered by the local authorities and condoned by the government.
>
> To put the peace treaty into execution means moving the frontier . . . of the pogrom countries further west.
>
> Here the objection may be made that revision will soon come *even if Germany signs*. There is a mistake in the calculation here. On the conclusion of peace the victors will first of all be occupied in celebrations and festivities, and after that their own internal problems will absorb all the available energy of the peoples. . . . There will be no demand on the part of public opinion for the statesmanlike effort necessary to save and reorganize Europe. And such a demand is the only thing that really counts.
>
> It is true that revision of the peace treaty would be bound to come, even after signature; but it would come piecemeal and haphazard. On every hand the oppressed would break loose from their chains. Europe would become a chaos of national and social upheaval.

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS, who has been repeatedly characterized as "New York's most useful private citizen," is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

A. ROBBINS, editor of the Hickman (Kentucky) *Courier*, is disaster chairman of the local Red Cross chapter.

ISABEL PATERSON, author of "The Road of the Gods," is on the staff of *Books* of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

WALTER KIEN, on the staff of Brown University, is an authority on German and Scandinavian literature.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art" and "The Boy in the Sun" and one of the editors of "The American Caravan."

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* This article was first printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* and has since been reprinted in the "Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden." Authorized translation by W. M. Calder and C. W. H. Sutton. London: Constable and Company, 1928.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENR RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
LITERARY EDITOR
HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY CARL VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN MARK VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
NORMAN THOMAS
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

* Absent in Europe.

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THE QUARREL between Mr. Hoover and the Senate over the question of drought relief seems likely, as we go to press, to be settled by the adoption of the $20,000,000 loan "compromise." If Secretary Hyde's interpretation of the terms of the proposal is correct no part of the fund could be used directly for the purchase of food for hungry farmers and their families. Thus the main purpose of the compromise from the Senate's standpoint would be defeated. An examination of the loan plan reveals the correctness of Mr. Hyde's position. As it is now written the farmer would have to pledge some of his goods as security for the loan. Those without property or other security would get no money and therefore no relief. Those still possessing property or other valuable goods—and few are the starving tenant farmers in the South and Southwest who are so fortunate—would be privileged to borrow from the $20,000,000 fund, but their situation is doubly unfortunate if they are forced to borrow money to spend on food. In buying seed or equipment they would at least have the means of producing crops, from the proceeds of which the loan could be repaid, but in buying food they would simply be eating up this extra capital without at the same time augmenting their means of repaying the debt. It is clear that the compromise represents a victory for Mr. Hoover and a complete rout of the Senate. Moreover, it does not give the slightest consideration to the jobless in the cities, who outnumber the needy farmers and who are just as hungry and destitute as they are. A conscientious Senate would refuse to accept this deceptive and inadequate compromise.

THE WAR-TIME ESPIONAGE ACT still defaces the statute book. Senator Walsh of Montana, its author, introduced in the Senate a bill for its repeal and secured a favorable report from the Judiciary Committee, whereupon the Senate unanimously passed the repeal measure. The House referred the bill to its Judiciary Committee, and there is little hope of its being reported out unless public pressure is brought to bear. The Espionage Act, it will be recalled, instead of being repealed was simply suspended till the "next emergency," and the section giving the Post Office Department power to exclude from the mails any matter that it regards as seditious was left in effect. Under this section four radical papers have been barred from the mails in recent months. The Senate Judiciary Committee is "of the view that it is unwise to invest the Post Office authorities with the power to determine whether an article . . . in a newspaper does or does not offend against this statute," which "has been so administered as to make it to all intents and purposes a censorship law." The operation of the act during the war was worse than unsatisfactory; the continuance of its post-office provisions in peace time is an anachronism; and the Senate committee rightly thinks that we had better leave to Congress the enactment of proper legislation in the unhappy event of another war. Readers who want to help should write promptly to Representative George S. Graham, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION, acting in response to Senate resolutions, has reported on seven commodities, and the President, acting on its recommendation, has raised the rate on woven-wire fencing, lowered the rates on wood flour, pigskin leather, straw hats, and maple sugar, and left unchanged the duties on ultramarine blue and wood floor coverings. Even after the reductions, wood flour alone pays less than it did previous to the rate increases of 1930. The commission attributes the speed of its action to its decision "to use foreign invoice prices as evidence of, or as a supplement to, foreign cost data, as provided in the statute." The whole theory that tariff rates can be exactly fixed on the basis of differences in cost of production is absurd. The commission reports, for example, that it costs twenty-two cents a pound to make maple sugar in the United States and fifteen and eight-tenths cents in Canada, which is plain nonsense. There are as many costs of producing maple sugar in the United States as there are farmers producing it. The only question is how much you think it worth while to hamper imports by a tax. Luckily, in four out of the seven cases above the commission decides on less obstruction rather than more. To indicate the measure of our enlightenment on the question of international trade, the Commerce Committee of the Senate has just decided by a vote of nine to six to report favorably a bill prohibiting the importation of crude oil in excess of 16,000,000 barrels annually during the coming three years. Apparently the pressure of the small operators, unable to maintain themselves, in the face of the depression, against their big competitors, has been too much for the Senate committee. It will take more than an embargo, however, to make all our oil operators prosperous.

AN INTERESTING LEGAL SITUATION has developed as a result of the Senate's action on the nominations of Messrs. Smith, Garsaud, and Draper as members of the Federal Power Commission. Despite President Hoover's refusal to return the papers of confirmation, the Senate proceeded to a reconsideration of the nominations and confirmed Messrs. Garsaud and Draper by narrow majorities, but rejected Chairman Smith by a vote of forty to thirty-three. Following this vote, the Senate passed a resolution directing the district attorney for the District of Columbia to institute quo warranto proceedings against Mr. Smith. We thus have the chairman of the commission holding office under what the President, acting upon the advice of the Attorney General, maintains is a perfectly legal appointment, while the Senate, acting through a subordinate official of the Department of Justice, seeks to have the appointment declared illegal. The case is believed to be entirely without precedent and it involves interesting questions of constitutional law. However it may be determined, almost irreparable damage has been done to the prestige of the new power commission.

THE PROPOSED MERGER of the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, former subsidiaries of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which was attacked by the Department of Justice as a violation of the Standard Oil dissolution decree of 1909, was approved by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis on February 7. It is announced that an appeal will be taken promptly to the Supreme Court. The judges hold that the proposed merger is "an entirely new undertaking" supported by "sound business reasons" which are "wholly unconnected with any desire to create a monopoly." The possible significance of the decision in respect to the marketing of petroleum products, notably gasoline, is indicated in a striking article that we publish elsewhere in this issue, describing the business rivalries that lie back of the proposed merger. If the decision is sustained by the Supreme Court, it is considered probable that further consolidations of former Standard Oil units may be brought about, and in view of changed business conditions and changing public opinion there is no telling just how far the courts may go in permitting such mergers.

THE RECOMMENDATIONS by Owen D. Young of a thoroughgoing revision of our national banking laws will deservedly carry weight with the Senate Banking and Currency Committee before which they were made. But though Mr. Owen Young has evidently thought much on the subject, he does not appear to have thought enough. In his formal statement he recommends, in one breath, that State as well as national banks be legally compelled to become members of the Federal Reserve System, and in the next breath he proposes that if unsound practices are persisted in by any member bank, the Federal Reserve Board may expel it from membership. Obviously Mr. Young has not made up his mind whether membership in the Federal Reserve System should be made a duty or a privilege. Nor does he indicate what is to happen to the expelled bank. Again, Mr. Young's whole statement implies that the main cure of our banking evils lies in Federal Reserve control; yet he admits that as one of the directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York he was delinquent in his own duty in failing to recommend the raising of the rediscount rate in 1928, and he points out that when the bank's directors did approve a rise of the rediscount rate beginning in February, 1929, the Federal Reserve Board week after week turned their recommendation down. It was precisely the Federal Reserve Board, in other words—whether through timidity, lack of intelligence, or purely political motives does not at present concern us—that was responsible for a fundamentally unsound banking practice in 1928 and 1929. What guaranty is there that if the board had more power it would follow sounder practices?

TRADE FIGURES FOR 1930 just made public by the Department of Commerce indicate plainly the business folly behind the wild attempts now being made at Washington to hamstring trade with Russia. Out of thirty-eight countries listed, Russia alone showed increases in our export and import figures last year. The press has been filled with tales of Russian dumping. In fact, we bought $21,520,000 worth of goods from the Soviet Union in 1929 and $21,963,000 worth in 1930—an increase of $443,000. On the other hand, our sales to the Russians came to $81,500,000 in 1929 and $111,300,000 in 1930, a year when our trade with every other country reported fell off disastrously, our total exports declining by a full one-fourth from $5,241,000,000 to $3,843,000,000, and our imports falling proportionately. We sold Russia in 1930 five dollars' worth of goods for every dollar's worth that Russia sold us. The Russians pay their bills and they increase their purchases at this time when all other countries have to cut theirs. With millions of men out of work because our factories cannot get orders and with one country in the world able and willing to give us more orders, our statesmen go out of their way to kick that one customer in the face because, forsooth, that customer is Communist.

THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION has managed awkwardly to escape the embarrassment of having to try Major General Smedley D. Butler by court martial. We shall probably never know the truth of Butler's allegation that Mussolini had run down and killed a little girl with his automobile and then had unhesitatingly driven on with the remark: "What is one life in the affairs of the state?" But we do know that little or no good, at least as far as Washington's relations with Rome were concerned, could have come out of a military trial. A public hearing would have been unavoidable, and the consequent widespread and protracted public discussion of the case, together with the renewed editorial comment on it, could only have added to Washington's embarrassment. It is alleged that representations from the Italian Ambassador, who was not unaffected, doubtless, by the widespread protest the court martial evoked in Washington and elsewhere, caused the State Department to recommend that the trial be dropped. In any event, it is just as well that someone learned in time that the Administration had overreached itself in paying its compliments to the Dictator of Italy.

THE FRENCH LOANS to Poland, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, to an aggregate amount of 1,500,000,000 francs, together with French participation in a proposed German loan of $32,000,000, are indicative of a radical change in the loan policy of French banks. Since the World War France has been an inconsiderable factor in the foreign-loan market, partly, of course, because of the heavy financial cost of reconstruction, but also because French investors lacked confidence in foreign securities and French fiscal policy burdened the export of capital with taxes and other charges. Meantime gold by the billion has flowed into the Bank of France, and for the most part remained there. Now, thanks to recent legislation, foreign loans have been made easier, and a change of government policy has also changed public opinion. The latter influence is probably quite as important as the former, since government approval, not infrequently with more or less of urging, has usually been necessary to induce a Frenchman to part with his money. The loans of 500,000,000 francs each to Poland, Rumania, and Jugoslavia are to be made to three of France's political allies, and political as well as financial considerations doubtless lie back of them. The loan to Germany suggests that German credit is believed to be good and that serious political difficulties between the two countries are not expected. Whether the loans mean that France is to become a close competitor of Great Britain and the United States as a lending nation cannot yet, of course, be safely predicted, but French gold is at least being put at work.

ELECTIONS IN SPAIN, unknown for seven years past in that distracted country, are at last to be held, those for the Congress, or lower house, on March 1 and those for the Senate on March 15. The Cortes, or Parliament, is to meet on March 25. The royal decree calling the elections speaks briefly of the need of restoring parliamentary government after a long period of dictatorship, refers to "grave problems" facing the country that need legislative treatment, and points to the necessity of various constitutional changes. With the announcement of the elections goes also the restoration, formally at least, of freedom of speech, of the press, and of political and religious organization. On its face the decree makes good the assurance given by General Berenguer several months ago of an early return to parliamentary methods, and to that extent may be regarded as a victory for those who have long opposed the dictatorship. There is nothing to indicate, however, that the monarchical system is to be in any material respect altered, and the radical groups which have been demanding a republic may be expected to continue their agitation. Curiously, while the center and moderate left parties are reported ready to boycott the elections as a means of emphasizing their protest against the dictatorship, the Communists, who intended to abstain, have changed their minds and will name candidates for both the Congress and the Senate. The next few weeks promise to be a period of stirring political discussion.

FROM GERMANY one of the most discouraging pieces of news in recent years is the announcement that economic circumstances have compelled the famous liberal newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, to dispose of a large part of its stock to the German dye trust. Thus one of the few remaining independent journals of the country has fallen under the influence of the industrialists. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* successfully withstood Bismarck's bulldozing and his vicious libel suits; it retained its freedom despite the efforts of Kaiser Wilhelm II to force his naval, colonial, and Bagdad policies down its editorial throat; it stood fast against the war censorship; and even during the great uncertainties of the inflation period it defeated the efforts of Hugo Stinnes to undermine its authority and independence. Now at last, to quote the Berlin *Tagebuch*, it has fallen victim to the present "economic and political terror." What Bismarck, Wilhelm, Ludendorff, and Stinnes failed to accomplish, the present crisis has achieved. To the *Tagebuch* it seems impossible that a newspaper like the *Frankfurter Zeitung* could ever descend to the level of other German journals which now have become blatantly fascist organs, and it also admits that the dye trust is not quite of the "cannibalistic type of our heavy industrialists," but nevertheless it has already noticed in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* "a growing sympathy for those destructive political and economic ideas which would previously have been wholly out of place in its columns, and at the same time there has been a departure from those ideas which heretofore had been so warmly supported."

FROM WEEK TO WEEK this paper is on the alert for constructive suggestions with which to edify its readers. Our thought for the current week is that Captain Malcolm Campbell and his torpedo racing car ought to be abolished forthwith. The whole performance, by which the captain attained a speed of 245 miles an hour—for 14.5 seconds—is without justification in nature, science, enterprise, or art. The car itself looks like a mechanical sausage; it is geared so that it cannot travel at much less than fifty miles an hour, and when the brake is released it shoots forward, in low speed, threatening to dislocate the neck of the unwary occupant. Its radiator, so we are told, must be filled with ice; it requires a new set of tires after every trial. Captain Campbell drove it over a course twelve miles long—five and a half miles for a start, one mile for the furious, top-speed test, five and a half miles to slow down to a stop. If there were any course sufficiently long and straight for an actual hour's run, it is plain that any car ever constructed would be shaken to pieces in the struggle. What would happen to the driver we cannot even conjecture. Captain Campbell himself declares he is not in the least thrilled by the adventure, and is only desirous of traveling at a speed of 300 miles an hour—for 12 seconds—before his racing days are over. He is thus risking his neck for nothing, not even a personal thrill. And the silly spectators who "watch" the "race" are rewarded by a loud noise and a blur. Compared to this sort of automobile racing, Tom Thumb golf is an intellectual exercise.

The Bonus Raid

ALL the testimony of bankers and industrial leaders before the House Ways and Means Committee, even when allowance is made for those who weakened their remarks by obvious overstatement, made clear that the payment of a cash bonus of $3,400,000,000 at this time could only bring about most damaging economic results for the whole country, with greater eventual injury than benefit to the great majority of the veterans themselves. Most of the bankers expressed grave doubt that a bond issue of the size originally contemplated could be sold at all. To sell such an issue in 1917 and 1918, under the enormous enthusiasm of war psychology, with the posters, four-minute speeches, "quotas," threats and social pressure, plus the suspension of municipal and other construction work at that time to prevent any competition for funds, proved extremely difficult. If such an issue failed now, it is hard to estimate how serious the effect would be. Even if it succeeded, it would not only depress the market value of all outstanding bonds, with all the possible dangerous effects on the solvency of many banks whose portfolios have already suffered heavily by shrinkage in values, but it would absorb the available investment funds of the country to such an extent that the very capital that is so greatly needed at this time for municipal, State, and industrial construction could not be raised. The inevitable effect would be not only to make present conditions worse, but to postpone the period when more jobs—the only permanent form of relief—would be available. The spending of these cash payments by the veterans would not be likely to hasten any real return to better conditions. Most of the money would probably find its way into the luxury trades, giving them a temporary fillip. As one witness remarked, the effect would be much like that of a hypodermic injection, with no more lasting results.

It is not, however, mainly because of its serious economic consequences that the proposed cash payment is vicious, but because it has no real moral justification. Its proponents put it forward at the present time under the pretense that it is a measure of unemployment or distress relief; as such it is a palpable fraud. Under its proposed terms young doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, and bankers who served in the war would receive exactly as much as men out of work; men with dependents would receive no more than men without them. Further, as most of the veterans, at the time of the war, were between the ages of eighteen and thirty, the cash payment would only reach men now between certain age limits—say thirty to forty-five. Such men are likely to be at the peak of their earning power. The proposed bonus payment would not, of course, go to unemployed unmarried women at all.

The complete dishonesty of the proposed soldiers' bonus as a measure of unemployment relief was unintentionally made clear in the statement of Owen D. Young before the House Ways and Means Committee, though Mr. Young was in favor of granting at least part of this bonus. He remarked that there are perhaps 5,000,000 persons out of work and that there are nearly 50,000,000 persons still gainfully employed. If one accepts these figures, it means that only about 10 per cent of the veterans—assuming that they suffer in about the same proportion as the rest of the population—are actually out of work, while the remaining 90 per cent are employed. But this means that 90 per cent of the bonus would be paid to employed persons at the expense of those actually out of work. At least four-fifths, and probably an even higher proportion, of the unemployed do not happen to be veterans. Even when he added veterans on reduced incomes and those in the drought areas, Mr. Young came to the conclusion that not more than one-fourth, or at most one-third, of the total number of veterans need cash now to relieve actual distress. This means that anywhere from two-thirds to three-quarters of the cash distribution originally proposed would be worse than thrown away. To the extent that from one-tenth to at most one-third would be real unemployment relief, it would be relief of the most idiotic sort—for no government with any sense of responsibility would dream of relieving unemployment by handing out lump sums of $1,000 to $2,000. The present contemplated Treasury grab can only increase the regret of all sincere persons that we do not have in actual operation at present a complete and thoroughly business-like national unemployment-insurance plan, for if such a plan were in operation few Congressmen could have had the effrontery to put forward the present specious arguments for an immediate soldiers' bonus, and even the tireless lobby maintained by the American Legion might have been a bit shy and backward.

Mr. Young, as a compromise, suggested that the government might advance to veterans who are really "in need" a substantial percentage of the face value of their certificates over the present loan value. As a business man, Mr. Young must know that the administrative expense of determining who was actually in need and who was not would be an enormous one. Some modification of this plan is now being most seriously discussed in Congress. Its proposal has caused considerable relief; but the only thing to be said in its favor is that it is less evil than the plan originally proposed. It will call, it is announced, "only" for $500,000,000, though there is no real assurance that the amount would remain within this figure. That Mr. Hoover would have the courage firmly to veto such a modified measure is extremely doubtful.

When the United States entered the World War, the admirable war-risk insurance plan was drawn up, and there was gratification on all sides that by this means a repetition of the Grand Army pension-grabbing scandals after the Civil War and of the Spanish War pension scandals would be made impossible. When the men were discharged at the end of the war, they were paid about $270,000,000 in federal bonuses. The individual States paid several hundred millions more. When the present bonus certificates were voted for in 1924 by a vote of 355 to 54 in the House and passed over President Coolidge's veto, *The Nation* said editorially: "This raid upon the Treasury is but a precursor to many similar raids for fifty years to come." There is nothing in the present situation to modify that prediction.

Mr. Stimson Explains

SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON, in his speech before the Council on Foreign Relations on February 6, gave a lucid and plausible explanation of American recognition policy. In South America, he said, we do thus and so because that has been our historic policy. In Central America we do the thing somewhat differently because there we have certain treaty obligations. In Russia—but on this point Mr. Stimson was silent. After all, the reader must consider that Mr. Stimson was sufficiently burdened in trying to justify our having two policies for application to countries in this hemisphere without having to go into the other policies we apply to the rest of the world. He saved himself this additional embarrassment by confining his discussion to our relations with "the other American republics."

"The practice of this country," Mr. Stimson asserted, "has been substantially uniform" from 1792 to 1913, although "there were slight departures from this policy during the Civil War." This general policy, he continued, "was to base the act of recognition not upon the question of the constitutional legitimacy of the new government but upon its de facto capacity to fulfil its obligations as a member of the family of nations. This country recognized the right of other nations to regulate their own internal affairs of government and disclaimed any attempt to base its recognition upon the correctness of their constitutional action." The Secretary declared that this was the policy followed during the last few months in recognizing the "new governments in Bolivia, Peru, Argentina, Brazil, and Panama." One might, of course, raise the question of whether it was a sincere desire to follow this historic formula that prompted the early recognition of at least some of these governments, or whether it was in fact the fear that if we waited until they had proved their stability Great Britain might win a marked advantage in a commercial way by extending the hand of friendship before we did.

In any event, this is the policy we are following for the moment with regard to South America. When we come to Central America our recognition policy wears a radically different face. There our attitude is determined "by preexisting treaty." In the Central American treaties of 1907 and 1923 the five republics agreed that a revolutionary government would have to be constitutionally reorganized "by the representatives of the people" before it could be recognized. The 1923 treaty provided further that recognition would not be extended if the new president "should have been a leader in the preceding revolution or related to such a leader by blood or marriage, or if he should have been a cabinet officer or held some high military command during the accomplishment of the revolution." Immediately afterward our own government announced that it would "in its future dealings with those republics follow out the same principle which they had thus established in their treaty." Hence, with regard to Central America, we are obligated to inquire into "the constitutional legitimacy" of any new government, which, of course, as Mr. Stimson pointed out, "is a departure from the regular international practice of our government." That it also gives the United States the power to dictate the personnel of any Central American government has been proved on more than one occasion, although Mr. Stimson did not mention this.

Perhaps it was just an accident that these five republics should have adopted a treaty which compelled the United States to abandon its historic policy in so far as they were concerned. Perhaps we made this change grudgingly and against our will. But the records show that it was President Roosevelt who called the 1907 conference, and that it was President Harding who arranged for the conference in 1923 (the arrangements actually being made at the direction of the White House aboard the U. S. SS. Tacoma lying in Amapala harbor in August, 1922). Both of these meetings were held in Washington. So it appears that we were not disinterested. What our interest was based on Mr. Stimson himself revealed in saying that Central America

> has been the one spot external to our shores which nature has decreed to be most vital to our national safety, not to mention our prosperity. It commands the line of our great trade route which joins our eastern and western coasts. Even before human hands had pierced the isthmus with a seagoing canal, that route was vital to our national interest. Since the Panama Canal has become an accomplished fact, it has been not only the vital artery of our coastwise commerce, but as well the link in our national defense which protects the defensive power of our fleet.

It is refreshing to know that our South American policy, at least for the moment, is based upon history; that our admittedly imperialistic Central American policy is based upon self-interest; but when will Mr. Stimson get around to explaining and justifying our Russian policy?

Diplomats and Peace

"THE common aim of diplomacy the world over at the present time," so the French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, assured a Franco-American audience in New York the other day, "is peace. War today ends in revolution, and while it is inevitable that the situations out of which war arises must always exist, the dangers of war are understood today by all the nations of the earth rather than just by small groups of diplomats and financiers. Peace is the common interest of all countries at this time." M. Claudel was undoubtedly quite correct, in a formal and literal sense, in what he said about the diplomats, but if he intended his hearers to draw the conclusion that the kind of peace the nations are interested in is hopeful and reassuring, his words must be taken with some important qualifications.

On February 4, for example, A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, informed the House of Commons that Great Britain might have to "reconsider" its program of naval construction in view of the naval building that was going on in France and Italy. The British Commonwealth, he stated, was building 46,145 tons of warships, 2,656 tons of that amount being for Canada. France had under construction 100,684 tons and Italy 100,777 tons. Mr. Alexander did not wish it to be inferred that Great Britain was falling behind in European waters, since the whole imperial situation had to be considered, but he left his hearers with the impression that the so-called "escalator" provision of the London naval treaty, under which any of the signatory Powers may increase its tonnage if other Powers increase theirs, might have to be brought into operation.

The House of Commons had no reason to be surprised at Mr. Alexander's statement. France and Italy, as everybody knows, declined to accept the limitations of the London treaty because of Italy's refusal to concede to France the right to have a navy any bigger than that of Italy. Months of negotiation, in the course of which both Great Britain and the United States are reported to have used their good offices, have failed to settle the controversy, and a building truce which was agreed upon expired on December 31. On February 6 the French Chamber of Deputies was informed that it would shortly be asked to authorize the immediate construction of 41,000 tons of warships as part of a four-year program intended to meet the ambitious proposals of Mussolini. Included in the French program is the first of a series of cruisers designed to surpass the German cruisers of the Ersatz Preussen type. As the United States insists that its own navy must be at least equal to any other, a resort to the escalator clause by Great Britain would at once open the way for the United States to add to its own tonnage, with the likelihood that Japan would soon follow suit.

On the military side, France is pushing to completion some 200 miles of modern fortifications on its eastern and northeastern frontier as a defense against another German invasion, and Belgium is planning to make its forty miles of German gateway secure against attack. France, Belgium, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, the last three offensive and defensive allies of France, had between them on October 1, 1930, standing armies of 1,914,990 men, while their army reserves reached the enormous total of 17,767,261. France, which has been supposed to lead the world in military aviation, is much concerned lest it should still be in danger in the air, Great Britain and the United States are busily developing their air services, and in the United States elaborate plans have been completed or are being worked out for the mobilization of industry in the event of war.

In a world a considerable part of which has solemnly renounced war as an instrument of national policy, the diplomats may well feel that a heavy burden has been laid upon them in keeping a peace so sententiously espoused and so little, apparently, believed in. Nobody knows better than a diplomat the danger that lurks in such a dispute as has just flared up between Bulgaria and Greece on the heels of a Balkan conference that paraded the olive branch, or in the oppression of minorities in Poland and Jugoslavia, or in the continued agitation in Germany for a radical revision of the Young Plan, or in the political and financial plight of the Nationalist Government in China. In spite of treaties and conferences and solemn pronouncements, nations great and small appear to be still of the opinion that peace, unless supported by armed forces capable of waging war on a grand scale, is as yet hardly more than a dream, and that agreements to keep the peace are not to be understood as deterring any of the parties from being constantly in trim to fight. Perhaps the international conference that is to meet next year may pave the way to better things, but in the meantime the diplomats have quite enough anxiety to keep them on the alert.

Sport for Sport's Sake

THE recent announcement of President Gates of the University of Pennsylvania that henceforth at his institution football would be no more important than philosophy should be surprising only in that it discloses the prevalence of the opposite state of affairs. Athletics at Pennsylvania will in the future be under a department of physical instruction, headed by a dean, controlled by the university, and coached by men who have not only university rank but the salary that goes with that rank. At Pennsylvania, as at many another large institution of learning in this land of plenty, it has been customary frankly to exalt athletics far beyond the academic subjects which an untutored person might have thought were the university's main concern. President Gates declares that no longer will the noble athletes who win fame and gate receipts for the university by successful competition with other colleges be given the run of the campus, no longer will they, merely as athletes, be supplied with scholarships, special training tables, special trainers, trips South for their health, and supervision by a coach who draws a salary about twice as large as that of the oldest and most highly esteemed professor on the campus.

It has been suggested that the first real test of Pennsylvania's new athletic policy will come with the loss of the first big game. In the meantime it is pleasant to see a university with the courage to remove its intercollegiate athletics away from the field of big business. In the main it has been the alumni who have exerted pressure to make their particular college outshine all the others in the matter of impressive stadia, high-priced coaches, the largest gate receipts, and the most earnest shopping around in preparatory schools for likely team material. President Gates has a suggestion for these alumni that they may or may not receive with open arms:

> If colleges and universities are to continue to meet the demand for enlarged and more luxurious facilities for the staging of sports spectacles, involving large capital expenditures, it is only reasonable that those for whose benefit and entertainment the contests are presented should, through alumni and public gifts, provide the necessary funds. Certainly funds intended and required for the educational program should not be used for this extra-educational phase of college athletics.

All this, as we said before, is so self-evident, irrefutable, and plain common-sensible that we should hesitate to set it down were it not so unusual a departure in the conduct of American universities. But while suggestions for the control of big-business athletics are in order, we have one of our own. It is to abolish intercollegiate contests altogether. That would leave the whole business of great football contests, rowing races attended by thousands of spectators, and track meets for which months of rigorous training are essential in the hands of professional athletics, where it belongs. Professional baseball has stood on its own feet for years; professional football is kept off its feet by the great "amateur" college games. So far no college or university president has thought of this remedy, simple as it is, or if he has thought of it, he has neglected to make his thoughts public. We offer the suggestion free of charge.

India and the Round Table Conference

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Paris, January 30

BY two criteria must the results of the Indian Round Table Conference be judged in their consequences for the immediate history of India. How far do they satisfy the demand for independence made by the All-India Congress, the largest body of public opinion in India, at Lahore on December 31, 1929? How far do they satisfy the somewhat different demands made by Mr. Gandhi?

Mr. Gandhi himself has left his own attitude in no doubt. Hardly had the door of Yerovda jail closed behind him after nine months' imprisonment, than Mr. Gandhi indicated that for him at least the struggle was not over. On the constitutional issue he might possibly be satisfied. He even hinted that the Congress leaders might be induced to cooperate in the labors of the Round Table Conference or of its committees when they are resumed this year in India, and might accept the offer contained in the Prime Minister's final speech at the conference as a basis of negotiation. But for the Mahatma the moral issue remains paramount and unchanged. Until the salt tax was repealed, the Congress ban on foreign cloth made legal, the prohibition of liquor placed on the statute book, he could not recognize the sincerity of the British offer of self-government.

In his insistence on these concessions—the three essential points to which, in an interview with the present writer last May, Mr. Gandhi reduced his original eleven demands—the Mahatma, it may be suspected, stands alone. The other Congress leaders—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel—are mainly concerned with the constitutional issue. And whereas Mr. Gandhi is content to accept the relief of the starving millions of India from the burden of the salt tax, from the ruinous rivalry of cheap foreign cloth, and from the degradation of the liquor traffic as the substance of independence, his political colleagues will demand less impracticable but more stringent guaranties of the good faith of Great Britain.

The "substance of independence" in the eyes of the political realists of the Congress Party is something at once more drastic and less visionary. They demand, if not separation from Great Britain explicitly, at least the right to secede implicit in the constitutions of the self-governing dominions of the British Commonwealth. They demand full responsible self-government, with control of the army, finance, commerce, and external relations, and they even threaten—although this, one suspects, is merely the polemics of warfare—the repudiation of India's foreign debt.

What are the Indian Nationalists offered by the All-India constitution adumbrated in the agreements and the partial agreements of the Round Table Conference and confirmed in the Prime Minister's declaration of January 19? The substance of these agreements, representing at once the maximum concessions made by the three British political parties and the Indian delegations, may be indicated as follows:

1. An All-India Federation to include the provinces of British India (without Burma) and the native states.

2. Responsibility for the government of India to be placed upon legislatures, central and provincial, "with such provisions as may be necessary to guarantee during a period of transition the observance of certain obligations, and also with such guaranties as are required by minorities to protect their political liberties and rights."

3. Responsibility at the center to be partial. Responsibility in the provinces to be complete.

4. In both central and provincial governments the executive power to be partly or wholly vested in a ministry responsible to the legislature and formed by an elected member of this body who in the opinion of the Governor General or the provincial governor is capable of securing the support of a majority in the legislature.

5. The Governor General having chosen as his ministers persons who possess the confidence of the legislature, it is suggested that these persons shall retain office only so long as they retain this confidence. This is what the federal structure subcommittee of the conference understands by responsibility of government to legislature in the sense in which this expression is used throughout the British Commonwealth. The ministers are to be collectively responsible to the legislature.

6. During the period of transition (duration unstated) the Governor General is to be responsible for defense and external relations, including relations with the Indian states outside the federal sphere. In certain situations, such as an outbreak of hostilities on the frontier, the Governor General is given liberty to act on his own responsibility and is empowered to secure funds for the discharge of his special duties. Financial supplies for the subjects so reserved to the Governor General will not be subject to control by the legislature, but will be contracted for a period of years as a permanent charge outside the ordinary budget. The Governor General is also given overriding powers in regard to budgetary proposals and borrowing in circumstances when the proposals threaten the credit of India in the money markets of the world. Any amendment to the currency or coinage acts will require the Governor General's previous sanction. The service of existing loans and the salaries and pensions of public servants already engaged, together with the sums required for defense and external relations, are to be secured as consolidated fund charges. With these limitations no differentiation is contemplated between the position of the finance minister and that of any other minister responsible to the legislature.

7. The Northwest Frontier province becomes an autonomous governor's province instead of, as now, a territory administered by the central government. Burma is separated from India. Sind is separated from the Bombay Presidency and becomes an autonomous province.

8. An Indian Sandhurst is to be created, and the Indianization of the army in India is to proceed as rapidly as possible provided the Committee of Imperial Defense is satisfied that military necessities will be provided for.

So much for the superstructure of the elaborate constitution envisaged for India. The ambitious proposals—at once cautious and far-reaching; audacious in principle but heavily safeguarded in practice—have already met with a destructive fire of criticism from many quarters of India.

The principal weakness of the edifice lies in its base. The crucial issue of Hindu-Moslem representation in the legislature and the provision of safeguards for the Moslems, Sikhs, depressed classes, and other minorities, which must be the very foundation of any workable constitution for India, has not been settled. Both Hindu and Moslem delegates left the Round Table Conference with their communal rivalries and jealousies slightly more exasperated than when they came. The fate of the constitution—quite apart from its reception at the hands of the Congress—may therefore be endangered by a failure or a prolonged delay in the settlement of this thorny problem.

The chief criticism which the constitution meets in India is that it does not represent dominion status, and not even dominion status with safeguards. The Indian liberals, and chief among them Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the wisest and most balanced and also the most unprejudiced politician in India, believe, however, that in practice the safeguards will be found considerably less onerous than they now appear, and that any consistent and arbitrary interference by the Governor General against the spirit of representative government will be exceedingly difficult.

The position of the princes in the federal system and the considerable representation they claim—at one time they actually demanded 50 per cent of the seats in both ministry and legislature—are also vigorously criticized. The *Servant of India,* the responsible organ of moderate Hindu opinion, has already voiced the apprehension that if the representatives of the Indian states are nominated by the princes themselves and not elected by the peoples of the states, the dominion status of India will be rendered illusory. Even if the princes are content with one-quarter of the seats of the federal legislature—this is the proportion which would accrue to them on a population basis, and which will probably be adopted in the end—a permanent bloc would be constituted in the legislature which, it is argued, would replace the present official bloc nominated by the Viceroy and would therefore create an irremovable core of reactionary interests.

It is feared, too, that the princes, some of whom now look to Great Britain to protect them in their autocracies, will inevitably be subservient to British interests when these are in conflict with those of India. And if, this journal argues, the princes are given equal representation in the federal executive, representative government will be utterly impossible.

The most bitter attack leveled against the proposals of the Round Table Conference comes from the depressed classes and the representatives of Indian labor. It has been proposed that the provincial legislatures should be elected by direct suffrage, and that the members of the federal legislature should be elected in part by the states and in part by the provincial legislatures. With regard to the actual extent of the suffrage, the franchise committee of the conference was unable to agree. It is noteworthy, however, that the majority of the committee rejected the arguments of the labor representatives, Mr. Joshi and Mr. Shiva Rao, and of Dr. Ambedkar, the delegate of the depressed classes, that the immediate introduction of adult suffrage was both practicable and desirable.

With the exception of these members the committee appears to favor an increase of the suffrage to 25 per cent of the total population and the lowering of the age limit for women from twenty-five to twenty-one years. This proposal is condemned as hopelessly inadequate by all spokesmen of the trade unions and the depressed classes, who express the fear that the political power in India for years to come will be in the hands of an oligarchy of wealthy industrialists and landed proprietors, or their representatives.

Nevertheless, if the new constitution fails of acceptance, its rejection will come not from its critics among the economic or religious minorities, but from the vast body of youth of all classes and communities and of both sexes now ranged under the white, red, and green banner of the Congress. At the time of writing, the reply of Mr. Gandhi and of his fellow Congress leaders has not yet been uttered, but I make bold to predict that the working committee of the Congress, which is now meeting in Allahabad, will reject the offered constitution. The politicians of the Congress will refuse it not merely because it does not grant Mr. Gandhi's "substance of independence," but also because it offers something less than the substance of dominion status. And Mr. Gandhi himself, the moralist and the prophet of renascent India, will reject the constitution because it is not accompanied by the moral and economic revolution which he regards as essential—the liberation of the peasants of India from the triple slavery of the salt tax, the liquor traffic, and foreign cloth.

Going Home

By MARK VAN DOREN

His thought of it was like a button pressed.
Far away the figures started going;
A silver watch ticked in a sleepy vest,
And on the porch an apron string was blowing.

His thought again was like a fly-wheel cranked,
And circular machinery set gliding.
The little town turned truly, as the banked
Brown houses followed in and out of hiding.

His travel, once he went, was like the troop
Of farmers in an autumn to the fair.
All year the field was flat, but now the coop
Of turkeys and the horses would be there;

People moving everywhere and nodding,
Little boys with birds and yellow whips;
A person at a counter would be wadding
Rifles, and the girls would hold their hips.

His coming near was like the soft arrival
Of gods around a thing that they have made;
And will again forget; but long survival
Saves it, once again the trance is laid.

Ballyhoo and the Higher Learning

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

THERE is always something wrong with the higher learning. There is bound to be, for the growth of organized knowledge is such a delicate business that it is peculiarly sensitive to all kinds of cultural infections. For one thing, there is the inner antipathy between administration and wisdom, between the clerk and the savant. Then, to repeat the invincible platitude, there is the chronic sabotage of learning, the moment it socially matters, by the intricately vested and reinvested forces of any society. The higher learning is in the eternal perplexity of being an ineffable value in search of endowment. And the powers that be, in return for their patronage, are forever exacting a pedigreed alibi for their continued intrenchment. At Chicago one can become a "doctor" in "social-service administration" and believe that Marx is the junior partner of Hart, Schaffner, and Marx. And at Moscow, I venture, one cannot become a doctor in mathematical physics unless one holds that the incorrigible error in the quantum theory is really a dirty bourgeois trick. While the true scholar refuses to dignify the publicity of falsehoods with the methods of science or to raise the apologetics of follies into a philosophy of values, there are always enough pundits and mountebanks who can be trained to doctor bunk into a semblance of reason and hokum into the likeness of truth. And the ironic part of it all is that academic fakes are so seldom manufactured by real fakers. The pseudo-scholar almost always lacks both the humor and courage to be consciously and profitably spurious. Poor fellow, he pays the price of the quack in vulgarity without his fun in adventure!

But though scholarship is faked the world over, each national culture stamps these imitations with its own peculiar marks. Fake learning in Germany is likely to be doltish, in France it is a bit knavish, in England it wears a high hat, and with us it tends to become silly, immaterial, clerical, and excited. The incredible vulgarization of our higher institutions of learning since the war is, of course, but a reflection of the growing tawdriness of our social conditions in general. But what is peculiar about it is the technique by which fake learning has so rapidly muscled its way into high learning.

Our characteristic national vice is the assumption that life and behavior are synonymous, that the meaning of life can be gauged most accurately in terms of active and optimistic extravagance. Hence we do not really believe in tragedy, in the intrinsic dilemmas of spiritual conflicts. We suppress them, under the impression that we are facing them by doing something about them. Now since, by and large, our institutions of learning can do very little of which the forces in control of our culture do not approve, the more active these institutions become and the bigger they grow, the deeper they intrench themselves in the predicament of much ado about nothing. The noble dilemma of the advancement of knowledge is that it grows on the infinitely difficult and creative adjustment between tradition and revolution. The aim of learning is to gather ever more facts of strategic significance to upset the laws and orders by which they are supposedly governed. In other words, the higher the learning the greater its discipline, yet it must have complete license. There is obviously no sense to "research" which is pointless, and "objectivity" without some hypothesis has no object. But since we are afraid of such intellectual license, we have developed an insect-like industry in meaningless "social research" and we make a virtue of our "objectivity" in gathering "data" sufficiently irrelevant and trivial to point no conclusions. And conclusions are invidiously called "propaganda." This collection of trivia soon becomes so unwieldy that it takes whole congeries of committees to handle it, and these committees manufacture more "data" in the very process of examination. Thus we resolve the ancient dilemma of scholarship, the conflict between the conservation of knowledge and the revolution of learning, by turning our universities into monkey houses for elaborate monkeyshines, except in those disciplines which in their nature are neutral to any society.

Neither Dr. Flexner's brilliant chapter on the American Universities * nor this essay is an attack on American learning. They are in defense of it. In those branches of learning in which theoretical abstruseness, an authentic technique, or the discipline of a historic subject matter cannot be faked, American learning is not merely distinguished but magnificent. It is still possible to receive a sound education at Harvard or Columbia College, to my mind sounder than at Oxford or Cambridge, where the acquisition of personal culture is constantly stultified by the code of a gentleman. In medicine America leads the world, and it is far safer to have an appendectomy at Kalamazoo than to catch a common cold anywhere in the British Empire. The only time we may pardonably permit ourselves the folly of vicarious pride is when we think of the work of American natural and, especially, physical scientists, though it is annoying to read Dr. Millikan's naive stuff on his "maker," which is piling up a good deal of trouble for the future of the work he loves so ably and so well.

But after one has said all this, one must add that the American university just now is probably in a more dangerous position than the advancement of learning has ever been before in the history of modern Western society. Paradoxically, its contemporary tragedy lies in the fact that it is no longer in a genuinely tragic predicament. The implications of tragedy are too exalted for the comic absurdities from which it suffers. And nothing is so fatal to the life of organized reason as its burlesque. Our higher learning is no longer engaged primarily in the historic struggle with scholastics, Pharisees, pundits, and pedants. It has to put up with an army of mountebanks and nitwits. The great rebels against the various forms of scholasticism, from Abelard to Daniel C. Gilman, fought them with the renaissance of learning. One can attack a professor grinding Greek gerunds with quotations from Plato's "Republic." But how in the world is

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* "Universities—American, English, German." By Abraham Flexner. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

one to overcome a glorified floorwalker who professes Personnel Administration or the "scientific" merchandising of brassières at a School of Business Administration? How is one to overcome a fancy room-clerk who is a *Privatdozent* in Hotel Management at Cornell? With flit or with listerine? The answer, alas, is probably that we need a new social metabolism altogether. But that is a long and difficult process. And in the meantime the American scholar is bewildered and helpless and lonely.

Where the true scholar treads cautiously to guard his intellectual integrity, his apes can rush in with noise and with fury. They have got themselves endowed in our higher institutions of learning into vast zoos for their own keeping, into schools of journalism and business administration, into graduate faculties of "scientific" philanthropy, into collegia of cookery and child guidance, into hundreds of fantastic "institutes" of one kind or another. And in the evenings they rig up their loud speakers in home-study courses and in the extension divisions. They cavort amidst crazy "experiments" in bizarre laboratories, they jabber a pseudo-technical lingo, and they confuse the public mind with statistical nonsense. All these stunts have the advantage of a "new" and "liberal" appearance. Our "enlightened" institutional big business has discovered, or, rather, unconsciously encouraged, this new technique of intricate flapdoodle to divert academic attention from significant issues.

II

Among the main parasites which have entered the host of American learning and have infected it with this strange dementia are the "foundations." These foundations are intellectual trusts of educational philanthropy with all the unconscious cleverness of an invincible social force. There is the Social Science Research Council, largely a Rockefeller-supported organization, nowhere officially connected with our universities, which is more and more controlling social research in our higher institutions of learning through the power of subsidy. There are other powerful foundations, such as the Rosenwald Fund, the Commonwealth Fund, the Russell Sage Foundation, and an increasing number of others. Their interlocking committees are odd assemblies of big business men, "scientific" social workers, professional visionaries, professorial clerks, and fat-boy bureaucrats. They see to it that the right people are selected for social studies. Their underlying theory is that if you can get all the "da-h-ta" on the Negro, race prejudice will vanish; that if you can get all the facts about industrial exploitation, you will resolve it into the sweetness of capital and the light of labor; or that if you develop "methods" of teaching a subject you will be saved the trouble of learning it. Frequently the foundations crash the gates of the universities by endowing "institutes," which are no longer societies of scholars freed from the burden of teaching for creative research, but are committees of academic foremen driving statistical wage slaves to "correlate" trivia into nonsense. Among the most recent discoveries of these big-business intellectual trusts is the value of cradle-snatching to fill in university presidencies. An *enfant terrible* like President Hutchins of Chicago, who loves to snap his intellectual milk teeth at the hands that feed him, is as harmless as he seems militantly "enlightened." President Hutchins is reorganizing the faculties of the arts and sciences into four divisions in order to remove the "barriers" of specialization. The new Dean of Social Science is Mr. Beardsley Ruml, formerly director of the Laura Spellman Foundation, a philanthropic agent without pretense to academic distinction. That the University of Chicago is more and more ridden by the foundations is obvious. Incidentally it may be said that President Butler of Columbia has so far refused to delegate his university to such foundation control.

Undoubtedly the best example of foundation intrenchment is the so-called Yale Institute of Human Relations, whose endowment Mr. Hutchins secured from the Harkness millions while he was dean of the Yale Law School. This macrocosm of all human knowledge is as yet in a nebulous stage, calling itself the Human Welfare Group. The object of the Human Welfare Group is to "break down all divisions" of science and learning in order to "integrate" everything from animal husbandry through child study and social hygiene to thermodynamics. The authentic correlation of knowledge is no doubt extremely desirable. But it must be the creative correlation by free scholars. The reckless telescoping of the various faculties under the lay pressure of scores of philanthropic committees is quite another matter. The Human Welfare Group proposes to "include the Yale School of Medicine, the Yale Law School, the Yale Divinity School, the Division of Industrial Engineering, portions of the University departments" dealing with everything under the sun. In the meantime if you happen to be rich don't forget that the Human Welfare Group needs a Women's Pavilion for $500,000, a Clinical Sociology Endowment for $1,000,000, and other such merry-go-rounds, as well as a number of endowed wheel-chairs for distinguished scholars by which they may propel themselves from one "pavilion" of learning to another.

Then there is the Vassar Institute of Euthenics, which is defined as "the science of efficient living." It is, as Dr. Flexner puts it, a salad made up of scraps "of mental hygiene, child guidance, nutrition, speech development and correction, family problems, wealth consumption, food preparation, household technology, and horticulture." By such "integration" lecturers in euthenics are enabled to teach virgins the science of matrimonial adjustment, while in the summer time alumnae-husbands can be taught "scientifically" how to stay put.

Teachers College at Columbia of course was not going to be left behind in this proliferation of institutes. Indeed, today it leads all other competitors. There is, says Dr. Flexner, "in Teachers College . . . an Institute of Educational Research, an Institute of School Experimentation, an International Institute, which is an administrative group, an Institute of Child Welfare Research, about which the less said the better," and many others. The Institute of Child Welfare Research has recently issued an "Inventory of the Habits of Children from Two to Five Years of Age" by the "Acting Director." During these three years children may have "a maximum of 2,325 habits, emotional, mental, motor, and social-moral. A child's score in each division is found through the formula $\frac{T}{S-3x} \times 100$". The Child Development Institute has made an extended "study" by tickling babies and then timing their laughter, finding thus the weighted average of infantile risibility as deduced from 2,325 laugh "exposures." A similar scientific contribution can be found in the New York *World* of January 20, 1931. It shows a picture of Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, a "scientician" in "educational psychology" at the City College of New York. He is holding an elaborate slide rule of his own concoction with which he is just about to "test scientifically" a young lady next to him, a Miss Helen Robinson of Columbus, Ohio, in order to determine whether she is really "America's sweetest girl" as decided by a recent national contest.

One of the favorite indoor sports of this type of higher learning is the making out of questionnaires. Questionnaires puzzled out in the schools of business administration are usually perfected models for yellow-dog contracts of employment. The psychological gentry, on the other hand, usually concoct a series of highly impertinent, far-fetched, extremely personal and imponderable questions, often with that pseudo-scientific salacity which requires anonymous answers. The questions, of course, are answered only by dolts, whose answers are patent absurdities, or by wits, who enjoy telling plain lies. Then all these answers are carefully correlated into a synthesis of errors and jargonized into technical chatter.

Among the hundreds of courses at the teachers' colleges at Chicago and Columbia, Dr. Flexner cites as fair examples courses on "manuscript writing," "teaching of educational sociology," "music for teachers of literature and history," "awareness of situations and planning of behavior," and innumerable courses in mental "measurements." Do you wish to know what "the relation of scholarship to a combination of all tests" is, as devised at the University of Chicago? Here goes:

$$\text{R s. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8}$$

$$\frac{\sqrt{1\text{-}(1\text{-}R^2S\ 1)\ (1\text{-}R^2S\ 2.1)\ (1\text{-}R^2S.4.123)\ (1\text{-}R\ S.\ 6.12345)}}{(1\text{-}R^2S\ 7.123456)\ (1\text{-}R^2S\ 8.1234567)}$$

The teachers' colleges are not the only ones which offer burlesque courses. If you are too poor to see Joe Cook or Ed Wynn, just write for the catalogues of the Chicago Graduate School of Social Service Administration, the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, the Columbia School of Journalism (where they teach how to sell sonnets by correspondence), and especially the mail-order catalogues and full-page newspaper advertisements of the various extension departments and home-study divisions.

Here are some Ph.D. theses at Chicago, Columbia, and Harvard: "Pupils' Participation in High-School Control," "The Technique of Estimating School-Equipment Costs," "A Scale for Measuring Antero-posterior Posture of Ninth-Grade Boys," "An Analysis of Janitor Service in Elementary Schools," "Vocational Activities and Social Understanding in the Curriculum for Stenographer-Clerks," "The Technique of Activity and Trait Analysis Applied to Y. M. C. A. Executive Secretaries as a Basis for Curricular Materials," and finally "The Intelligence of Orphan Children in Texas." "Why orphans? Why Texas?" Dr. Flexner wonders.

III

Dr. Flexner points out all these absurdities with irony, brilliance, wisdom, and with that genuine objectivity which is highly significant. And he also gives some excellent advice for the cure of these phantasmagoria. He shows just wherein the American high school fails to prepare for higher education. He points out that our universities suffer from trying to digest both the English undergraduate college and the German graduate system. Of course, he would abolish from the universities all pseudo-trade, semi-vocational, and *ad hoc* schools. Whatever legitimate higher courses are given by authentic scholars in these "professional" schools, he would redistribute into the established departments of the university, whence they have been abducted. It is a pity, by the way, that Dr. Flexner does not go into the so-called "experimental college," the variety of companionate learning of teacher and student of which Dr. Meiklejohn is the most articulate exponent. This "new" theory of collegiate learning is based on a sort of diaphanous self-expression on the part of the student, who is encouraged to believe that there is no relation between one's right to opinion and one's investment in knowledge. The most fantastic expression of this sort of education we can find at Rollins College, where President Hamilton Holt has hired a "professor of books" and a "professor of evil," and where the acquisition of knowledge is a wild whirl of seminar dances.

But for all his suggestiveness, Dr. Flexner seems to me far more descriptive than analytical. He quotes with approval Lord Haldane's remark, "it is in universities . . . that the soul of a people mirrors itself," yet he fails to probe the social basis of our distortion of the higher learning. He fails to relate the degradation of learning with our general cultural conditions, which are but the miasma of deep social injustices under the control of an impersonal, institutionalized, monopolistic plutocracy, cheap, vulgar, and empty. In due process of history, this vulgarity will probably come to an end. For the present the light of American learning will be kept burning by those genuine scholars who are too shrewd, too wise, and too honorable to be spiritually corrupted. Such efforts as Dr. Flexner's own new Institute for Advanced Study, which intends to do for our day what Gilman did with the original Johns Hopkins, will help a great deal. Yet there is something more we can do. We must never tire of exposing the fake advancement of learning. And above all we must appreciate that each kind of freedom has its own carriers. The relevant freeman in the university is not to be found among a "liberal" board of trustees nor even among the students. He is the scholar and teacher. When he is free, his students will also be free to learn what he knows and to think what they want. The radical critic of our university is too much concerned with the freedom of the student and far too little with the freedom of the savant. It is not the freedom of immature knowledge but the protection of genuine learning that we want. For a true advancement of learning is bound to point the arrow of American history.

Tragic Conclusions

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Tragic conclusions we cannot escape.
In thought and action let us be mature,
Compact and weaponed like the hornet's shape
That teaches caution as the only cure.
But let us be two children in our love,
Taking time's sweetness from each other's hands:
Suspicion is the badge of base-born minds
And calculation never understands.

Your Gasoline Tank

By LAWRENCE M. HUGHES

IN an address before the American Federation of Labor at Boston in October President Hoover suggested that the time has come to "reconsider" the anti-trust laws in the light of modern conditions. Speaking before the American Petroleum Institute at Chicago in November, Colonel William A. Donovan, former assistant attorney general, pointed out that "we may have reached a point where attempts will be made to modify the economic policy of the Sherman law and to substitute some form of government control." Colonel Donovan believed that in view of present chaotic conditions in the oil industry and the large supply of crude oil above ground, concerted efforts by producers to limit production and stabilize prices on a reasonable level of profit would not be in violation of the law.

Standard Oil became the "mother of trusts" primarily by its ability to control refining and transportation. The most significant trend in the industry today is toward control of markets. The dissolution of the old Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in 1911 introduced a period of vigorous competition in the industry. Independent concerns were able to combat the segregated members of the "Standard Oil group" on more nearly even terms. Coinciding as it did with the rapid extension in the use of the automobile, this new competition assumed the form largely of a fight for filling stations. A dozen large factions have grown tremendously in scope and power. Today most of the stations not already owned or controlled by one or another of these factions have been forced to become exclusive agents.

Thus the chain-store system has been extended in the oil industry on a wider scale than in any other. Not only are filling stations centrally controlled, but the products which they sell are controlled by the company from the time the oil issues from the earth until it is poured, as gasoline or lubricating oil, into your car. This might be described as the "internal" basis of monopoly. The "external" basis is the ability of a company to acquire or defeat competitors and to outwit the government and the public.

The dissolution created a number of intentionally unrelated regional Standard companies. Several of these have been forced to fight single-handed against stronger and semi-national companies whose growth has not been hampered by the anti-trust laws. Although certain members of the group sell in almost every country in the world, none, except Vacuum, a comparatively small member, sells throughout the United States. Vacuum, devoted primarily to lubricants, was immune from the regional restrictions. Mergers with independent companies have broadened the scope of some of them. Standard of New York has acquired General Petroleum and is selling along the length of the Pacific Coast, as well as in New York and New England. Subsidiaries of Standard of Indiana have enabled it to expand west to the Rockies and east to New England. Standard of New Jersey sells in Texas and Louisiana, as well as the East. But on the national marketing map there are still large gaps which none of these Standard Oil members alone has been able to fill.

Two independents, on the other hand, have already achieved fairly national distribution. The Texas Company and Shell Union (controlled by Royal Dutch-Shell) now have stations, owned or affiliated, in every State, and almost in every city of any size, in the country. The number of their filling stations is larger than that of any member of Standard Oil. Gulf, Cities Service, Sinclair, Tidewater Associated, Pure Oil, Continental, and Richfield—each has wide marketing territories. The freedom granted Shell here, coupled with the resources of its sponsors and the fact that it can undersell in many localities through the use of cheap Venezuelan oil, is particularly a thorn in the side of Standard Oil because Standard has such a large share of its business in British markets that it cannot raise a patriotic appeal here.

Royal Dutch-Shell today is the largest unit in the oil industry. With subsidiaries, it is perhaps two-thirds as large as all the members of the Standard Oil group combined. Gasoline, owing to the increased use of automobiles, now accounts for two-thirds of the industry's business, and more than three-fourths of the world's automobiles are in the United States. Regardless of success abroad, if Standard cannot defeat Shell here, it must fail. In order to defeat it Standard must have a unified chain of outlets.

And Standard is not beaten. Men responsible for the success of the original New Jersey company—notably John D. Rockefeller—are still large holders in the leading members of the group. Their methods still prevail. And these members—especially New Jersey, New York, Indiana, California, and Vacuum—still rank as large as or larger than their leading independent competitors. New Jersey's assets, for example, are two and one-half times as large as those of any other American oil company, twice as great as those of the older New Jersey company at the time of its dissolution. New York and Indiana each is larger than Texaco, Gulf, Shell Union, or the oil interests of Cities Service, and California compares favorably with them. Even Harry Sinclair's proposed $1,200,000,000 combination would fall half a billion dollars short of Standard of New Jersey. Because of their size and their close relationships, any large member of the Standard Oil group, conditions being opportune, might form a sound nucleus for monopoly.

Standard, frankly, would like to bring back the trust. But it wants no more $29,000,000 fines. By an expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars for philanthropy and promotion, over a period of nineteen years, the group has brought itself back into the good graces of the government and the public. It wants to hold this esteem. Its efforts, therefore, to set aside the dissolution decree have been circumspect and entirely legitimate. A year or so ago New Jersey was permitted by the government to reacquire Anglo-American Petroleum as a subsidiary in the British Isles. A more important step in this direction was the announcement, last February, of plans for a merger of Socony and Vacuum as the General Petroleum Corporation. This proposal is now being fought by the Department of Justice. Decision on it will be made by the federal court at St. Louis, where the dissolution decree was rendered. Socony-Vacuum would not form a dominant company. It would market only about 9 per cent of the petroleum products sold in this country and would be in assets only about half as large as Standard of New Jersey. Favorable decision on the proposal, however, would set a significant precedent, and might set the wheels in motion for more important mergers among members of the family of Standard Oil. New Jersey, Indiana, and California might form a company with assets of nearly three and one-half billion dollars—virtually as large as all the Royal Dutch-Shell enterprises throughout the world. If all the members of Standard Oil were to recombine they would control half the assets of the world's twelve-billion-dollar oil industry.

Decision on the Socony-Vacuum plan, however, may take months, even years, and competition will not permit Standard Oil to be patient about it. Standard Oil is not lacking today in any of the qualities which could make it dominant, and it feels it must reach out for control in other directions. With the secrecy and almost with the speed with which the elder Rockefeller gained control of the oil-refining business of the country more than a half-century ago, the group is now setting out to control markets.

Vacuum has the most ambitious program. It is seeking to build up a chain of 122,000 filling stations by 1935, and it is now about a fifth of the way toward that goal. It is hardly too much to say that in this program Vacuum, smallest of the five Standard leaders, has been chosen for the role of marketing agent for the entire group.

But owing to the rush to build and acquire filling stations there are now three or four times as many as can profitably be operated. There are in fact some 315,000 stations. In more vivid terms, there are nearly as many filling stations as grocery stores and six times as many as there are drug-stores; there is one station for every eighty cars.

In its expansion program Vacuum, wisely, does not seek to add to this number. It is acquiring *existing* stations, not by outright purchase, but by obtaining, usually, 51 per cent control. This accomplishes the double advantage of control at about half cost (even so the program will involve an aggregate expenditure in excess of one billion dollars) and of keeping the operation in the hands of experienced local men. Vacuum, in fact, goes a step farther—it generally retains the name of the local company or operator. Thus, playing a silent part, it profits not only from the established identity and good-will of these stations in their local markets, but from efficiency and economy brought about by great resources and standardized methods. Moreover, in order to present itself as a local independent in all public contacts, each station usually carries several brands of gasoline. Under this guise, Vacuum may obtain a measure of control over the sale of competitors' products. And Vacuum, be it noted, is no longer merely a refiner and marketer of lubricants. It has introduced its own brand of gasoline, which will soon be sold nationally.

Despite its relatively small size, Vacuum is better qualified than any other member of Standard Oil to carry out such a project. For many years it has sold its lubricants not only in every State but in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. It has in the United States today some 75,000 outlets—"general stores," garages, and other places, as well as filling stations of its own and of other companies. The company boasts that every village large enough to support a post office has a Vacuum Oil dealer. Such is the framework on which the company can build.

If there were no other reason to suppose that in this project the company is acting largely for the other members of Standard Oil, there is the fact that, alone, Vacuum could not raise a billion dollars with which to finance it. Its entire assets are only a fifth of that amount, its entire annual sales not more than a third of it. Even New Jersey, eight and one-half times as large, could not hope to achieve this goal alone in six years. In its execution the plan shows evidence of coordinated effort on the part of all the major members of Standard Oil; in its inception it suggests the methods and personality of John D. Rockefeller.

The plan was formally launched early in 1929. Today some 25,000 of the stations already have been taken over. The number is steadily increasing. Because the operation of filling stations is not profitable and gasoline sales today, for the first time in many years, are not increasing, it is doubtful whether there will be more than 315,000 stations in the country by the end of 1935. When Vacuum has 122,000 it will have more than a third of the number. Actually its position will be much stronger. The stations being acquired represent in many respects the cream of the independents in the country. By 1935 Vacuum will probably be doing at least half of the gasoline business.

More important still, it can then be effective in coordinating and unifying all the scattered forces of Standard Oil, making it unnecessary for that company to seek repeal or modification of the anti-trust law or to attempt mergers in the face of them. A firm basis of monopoly will have been re-established. That goal has not yet been reached. It will not be reached uncontested by Shell and other independents. Several of them are still strong enough to put serious obstacles in Standard Oil's path. Shell Union, for instance, has expanded rapidly in the past few years. Today, throughout the nation, it owns or controls some 35,000 stations.

Texaco reached nation-wide proportions even earlier. If it has not been expanding so rapidly as some of the others of late, it is still a factor in the fight. The other leaders are not idle. This year the aggressiveness of Cities Service and Sinclair has been especially notable. The presence of the Mellons in Gulf, of the Daweses in Pure Oil, of J. P. Morgan and Company in Continental lends power and intensity to the struggle.

Of all the independents, however, Shell Union is the most to be reckoned with. Behind it are all the world-wide assets of Royal Dutch-Shell and forty years of growth and prosperity such as no oil group except Standard at the height of the trust has ever experienced. Behind it also is the sponsorship of the British government. For expansion in the United States Shell Union is now spending from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 a year—pocketing temporary loss to intrench itself for ultimate gain. At its present rate of growth, it may have 75,000 stations by the end of 1935.

If both Vacuum and Shell Union were to achieve their objectives, the American gasoline market would then be divided between them. With the resources at their command it is not inconceivable that they could wipe out or absorb even the largest of the other factions.

Between Standard and Shell there might then ensue a battle to the death—a battle of price-cutting, "diversification," and "super-servicing" far more exaggerated than that in which they have long been engaged; and a battle from which the consumer would derive much temporary profit. Deterding admits that his interests are "always ready for a good fight." Standard has fought, too, on occasion; but with large competitors it would rather make agreements (in which the competitors, incidentally, have not usually had the upper hand). It goes without saying that neither Standard nor Shell can afford to "fight away" its profits.

There have in fact been recent evidences of willingness on the part of both, but particularly Shell, to cooperate. Standard of New Jersey and I. G. Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft, the German chemical trust, control the hydrogenation process for extracting gasoline from coal, oil shale, and other minerals—a process which not only is said to return 105 barrels of refined from every 100 of crude, but which extends almost infinitely the oil resources of the nation. New Jersey has formed a company to license the process in this country. With other independents, Shell Union has taken stock in it. The control, however, remains in the hands of Standard Oil. Shell Union has been forced to participate because it dares not be left behind. It is not improbable that New Jersey may make as much from the licensing, over a long period of years, as it has ever made from the sale of oil.

With the other independents out of the way and Shell alone in Standard's path toward monopoly, it is logical that such agreements would be made. Controlling future refining through hydrogenation, and controlling a majority of the markets of the country, Standard could probably persuade Shell to the wisdom of such cooperation. The mere fact that they have long been enemies would not alter the supposition. In modern business, profits come first. Dividends must be paid. In order to continue them companies must be able and willing to adjust themselves to new situations as they arise. No one understands this better than those who guide the destinies of Standard Oil and Shell. There would be no necessity for merger or even for open agreements between them then. After all, such things are better done on the quiet. But *if* the Vacuum project goes through, *if* New Jersey can retain control of refining, Standard's control of the industry would follow. Monopoly would have closed its grip on the oil industry and on the public who must buy its products.

Now monopoly as such is not to be condemned. If such monopoly were established under close government supervision, then the development of closer relationship between production and consumption, the greater efficiency through elimination of waste in product and of duplication of facilities, the nation-wide uniformity of product and service would on the face of the matter be worth while to the public. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company as a virtual monopoly is doing a better job than its constituent companies could do separately. If the oil monopoly were built up openly, under close governmental and public supervision, it might even be a step toward government ownership and operation of this basic industry. If, however, the new Standard Oil trust were built up secretly, so that its existence or the extent of its control was unknown, it is probable that the increased efficiency would react only in favor of an "inside" few. Even the rank and file of the stockholders, collecting reasonable dividends regularly, need not be apprised of it. The effects of the monopoly would extend farther than the sale of oil products. Because of the immense profits and power which a few would enjoy, it might in time extend into every important phase of American life.

Standard is already powerful. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the group which shares with him the control of the leading Standard Oil companies are today probably the most influential "rulers" in America. Rockefeller personally holds 25 per cent of New Jersey and a similar proportion in the four other leaders. These men are more than "oil magnates." Not only are their products bought by every industry, every utility, and every home; not only are they among the largest customers of other industries, but of several they are among the largest owners. The Rockefeller money has gone into steel, into railroads, into banks, and a variety of other enterprises. The investments of Harkness, Archbold, Flagler, Bedford, and others of the Standard Oil crowd are almost equally widespread.

Their influence, moreover, is not only economic but social. Rockefeller alone has given more than three-quarters of a billion dollars to education, religion, science, and hundreds of specific "social services." Harkness has given many millions to Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and other institutions. It is true that these donations have been made to a large extent without "strings." It is also true that they have done much good. But the mere fact that a great university or a great church is brought into being or supported so fully by the patronage of one man must affect the teachings of that institution.

Thus the fight for monopoly of oil markets becomes a vital public issue. Thus Standard Oil, unchecked, may mold American and world opinion, and curb still further the freedom of human life.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter had not meant to revert so soon to idleness. It is an ideal, however, to which he is so firmly devoted that he is willing to avoid any amount of work in its behalf. He is glad, therefore, to give space to a correspondent whose letterhead bears the tantalizing address, "laughing horse, taos, new mexico."

> DEAR MR. DRIFTER:
>
> Your column of January 28 interested me even more than your column generally does, for I am particularly interested in idleness—probably because of my own struggle against an inherited New England conscience which keeps me too often "worried" over my also inherited Southern torpor! And I prefer the latter.
>
> But I'm not writing this to tell you that. I thought you might be interested to know that, stimulated by your article, I am actually planning to make and hang a sign at the gate of my hermitage—a mud house in the curve of the Rio del Pueblo, near Taos, New Mexico—announcing it as an "Idleness Institute: Classes and Private Lessons in How to Be Idle and How to Use Idleness." Or perhaps simply: "College of Idleness. Apply Within." ("Apply within" might not be a bad slogan for the school, matching Mr. Socrates's "Know thyself.")
>
> I shall make you an honorary professor, and am hoping that you will accept the post and take it as one of your duties to devote your column more frequently to further

development of your ideas on the subject. Such essays will, like your first one, be used as a part of the preliminary reading course for beginners. And I hope that the next time you will mention further references. Stevenson, of course, has spoken on the subject; also Montaigne, surely; and I remember much valuable comment in Thoreau. But I may have difficulty in compiling a bibliography owing to the unfortunate limitations of my own library and the practical non-existence of good public libraries in this part of the country.

In other words, I realize the difficulties of planning such a college—or, rather, of actually carrying out such a plan. But I shall send you my prospectus when I have finished it and shall list you as a Drifting Honorary Professor, even though I never learn your name.

* * * * *

HERE, in the Drifter's opinion, is an excellent proposal, laughing horse or no laughing horse. New Mexico, where there is a great deal of sun and practically no machine age, is of course just the place for an Institute of Idleness. And the Drifter will cooperate in the enterprise in every way compatible and to a degree commensurate with his devotion to idleness. Some time he will even go so far as to make a list of the most effective commentators on idleness—a list which will assuredly be headed by Stevenson, who, as the Drifter now remembers, gave him his first intimation—fortunately early enough in life to be of use to him—that idleness was not another term for immorality. As for the kind and unprecedented offer to make him an honorary professor, the Drifter, sight unseen, can think of no academic berth he would find more comfortable than a Chair of Idleness in Taos.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Red Cross Finances

[The Nation *in its issue of January* 21 *referred to a statement by the People's Legislative Service that at the beginning of the current fiscal year, July* 1 *last, the Red Cross had on hand or "substantially assured"* $44,000,000, *of which amount* $38,000,000 *was immediately available. The authenticity of these figures was later questioned by Judge John Barton Payne and by other persons. An inquiry addressed by* The Nation *to the People's Legislative Service brought this reply.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Replying to your query as to how the figures used in our news release of January 12 on the Red Cross can be "reconciled with the figures given by the Red Cross itself," the answer is: The figures used in the financial statements made by Chairman John Barton Payne before the appropriations committees of the Senate and the House cannot be reconciled with our figures.

The reason is: Our figures (based solely on authenticated Red Cross data furnished directly to us) are absolutely accurate. Judge Payne's figures are grossly inaccurate.

The crux of our statement was: "The Red Cross entered the current fiscal year (July 1) with $44,000,000 in hand or substantially assured." The retort by telephone from the Red Cross was: "You have overstated the amount by about $20,000,000." Within the hour Mr. James K. McClintock, vice-chairman in charge of finance, and Mr. J. D. Cremer, Jr., assistant director of disaster relief, arrived at our office to show us the error of our way. What was the result?

There is before me as I write a statement in the handwriting of Mr. McClintock, checked and double-checked by him, confirming our use of the figure of $44,000,000. I affirm this as though on oath. The statement was made out at my desk, in the presence of Mr. Cremer and myself—and not under duress! Confronted with the figures on pages 177 and 181 of the annual report of the Red Cross for the year ending June 30, 1930, there was no other honest thing for Mr. McClintock to do but admit that we were right. Quite spontaneously Mr. McClintock met the situation in honest fashion. It is just too bad for the reputation of the Red Cross that Judge Payne refuses to face the facts.

The $44,000,000 is arrived at in the following manner: Balance on hand July 1, 1930 (national organization and chapters—p. 177), $24,100,000. Add $8,800,000 for revenue for the current year "substantially assured." (That is the reported revenue for last year—p. 177. The average for the past ten years has been more than $14,000,000, but we use the minimum figure. It is composed largely of roll-call subscriptions—now actually in hand—and interest—as good as in hand.) This gives us $32,900,000. Now add $6,232,393.37, "endowment fund," and $5,000,000, "special reserve" (p. 181), and we have $44,132,393.37, or $44,000,000 in round numbers.

Deduct the endowment fund (even Judge Payne now admits the so-called "special reserve" is answerable to a great emergency) and the balance "available for expenditure" is, in round numbers, $38,000,000, as we stated in our release.

How much of this $38,000,000 is available for expenditure for disaster relief? About $20,000,000 in addition to the $5,000,000 the Red Cross has so far agreed to spend out of its hoarded funds, and entirely exclusive of the $10,000,000 it is now seeking to collect for drought relief. An expenditure of $25,000,000 could be made by the Red Cross to meet the present emergency without touching its endowment fund or interfering with its ordinary, more or less legitimate budget.

Judge Payne, in his frantic efforts to conceal the golden nuggets of the Red Cross hoard, reminds me of a solemn penguin on a nest. Somehow, either because of the clumsiness of the bird, or the cantankerousness of the eggs, the latter keep rolling out from under.

Washington, February 4 MERCER G. JOHNSTON

The Cycling Internationale

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on cycling in *The Nation* of February 4 warms my heart, although I am unable to accept the past tense in which it is written as I am still an active bicyclist. Born too late to have experienced the joys of the pioneering days, I nevertheless have been imbued with its traditions and hope to continue to cycle until some juggernaut of the road finally smashes me into limbo. Mr. Kirby mentions century runs. I included thirty of these in my riding last year.

There are many and various difficulties confronting the cyclist of today in this country—the contumely and contempt of the general public in this standardized land, the ever-increasing traffic, and the impossibility of obtaining first-class bicycles and accessories, which must be imported.

But even though the Newburgh club has disbanded, there are still many active clubs, and if our numbers here may not be great we are satisfied to know we are outposts of a great cycling Internationale, numbering its devotees by the millions, throughout the more leisurely countries of the world.

Philadelphia, February 6 ARTHUR C. VICKERY

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Four Preludes

By CONRAD AIKEN

I

Come let us take another's words and change the meaning,
Come let us take another's meaning, change the words,
Rebuild the house that Adam built, with opals,
Redecorate Eve's bedroom. We were born
With words, but they were not our words, but others',
Smacked of the kitchen, or of gods, or devils,
Worn and stained with the blood of centuries,
The sweat of peasants, the mean gold of kings.
Shall we be slaves to such inheritance?
No; let us sweep these skeleton leaves away,
Blow them beyond the moon; and from our anger,
Our pride, our bitterness, our sweetness too,
And what our kidneys say, and what our hearts,
Speak with such voice as never Babel heard;
And bring the curtain down on desolation.

Was this rich tongue of ours shaped by our mothers?
Has it no virtue of its own? says nothing
Not said before at church or between sheets?
Must Shakespeare, with his phrase for the stormed heaven,
Hot midnight veined with lightning, babble only
Such mother's milk as one time wet his cheek?
Then let's be dumb: walk in the little garden:
Watch the wise thrush delight as once in Egypt;
And hear the echoes of Thermopylae.

And this is peace; to know our knowledge known,
To know ourselves but as old stones that sleep
In God's midstream of wreckage, worn as smooth.
All's commonplace: the jewel with the rest.
. . . The demon truth, sharp as a maggot, works
His destined passage through the Absolute.

II

When you come back from Memnon, when you come
Into the shadow, the green land of evening,
And hear the leaves above you, and the water
Falling, falling, in fountains;
When you remember Memnon, and the sand,
The stone lips crying to the desert, the stone eyes
Red with the daybreak not yet seen by you;

When you shake out the desert from your shoes
And laugh amongst you, and are refreshed,
And go about your business, now secure
Against the mockery of the all-changing moon;
And most of all, O sly ones, when you sell
So dearly to the poor your grains of wisdom,
Or barter to the ignorant your belief;

Oh think of this belief and think it evil,
Evil for you because you heard it only
From a stone god whose prophecies you mocked;
Evil for them because their hunger buys it;
Evil for both of you, poor pitiful slaves,
Who had no heart, when chaos came again,
Who had no love, to make the chaos bright . . .

Go back again, and find the divine dark;
Seal up your eyes once more and be as tombs;
So that yourselves may be as Memnon was.
Then, if you have the strength to face the darkness,
And praise a world of light, remember Memnon—
Stone feet in sand, stone eyes, stone heart, stone lips,
Who sang the day before the daybreak came.

III

Or daylong watched, in the kaleidoscope,
While the rain beat the window, and the smoke
Blew down along the roof, how the clear fragments
Clicked subtly inward to new patterns, seeming
To melt from rose to crystal, moon to star,
Snowflake to asphodel, the bright white shrinking
To let the ruby vein its way like blood,
The violet opening like an eye, the pearl
Gone like a raindrop. Never twice the same,
Never remembered. The carpet there, the table
On which the dog's-eared Euclid with fixed stars,
The cardboard battleship, the tops, the jackstones,
And the long window lustred with changing rain,
And the long day, profound and termless.

Or
The ship's deck, midnight, winter, and the stars
Swung in a long curve starboard above the mast,
And bow-ward then as the sea hoists the bow,
And back to port, in a vast dance of atoms,
Poured down like snow about you, or again
Steady above the mast-light, the wide span
Of brilliant worlds, not meaningless, watched bravely
By him who guards the lighted binnacle, and him
Dark in the swaying crow's nest, who beats his arms
Against the cold. What mind of stars is this?
What changing thought that takes its ever-changing
Pattern in burning worlds, worlds dying, named
Sirius or Vega or the Pleiades?
What voyage this beneath them, termless, but
Not aimless wholly, trackless in the trackless
Changing of thought in that wide mind of stars?

Back from that bitter voyage to this moment:
Where the clock's tick marks hunger from disgust,
And the hour strikes for laughter, causeless, caused
By one strayed particle, unseen, between
The heart's Nile and the brain's unknown Sahara:

Rolando's fissure and the Island of Reil.
Who watches here, O mariners and surgeons?
What Pole Star lights these shores? The atom grows,
If so it will, much like a tree, its light
Orion's now, and now the Bear's, the clock
Seeking in vain its time. We will go on,
Since go we must, bending our eyes above
The little space of light we know, watching
Thought come from news, love come from thought, desire
Come to fulfilment or defeat; and all
Swinging beneath us like that mind of stars
Which alters when it must, alters for nothing,
In the long night that guides the ship to death.

IV

Came down by night with voices in his heart,
Came down from the high altar of the mountain
Where the white eagle clutched the sheep, and stones
Rattled dislodged by wind; there the wet rock
Had burned before his eyes, so bright the angel
Who beat upon it many-wondered wings,
Beating his wings, yet moveless in that place;
So that the grass a little space about
Was lighted as by lightning, and he saw
The mountain flower at the angel's feet,
The drops of water on the hanging fern,
The daisy like a star against the moss
A circle of pale green about the rock;

And he came down again, but had heard nothing;
Nor heard the village bell; nor heard his friend;
But entered his own house; and in the dark
Stood by the window, looking out at darkness;
Looking again toward the mountain altar
Where now was darkness also; but his ears

Were filled with voices, filled with a sound of singing,
The wind's voice from the mountain; and his heart
Radiant in his breast was like a lamp . . .
And from that time his house was dark no more,
But housed an angel who was silent there,
Beating bright wings, yet moveless; and the light
Went forth from him; although he said no word.

The Fetish of Simplicity

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I

SIMPLICITY as a literary virtue—perhaps, too, as a general virtue—is being seriously overstressed in our time. If my readers will search through book reviews they will perhaps be impressed as I was by the frequency with which "simplicity" and cognate words and phrases occur. The criterion of simplicity is, moreover, often applied to books which plainly are complex in style and structure. In such cases the critic speaks of some "fundamental," "elemental," or "classic" simplicity. For instance, in the case of such a pronounced stylist as Conrad, critics have pointed to the "simple" psychological motivation of the personal sense of honor by which all of Conrad's heroes move into complex situations. Apparently it is enough to approve of a book to find it simple. Simplicity has become a sentiment rather than a critical term having a strict meaning.

Currently, simplicity as a term of praise is accorded equally to the "lean athletics" of the followers of Hemingway, the direct factual accumulations of "realism," and the "purity" of neo-classicism—to mention only the more conspicuous schools. Their writers are believed to go at their work without literary self-consciousness and by direct methods. It is, however, obvious that negative self-consciousness is as actual as positive self-consciousness. The writers of the Hemingway school, who cut out literary effects, are as self-conscious as the writers who put them in; and the writers who aim at classic simplicity are not only self-conscious in style, but in their mental attitudes. As for a "direct" method, the accumulations of the realistic school make that impossible.

It is the writers of the Hemingway school, however, who have been chiefly responsible for the present over-accent on simplicity. They have a sturdy group-consciousness, and are the nearest approach to a school that we have come to in our recent literary history. They have been militant and apostolic, certain that their way of writing alone is sincere. Their program, which has been much affected by the concentration on single phrases of Gertrude Stein and the effort of the *sur-réalistes* to synchronize impression and event, may be summarized as follows: to suppress literary personality or "style," to substitute actual colloquial speech for conventional literary conversation, and to rule out all effects designed to stimulate emotion.

These ideas, if followed to their logical conclusions, would lead to the replacement of the writer by the dictaphone and the camera. In no other way would it be possible to suppress the personality of the writer and record conversation exactly. It is as impossible to suppress literary personality as it is to suppress one's face. The attempt leads to eccentricity or dulness, vices which may both be laid at the doors of the Hemingway school.

The writer who is intent to reproduce colloquial speech has perforce to fall back upon a colorless, average vocabulary and upon simple declarative sentences. Observation, however, will prove to anyone who takes the trouble to analyze a conversation that this is an unnatural kind of speech. All people have conversational mannerisms. Almost nobody speaks in simple declarative sentences. We speak rather in long breaths uniting disparate structures by any catch conjunctions. Besides, we speak to persuade, to convince, to excuse ourselves, to complain, and these ends require other means than the simple declarative sentence. These means are conversational devices which, when examined, prove to be either identical with or analogous to precisely those literary effects regarded as artificial by the Hemingway school.

There is another aspect, too, which tends to be forgotten in these discussions. Most people are inarticulate. They read books partly to have articulated for them emotions which are or which they can believe to be their own. The writer can escape neither the task nor the responsibility. Since very few people observe and judge for themselves, they rely, to a degree which is not sufficiently realized, upon newspapers, movies, the theater, and books. Of these, books, least resorted to, are the most important, for they tend to form a common source for the others. The very career of the conversational clichés of Hemingway's characters illustrates this. Many young men and women among his readers identified themselves with the lost generation. "Swell" became the fashionable adjective; and people swore and swelled in imitation of the gay despairers of "The Sun Also Rises."

Writers who use a rhetorical conversation with a philosophical content represent one ambition of their readers. The dialogue of the Hemingway school represents another. Both may be artificial (though in any good novel the most stilted conversation will sound natural and convincing), and both are flatteries. For the Hemingway picture of a hard and disillusioned generation is a flattery; just as the previous picture of a world of sensitive souls was a flattery. Fashions will change of course. In time this style of literary conversation will seem as preposterous as the melancholy Wertherisms which soothed and flattered the generation after the Napoleonic wars.

Finally, the attempt to rule out emotional response is impossible. The emotions cannot be and are not evaded. Our generation may use the drug of alcohol and a discipline of disdain rather than Puritan restraint of emotions, but the outcome will be much the same—deformity. In the "unemotional" writing of this school what we most often have is almost medicinal extracts of emotion that are raw on the nerves. Instead of catharsis we have a kick. Repression of emotion has not cured the false expression of emotion. It produces a false restraint. We shall have to experience much of the latter before we can decide which of the two is the lesser evil.

II

In a curious way this school which has repudiated philosophy and ideas has come into alliance with the chief active philosophy of our time—behaviorism. The effort to suppress the personality of the author results in the suppression of the personalities of his characters. The author, like the reader, fulfils himself in his characters. He cannot clip his style and his ideas without correspondingly clipping down his characters. These tend more and more to be reduced to types. They are almost ideal behaviorists. Instead of the inevitability of tragedy they offer the invariability, the automatism, of type reaction.

Somewhere I remember reading of an invader who destroyed a town because one of its citizens blew a bugle. The fault of one condemned all. The attack of the neo-realists upon style is reminiscent of that measure. There is no doubt that they have been honestly enraged by the abuses of literary devices. They have forgotten that style is more than its abuses. I am willing to admit that few things in literature are so offensive as bad "fine" writing. But because bad rhetoric is functionless, it must not be forgotten that rhetoric has a function. It has several important functions, one of them being to simplify, by metaphor, subtle and complex material. Some great books have been written in a bare style, but most great books have been written in an elaborate style, making use of all the resources of rhetoric. It would be unnatural in a writer deliberately to ignore devices which would intensify and allusions which would enrich his work. To write barely is to meet the problem of style, like that of the emotions, by an evasion.

Bare writing presumes a public unconscious of its cultural heritage and insensitive to style—a reading public at the level of children. Read for instance this piece from a story by Erskine Caldwell in the Winter, 1930, number of *Hound and Horn*. "Mal was a fine woodsman. In the spool mill, though, he was not such a good workman. He didn't like to work in the mill in the summer time. The mill made spools for electric wire." This sounds very much like the literature offered to immigrants as a literacy test. We have, however, a reading public which derives something from its traditional culture, and understands and enjoys allusive writing. It enjoys prose rhythms and all the riches of rhetoric. For whom then is Mr. Caldwell writing?

III

I will take advantage of a personal friendship to give what I think is a very good example of the unnaturalness of the new technique. One of the better-known novelists of the new school is Josephine Herbst, author of "Nothing Is Sacred" and "Money for Love." Miss Herbst believes that in her writing she is natural and realistic because she avoids literary effects and reproduces what she considers authentic speech. Miss Herbst is a writer with definite narrative gifts. But to know how genuine and abundant are these gifts one should hear her tell a story. It may be a casual meeting with a shopkeeper or a neighbor that she tells about, but at once it becomes an important occasion; it stirs in us that warm glow of acceptance which fine narrative makes us feel for all its characters.

I have always anticipated hearing Miss Herbst talk and I have given her closer attention than she knows. While she was speaking I made an analysis to discover what made the stories she told so effective. I found that in these spontaneous narratives she used a multitude of adjectives, metaphors, and similes, and those gestures, pauses, and facial expressions which in writing have to be conveyed by prose rhythm and the weights and intensities of well-chosen words. In her speech, in short, she is unashamedly rhetorical. However, when she sits down to write, she is overcome by scruples. She avoids the literary effects that she uses naturally in her speech. As a result, her novels have not realized to the full her narrative powers.

In what I have written I have not intended to deny that simplicity is a virtue. But it is one virtue among many. It may be a virtue for some writers and a vice for others; just as rhetoric in the hands of a master is a virtue, while in the hands of a bungler it is something ludicrous and even obscene.

The overemphasis on simplicity has had two unfortunate results. One is the effect upon writers, who are, like all other human beings, a mystery to themselves. Some never understand and never realize their powers. Most arrive at comparative self-knowledge only after years of effort and error. Most writers also are as imitative and envious as other human beings and dominated by the necessity of "keeping up with the Joneses." The Joneses of today happen to be the successful writers of the Hemingway school. Many writers are forcing themselves out of their natural bent and are giving us unlovely artifice in the name of simplicity.

The effect on the reading public is a flattery of one of the worst sides of its nature. Just as Werther flattered its generation by confirming its romantic sense of despair, so the vogue of simplicity is flattering our generation by confirming its sense of inferiority, its wish to relax and give up its efforts to be disciplined and socially responsible. There is apparent in contemporary thought a notion that science and industry are making it both unnecessary and impossible to be cultured. Watson's behaviorism and Spengler's "Decline of the West" have encouraged this feeling; and now in literature, the effect of which upon behavior is, I think, not sufficiently recognized, the Hemingway school is bringing forward the heroes and heroines of the new *mores*.

The dislocations of war accelerated the process. But the social acceptance of these ideas lies in the democratization of culture, which until recently was a class product. When the whole mass of the population of the Western world found itself obliged to understand a music, art, literature, science, and conduct for which only leisure and cultivation could fit it, the outcome was that some despaired and some repudiated. The despair and the repudiation penetrated upward. Even for the educated and the wealthy culture had become, by the inclusion of science, so broad, and involved so much effort in its mastery, that a tendency to revolt seized upon them. And they too felt a necessity for simplicity, and experienced a relief of tension whenever taste, by a turn of fashion, became lowbrow. Thus, although they themselves are no democrats, the writers of the Hemingway school came to regard it as their mission to establish in literature a direct contact with life, which they believed they achieved by discarding literary effects.

IV

The realization of this has made many observers pessimistic, but, I think, needlessly. New cultural publics are forming, and in time, I believe, historians will comment upon the rapidity with which the naturalization of the masses into the world of culture has proceeded. Mistakes that have been made are teaching their lessons. Educational authorities now understand that some proportion of the school population requires other than an academic training. There is already taking place, again, a stratification of audiences. The Theater Guild, the little-theater movement, the little motion-picture houses, and similar developments in the other arts are separating the public into homogeneous sections. It is a stratification by unconscious choice and to a smaller degree than ever before by inequality of opportunity. Publics will soon not be crowding together to their mutual discomfort.

Vulgarization of knowledge will not be necessary at the present pace of increase in education. Those who are ambitious to learn are acquiring the dignity to suit their ambition. The writer who does not admit a compulsion to be falsely simple and confidently trusts to find an audience receptive to the highest expression of his talent helps enormously to create such an audience, as the history of art shows by innumerable instances. Vulgarization, professional simplicity, is a poor weapon. Lenin was hostile to the propagandists who weakened their message and unintentionally falsified it by popularization. He commanded them to stop using "baby talk." And the event proved that agitators who took their task seriously and did not make concessions to stupidity and laziness got attention and respect. Their audiences appreciated being spoken to as matured men and women.

As I have said, a number of masterpieces have been written in a bare style. They are masterpieces, however, for other reasons than their simplicity; just as Shakespeare's plays are masterpieces for other reasons than their rhetoric. A work must be considered as a whole. We must decide not whether it is simple, but whether it is good.

Books

George Jean Nathan

Testament of a Critic. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THOUGH it will doubtless only be regarded as an affectation of singularity on my part, I make bold to say, in spite of all that has been written to the contrary in recent years, that Mr. H. L. Mencken and Mr. George Jean Nathan have a very great deal in common. I have frequently seen in print the comment that the prose styles of the aforesaid Messrs. Mencken and Nathan bear only a superficial resemblance to each other; it may be merely my lack of discernment, but it seems to me that the resemblance is profound. So similar are their vocabularies, including their own verbal inventions, that it is by this time impossible to recall, if one ever precisely knew, which writer originated which. Their vulgarity is pretty much the same kind of vulgarity, though Mr. Nathan's leans rather more toward the lascivious and Mr. Mencken's toward the macabre. (I might remark that I here use the word vulgarity in no invidious sense, any more than I should in referring to the vulgarity of Rabelais. Mr. Nathan writes with more gusto than any other living critic of the theater, just as Mr. Mencken writes with more gusto than any other literary critic or essayist this side of the Atlantic; and I hazard the generalization that wherever one finds great gusto —one thinks of such classic examples as Rabelais, Voltaire, Swift, Carlyle—one always finds vulgarity, i. e., what are called breaches of good taste. I do not mean to imply, of course, that wherever one finds vulgarity one finds gusto.)

Mr. Nathan's attitude toward the subjects of his discourse, again, is very nearly that of Mr. Mencken. To be sure, while Mr. Mencken prefers to thwack his victims on the cranium, Mr. Nathan more often aims for their pantaloons; while Mr. Mencken suggests a Roman emperor turning thumbs down, Mr. Nathan reminds one more of a small boy thumbing his nose and making obscene noises with his mouth: but this distinction could easily be carried too far. Finally, the very rhythm and sentence structure of Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan are so alike that it requires a sensitive ear to detect the difference. Mr. Mencken's sentences are on the whole more dextrously managed, more compact, and land with a more resounding thud; but Mr. Nathan's achieve a more rapid movement. In Mr. Mencken one hears more of the drum and in Mr. Nathan more of the flute and piccolo. But when all this is set down the distinction remains a tenuous one. Anyone who does not think so may review the old *Smart Set* and tell us who wrote what among the double-signature pieces.

There can be little doubt, in brief, that the stylistic debt of Mr. Nathan to Mr. Mencken is a heavy one. Mr. Nathan's sentences are managed vastly better than they were fifteen years ago, and the Mencken influence is unmistakable. But I do not mean to fall in with the widespread critical notion that Mr. Nathan is a mere ex-satellite of Mr. Mencken, or that, like the moon, he shines by a reflected light—that it was merely his association with Mr. Mencken that brought him into prominence. Doubtless the association hastened his recognition, but his position as a critic today would still be pretty much what it is if that association had never been publicly heard of. If his prose is an imitation of Mr. Mencken's prose, then it is the only successful one—successful because perfectly fused with his own personality, and supported by a native fertility of pungent simile and epithet perhaps equal to Mr. Mencken's own. To return to our astronomical figures, we may say that Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken were twin stars, revolving about each other and affecting each other's orbits.

Certain differences, to be sure, there have always been between them. Mr. Mencken's heroes are Huxley and Nietzsche, and he is probably most comfortable with his coat off; Mr. Nathan is a dandy and a man about town, with leanings toward the philosophy of the Cyrenaics and Oscar Wilde. Mr. Mencken's interests have been drifting more and more away from pure literature into politics, biology, and theological speculations; Mr. Nathan clings pretty close to Forty-second Street. It seems impossible to drag Mr. Nathan out of the theater and impossible to drag Mr. Mencken into one. Mr. Nathan points his difference from Mr. Mencken by remarking in the present volume:

> Since we are all now duly and perfectly aware that America has its full share of Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Ku Kluxers, not to mention the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., the D. A. R., and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, we may as well stop harping on the subject.

We are all, it might be added, quite as duly and as perfectly aware that America has its full share of bad playwrights, bad critics, absurd talkies, and preposterous actors, but no recognition of this general awareness—fortunately—prevents Mr. Nathan from harping on fresh examples.

But let us drop this comparison, which is perhaps becoming tedious, and look at Mr. Nathan by himself. His merits are many, and not to be briefly catalogued. The writing of few critics is so continuously entertaining for its own sake. He has the sharpest realistic discernment of any theatrical reviewer now in regular practice. No other has so keen a scent for every shade of sham, pose, affectation. His intelligence is certainly as high as, and his range of knowledge of the drama—European and American, ancient and contemporary—equal and perhaps superior to, that of any other dramatic critic in these parts; yet though in this sense a highbrow he is never taken in by highbrowism. He has repeated often and in many forms his belief that "the place of the theater in the community is infinitely less the place of the university, the studio, and the art gallery than the place of the circus, the rathskeller, and the harem." He is for "horse-play, belly-laughter, pretty girls . . . farce, flippancy, folderol." He has argued year in and year out against the insufferably persistent notion "that a bad play that views life soberly is somehow better than an equally bad one that views it lightly." Mr. Nathan, again, is less taken in than most of his colleagues by the mere themes of plays, their so-called philosophy. He never, for example, confuses "a mere loud statement of some hitherto theatrically unspoken phase of sex with meritorious drama." (He finds that the Anglo-American sex drama, on the whole, "resembles nothing so much as a guinea-pig that has gone intellectual.") Mr. Nathan's exuberant flow of words, once more, giving the impression of a man writing as rapidly and spontaneously as he talks, disguises the solid work and tedious research that must go into so much of his writing. Ten pages in the present volume, for instance, set out to prove that Bernard Shaw, in spite of his occasional efforts to mask the fact, has not only an aversion to sex but a fear of it; these pages prove their contention completely and unanswerably; but it takes little imagination to realize the heavy spade work that Mr. Nathan, in spite of his pose as a gay and indolent fellow careering down the primrose highways of the world, put behind them. Mr. Nathan has for years been accused of a mere *contra mundum* attitude. That he loves contradiction for its own sake, that he may even enjoy it when his boos and catcalls turn out to be solos, I should be the last to deny; but when one looks over his record for a quarter of a century one finds it amazingly sane and balanced; one finds that his perspective and his standards have seldom deserted him, while the enthusiasms of most of his colleagues have come to look as ludicrous as he represented them to be at the time. Mr. Nathan has always held that Eugene O'Neill stood in a class apart among American dramatists, that, in spite of his failures, he is the only one who has what may be called size. The truth of this judgment has become more and more obvious with the passage of the years.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that Mr. Nathan is the most completely honest of our theater critics. By honesty I mean to imply certain intellectual as well as moral qualities—independence, the ability to remain unswayed by other judgments, the courage to state one's position unequivocally and to make enemies in all camps. We may note in the present book, for example, the wholesale consideration of American dramatists, with brief summaries of the importance of each. I quote one sentence in illustration:

> The so-called New Playwrights group, John Howard Lawson, Em Jo Basshe, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, and Michael Gold, disclose nothing; they may be dismissed.

The point here is not whether this sweeping judgment is just or not; the point is that we have here a group of writers that have been highly praised by literary critics and by some of the dramatic critics that Mr. Nathan might be expected to respect most, and that, not through moral indignation or fear of their revolutionary social doctrines or lack of hospitality toward technical innovations, Mr. Nathan can still dismiss them peremptorily and unapologetically.

May we not say of his dramatic criticism what he himself says of Shaw's—that what he has brought to it, aside from his own contribution, is the gift of independence and courage to others?

HENRY HAZLITT

A Daniel for Shylock

The Last Days of Shylock. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"THE ISLAND WITHIN" established Ludwig Lewisohn as one of the more considerable of contemporary novelists. It was not only an important contribution to fiction; it was proof that Lewisohn had found himself, that he had at last discovered a tradition that he could accept, a cause that he could follow, an interpretation of life that he could believe. In "The Island Within" Lewisohn the propagandist and Lewisohn the artist both found complete expression without sacrifice of either unity of form or unity of tone. The reader of Mr. Lewisohn's earlier works could only regard this book, perhaps the most nearly perfect thesis novel of our generation, as evidence that the author had achieved both intellectual and aesthetic maturity.

In view of the effectiveness of the legend introduced in the last book of "The Island Within," and in view of Lewisohn's expressed desire that Jews should be more familiar with their own traditions, it is not surprising that in his new novel he has turned from the contemporary scene to an earlier period. For his purposes the story of Shylock offered two advantages: it permitted him to redress an ancient wrong and to introduce certain colorful and little-known episodes from that saga of suffering, the history of the Jews. There was, however, one danger involved in the utilization of this story that should perhaps have outweighed, in Mr. Lewisohn's mind, the advantages: there is only one Shylock, Shakespeare's Shylock; no antecedent tradition justifies a different tradition; one must take the merchant as Shakespeare presents him. And there can be no doubt that Shakespeare thought of Shylock as a malign, avaricious, relentless person. The actors who have tried to make of Shylock a tragic and even an appealing character have had some assistance from the text, for Shakespeare was too wise a playwright to make his Jew such a monstrosity as Marlowe's Barabas; but Shakespeare was writing for an audience with prejudices he probably shared and certainly did not intend to affront. Shylock's defeat was planned to arouse not pity but righteous joy, and his character was shaped to warrant that emotion.

Lewisohn, then, was confronted in the first half of his book with the task of reconciling his Shylock and Shakespeare's. Does Shakespeare make Shylock vindictive? Then Lewisohn will explain his vindictiveness by telling what he has suffered, by presenting Antonio as an active enemy of the Jews, by explaining that Shylock wanted merely to humiliate and not to kill the Christian merchant. But the effort is futile. Lewisohn's Shylock is simply not vindictive; he is noble, long-suffering, not forgiving perhaps but certainly not vengeful. This Shylock would never have put his hostility to Antonio even partly on the ground that he had lowered the rate of interest; this Shylock would never have lamented the loss of his ducats equally with the loss of his daughter. Try as he will, Lewisohn cannot believe in Shakespeare's Shylock; he has created a different person of that name. And in the opening chapters, which are necessarily filled with echoes of the play, the two Shylocks appear, first one and then the other, as confusingly as the twins in "The Comedy of Errors."

After the chapters that are located in Venice Lewisohn has his own way, and his Shylock emerges, growing clearer and clearer until finally the other Shylock vanishes from the reader's mind. In this part of the story the absence of any pre-Shakespearean tradition is an asset, for Lewisohn can invent for Shylock whatever adventures suit his purpose. Escaping from Venice shortly after his forced baptism, the merchant journeys to Constantinople, to Joseph Nassi, Jewish treasurer of the Sultan. Nassi has received permission from his master to rebuild the city of Tiberias, and Shylock is placed in charge of the enterprise. Thus Lewisohn is able to tell a story that, in a remarkable and tragic way, parallels certain events in the recent history of Palestine. After the failure of this experiment in repatriation, Shylock goes to live in Cyprus, where he eventually finds Jessica and where, with her and her sons, he spends the closing years of his life.

"The Last Days of Shylock" is, despite the unsolved problem of its central character, a moving book, written with great dignity and much beauty of a somber sort. There is one point, and one that ought to be noted, in which Lewisohn's Shylock and Shakespeare's are identical. Heine once said that as Portia represents the grace and beauty of the Renaissance, so Shylock represents the stern hostility of the Jew to art. Lewisohn's Shylock, though there is a moment when he recognizes the grandeur of the church of San Marco, and though he wonders for a time if he has not too rudely shut Jessica away from the gaiety and charm of the city, is fundamentally antipathetic to the virtues of the Renaissance; his high ethical purpose makes no place for beauty. One remembers what Lewisohn himself wrote of Venice in "Cities and Men":

> Beauty is not enough. Too high a price can be paid for it. . . . Could Italy or the world once more be free from the oppressor, could one lasting blow for liberty and peace and mercy be struck at such a price, I would stand unmoved while all this golden beauty, which stirs my soul no less than others', toppled forever into the overwhelming sea.

In these words Lewisohn has put himself on record as being, if there must be a choice, on Shylock's side, not on Portia's. But fortunately he has written many books bearing witness to the fact that beauty does indeed stir and haunt his soul, that in him love of righteousness and love of beauty are fused. The sense of a strong ethical purpose is perhaps Lewisohn's most important contribution to the existing cultural situation, just as it is certainly the quality that gives substance and force to his books; but it is important precisely because it is wedded to that other quality without which the desire for righteousness has done so much damage in the world.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Facts About Prohibition

The Dry Decade. By Charles Merz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

HERE at last is an honest book on prohibition. Mr. Merz, although a wet, neither denounces nor defends. He is content with stating facts.

When Mr. Billy Sunday preached his funeral sermon over the presumably dead body of John Barleycorn there were thousands of upright and earnest citizens who echoed with a loud Amen. These good people were willing to admit that the liquor traffic was all right in its place but its place was in hell. The friends of prohibition were confident that the dragon had been slain. The liquor traffic with its attendant evils of drunkenness, crime, and vice had been finally banished to the outer darkness of illegality.

The experiment began January 16, 1920, with an "era of good feeling." The problem of enforcement was scarcely mentioned. Mr. Wheeler was sure that five million dollars a year would be ample and that this sum "could be reduced when the need disappears." The battle had been fought, the victory won, and the dry hosts left the field. Congress, having been bombarded for generations by both wets and drys, was happy to think that the "liquor question" had finally been disposed of.

This optimism was short-lived. Within six months "every major question which is now prominent in the problem of enforcement had already raised its head." The diversion of industrial alcohol, congestion in the courts, non-cooperation on the part of the States, home brewing, illegal prescriptions for medicinal liquor, and smuggling on a large scale—all had appeared.

The States promptly dumped their enforcement burdens upon Washington. The prima donna had appeared and the supporting cast fell away. But like most prima donnas the national government was long on sound and short on action. When Congress did act, it was not to provide adequate resources for enforcement of the law but to provide more law.

With about three thousand poorly paid employees the Prohibition Bureau in 1924 faced this problem:

> . . . to prosecute 40,000 prohibition cases in the federal courts, to guard 18,000 miles of seacoast and of border, to safeguard

> against diversion of 57,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol, and with what help it could obtain from the States and municipalities to prevent the manufacture of intoxicating liquor in the kitchens or the basements of 20,000,000 homes.

Congress in 1920 appropriated slightly over $2,000,000 for enforcement. This was increased from year to year until it reached a total of $12,000,000 in 1929—but it is still far short of the $300,000,000 which Dr. Doran says is necessary.

The States, after the fashion of Congress, have been willing to provide legislation but not the wherewithal to make it effective. In 1923 they spent a total of $548,629 for enforcement. In 1927 this total had increased to $689,855 spent by eighteen States. In other words, the States were spending on the enforcement of prohibition about one-fourth of what they spent on monuments and parks and about one-eighth of what was spent on the enforcement of their fish and game laws.

The drys have never ceased to denounce New York for repealing its enforcement act. Yet the record under that law was not encouraging. While it was in force, a total of 6,902 cases was presented to grand juries. Of these 6,074, or 88 per cent, were dismissed; 496 cases, or 7.2 per cent, were settled by pleas of guilty; and only twenty cases, or 3 per cent, resulted in conviction and jail sentence following a trial by jury.

Faced with glutted calendars, the federal authorities resorted to "bargain" days to clear the docket.

> Here justice was dispensed with a broad hand and no necessity for juries. On set days in the court calendars, large numbers of bootleggers, restaurant proprietors, hotel keepers, waiters, smugglers, distillers, and go-betweens would plead guilty to violation of the law, provided they were assured in advance that they would avoid jail sentences and escape with fines.

These pleas of guilty, without jury trial, accounted for over 90 per cent of the convictions by 1925. "The fact of the matter is," says Mr. Merz, "that by 1925 the government had established a new license system, differing from the old license system only in the fact that it was low license rather than high license."

Lacking the necessary facilities for systematic and consistent enforcement, the Prohibition Bureau resorted to a series of spectacular "drives." With the help of the coast guard, rum row was routed; then the battle shifted to the industrial-alcohol front; thence to the harrying of petty patrons of night clubs and resorts; once again to a war on medicinal and sacramental wine, and finally to the "big fellows" who operate the huge stills. But if the enforcement agents were alert, the "conspirators" were more so. It began to appear impossible to suppress the ubiquitous small stills which operated as feeders to the "big fellows."

From the beginning there has been a policy of gambling in generals. Prohibition directors and commissioners have been changed so rapidly that one has scarcely taken off his coat and entered upon the inevitable task of "reorganization" than his head is demanded and his successor is on the way.

In the meantime a mighty war of words was being waged between wets and drys. The wets saw only the wholesale corruption, vice, and crime resulting from the failure of enforcement. The drys saw increased prosperity, happy homes, and smiling faces in a "saloonless land." With the possible exception of Professor Feldman, whose book Mr. Merz does not mention, there has been little effort to get at the facts. The thing has long since become a King Charles head with both factions.

Upon this scene in 1929 came Mr. Hoover.

> Common sense [he said] compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized, searching investigation of fact and cause can alone determine the wise method of correcting them.

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The situation is the same with one exception—the appearance of an organized opposition. It is no longer possible to dismiss the opponents of this law as "gullible guzzlers" or as "tools of the liquor traffic." They are too numerous and too respectable. The drys are preparing for a long siege. "Prohibition will be enforced if we stick to it long enough," said Mrs. Catt. "Ten years is but a little time with 100,000 years ahead."

By all means read this book. It does not point a way but it gives us our bearings. PETER H. ODEGARD

A Duchess and a Dancer

Education of a Princess. A Memoir by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. The Viking Press. $3.50.

Theatre Street. The Reminiscences of Tamara Karsavina. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

HERE are two books which may be counted as pleasant by-products of the Russian Revolution. They were written by women who, if the Czar still ruled, would doubtless today be following a set and preordained way of life in St. Petersburg. Karsavina, perhaps, would make occasional comet-like flights around the world, following the bright orbit of a successful *prima ballerina*; but Marie would have settled down, none too happily, to the precise routine of Russian royalty. The war and the revolution changed all that. In a court so dull that nothing seemed ever to happen, everything suddenly happened in a succession of terrific explosions; and when the clouds had cleared there was no court, and Marie and Karsavina were blown clean out of their niches into new worlds.

Marie's story goes to prove that given a fair chance princesses may be people. Even when she was a child she showed traces of ability and personality—she secretly learned to lace her own boots—but these flare-ups were quickly stifled. Though a grand duchess in a country ruled by an absolute monarch, she was taught not to command but to obey; to be submissive, dutiful, domestic. This was the temper of the royal family and the court. When Marie's father, an uncle of the Czar, took as his second wife a woman who was only a countess he was speedily banished to Paris. Marie and her brother were brought up by their cold and rigid aunt, a sister of the Czarina. Both of these women were granddaughters of Victoria of England and had spent their youth under her ponderous influence. It is impossible not to suspect that some of the indomitable dulness of that magnificent royal bourgeoise had percolated through them into the Russian court. At any rate Marie was fed on a depressing diet of don'ts and better nots; yet when the war came to set her free she braved her own incompetence and got down to work—bandaging wounds, scrubbing floors, and actually running a large war hospital. And when the revolution swept her remaining landmarks away, along with her property and security, she put up with discomforts and dangers quite as gallantly as the more considerable part of the population that had never shared the repressions of royalty.

She finally ducked out of Russia, but one can hardly blame her for leaving a country which had been deliberately rendered uninhabitable for grand duchesses. The only spot at which Marie disappointed me was when she fainted at the sight of several sailors, with "their ladies in woolen, colored kerchiefs," lounging in the ex-imperial box at the ballet. For a girl who had seen all the life—and death, too—that Marie had seen, a thirty-minute swoon seems excessive on such provocation. I can only conclude that box and sailors suddenly lost their material identity and loomed as symbols of all that was gone, and that Marie's nervous system responded with a general collapse such as her cool intelligence would never have tolerated. With almost no other exception, she reveals a vigorous personality and surprising perception. She knew what was going on around her. She knew herself. And she has mixed her history and autobiography with skill and a sharp sense of relative values.

Much the same may be said of the reminiscences of Karsavina, though her writing is of a less conscious, sophisticated order. The early lives of the two women were in several ways similar. Karsavina, like Marie, was subjected to years of rigid discipline and regimentation. But a fundamental difference existed which makes all comparisons empty and unreal. Marie's training was for no other purpose than to satisfy the empty ideals of upper-class propriety. Karsavina's was directed to the end of producing a great artist. This difference was reflected in the attitude of the two girls. Marie was bored and feebly rebellious. Karsavina worked like a little fiend to accomplish each step in her laborious progress, to graduate from the Theater School, to dance at the Marinsky Theater, to become at last a *prima ballerina*. These aims made everything worth while—endless practice, stern governesses, brown dresses, even having one's hair combed with a curry comb. With simplicity and humor Karsavina has told the story of her years on "Theatre Street," and has brought to life that compact world of men and women and children all soberly engaged in the achievement of a disciplined perfection. One of the most beguiling incidents she describes is the descent of Isadora Duncan, like an exploding rocket, into those ordered ranks. The tale of her later experiences, especially her work under the inspired direction of Diaghilev, is invaluable as a record of one of the world's great artistic adventures.

The stories of Marie and Karsavina cover almost the same span of years in the same city. They seldom overlap. Put together they form a fragment of a civilization that is not only gone but is already in need of historical reconstruction.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Mr. Shorey's Plato

Plato: The Republic. With an English Translation by Paul Shorey. Volume I, Books I-V. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THESE are the days of the dictatorship of the literati. The grammarians, the rhetoricians, and the poets have taken over the commonwealth of human beings and are reapportioning the territory in the realm of mind. A Northern professor of English asks us whether we are humanist or naturalist, Southern poets ask us whether we are industrialist or agrarian, and philologists from far corners of the globe ask us whether we are children or adult, whether we think in images or abstractions. For the most part we are happy to be ruled by these makers of dilemmas, since we have light opinions and little familiarity with ideas. It therefore has a certain dramatic interest that Plato's "Republic," which is at least in some respects an attack on grammar, rhetoric, and poetics, should be translated by a grammarian with rhetorical and poetical affiliations.

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should be translating Plato for the Loeb Library. In the first place, this library is the one remaining hope of keeping the ancient classics and what they say effective in the modern world about which we hear so much. The educational devices for bringing students to the classics have failed. Now the few remaining classical scholars are bringing the classics to the student. In the second place, it is important that the work of translation should be done by first-rate scholars, since translators' minds act like sieves, saving only what they can distinguish. Thus the character of whatever renaissance may result from these translations will be determined fundamentally by the quality of scholarship that goes into them. It is therefore important to estimate the quality of mind of the translator before one draws conclusions about the translation and what Plato in this instance says through it. There is no doubt about the first-rank quality of Paul Shorey's scholarship. We may be very grateful to the editors and to him for bringing this quality to bear on "The Republic."

But there is still another kind of judgment to make, one which is suggested by the ancient and medieval divisions in linguistic science. There is the grammarian who studies words—their forms, variations, and interrelations. There is the rhetorician who studies literary forms—their decorative properties and their practical effectiveness. There is the poetic critic who loves grammar and rhetoric for what they can help to express. Finally, there is the dialectician who refers all these to ideas, and notes the logical locus of what is being said. Each sort of scholar has his proper excellence, but there are few who actually achieve adequacy in all respects. Plato's "Republic" has materials that call for all these critical capacities. It has an abundance of verbal subtlety; it carries a heavy load of morals; it is the European prototype of intellectual comedy; and it dialectically reveals a large portion of the ideal basis of Greek thought. Mr. Shorey is primarily a grammarian, but he also has a strong rhetorical and dramatic sense. I think we can safely say on the evidence of the present translation that his interest is not dialectical.

It may be possible for an original author to meet the demands of all these literary sciences and make his work an incarnation of their ideals. One is tempted to define Plato's genius in precisely this way. On the other hand, it is quite certainly true that a translator will have to fall short in some respects just at the points where he achieves excellence in others. The grammarian will show his leanings when he is faced with an idiom; he will choose nicety of verbal detail and let rhetorical effect, aesthetic harmony, and even clarity of ideas go. We may be grateful to Mr. Shorey where he instructs us in Greek verbal mechanics and nuance although he makes us read the passage two or three times to see what Plato means. We may enjoy the tang of Plato's Greek conversational style even when its ambiguity when turned into English leaves us a little poorer in ideas. We may lose the point of the text in following Mr. Shorey's voluminous and sometimes labyrinthine footnotes, and we may even in the end wish to read Mr. Shorey rather than Plato because the comments are so instructive in many subjects and so entertaining when they report Mr. Shorey's associational processes. But there will be times when even the lay reader will stop reading and sigh for a word of encouragement from the dialectician. Certainly the philosopher who has labored with the Greek with the help of Adam's commentary, or lost himself in Mr. Jowett's honeyed and pious version, will be a little disappointed in at least these first five books of "The Republic." He will still wish perversely that Plato had translated his own work into mathematical symbols, or that Mr. Shorey had been a philosopher instead of a philologist.

Perhaps this comment is not fair. Mr. Shorey has written his philosophical interpretation of Plato in "The Unity of Plato's Thought," and a translation is a good place to let us see just how he has used the original material. The two parts are complementary. There is also objective love of the original text which carries over the kind of vitality that we call poetic into his translation. If he has not helped us, he still has not spoiled Plato. After all, there may be less logic in "The Republic" than philosophers have often supposed. There never has been a philosophical writer who tempted his reader more to read between the lines, and it is always difficult to disentangle Plato from his victim in the end. It will be interesting to see the forthcoming second volume to which Mr. Shorey promises to attach some of his conclusions. Perhaps the grammarian and the dialectician will meet there.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

Welcome the Counterfeit

A Night in Kurdistan. By Jean-Richard Bloch. Translated from the French by Stephen Haden-Guest. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THERE is talent in every line of "A Night in Kurdistan." Few living novelists could hope to compete with M. Jean-Richard Bloch, the well-known author of "—— & Co." and frequent contributor to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, in the matter of "style." He is a master in the application of the Best French Literary Manner. And it is because he is talented that a worthless book like "A Night in Kurdistan" should be condemned with especial severity.

In his Prelude M. Bloch informs us that despite his love of France he has never been able to overcome a nostalgic inclination toward the East, "the Continent of Passion." His story, therefore, is to be an imaginative excursion to Asia. Its hero is Saad, a young Mohammedan warrior who is sent as a spy into the Christian city of Kasir to open its gates to his comrades. Disguised as a merchant, he contrives to be invited to spend the night at the home of a prominent Christian. Both the wife and daughter of the Christian fall in love with him. After nightfall he permits himself to be seduced by the wife, but at the climax of their wordless embrace he recovers his self-mastery and kills her without a sound by biting her jugular vein. He also kills her sleeping husband and hurries to the city gate to prepare the entrance of his comrades. Kasir is entered by the Mohammedans and sacked. Saad defends his former host's daughter, but cannot prevent her, when she learns the nature of his relation to her mother, from stabbing herself. When he returns to his mountain home and wife he is unhappy because he is in love with the Christian girl. Finally he decides to return to Kasir in another disguise, in the hope of seeing her. (It turns out that she had not killed herself, but is well once again and more beautiful than ever.) As a blind beggar and convert to Christianity he contrives once more to enter her home. Slowly she becomes aware of his identity, but when he reveals himself she delivers him up for execution. At the moment when he is about to be stoned to death she runs to his side and they die together.

There are several reasons why it is not possible to attach significance to this story. The best is that M. Bloch himself did not. It is evident on every page that he cares neither for Saad nor for Asia nor for what happens, but solely for the preservation of his Manner—that is, the Best French Literary Manner. He puts such an extraordinary valuation upon this Manner, in fact, that he imagines it exempts him from the obligation to seek each moment for a better understanding of his characters and his story. Therefore he floats above the scene at a great height and occasionally drops a golden word which is supposed to let us know that he has observed and understood the whole of life.

There is no need to describe the Best French Literary Manner. Everybody will recognize the following, which is the first paragraph of the book:

> O France whom I love so dearly, people of France in whose midst I have so willingly, so ardently lived and fought, I would I could feel myself born of you, like unto you. But the language of affinity calls more loudly than my wish.

The last paragraph of the book, however, reveals something which is peculiar to M. Bloch:

> Here ends the tale. In Anatolia they often say to the newly married: "We wish for you that your deaths may be as happy as the deaths of Evanthia and Saad."
>
> Better than he who tells this tale, God knows the heart of the matter.

There is something about the mellifluous humility of the last sentence which is peculiarly ostentatious. (Of course there was no need for the sentence: until then M. Bloch had assumed the paternal omniscience of God for himself.) If we look closely we find that ostentation is the central vice of M. Bloch. After each line he cocks his head to listen, his shrewd eyes gleaming, for our applause. There are few books which are so consistently inspired by vanity.

It was his vanity that led him to betray his talent and produce something of no value, a counterfeit. (Perhaps on second thought his talent is less than we imagined. After all, he has but a slight sense of character, scene, or locale; no particular insight, and no message at all—little, in fact, except his "style." Perhaps we never admire the engraver's hand except he has wasted it on a counterfeit, and never think of style unless, as here, it is *appliqué.*) In any case, there is not a page of "A Night in Kurdistan" which does not seek to win our applause by suggesting something else that we have read before. As a result, when we have concluded this well-wrought imitation our inner experience amounts to zero.

The book should have a success in America. First, because so many will like its style. Second, because of its erotic passages. Third—best reason of all—because it is a counterfeit. We all know that the bank is the only place in America where the counterfeit is not liked. Art like this, in particular, is made immediately to feel at home.

GERALD SYKES

Brandes on Voltaire

Voltaire. By Georg Brandes. Translated by Otto Kruger and Pierce Butler. Albert and Charles Boni. Two volumes. $10.

IT is a little hard to understand just why these two massive volumes should have been rescued for us from the Danish (or the German—it is not made clear which language is being translated from). That they form a just and vivid appraisal of a great figure is undeniable; but they add nothing, on the interpretative side, to Morley's classic volume; and from the point of view of scholarship little that is new appears to have been added by Brandes to the labors of the French researchers. He tells the story well, but it is one that has been too often told, perhaps, to enlist our attention very vitally.

Throughout, the sustaining viewpoint is that of the humanitarian-liberal-rationalist, the progressive "good European," so admirably typified by Georg Brandes, himself a son of the enlightenment. The modern reader, as he peruses these careful and sympathetic pages, feels constantly the lack of the Lytton Strachey touch. To such a reader, perhaps, it is more important to point out the superficial and literary quality of Voltaire's skepticism (eighteenth-century "scientific" optimism with its

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fangs bared) than to retell for the fiftieth time the history of the Calas and Sirven affairs. One would like to see it demonstrated, possibly, that Voltaire, far from being a "mystery," was great in his very lack of complication; that despite his versatility he was at the opposite pole from the Da Vinci universal-genius type. To a critic of Brandes's background, such misgivings, such questions, could never occur; he never departs from an attitude of judicial hero-worship.

The book is far less valuable for its tracing of Voltaire's career than for its frequent brilliant vignettes of minor eighteenth-century personalities.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

A Roving Commission. My Early Life. By the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

Mr. Churchill has already recounted a good deal of his part in making history in the three volumes of "The World Crisis" and in "The Aftermath," the latter bringing the story down to 1928. In "A Roving Commission" he goes back to the cradle and comes down to the time when, returning to England after the South African war, the "khaki" election landed him in the House of Commons. It is a racy narrative, vividly and at times brilliantly written, abounding in good stories, striking descriptions of personalities, and caustic comments on matters as varied as primary and public-school education, military training, polo-playing in India, and politics. More than most English public men, Mr. Churchill has had the fortune to "land on his feet" in difficult situations, and he lets us see the play of luck, not unmixed with dash and skill on his own part, in his experiences as a newspaper correspondent in India with a military command that did not want him, his campaign with Kitchener in Egypt and the Sudan, and his theatrical escape from the prison camp to which the Boers consigned him. Of this last adventure, told in part and with some necessary variants shortly after, he here gives for the first time a full report. Through the narrative runs a note of affectionate regard for his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, whose devotion was constant and resourceful. It would be hard to find a more entertaining book of reminiscence, or one from which, considering the rapidity of the advance and the spectacular nature of some of the experiences, the tone of self-satisfaction is more conspicuously absent.

Marcel Proust: Sa Révélation Psychologique. By Arnaud Dandieu. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

M. Dandieu's book is for the advanced Proustian rather than the beginner. No work of recent years, not even "Ulysses," has given rise to so many commentaries as has "A la recherche du temps perdu," and no other recent work could have been so fruitfully approached from so many different angles. M. Dandieu has concentrated on what seems to him the most fundamental consideration, namely, Proust's conception of reality. In his analysis he has drawn upon anthropology, psychology, and philosophy. He has tried to show how Proust's evocation of the past resembles primitive magic, and how his preoccupation with this process resulted in a kind of split personality. Dandieu does not, however, attack Proust, as some critics have done, on the ground that his work ends in moral and psychological chaos; on the contrary, he maintains that the final result, after the process of dissociation and disintegration is complete, is a kind of recomposition of the human personality. Much of Dandieu's discussion is illuminating, especially his comments on Proust's theories as expressed in "Le temps retrouvé."

A Woman on Her Way. By John Van Druten. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

It is only in the last few pages of this novel that the events which make up the story of Elinor, female novelist, kind friend, and disappointed lover, achieve anything near interest. The round of gossip and literature and beds that Mr. Van Druten spins his lengthy novel on is tiresome in the extreme. Snatches of dialogue, an amusing anecdote occasionally brighten its waste spaces, but none of the characters become more than names with the exception of a little typist, whose genuineness is due principally to her bit part and to her resemblance to the characters in Frank Swinnerton's novels. Perhaps it is the deadly evenness of the narrative, the flatness of the style, or the boring commonplaceness of the events which makes this novel by the author of "Young Woodley" so unimpressive. If "the sterility of sophistication" was his topic, then he might have made the sterility of his characters at least positive enough to merit the space he devotes to them.

Back Street. By Fannie Hurst. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

This is an absorbing novel. It seems a bit over-written. And Miss Hurst is guilty, as usual, of exaggeration, of piling things on too heavily, of stacking her cards through a sense of logical necessity. Things have to *fit* a little too neatly in her world (as in that of many others) and so she resorts to glamorous depths and heights, logically worked out but a bit obviously arranged. But "Back Street" certainly ranks with the best work she has done. It is the story of Ray Schmitt, the "tony" and somewhat "fly" Ray (to adopt the slang belonging to her early years). Men of all kinds like Ray; and Ray likes them. She can't help it. She is born the good fellow. But she finally falls in love. And in her love for the mediocre-souled Walter Saxel that lasts so many years positions are reversed. Ray is the true wife of this rising banker who grows so enormously wealthy. Corinne, the wife, is much more the petted and lavishly supported mistress. There is a curious streak in this Walter, who cannot bear that Ray should be out of contact with him for five days, which makes him keep her down to bare necessities—though he forbids her to keep her job. And so when Walter dies she is left stranded. The rest is true and tragic and not without a certain beauty. Miss Hurst has done her backgrounds with complete understanding. And she has described an interesting girl and woman, one without great abilities or special qualifications, with an insight which should have wide appeal.

Naked on Roller Skates. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Horace Liveright. $2.

Maxwell Bodenheim has written another of his wild-eyed novels in which words, words, words, big words and little words, are scattered about like bullets from the mouth of a machine-gun. If one could distil the essence of these novels into a long poem like, for instance, Mr. March's "The Wild Party," one would have a brilliant and penetrating study of a certain stratum of American life. But amid the profundities, the bits of sheer illuminating insight, the powerful juxtaposition of nerve-racked minds, taut muscles, and romantic sordidness, there is a good deal of nonsense. Words and figures carry Mr. Bodenheim away. At his best he *is* a better poet than novelist. The present novel, which is much superior to its absurd title, is a study of Terry Barberbilt, wanderer, adventurer, old-timer, who has gone through the mill of a life of dangerous, wandering adventure; of Ruth, the Connecticut girl who is eager for life, for experience, for adventurous living, who marries him; and of three backgrounds—a Connecticut town, Harlem, and lower Eighth Avenue. The chief characters are "proletarians"; gentility and the passion for property play little part in their lives.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

The Gentle Libertine. By Colette. Translated by R. C. B Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

The sexual dissatisfaction of a female, bourgeois, French moron is described in this novel by Colette. Some of it seems a bit thin—though Minne's childhood moods and vagrancies are, certainly, delicately written of—and nothing seems precisely actual about any of the characters save the libertine herself. The tone of the amours is, too, vaguely reminiscent of the Anatole France of "The Red Lily." What is most admirable in the novel as a novel is the plan whereby the adolescent status of Minne's emotions is maintained in maturity—or, at least, in adult circles—by omitting, suddenly, any account of a considerable passage of time. Since the omitted interval might well have been the crucial time in Minne's girlhood, it might have been difficult to sustain Minne's adolescent attitude. The method is a trick, but like most of Colette's sly tricks of style, a good one. And the end of Minne's nymphic career in her husband's arms is as impressive as was the end of "Chéri."

The Goblin Woman. By Rose O'Neill. With Drawings by the Author. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

An elegant lady of obscure origins descends in a thickness of prose upon a New England town and causes much elaborate talk about herself and others. Eventually she goes off to Italy with the very handsomest gentleman in the place, his marriage is annulled, and the book ends cloudily. But some of the characters intervening are amusing, the events of sufficient complexity, and, occasionally, a pleasant sentence slips through the heavy prose.

Art

A Painter of the Machine Age

THE role of the painter, under the modern American economy, has been on the whole an unhappy and marginal one, largely dependent upon the supply and the demands of retired business dynasts or their snobbish wives. As to the young contemporary painter, it has seemed at times as if the "system" required that he be dead—dead as Romney or Gainsborough, so that one of his pictures could be sold, "together with an appropriate chair," by some forehanded merchant of Fifth Avenue.

These conditions still prevail, I say; and despite the promising changes in the exterior aspect of our cities, the recent upheavals in architecture, the public congestion in the rooms of the Modern Museum, the dead hand of the past still lies with surprising weight upon everything here that pertains to the life of art. Knowing the strategic, vital role that great artists have played in past civilization—Egyptian, Grecian, or Florentine—by giving expression to the religion or lore of peoples, who could be more aware of missed opportunity and immense intangible loss than the modern painter; above all, as he stares at the confusion, the planlessness, with which the industrial city of today has casually flung itself up, grandiose from the distant view, bitterly disappointing to the close scrutiny? Business has been rich for a period, and so business architecture and decoration have made notable gains. But aside from the thrilling line which engineering boldness contributes, how often the substance and surface is wanting in all meaning, or reflects the most negligible taste or fashion? How many proud skyscrapers, severely cubist in soul, are clad in medieval costumes, or ornamented with sculptured replicas of rococo German Rhine maidens?

Faced with this confusion of values and purposes, reflecting he deeper confusion and, almost, cowardice at bottom, the young American painter Henry Billings has sought to evolve a solution, logical and intelligent, out of the various schemes of art that fill the air. He has attacked the dual problem of the function of the artist and of the proper realm of his effort in the mechanized society which is the present environment. First, he has essayed the medium of mural painting, adapted to the structural-steel and stone architecture which is the order of the day. Since "easel painting" has nothing to say, apparently, to the walls, rooms, cities we now live in, he bids this medium farewell, consigning it to the lifeless halls of museums. (Most of us may cling to "easel painting," as to chamber music or violin sonatas, saying that great art obliterates walls; Billings, in his interesting evolution, abandons it.) Second, he has with great adventurousness managed to plant himself and his huge murals in the upper reaches of a modern skyscraper, towering over the very heart of the geometrical city, as if to say: "This is where we belong! Here is our field of operation!"

The gigantic pictures on view in the Squibb building, twenty-sixth story, during the weeks of February and early March, 1931, are memorable things and offer a significant contrast to the style of murals given by Benton and Orozco, further downtown, at the New School for Social Research. They are all faithful variations on the theme of the great machinery which rules our world, and soberly entitled: Corliss Steam Engine, Generator, Locomotive, Tools of Precision, etc. The treatment is "flat" and in deliberately subdued color values for the sake of not breaking up walls. Despite certain perceptible deficiencies or lacunae in several of the pictures, which may be summed up as the want of enough plastic interest, variety, intensity—deficiencies which the talents of the painter promise to remedy as he develops and adjusts himself to the new medium—the degree of success in the whole experiment is formidable. Tools of Precision, a triangular design in tones of gray and overlaid gold leaf, is the lovely interplay of forms; while Stamping-Press and Locomotive accumulate a colossal effect of energy through brilliant organization. But there is another aspect of these pictures which is of immense importance.

Painting in this century, notably French painting, had felt the new need of abstraction, of the geometrical and the primitive. But its adventure had terminated in what Valéry calls the "too pure zones"; and it retraced its steps, as from a blind alley. Billings, with geometrical and primitive feeling, goes to the fountainhead of allegory and attaches his painting to a symbolism—machinery, in itself abstract and geometrical.

Henry Billings is ostensibly no Bolshevist; but his brush has been terribly truthful and speaks to us without romanticism of the new Frankensteins which are the strange culmination of some two centuries of industrialism. These monsters have no human values in their eye; they stand there, automatic, implacable, omnipotent, in their actual relation to our own smallness and timidity. We, who peer at them, are but *quantities,* while they, with their inscrutable ends, are the moving force of the mechanized world which the Henry Fords have attempted to order for us. Nevertheless, this world of which Henry Billings has painted the essential symbols is one which the Fords would reject with instant horror in favor of the gentler one of the aforementioned Romneys. It is a wonder that all the big and little Squibbs do not rise up in anger to throw out Billings and his damning murals.

Paintings of machines are usually oppressive; but these at times seem neat, perfect, almost wistful. It is as if they say: *We* have no evil intentions; *we* wish only to work, to go round and round, or up and down. Now at the present moment of history the world of mechanism staggers a little; so that to be told yet of man's struggles amid his own monstrous although Billings has spoken eloquently, perhaps there is much devices.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

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Drama

The Theater of Phrases

PIRANDELLO'S new play, "As You Desire Me" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), might be and has indeed been hailed as another contribution by this Italian intellectua to what we call our theater of ideas. For one who like myself found the piece merely pretentious and tiresome, nothing could be a more forcible reminder of the difficulties we get into when we use the word "idea" in connection with the drama. I found no ideas in it at all—or rather, I found a very rudimentary idea strutting around in fine clothes. The clothes could easily be identified as coming from the shop of a fashionable phrase-maker. Here was a drama of phrases all right. But hardly a drama of ideas.

Ideas are of immense importance in the theater. I can imagine no good play being without many of them—more of them, perhaps, than the author ever knew he put into it. Shakespeare, in spite of Shaw, is crammed with ideas; and so is any playwright who has the power of interesting us and moving us. Curiously enough, the sign that a play contains ideas is that it moves us. The ideas may be great or small, old or new, but it is certainly they that produce our excitement. Not that we could go away and say just what the ideas were—put them, I mean, into prose. They have not the quality of epigrams. They are the sort of ideas, in short, which can exist only in dialogue. They are capable of being translated into the mysterious language of action and feeling. A character is an idea, a conflict is an idea. A moral never is.

Pirandello's play is stuck with a big and obvious moral—one large, abnormal clove. Pull that out and the meat must lose its savor, since there are no further ideas inside to season it as it might be seasoned. The moral is put into words—oh, many times—and runs somewhat to this effect: that if you can only believe me to be what I think I am, then I am what I think. The heroine is a woman with two pasts, one bad and one good. The good one came first, naturally enough; the bad one came after an invasion of her Italian home during the war, when she was violated by the invaders and suffered the loss of her reason, or at any rate of her memory. Now, after ten dissolute years in Germany, she is recognized for the person she used to be—the virtuous wife of a citizen of Milan—and is taken back to her husband. But the husband can never quite be sure that she is she. An insane woman has been found who meets the tests of identity much better; and then there are just plain doubts. Well, perhaps she is not the woman in question. We are permitted to doubt it ourselves, or even to be certain on the negative side. But the point of the play is that if the husband would only believe in her—which it happens that he cannot—she in her soul would be giving him what he had lost ten years ago. He might possess the body of a strange woman, but, given time, her soul by study and contemplation might verily become the substance of her who is gone.

The failure of the play is the failure to make all this doctrine either credible or palatable. It is so obviously a truth that is being thrust at us that with our customary perversity we refuse to accept it. And the reason for our refusal, I think, is that the truth has been put into words. Had it come in the form of action, in the form of feeling, we should have accepted it without knowing that we did so, and waited for some commentator to tell us what we had accepted. Pirandello is his own commentator; so we resist him. I did so at any rate, being entirely unmoved by the performance. The fact that audiences continue to come away from the theater as they came away that night, charged with emotion, can mean therefore only two things: either that I was wrong in being unmoved, or that they thought they ought to be moved by the great Pirandello and consequently were. The acting of Judith Anderson as The Unknown One (the capitals are Pirandello's) was accomplished but cold.

The acting of Eva Le Gallienne as Marguerite in the Civic Repertory Theater's revival of "Camille" is certainly accomplished, and is as certainly not cold. Neither does any warmth seem to have gone out of the body of this play, which, preposterous enough at certain points, was written by Dumas so directly, so honestly, so simply, and so wholly with the emotions of Marguerite and Armand in mind that it survives in spite of everything. Believe as you will that there was never any need for the sacrifice which Marguerite made of her lover, the consequences of that sacrifice remain as pitiful as ever they were. I have not seen Miss Le Gallienne do better work, nor have I seen her better supported by her company. Week in and week out, New York's best acting is to be seen on Fourteenth Street.

"In the Best of Families," a farce by Anita Hart and Maurice Braddell (Bijou Theater), is a mystery play, the question being which of five possible men is the father of an illegitimate child. The only one of the five who is never suspected turns out, of course, to be guilty. I have seldom heard so much vulgarity in two hours.

MARK VAN DOREN

Films

Glories of the "Epic"

SPEAKING by and large, it is a good thing for the movies that now and again a Hollywood company turns to a historical subject and produces an "epic." The triteness of so many film comedies and dramas, though inherent in their stories, would have bulked less prominently if their main characters had been shown against a background of active humanity. At least, the advantage of the "epic" method has been demonstrated in a number of films in which the employment of large masses of people shifted the interest from the central figures to the mass action that surged around them.

It is true, when Hollywood turns to the masses it never does so for their own sake, never treats them as a compact organism welded together by common interests and sentiments. Pictures like "Potemkin," "Grass," or even "The Silent Enemy" are not made in Hollywood. The Hollywood practice is to keep the masses on the fringes of the plot, using them only for spectacular effects or merely as a background for the principal characters. Even so the employment of large numbers of people actively participating in the progress of the story is a cinematic virtue. It creates opportunities for sweeping movement, adds swing and intensity to the action, and at the same time avoids the pitfalls of the cheap psychology that usually distinguishes the central characters.

"Cimarron" (Globe), the latest "epic" on Broadway, is a case in point. Like its numerous predecessors in this genre, it takes for its subject the thrills and turmoils of the pioneering era. It departs, however, from the type of story made almost traditional by "The Covered Wagon" in that instead of a single episode such as a trek across the country with all the hardships and adventures involved, it depicts the rise of a modern community out of the wilderness of an Indian territory. The scenes describing the life in the new settlement form the best

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part of the picture and are both exciting and informative. Here we get not only the familiar trimmings of the romance of the Wild West with its gun play and lawlessness, but also an insight into the life of a bustling, go-getting community that is highly typical of the American scene and has the quality of national uniqueness. The episode of a church service in a gambling hall, the setting up of a newspaper to defend and promote civic righteousness, the trial of a prostitute whose presence in the settlement rouses the ire of respectable wives provide a vivid illustration of the characteristic methods of grappling with these problems of communal life which belong exclusively to this country. But just as the picture of the growing community with its variety of types and swift action is rich in human interest and captivating in panoramic imagery, the story of the principal character around which the film is built seems by comparison lacking in substance and at times even crudely conventional. The heroic exploits of Yancey Cravat, the public-spirited lawyer with the steady hand of a crack shot and the crusader's urge for "empire-building," belong more properly to the traditional romance of the Western film and seem out of place in this sober and realistic setting. But for these heroics and the disappointingly flat ending, "Cimarron" might have been a truly remarkable picture. As it is, it is only interesting.

Of "The Fighting Caravans" (Rialto) one cannot say even this. The mysteries of the Hollywood mind are beyond human probing. But there is something baffling in the misuse of opportunities that is exemplified in this picture. With all the money spent on this film one might have expected at least a touch of originality in its story and treatment. It does no more, however, than rehash an old theme, almost repeating the recent "epic" "The Big Trail," in comparison with which it is much less competent and infinitely more inept.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE SLOCOMBE is on the Paris staff of the London *Daily Herald.*

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on educational and other subjects for current periodicals.

VIRGINIA MOORE is the author of a book of poems, "Sweet Water and Bitter."

LAWRENCE M. HUGHES is a newspaperman of wide experience in the study and reporting of important business developments.

CONRAD AIKEN was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1930 for his "Selected Poems."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

PETER H. ODEGARD is the author of "Pressure Politics; the Story of the Anti-Saloon League."

FREDA KIRCHWEY is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

SCOTT BUCHANAN, author of "Poetry and Mathematics," is associate professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
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DESPITE THE SENATE'S abject surrender to the White House on the question of relief for the drought victims, it is not yet certain that the present session of Congress will adjourn with all the essential supply bills adopted. Should one or more of these measures be held up, an early session of the Seventy-second Congress will be unavoidable. The bonus bill, already passed by 363 votes to 39 in the House, is scheduled for quick action in the Senate, and friends of the measure believe that they have votes enough to override a veto if the President should return the bill without approval. Proponents of Congressional aid for the unemployed are said to be planning another drive, this time to vote a fund for emergency use during the recess in the event private agencies fail to provide adequate relief. They may have better luck than they did with the original $25,000,000 relief measure, but it is probable that they cannot win without a struggle that will last days, if not weeks. The Hoover victory over the Senate in the battle over relief legislation ought not to be passed by without mentioning the fact that the Hoover supporters included such occasional Progressives as Senators Howell, McMaster, Black, and McKellar. The fifteen Senators who fought the one-sided Hoover compromise to the end were Borah, Couzens, Cutting, Frazier, Johnson, La Follette, Norris, Schall, Barkley, Bulkley, Connally, Glass, Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler, and Shipstead.

MR. HOOVER appears to have acquired a new and more skilful political adviser. This adviser, mindful of the difficulties the President would encounter in seeking reelection upon his own record, seems to have persuaded Mr. Hoover to make a bid for popular support on the strength of Abraham Lincoln's accomplishments. No other rational explanation can be advanced for the tone of the President's Lincoln Day radio talk. Broadcasting from the Lincoln room in the Executive Mansion, Mr. Hoover said:

> It is appropriate that I should speak from this room in the White House where Lincoln strived and accomplished his great service to our country. His invisible presence dominates these halls. . . . From these windows he looked out. . . . Here are the very chairs in which he meditated upon his problems. . . . It was here that he toiled by day and by night that the Union created by the Fathers might be preserved. . . . Lincoln led in founding the Republican Party and he gloried in his party. His tradition has dominated it to this day. It was and is a party of responsibility.

Here am I, Mr. Hoover might more honestly have said, working where Lincoln worked and as he worked; I am wrestling with similar problems and (presumably) achieving the same glorious results; I am the leader of the party he founded and loved; Abraham Lincoln was a great man and therefore I should be kept in office.

PASSING OVER Mr. Hoover's identification of himself with Lincoln on the questions of a protective tariff, transportation development, nullification, and "obedience to law as the very foundation of our Republic," we find the President using Lincoln as an excuse for his own neglect of the social and economic well-being of the country. In his speech Mr. Hoover returned to his old refrain that the government must not help the people because the people cannot achieve "victory over this depression and over our other difficulties" unless they "learn to fight their own battles." The helpless victims of the drought and the economic crisis must not look to the government for aid, he suggested, lest such relief measures—Mr. Hoover called them "opiates of government charity"—should lead to "the stifling of our national spirit of mutual self-help." The jobless and the hungry should learn to depend upon "the American social ideal," which is "equality of opportunity and individual initiative." We need only look about us to see how many mouths are being fed by "individual initiative" and "mutual self-help." While admitting that "this is not the easy way," Mr. Hoover contends that "it is the American way. And it was Lincoln's way." We can hardly conceive of that President ever telling six or seven million unemployed workers and a million or more hungry farmers that the government owes them nothing.

WASHINGTON AT LAST has awakened to the futility and irrationality of keeping the marines in Nicaragua. Secretary Stimson has announced that they are to be gradually withdrawn, the last unit of 500 men leaving

Managua after the 1932 elections. His action comes four years late. It cannot restore to life the several hundred Nicaraguan peasants who died under the fire of American machine-guns, nor can it bring back the forty-odd marines killed in action in the mountain wilderness of Nueva Segovia and adjacent provinces. It will not wipe out the shame of the massacre at Ocotal of July 16, 1927, nor will it make the absurd and foolhardy Peace of Tipitapa, which led to the slaughter, appear any more sensible or logical when the history of this episode of American imperialism is written. Nevertheless we can be grateful for Mr. Stimson's action, which will help to win back at least some of the respect of Latin America and the rest of the world that Washington has been alienating through its interventionist activities in Central America and the Caribbean. It is not clear just what prompted the decision to withdraw the marines. But in any case full credit should be given to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and particularly to its executive secretary, Dorothy Detzer, who has been most active among that small group of citizens in Washington that has been working for the withdrawal of the American armed forces.

COMPLETE RECONSTRUCTION of British industry is proposed in a striking plan just published as a supplement to the *Week End Review*, according to a special dispatch to the New York *Times*. The plan, which is understood to be the work of experts in many fields, is apparently not dissimilar to the proposals put forward by the guild socialists a dozen years ago, and follows syndicalist rather than political socialist lines. It contemplates the organization of industry, commerce, and transportation into a series of great self-governing units with limited profits. Consumers and workers will be represented in the government of each unit, and internal competition will be strictly limited or entirely eliminated. The exact relation of these great trusts or guilds to the political state is not made clear in the cabled summary. The plan is said to have the support of a wide variety of business and professional men, and affords fresh evidence of the increasing realization that anything short of comprehensive planning is inadequate to meet the imperative needs of industry. The "collapse of economic isolation and high protection in America" is noted, and large-scale buying in Great Britain is urged as the necessary means of meeting large-scale selling in other countries. A dynamic peace policy, which would take active measures for disarmament and cultivation of friendship with other countries, is recognized as essential to the success of any plan. Great Britain's position illustrates with special clearness the necessity under which all countries labor for a comprehensively organized economic life, worked out in friendly international cooperation, and both the general principles and the details of this plan will be eagerly examined.

THE COMPLETE COLLAPSE of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is a reminder that American financial geniuses are not alone in building up by merger huge financial skyscrapers without any adequate steel skeleton of earning power. In the years after the war England was dazzled by the brilliant financial operations through which Lord Kylsant (Owen Cosby Philipps) built up this, the world's largest shipping group. It was a house of cards, and recently Royal Mail shares have sold for less than nothing, shareholders actually paying transfer tax in order to get rid of them. The disaster now revealed, due to reckless financing and shipping depression, is unparalleled in British maritime history, and it is estimated that total losses to investors will be nearly $100,000,000. In wrecking the Royal Mail, Lord Kylsant has also dragged down its constituent companies. The ordinary share capital of the White Star Line is wiped out, and all its assets are pledged to creditors. The losses of the Royal Mail itself have swallowed up reserves of $14,000,000, together with all the value of the preferred and common shares, originally issued at $44,000,000. It is now disclosed that from 1926 to 1929, when the Royal Mail was announcing profits and was paying generous dividends, it was actually losing money, and dividends were coming out of reserves. It is not strange that Lord Kylsant is in Madeira for his wife's health. The whole affair is another startling illustration of what the ordinary investor sometimes pays for the benefits of private business enterprise, and what kind of business enterprise he too often pays for.

SILVER HAS SOLD recently in London for a shilling an ounce, much the lowest price in history and less than half the value prevailing in January, 1929, when the present disastrous drop began. A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in a unanimous report just submitted recommends the calling of an international conference to consider the status of silver as money. The drop in price, it declares, was not due to overproduction but was caused partly by the debasement of silver coins in certain countries and the consequent selling of surplus silver, but especially by the melting down of silver coin in India and the throwing of this silver on the market as a consequence of the gold-exchange policy adopted for India in 1926. In the opinion of the committee it will be impossible to prevent a continued decrease in the purchasing power of silver "unless and until the British Government for India announces a determination to suspend its policy." The disastrous results of the crash in silver for China, India, Mexico, Central and South America, and other silver-using countries are plain enough. They have seen the value of their money cut in two in two years. Consequently their imported cotton goods, to take a single example, cost twice as much as they did, and exporters of cotton cloth in this country and England have seen their profitable Asiatic markets almost wiped out. The same thing is true to a certain extent, the committee points out, in the case of wheat, lumber, automobiles, radios, electric appliances, and machinery. It is no simple consideration of the well-being of China that has led to the suggestion of a great silver loan from this country.

REVOLUTION IN SPAIN has been long preparing, but the agitation has been singularly lacking in organization and aim. When, on February 8, a royal decree ordered elections for the Congress (the lower house of the Cortes) on March 1 and for the Senate on March 15, and convoked the new Cortes for March 25, it seemed as though the friends of constitutional government, who for seven years had more or less actively opposed the dictatorship which Primo de Rivera began, were about to be rewarded. The decree had hardly been posted and the censorship lifted, however, when it appeared that the country did not know what it wanted. The monarchists divided, some opposing the elections, others demanding a constituent assembly to revise the constitution before the elections were held. Several political parties announced that they would boycott the elections, the Communists decided to run candidates for both houses, and the attitude of the Socialists was in doubt. The only general line of division appeared to be between those who wanted to continue the constitutional monarchy and those who wanted a republic. Dissension in the monarchist ranks appears to have been chiefly responsible for the sudden resignation of the Berenguer Government and the withdrawal of the elections decree. Word now comes that the king has asked José Sanchez Guerra, leader of the Constitutionalist Party, to form a Cabinet. Only two years ago Guerra was arrested at Valencia for leading an abortive revolutionary movement against the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, a fact which gives weight to the suggestion that his selection presages limitation of the Spanish monarchy.

THE ZIONISTS WIN in Prime Minister MacDonald's letter to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, which, Mr. MacDonald declares, is to be read as the authoritative interpretation of Lord Passfield's bitterly criticized White Paper of October last, and is to be communicated as an official document to the League of Nations. Its tone, so friendly to Zionist wishes, contrasts sharply with the rather dour aspect of the White Paper. Specifically, Jewish immigration is to be allowed according to the "absorptive capacity" of the country instead of being barred when there is unemployment among the Arabs, which was the apparent policy of the White Paper. Limitations on Jewish acquisition of land suggested in the White Paper are largely removed, and the purpose of facilitating Jewish settlement on the land is reaffirmed. The claim of the Jews to employment on public works in proportion to payment of taxes, not population, is to be "taken into consideration" (that is, allowed?). The right of the Jewish Agency to employ only Jewish labor is conceded. By these agile "interpretations" the Prime Minister has in fact effected a démarche from the position taken by the Colonial Secretary in the White Paper. The new proposals have already come in for sharp criticism and it remains to be seen whether the Jews, the Arabs, and the government will now come together and work out a constructive policy for Palestine, as Dr. Weizmann hopes.

CHANCELLOR BRUNING appears at the moment to have won a decisive victory in preserving the parliamentary form of government in Germany. On the one hand, he has repelled the noisy opposition of the National Socialists, and on the other he has succeeded in avoiding the necessity of setting up a dictatorship under Article 48 of the German constitution by keeping together the heterogeneous factions making up the present government. Thus, if there are no unforeseen accidents and if the economic situation improves with the approach of spring, Brüning would seem to have weathered Germany's most difficult crisis since the 1918 revolution. It is questionable that he could have done so had the National Socialists been blessed with more skilful leadership. They had the backing of a number of extremely wealthy industrialists, and their popular support was undeniably growing. However, they bungled their advantageous position in the Reichstag by using obstructionist tactics that played directly into the hands of the expert parliamentarians of the government parties, and they lost what little sympathy they had among the moderate Centrists, of which group Brüning is the leader, by adding the Roman Catholics to the list of their "enemies." Their withdrawal en bloc from the Reichstag was apparently designed as a play to the galleries, but the gesture somehow fell flat. For the time being the "Nazis" undoubtedly are losing favor, but so long as the severe economic depression and its consequent unrest continue, the capacity of these fascists to make trouble must not be underestimated.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, who died in New York on February 12, was one of the outstanding women of a generation that today has largely passed away. As a journalist, a clergyman, a social scientist, a teacher, an indefatigable worker in behalf of woman suffrage and world peace, she was always intensely alive, and keenly interested in every movement that held promise of social betterment. It has become fashionable to sneer at reformers, but the United States owes a great debt to the men and women who in the latter part of the nineteenth century awakened the country to the need for social endeavor in behalf of the less fortunate classes of society. Among that group Mrs. Spencer held an honorable place, and she brought to the more complex problems of the past decade the same human interest, the same zeal, and the same quick and sympathetic intelligence that marked her earlier years.

LILLIAN LEITZEL was the diminutive young person for whom the three-ring, splendiferous, and indescribable circus of Ringling and Barnum and Bailey stopped in its tracks. Nothing else happened in the ring—in the three rings—while Miss Leitzel's act went on. The "giant half flange" it was called, that incredible feat of hanging by her right wrist from a trapeze ring fifty feet in the air, while she literally threw herself over her own shoulder, to a record once of 249 times! The great circus floor was still, the thousands of spectators were mute with terror and amazement, not a sound came from anywhere to break the even, rhythmic swing and back swing of that small body so perilously far away. She was the star of the circus without question or dispute. Now she is dead. The ring broke in her hand while she was performing her act in Copenhagen; she fell to the floor, fracturing her skull and injuring her spine. She is described as a true child of the circus, the daughter and granddaughter of performers, beginning her circus career when she was three years old. Her success was due not only to her unique feat of strength—which she learned from her mother and which the two of them alone were able to do—but to the fact that she was small, pretty, graceful, even while she did what far more muscular acrobats could not do. No single performer of the circus will be more sorely missed or more sincerely mourned.

IN OUR ISSUE of February 11 the earnings of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation were given as $42,242,980 in 1930 and $23,843,406 in 1929. The figures should have been reversed. Along with the other steel companies, Bethlehem experienced a great reduction in earnings last year.

The Country Needs Congress

THE country ought to have some assurance before March 4 that President Hoover will call the Seventy-second Congress to meet soon after the present session closes. The unprecedented economic situation demands an early session. The legislative jam makes one imperative. Mr. Hoover himself has admitted that there is much legislation pending which requires immediate attention. That there is widespread opposition to the calling of an extraordinary session cannot be denied, but this opposition has been created primarily by propaganda emanating from politicians, who fear that they may make costly blunders in a year preceding a Presidential campaign, and from the reactionary press and business interests, who are constantly fighting democratic government.

Congress is swamped with work that cannot be put off except at the expense of the country as a whole. Nothing of consequence has been done to relieve the present economic situation, and this is a task that certainly cannot wait until December. An adequate public-works construction program has still to be adopted. The problem of stabilizing employment has barely been touched upon; the question of establishing a satisfactory system of employment exchanges and of working out an unemployment-insurance scheme has received little or no attention. It is by no means certain that private charity will be found equal to the task of providing relief for the millions of jobless workers and their dependents, and with Congress in recess the government could not supply the necessary relief (which it ought to be doing now) should private charity fall down on the job. Furthermore, the millions voted for rehabilitation of the drought areas may not prove sufficient; it has already been suggested that these funds are not being efficiently administered; and any breakdown will leave Washington with another serious situation on its hands. These tasks and many like them cannot be postponed the better part of a year. The exigencies of an economic crisis will not wait nine months.

There are other legislative matters which have been held up from one to three years because of the long-protracted tariff fight, among other reasons. These ought to be disposed of at once and not dumped upon the December session, which will have plenty of problems of its own. Among these matters may be included the Muscle Shoals bill, the anti-injunction resolution, the anti-lame-duck amendment, bus regulation, railway consolidation, revision of the anti-trust laws, banking and credit reforms, and the World Court. In his message to Congress last December Mr. Hoover declared that "it was desirable" that certain of "these measures should be completed." He also urged Congress to begin work on many other legislative proposals. Little has been accomplished in this direction. Mr. Hoover may now be content to let his program of December, 1930, rest until December, 1931, but neither Congress nor the people ought to be satisfied with such procrastinatory tactics, or with any policy under which the pressing tasks and duties of the government will be evaded for a period of nine months. In ordinary times such a delay would be illogical and perhaps costly, but in the present period of depression any shirking of governmental responsibilities must be considered little short of a crime against the people.

In the face of a clear and unquestionable need for an early session the country has been deluged with propaganda directed against the reconvening of Congress before December. It is asserted, though no proof is offered, that business would suffer with Congress in session, and, conversely, that business would improve if the Senate and the House were to take a long vacation. If it is true that business would improve with Congress out of the way, why did this not happen in the last half of 1930, when, except for the month of December, Congress was in recess? The answer is that the real reason for business depression must be sought elsewhere than on Capitol Hill. Nevertheless, the propaganda continues to be poured out upon us. Some days ago the Chamber of Commerce of the United States published a number of letters from commercial organizations with a view to showing how widely and doggedly the business interests are opposed to an early session. Unfortunately, almost all the letters dealt in vague generalities, advancing no tangible or coherent reasons for this opposition, while a few of the letter-writers, notably the oil people, went so far as to admit they might favor an extra session should it appear that they stood a fair chance of getting special legislation favoring their industry. Finally, the Bristol, Connecticut, Chamber of Commerce gave the show away by confessing that an early session was opposed, "not because Congress would not help in fact, but because too many people think it would not help." In other words, the business community has hurt itself by creating the myth that an early session of Congress would be a dangerous thing.

However, the newspapers and the business men are not alone in their opposition to an early session. The politicians stand with the business interests in this matter because they are afraid of having the spotlight of publicity played upon their many shortcomings too strongly at this time. Mr. Hoover, for example, would enjoy an extended rest from the searching questions and embarrassing speeches of Senator La Follette and others, who in the last few months have been doing notable work in exposing the President's complete lack of understanding of the grave economic and social problems facing the country. Most of the Republicans want a long recess to cover up their domestic quarrels as well as to disguise their lack of leadership and a program. The same is true of the Democrats, who, though they could force an extra session, do not want to reveal too soon to the people who voted Democratic in 1930 that they have no program and have not the slightest idea as to how they might improve upon the work of the Republicans who were repudiated at the polls last November. Only the insurgents of the two parties are desirous of having an early session, and it is after all to these Progressives, or to at least a few of them, that we must look for the energy and leadership necessary to make an extra session or any other session of Congress worth while.

Not a Dollar

IF the American people have any sense about their navy, they will not allow a dollar to be spent on building it up to the limit allowed by the London naval treaty. Undersecretary of the Treasury Mills now estimates the deficit for the year at not less than $500,000,000, as against Secretary Mellon's earlier estimate of $375,000,000, and declares that the year is going to show an actual increase of the public debt. Everyone agrees on the need for the wisest economy in public expenditures. Yet a bill appropriating $30,000,000 to modernize the three old battleships New Mexico, Mississippi, and Idaho was passed by the Senate on January 16 with only thirteen opposing votes. A navy building bill calling for $74,000,000 during the coming year as one step toward building up to the London-treaty standard has been reported in both houses, and the big-navy advocates are trying to get action despite their fear that such an attempt may cause a legislative jam and help bring on the dreaded extra session. This modernizing and building expenditure of $104,000,000, it is to be noted, is in addition to the regular naval-supply bill, which, as passed by the House, still calls for $349,000,000 despite cuts of $31,000,000 effected by the friends of common sense in part as a result of actual reductions in the fighting establishment.

In his letter to the House Committee on Naval Affairs in December, Admiral Pratt, chief of naval operations, estimated the cost of building up to the treaty limit at $1,100,000,000, or $1,250,000,000 if the air service be included. As Representative French, chairman of the Naval Appropriations Subcommittee, pointed out in a notable speech opening the debate on the naval bill, such an undertaking would mean an annual appropriation for fighting craft of $125,000,000 to $150,000,000, and would raise the total annual burden of naval appropriations from its eight-year average of about $350,000,000 to something between $500,000,000 and $600,000,000.

> Do the gentlemen hail the London conference a success [demanded the Idaho representative] who see only that it means multiplying in this enormous fashion the cost of naval armaments? It would be a perversion of the magnificent work of President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald and the able delegates to the London conference to transform a limitations agreement into a mandate for expansion programs.

Well spoken! Yet men like Senator Goff and Representative Britten have the effrontery to suggest that failure to build up to the allowed limit is in some way a breach of the obligation of the treaty.

Not one good reason can be given for spending a single dollar in building up to that limit. To spend public money building useless and injurious fighting enginery in order to give employment to labor is a very bad reason. Nobody imagines that we are now in imminent danger of naval attack. The one substantial result of the Washington and London conferences and the visit of Prime Minister MacDonald was to wipe out the unreasoning distrust and fear of Japan and Great Britain that had been so sedulously worked up; and unless we have someone to be afraid of, the great reason for increasing naval strength is gone. To think that we must have a navy as big as Great Britain's just because we are rich and powerful is simply childish. The notion of building up so that we may have a club to bluff other less righteous nations into reducing has no warrant in either reason or experience.

The reasons against such a course, on the other hand, are overwhelming. We pass over the tax burden and the economic cost to touch on a more important consideration. After a succession of fruitless international conferences, in spite of peace pacts, the nations still pile up armaments and train fighting men. In a recent notable address Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson declared: "If the peoples want disarmament they can have it." If they do not take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the world disarmament conference a year hence, he goes on, it may never return. But we have a chance, here and now, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, to do something tangible and prove our faith (if so be we have faith) by our works. For us to say roundly that we refuse to build up to the treaty limit, and instead for us to push just as far and as fast as we can in reducing fighting personnel and material without timorous reference to what other nations do, would give to the peace forces of Europe a support worth a dozen naval conferences with their endless bargaining and intrigue. Now is the time to give hearty popular backing to Chairman French in his opposition to an unnecessary building program and his practical measures of naval reduction, however small. The time has come to do something for peace, if we care for peace.

The Mask Is Off

IT is hard to imagine anyone so stupid as not to be able to see clean through the latest attempt at Washington to fend off the Russian menace. Commissioner Eble, head of the customs service, announces that he has found, "upon the basis of evidence which has been presented" to him but which is carefully withheld because it may have to be submitted to the courts, that "convict labor is used in the production of lumber and pulpwood" in certain designated districts of Russia; and he accordingly proposes to put into effect at once, with Secretary Mellon's approval, a Treasury regulation of last November forbidding the importation of any kind of merchandise mined, produced, or manufactured by convict labor "unless the importer establishes by a preponderance of evidence" that such labor was not used in the case of the particular merchandise he wishes to bring in. Actually, the regulation will not become operative until sometime in the spring or early summer, since the Russian districts specified are at present icebound and no shipments, it is said, are in transit.

The commissioner's dictum is not the whole story, however. The Ways and Means Committee of the House has just reported a bill (quite an unusual proceeding, it may be pointed out in passing, since important legislation is rarely brought forward so near the end of a session) amending the tariff act so as to prohibit the importation of "all goods, wares, articles, and merchandise mined, produced, manufactured, transported, handled, loaded, or unloaded wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor or/and forced labor or/and indentured labor." The term "forced labor," as used in the bill, "shall mean all work or service which is exacted from any person under the menace of any penalty for its non-performance and for which the worker does not offer himself voluntarily." The prohibition is to go into effect on April 1, but the bill hastens to add the proviso, glowing with exalted patriotism and fairly sweating with high morality, that "in no case shall such provision be applicable to goods, wares, articles, or merchandise so mined, produced, manufactured, transported, handled, loaded, or unloaded which are not mined, produced, or manufactured in such quantities in the United States as to meet the consumptive demands of the United States."

The regulation and the bill are a worthy pair. Until Mr. Eble discovered his "evidence," the Treasury Department did not know, and was admittedly unable to find out, whether Russian lumber and pulpwood are or are not produced by convict labor. It did know, however, that labor in Russia, while certainly not voluntary, was able to produce lumber and pulpwood that could be laid down in the United States at lower prices than were asked for the same commodities imported from Canada or elsewhere, and that the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association and affiliated industries have been moving heaven and earth to have the Russian products kept out. It accordingly decides, upon evidence which it withholds, that convict labor is used in producing those articles, and throws upon the importer the burden of proving the contrary. As for the House bill, it is an international affront and a brazen political subterfuge. Congress is to rise in its might and debar from the country any article which the hands of an involuntary worker have touched, unless the article is needed to piece out a deficient domestic supply; then labor may lay its involuntary hands all over the article, mine or fashion it, mark and transport it, and it will be welcomed as an altogether decent thing for Americans to have. Keep out Russian goods when we don't need them, let them in when we do: such is the new trade morality, Washington style.

If Mr. Eble's order stands and the House bill becomes law, there ought to be some interesting news before long. We ought to know whether an administrative official has a right to affirm as a fact what is not assuredly known by others to be such, keep his evidence to himself until the courts drag it out of him, and in the meantime put all the burden of proof on the importer and arbitrarily exclude his shipments. Somebody, we hope, will hasten to bring Mr. Eble into court and try to find out where the public stands. We ought to know whether Mr. Hoover thinks that business recovery will be hastened by stirring up a first-class row between the protected lumber manufacturers and concerns like the International Paper and Power Company which would like to use Russian pulpwood, or by jeopardizing a Russo-American trade said to have been worth last year about $150,000,000. We certainly ought to know whether Congress proposes to get after the Sumatra tobacco people, as it is being urged to do, and others whose imported products smell more or less of involuntary labor, or whether it means merely to strike a blow at Russia and throws in the rest of its rhetoric as a blind. We strongly suspect that this latter is exactly what is intended. A good deal of pretty straightforward evidence, at least, will be required to prove that it is not.

Heard Across the World

OF the eighteen and a half million Roman Catholics in the United States it is safe to say that every one who could get near a radio on February 12 listened with devotion to the address of His Holiness sent over the air. This is as it should be. What is more interesting is that a goodly number of the remaining 100,000,000 non-Catholics listened also; so that 150 radio stations transmitted not only the address itself in the original Latin but the various translations, which altogether took several hours of valuable radio time and space. The world listened to this one man—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, South America, India, Russia, England, France, the remnants of the Austrian empire, the devout countries of Southern Europe—they all listened in with varying degrees of success. Senator Marconi, introducing the Pope, said: "Holy Father, I consign to Your Holiness the work intrusted to me. Be pleased, I pray you, to let your voice be heard across the world."

What was it that they heard? They heard an apostrophe to all the creatures of the earth, to God on High, to believers, to the Catholic hierarchy, to missionaries, to rich and poor, to employer and employed, to the afflicted, and to those outside the true faith. God was praised; the others were urged to believe in Him and His holy Agent, to do good to one another, to be just, obedient, humble, forbearing, to pray for righteousness. A message, in short, from another world to this one. A message that ignored the business depression, the "jazz" age, the spread of agnosticism, the temporal values that intrude so constantly on a troubled earth, and instead addressed itself purely to the things of the spirit. It is the strength of the Catholic church that it has the authority and the power to make such an address sublime rather than ridiculous.

It is plain that the Pope chose things to discuss that would be acceptable to most persons, whatever their station or belief. Listening Communists, if any listened, would doubtless have taken sharp issue with him. Others, whether Catholic or not, would be respectful, would agree that peace and justice and prayer were on the whole good things, no matter where they came from. Even agnostics, interpreting the address in their own way, could approve of the spirit if not the letter. The radio address comes on the heels of the Pope's encyclical. It is evident that the Pope is using his new freedom from the Vatican, his new dignity as sovereign of a state, to extend his power, to widen his influence. There will be plenty of persons who will watch with alarm any attempt to augment the enormous authority of the Catholic church. And in an age when Protestantism is at its weakest and wateriest, there may be cause for their fears. It is evident that when the Pope, from his high place, speaks as grandly as twice lately he has spoken, when sentences roll from him so much more lofty than the sentences of any other public man, his words must carry weight. There is no reason to believe that His Holiness does not himself write his addresses; but whoever writes them is a fine phrase-maker, an able rhetorician, a master-player on the attentions of a large audience. Shall we have a Catholic revival therefore? We can only wait and see.

Young for President?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 14

EVERYONE who understands Presidential politics has known for some time that Owen D. Young is a candidate for the Democratic nomination. His candidacy now stands fairly revealed. Mr. Young himself revealed it a few days ago in the traditional manner—by declaring that he was not a candidate, and proceeding at once to deliver campaign speeches on the soldier bonus, stock speculation, and bank regulation. For more than a year it has been obvious that the Republican Party is rapidly falling to pieces. It has undergone vicissitudes before, as in 1912, but this is different. Its Eastern and Western branches are divided by a conflict of economic interests which cannot be reconciled. Its machinery is in the hands of fourth-raters—men whom Boies Penrose, Murray Crane, or Mark Hanna would hardly have trusted to carry a ward. To the business interests which always have been the backbone of its support it is now plain that the party has ceased to function and can no longer deliver. Hence they are ready to jump to one that can, provided they are assured it will deliver for them. The nomination of Mr. Young would furnish that assurance. It is true that some of the older industrial cutthroats feel that his views on such subjects as labor and utility valuation are a trifle unorthodox, and by the same token the usual quota of dilettante liberals are ready to discover messianic traits in him. Both groups do him injustice. If anyone can find in the history of Standard Oil or steel more ruthless examples of buccaneering than attended the rise of the Radio Corporation under Mr. Young's enlightened guidance, I should like to hear of them. Let no one underestimate his capacity. A smoother piece of high-powered machinery has seldom been seen in action. He has brains, nerve, and presence, and he is one of the best showmen since Barnum. If he can get the Democratic nomination there is every reason to expect that he will wipe up the earth with poor Herbert. I am aware that I have heretofore expressed a contrary opinion, and I hereby retract it unqualifiedly. The political acumen which pervades the Hoover camp is fairly measured by the fact that Bob Lucas and Walter Newton, two of its giant strategists, are firmly convinced that Al Smith will be the Democratic nominee and are making their plans accordingly. By the end of the year they should have enough anti-Catholic literature stored up to heat the offices of the Republican National Committee until 1940. Until recently it seemed unlikely that Young could get the Democratic nomination, but the present demeanor of Joe Robinson and Pat Harrison indicates that the Southerners are being rounded up. Governor Roosevelt remains in the way, but the combined artillery of Raskob, Baruch, and Tammany may account for him. With the Democratic Party going Republican and the Republican Party going to the dogs, God only knows where honest men may turn. But it is a comfort to reflect that out of just such situations come new party alignments. Possibly such a development may not be so far off as we have believed.

THE cat-and-dog fight over relief for hungry drought victims has ended, and scores of newspapers with their usual candor and discernment are describing the outcome as "a victory for the President." Let us see. The battle started when President Hoover, Secretary Hyde, and the Republican leaders in the House flatly rejected the Senate proposal to appropriate $15,000,000 for food loans, Secretary Hyde and Majority Leader Tilson denouncing it as a "dole" and President Hoover assailing its sponsors for "playing politics with human misery." The fight ended with the President and his supporters "compromising" with the Senate on an appropriation of $20,000,000 for the same purpose. Nevertheless, although the Senate Democrats obtained $5,000,000 more than they asked originally, it was a sorry victory. They could have got much more, not only for drought sufferers but also for the hungry millions in the cities. They had the Administration licked to a frazzle, its shoulders on the ground, its tongue hanging out and its breath coming in short gasps, when someone arrived and pulled them off. That someone was Harvey Crowley Couch. Who is Mr. Couch? Well, he is a number of things, some of which prompted him to help the Administration and some of which enabled him to do so. First, he is a personal friend of Mr. Hoover. Second, he is president of the Arkansas Power and Light Company and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway, and a director in two Arkansas banks. Third, he is perhaps the most important client of the law firm of Robinson, House, and Moses, whose senior partner is Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, the minority leader in the Senate. The combination was enough. Overnight the lion of the Senate became the lamb of Little Rock. After storming around the Senate floor for days and leading his followers out to the extreme tip of the longest limb, he scuttled back and sawed it off under them. Poor Senator Caraway, whose earnestness no one could doubt, found himself "on the spot" for fair. He had to go with Robinson or be blamed in Arkansas for opposing relief. Thereafter the Old Guard sat and chuckled while the Democratic leader assumed the burden of defending the Administration. Of course, it is entitled to some defense in the Senate, and there are times when even Jim Watson or George Moses is unwilling to undertake the task.

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THAT is saying much, especially where Moses is concerned. As a rule the New Hampshire wisecracker is not squeamish. He proved that again by inserting in the *Congressional Record* a misleading expense account of Senator Nye and his committee on campaign expenditures. Senator Nye as chairman naturally paid most of the committee's bills and the bills of its employees. The account, inserted into the *Record,* supplied a basis for whispered stories that Nye had lived sumptuously at public expense while conducting the investigation. Within less than a week that insinuation was publicly made on the floor of the House by the publicity-seeking Underhill of Massachusetts. It is possible that

Moses also hoped to discourage Nye from going to Montana, a State which Moses visited during the last campaign and from which he departed under circumstances that the Nye committee has been urged to investigate. If so, he made a mistake. Nye is going to Montana. Then perhaps we shall learn how sumptuously Moses lives while on campaign tours—and at whose expense. Senator Nye is a young man, and inexperience sometimes has led him into errors of judgment, but he has kept his head remarkably well considering the systematic campaign of lying and abuse to which he and his assistants have been subjected. I am puzzled by the venom and persistence of this campaign. Much of it undoubtedly has resulted from the McCormick influence, but I suspect something more is behind it. Somebody is out to "get" Nye in North Dakota.

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THE capital buzzes with news, not all of it reassuring to those who love good government or even common decency, but most of it exciting. The report that Vice-President Curtis will retire voluntarily at the end of his term and seek reelection to the Senate appears more plausible every day. He can be virtually certain of returning to the Senate, and "Egg Charlie" knows his politics too well to think that Mr. Hoover's running mate in 1932 will have any such chance. The post-office-lease scandal has boiled over at last, involving the names of former Postmaster General New and the late Secretary of War Good in the charge of "chloroforming" a grand-jury investigation that might have interfered seriously with the Republican Presidential campaign in the Northwest in 1928. Postmaster General Brown has refused to give the Blaine committee information which he got through a survey of post-office leases, on the ground that it might tip off the owners that the government considered purchasing the property, although much of the information was obtained from the owners, and probably they would learn of the government's intentions when it opened negotiations with them. Mr. Brown is exhibiting all the truculence of a man who wishes to conceal anxiety. Joe Tumulty is having a lot of fun by putting on a grave face when he meets admirers of Dwight Morrow and asking them when Morrow's term in the Senate begins. Most of them start to explain that he has been in the Senate since December before they realize that Joe is a practical joker. I can testify that Senator Morrow is on the job sufficiently to vote. He voted against recalling confirmation of the power commissioners; he voted against the original food-relief appropriation for drought victims, and he voted to confirm "Beet Sugar" Brossard for the Tariff Commission. His voting record would indicate that he is slightly less liberal than Bingham of Connecticut or Kean of New Jersey, and slightly more effective than Patterson of Missouri or Glenn of Illinois. But give the little man a chance. It takes a new Senator a few months to learn right from wrong.

Soup Line in Seattle

By GARLAND O. ETHEL

Seattle, February 6

> Prosperity is coming to us precisely because our ideals are not materialistic. It is coming to us because we are pursuing the exalted ideal of equality under liberty, as it must of necessity come to any nation that pursues that ideal whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. . . . All these things are being added to us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as they are always added, and must of logical necessity always be added, unto any nation that seeks those ideals of justice which are the very essence of the Kingdom of God.*

THE afternoon of the twenty-sixth was less cloudy than the usual December day in Seattle. With a hoarded growth of whiskers, the worst clothes available, my glasses in an inside coat pocket, and with an extinct cigarette on my lip, I shuffled down Yesler Way.

Just across from the old Seattle Hotel and a block from the L. C. Smith building, at the dividing line between the haunts of the homeless and the respectables, stood a tall, pale blond girl of about twenty, offering papers for sale. She never spoke to anyone. She merely made a weak gesture of offering and then drew back. I leaned against a building and pretended to watch some pigeons on the street. Twenty minutes passed and not a paper was sold. The girl wore loggers' high boots with the calks removed and heavy gray men's socks. Her short skirt was cheap, old, and hard-worn but thick. The upper part of her body was covered with a man's heavy blue coat sweater, out at the elbows. She wore no hat, and the cold wind sweeping up from the sound sent her faded bobbed hair flying about her face. Pale blue eyes seemed even paler in an ashen face, against which a nose purpled by cold stood out in painfully ludicrous prominence. I noticed that she wore a wedding ring. A young married woman selling papers below the line is something new.

A well-fed Salvation Army man waddled by with a few remaining copies of the *War Cry*. He had been peddling them uptown. I followed him to the next corner where I stopped to inspect a group of men outside an employment agency. No one was paying any attention to the blackboard upon which were chalked notices of two jobs—one for a girl as general housemaid, the other for a combination meat cutter and clerk in a country store. There had been no erasures and no deletions; there were just two jobs. On that corner stood or leaned thirty-seven men. They moved only to shift weight from one foot to the other, and no one talked except a German and a Swede who were discussing German reparations. After a time my eye fell upon a big, green, wooden sidewalk sign upon which in gray letters was stenciled an invitation for men between eighteen and thirty-five to join the army. A list of camps and forts, chiefly in warm places, was followed by the assurance that soldiers get regular pay, plus free meals, clothes, housing, and medical attention.

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* "The Present Economic Revolution." By Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard University.

Inside the agency 150 men or more stood about. There were no chairs except at the card tables. Apart from the players discussing the game there was but one conversation in the whole place. A foreigner, possibly a Finn, was talking about Russia to a big fellow who only listened. The speaker was not certain of what was happening in Russia, but he expressed the hope that a good society was being created.

After a while I left and went into the public latrine at Pioneer Square to write up a few notes. When I had finished, a rather well-dressed and freshly shaved man came in. I decided to question him to get a sample of the business man's attitude toward a stiff hunting work. With the directness that prevails on the Skid Road I asked: "Do you know of a loose job anywhere?" I had expected at most gruffness and a "No." But the man smiled in a friendly enough way, though wistfully, and answered: "No, brother, jobs are pretty scarce I guess." "I'd like to find one," I said. "So would I," he replied. "I've been hunting one for six months."

What mutual aid the unemployed offer is not great, but a simple sympathy prevails among them. They are all in the same boat whether they wear white collars or not. This I confirmed repeatedly as I made the rounds of the single-counter employment agencies, always to be found in a combination cardroom and eating place. It was in such places that I found for the first time white-collar men and working stiffs associating as equals. On the job there is always a barrier between them. The time-keeper and clerk, though perhaps drawing smaller wages, regard themselves as superiors, as embryonic captains, or at least corporals, of industry. The real worker who lives by his hands may be no social revolutionary, but a white collar is emblematic of the boss and the boss class. Consequently the starveling clerk with soft hands is at once looked down upon as being no man and as belonging to the enemy group. But misery has amalgamated these hitherto separate elements. A man who hangs out at one of the Skid Road dumps, even though his collar is or once was white, stamps himself as out of a job. There is a brusqueness in the parsimonious speech among the unemployed but few harsh words. It is among employed workers that one finds brawling.

There is very little drinking among the unemployed. Bootlegging, apparently, is a poor racket below the line these days. Out of hundreds of men I saw only one drunk. The lunch-counter man treated the fellow as an old-timer. The bona fide jobless aren't boozing. They have a hard enough time getting something to eat.

Seattle, whose newspapers brag daily of the least unemployment of any city on the coast, takes a proper civic pride in her soup lines. The biggest and best is the one sponsored by the Scripps paper, the *Star*, which boasts that any hungry man can get one "square meal" a day. This philanthropic enterprise is housed in the National Guard Armory, a block north of the famed Pike Place Market, where hundreds of stalls display food so attractive that a man who has just eaten will grow hungry from looking. It is past this that two thousand or more go daily on the trudge to the soup line from the Skid Road district approximately a mile south of the armory. At 3:45 I joined the thin stream of men going northward for the daily feed at 4:30. I had already noticed how the South End pawnshops bulged with suits and overcoats. Of those men moving toward the armory not many wore overcoats. The pawnshops had them.

I arrived at the armory at 4:10 and took my place in one of the roped-off lanes. This soup-line standing was the most interesting of all, because the men talked. I could hear the comments of about two dozen men. Their talk was mostly of food and a flop. Five of those I could hear discussed our social order. Of them the most interesting was a husky Negro Communist about forty years old. When I appeared the debate was already on. Two white-collar men, one of whom wore an overcoat, were the Negro's opponents. One fellow of about twenty-five was saying: "I'll tell you what's wrong with this country. There's too many millionaires. There ought to be a law to keep a man from gettin' more'n half a million. Them millionaires gits all the money and locks it up in banks, and keep it from circulatin'. That's what makes hard times. There ought to be a law against it." The other white-collar objected: "That'ud help maybe, but that's socialism. We don't want to go dividin' up. What a man gits he wants to keep. No, socialism won't work, it ain't human nature."

The Negro broke in scornfully: "Yes, you guys knows a lot, you does. What has you-all got to divide up? Standin' room in a soup line. Say, boy, long as folks talks that way, th' workin'man won't git nothin' bettern' a soup line. That's the way ya' bin talkin' evah sence ya' was bohn, an what'a ya' got now? A soup line!" The anti-socialist answered him: "You'd better keep your mouth shut or you won't be in a soup line, you'll be in jail." "Jail?" came back the Negro, "jail? Say, boy, dat doan skeer me a bit, Ah's bin in jail befoh. Ah's bin beat ovah th' haid with a policeman's club, Ah's bin kicked in the ribs an' beat up when Ah went demonstratin'. Ah's bin a-talkin' like dis foh a long time, an' Ah ain't a-goin' to do no shuttin' up now. No siree!" Then the prohibitor of millionaires spoke up. He began with the comic-strip expression: "Oh, yeah? You I. W. W.'s make me sick. What good can you do marchin' to the City Hall? Why ya' didn't even git there. I seen ya' last May, th' cops took care of ya' all right. Ya' failed, didn't ya'?" He turned and grinned at me, as much as to say, "I told him a few things, didn't I?" But the Negro was not downed. He laughed and answered: "So you says we failed, does you? Well, if you calls standin' up and fightin' like a man an' gittin' yo' haid broke in th' class wah failin', then we failed, but Ah doan call it no failin'. In de next place it wasn't de I. W. W.'s dat de police done beat up. Th' wobblies ain't no fightin' organization now, the fights all outen'em." Then he bristled up as he remembered the taunt about failure. "So you-all says we failed? Ah'll tell ya' why. We failed 'cause you was agin us. Wasn't ya'? Ya' was *agin* us, *wasn't* ya'? Tell me." And the other proudly answered: "Sure I was against you. Do you think I want people goin' around tearin' down th' government?" This is what the Negro expected and wanted. "Sure you was aginst us. Doan Ah know it? You're aginst us when we's fightin' yo' battle foh you, cause ya' ain't got th' sense to fight it foh yo'sef. Ah's a carpenter, an Ah could git good wages a-scabbin' on th' white men, but Ah ain't done it. We's bin fightin' foh ya, an say listen, boy, if ya had a dollah foh ev'y man that's been shot an' put in jail, beat up and deported fightin' yo' battle foh ya' in th' past thirty yeahs, you wouldn't be standin' in no soup line, you-all would be a-ridin' in a big limousine, a-smokin' big seegars an' a-wantin' t' spit on de people on de street corners."

The white men apparently decided to ignore the Negro. After a moment's silence I spoke to him to inquire if there was a Salvation Army bread line in town. "Yes," he said, "they's got some kind o' outfit but Ah doan have nothin' t' do with dem drum-beatin' Jesus-jazzers. Does you-all think Ah wants t' go t' heaven, with folks dat supports dem dat beat ya, tars an' feathers ya, shoots ya, burns ya at de stake, does ever thing to ya but *eat* ya? Dey's just de capitalists' hallelujah gang dat preaches salvation so's you'll forgit de empty stomach. Does dey tells ya about science an' brains curin' de world so's any man can live decent? No, dey tells ya to repent foh bein' a sinnah—foh bein' hungry, Ah guess. Dat's de' wors' sinnin' Ah done seen foh a long time."

A man on the other side of the rope gave me some information. Both the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America had soup lines, but you had to attend the preaching and hymn-singing before you could eat. "And the grub's rotten, a lot worse than this." Another man spoke up, and tilted his head toward the Negro. "I feel just like him about them religious birds. They git the right to fill city jobs, that the law says must pay four-fifty a day. They give the jobs to stiffs for six days, but the stiff gits a dollar a day, and th' organization pockets three-fifty." "Same graft in Spokane, I had one of th' jobs," another man chimed in. "Where does the money go? Not in the soup, just try to taste it there." At least a dozen men heard these remarks without dissent, and a good many took the trouble to curse and rail at the religious crowd.

I turned to a man just behind me and asked: "Do you think these soup lines will last all winter? They're goin' to cost a lotta dough." "Oh, yes, they'll last," he solemnly assured me, "they *gotta* last. Why all us stiffs would go t' breakin' windows for grub, if they didn't." A fellow next him confirmed the statement. "Sure, we ain't gonna start sompin' as long as the slum's dished out each day. But I ain't gonna starve, an' the rest of us bums ain't." By this time the line had moved up to the great basins into which the food was poured from twenty-gallon milk cans. As each man filed by he was handed a tin pie pan and warned not to spill his portion, which at this point was poured in the pie tin, army fashion. One ladle, filling the pan about three-fourths full, was dished out to each man. He was herded quickly to a high table where he ate standing up. At each plate were three slices of bread, a cup of water sufficiently colored to taste bad, and a piece of pumpkin pie, evidently a restaurant left-over from Christmas. The pie was good but the slum was as vile as the word sounds. The mess was grayish-brown, of gravy-like consistency. In my plate I counted exactly seven brown beans, one slice of carrot, and a layer of onion. There was one piece of ham about the size of a marble. Occasionally I found soft lumps of something genuinely sickening when tasted. These seemed to be mushy remnants of overboiled potatoes that had begun to rot. The coffee was undrinkable, yet everybody except me drank it. I watched the men at my table. They ate hungrily and without making faces over the evil-tasting lumps. What spoons would not collect from the pans, pieces of bread absorbed. When those men finished, one could hardly tell that the pans had ever contained food. I picked up my plate and cup to deposit them in the big receiving cans. Two pieces of bread were remaining where I stood. Across the boards from me stood a grizzled man of sixty. He asked in an astonished voice, "Don't you want that *bread*?" "No," I replied, "take it." He reached a knotted and warped hand eagerly across the table, seized the bread, and slipped it in his coat pocket. "Thanks, I'll be able to sleep better with that to eat at night. I get right smart empty an' it's hard to sleep when you're hungry."

I dropped my plate and cup in the proper receptacles and passed out of the building to the parapet where those who had eaten stood about for a few moments lighting cigarette butts before departing to hunt a place to sleep. I slipped about and inquired of men what their experience with the religious organizations had been. Without exception they were bitter against those who dealt in salvation at a profit. Again and again the story of the city jobs and the religious crowd's rake-off of $3.50 on each day's work came up.

Of others I asked where they slept. There were several places where a stiff could flop on the floor, and one place had beds, but I was warned to go there early if I expected to get a bunk. I offered Bull Durham to one broad-shouldered man not yet thirty. "Thanks," he said, "but I never learned to roll 'em. I spill the tobacco." I reached in my coat pocket and fished out a loose Camel, and offered it. "Oh, no, really, I can't take your tailor-made." I urged him, saying, "Go ahead, the Bull does me fine." He took the cigarette, lit it from mine, inhaled deeply, and then broke into the blandest smile. "God, but that tastes good!" He shook his head in appreciation. "It's days since I've had a smoke." We started talking. He had formerly tempered axles in the Oldsmobile plant, but had been out of a job since March. Bit by bit he had moved toward the Pacific Coast, and once in California got a solid four days' work in an orange grove. That had been his longest job in ten months. I asked what he planned to do. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Just try to keep from starving to death and wait for the breaks."

After checking up on the alleged repeaters I started home. At Third and Union, across from the Post Office, a gaunt unshaven man in a dyed army overcoat was selling apples at the entrance of an empty shop. I approached him with a "Say, brother, gim'me a tip on this apple racket. I'm out of a job." "Shore, I'll tell ya', but there hain't much in it. Ya' gits th' apples from th' commission houses on Western near th' waterfront. They cost a dollar an' a half a box. I been here sence eight o'clock this mornin', an' I've just sold enough t' pay for th' box." It was then six o'clock. But it was a bad day, he assured me, as it was just after Christmas. "On good days," he said, "I gen-er'ly clear a dollar." I asked if he were married. "Shore enough! got three nice smart kids, too. Oldest 'un's eight. Th' missus an' them's livin' with her folks in Hillyard. There's no cookin' job around there—that's what I am, first cook—can do pastry, too. I send th' missus what I make. Livin's pretty cheap fer me. I batch in a little room, an' they gives me most of my grub at the commission house, stuff they can't sell, but it's nice of 'em anyway."

Portrait of a Chancellor

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FROM the grave Prince von Bülow has struck a deadly blow at his own reputation through the posthumous publication of his autobiography, the first two volumes of which have now appeared.* Written during the years from 1921 to 1926, in return for a yearly income guaranteed by the great Ullstein publishing house as long as he might live, Prince von Bülow stipulated only that they should not appear until a decent time after his death. It would have been infinitely better for his own reputation had he chosen instead to live in poverty and suppress any desire to record for publication his observations of men and affairs, for what is now published has deeply shocked even his greatest admirers and warmest friends. This self-portrayal is even more devastating than our own Colonel House's revelation (with the aid of Professor Seymour) of the utter threadbareness of his own self-assumed statesmanship and his lack, at times, even of sincerity. But von Bülow's revelations have, of course, far greater importance, not because he played a large role during the World War—which he did not—but because he was one of the most important actors in the pre-war drama. Under him Germany finally broke with the Bismarckian policies and, turning her back upon England and Russia, embarked upon the course which led to the destruction of the empire and the greatest disaster which has overtaken a proud people in modern times—unless that of Russia was greater.

Von Bülow himself was a man of great charm and most attractive personality. There is no doubt that when he entered a room he became truly "the life of the party." No one else had more attractive manners. No one else was a more delightful conversationalist. No one else could garnish his utterances with so many anecdotes of the great or so many apropos quotations. He was the man of the world, the courtier *par excellence,* and there is no doubt that his tact and *savoir faire* stood his emperor and country in good stead on many occasions. But in these volumes that charm is much attenuated. It is true that "I remember" and "I recollect" appear frequently to usher in interesting quotations and gossip, but often they lack their old authority, and always the Prince's personal magnetism is sorely lacking. Frequently his stories are weakened by "if I remember correctly," "if my memory has not played me false," "I think it was Metternich who said." The gossip is often profoundly interesting, as are also his characterizations of the public personages of all nations with whom he came into contact. Some of these, notably his bitter judgments of the leaders of the revolution of 1918, his publishers, in their foreword, tell us he revised radically in the third volume which is still to appear.

Thus, when von Bülow began to write, Ebert, the harness-maker who succeeded the divinely inspired Kaiser—as perfect a bit of historical juxtaposition and satire as history records—was a dreadful person fit only to be utterly scorned. Later the Prince came to a juster view. Ebert became for him a man of "natural dignity and sound sense"—even "proof" that "in our, oh, so unpolitical Germany, the working class can supply strong political talents, characters worthy of all respect, and distinguished party leaders." How different would have been the history and fate of Germany if Bismarck, as well as the Kaiser and von Bülow, could have realized this truth in his time of power! But von Bülow at the helm was the aristocrat who knew only how to play the old diplomatic game with most delightful manners, but without wisdom, without force, without the divination and strategy in foreign affairs of Bismarck. Von Bülow, it now clearly appears, was outmaneuvered and out-trumped and was even unaware of much that was going on which was of vital importance. All of this he is unable to conceal, although these volumes are meant, like Bismarck's recollections and self-defense, to prove that he was always right and everybody else wrong; the book teems with bitter attacks upon men living and dead, some of whom, like the distinguished Professor Adolf von Harnack, he lays out cold and beyond all human aid.

Without doubt von Bülow's most serious dereliction was in permitting the English to ally themselves with the French by his failure to react to Chamberlain's and Lansdowne's proposals from 1899 on for an Anglo-German alliance. Theodor Wolff, who was for years in von Bülow's confidence and published immediately after the Prince's death a long letter to himself from von Bülow on this question, declares that the chapter which von Bülow devotes to the subject is "much more full of holes, much weaker, and certainly less interesting" than his previous defenses. Wolff declares, of his own knowledge, that von Bülow's statement that he was aware of the British double-dealing in the matter of the Portuguese colonies when making treaties with Germany and Portugal is false. Von Bülow did not hear of it until long afterwards; hence he could not truthfully explain his rejection of the British offers of a hard and fast alliance by declaring, as he does, that he had lost faith in English sincerity and integrity. Of course, if he had accepted the British offers, there would have been no World War; or, if there had been, England would have fought beside Germany. The terrible fact—terrible from the point of view of the German people—is that under the Kaiser and his chancellors the alliances with Russia and England collapsed, and the German fleet-maniacs, with their anti-English slant, separated farther the two great countries which should always have been the warmest friends.

Von Bülow's admission that "English opinion was much less anti-German than German opinion was anti-English" speaks for itself. He and the Kaiser could have stopped that had they wished to do so. But, as von Bülow shows, the Kaiser more and more alienated his royal English relatives while von Bülow was messing things diplomatically. Finally, as this princely autobiographer also admits: "We [the Germans] gradually got on the nerves of the world, and we ourselves did not even notice this until the end of the war." It is impossible to read these memoirs without realizing that much as von Bülow may lay the blame for this upon others, he must bear his share of the responsibility. Indeed, no honest German who peruses these books can fail to hold von Bülow in large measure to blame for Germany's disaster. This is the brand he has now definitively put upon himself. He paved the way! How far his Italian wife and associations were responsible for this grasping at the shadow of the Triple Alliance and losing the substance of an English and Russian entente, it is not easy to say. Of course, in the memoirs, he sought to make it appear that he knew well what kind of a damosel the Italian beauty was, and how she could play fast and loose. However, he thought her worth the courting for all her frailty, and plainly preferred her to the virtuous and cold and calculating British matron whose advances he scorned. This whole additional picture of what European politics were like before the catastrophe, and of the kind of men who carried the fates of nations in their hands and played with them, portrays anew the inefficiency and criminal irresponsibility of the old statesmanship, which future generations will surely find impossible to understand or believe.

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* "Denkwürdigkeiten von Bernhard, Fürst von Bülow." Berlin: Verlag Ullstein. The English translation is announced for publication on May 1 by Little, Brown and Company.

As for the Kaiser, these reminiscences have struck him another deadly blow. They more than confirm the portrait of him painted by Emil Ludwig. At the same time, what von Bülow wrote about his former sovereign has done the dead Prince more harm than anything else in these self-damning volumes—even in the eyes of the great multitude of Germans who have no use whatever for the Kaiser. For here was a man who toadied incessantly to his liege lord—even to the kissing of his hand. The days when the Kaiser distinguished von Bülow in one way or another are written down here as among the greatest in the latter's life; as when the Kaiser graciously allowed him to ride with him past the front of von Bülow's old regiment, the Königshusaren, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its being stationed at Bonn. The Kaiser then made von Bülow, to his joy, an honorary colonel with the right to wear the uniform of his former regiment.

I find it impossible not to see a distinct strain of hypocrisy in von Bülow's discussions of the Kaiser, for frequently after writing fearful things about him he adds phrases like "but he was such a charming man"; or, "his abilities were so distinguished"; or, "he was often so remarkable." It is right to admit that the Kaiser was a fascinating, a gracious, sometimes a generous person, but the way this bootlicking courtier turns first bitter critic and then apologist, or lauder, raises one's gorge. I am not of the many, however, who feel that von Bülow should not have discussed him at all. It was a duty to posterity for him to paint a true portrait of the man he at once loathed and admired, if he wrote about him at all. But in view of the manner in which he did it, it is not surprising that Berlin is full of rumors that the Kaiser will shortly retaliate by publishing some of the sycophantic and bootlicking letters of adulation which von Bülow wrote to him; or that the condemnation of the Prince is so universal.

As for the picture which von Bülow draws of the Kaiser, one wonders at times why he did not seek to have his monarch locked up. Especially does the Prince dwell on the Kaiser's mad desire to talk, saying that he had the disease which the Italians call *parlantina,* as well as the ancients' *cacoethes scribendi.* To anybody who came along the Kaiser might, and constantly did, tell everything he had in his mind. For example, the Kaiser was once heard to let out one state and family secret after another to a person with whom he walked the decks of the royal yacht Hohenzollern. When inquiry was made as to who this confidant was, it turned out that he was the pilot who was taking the ship from Bari to Corfu! To his brother, Prince Henry, the Kaiser did not hesitate to denounce the Czar, although he knew full well that Prince Henry was devoted to the Czar, whose wife was the Prince's sister-in-law. Pages and pages von Bülow gives to such cases of tactlessness, always putting himself in the role of the man who covered the Kaiser's breaks and said just the right word to smooth things over so far as that was possible. An instance of this is the famous case when the Kaiser dubbed himself the "Admiral of the Atlantic" and the Czar, who was dining with him on the Hohenzollern, the "Admiral of the Pacific." The Czar was mute and painfully embarrassed, and von Bülow stepped in at once to smooth matters over. But later, when the two imperial ships parted company, the Kaiser signaled that the Admiral of the Atlantic bade farewell to the Admiral of the Pacific. After an interval the Czar's ship responded with one word: "Goodby." The captain of the Hohenzollern at once issued an order forbidding every officer and bluejacket on the ship to mention this episode. A few weeks later, however, the whole story appeared in a leading English daily with an effect upon British naval men and jingoes that can be imagined.

Sometimes the Kaiser openly revolted against the effort to muzzle him, saying that he was the only person who had to wear one. Anybody could call him a fool or anything else without anything happening, but he was asked to keep his feelings to himself even before his own brother. As one reads these pages the only wonder is that the Kaiser did not do infinitely more mischief than he actually created. Despite his promises never to write a letter to another sovereign without first submitting it to von Bülow, he constantly wrote or telegraphed without letting anyone know—often with great consequent humiliation.

Much that is new and intimate appears about the friction between the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, which constantly led to "dreadful scenes" and made the Kaiser fear that she would end her days in a sanitarium. Both were highly nervous. Far too much was plainly expected of one who was incapable of being at the same time "a bourgeois mother, a tender wife, and a reigning Kaiserin." Von Bülow prints many letters he received from her begging his help, his advice, in her efforts to control or direct the energies of her husband. It cannot be denied that she understood the weaknesses of her lord, master, and sovereign, with whom, von Bülow in passing remarks, "the dear 'I' pushed everything else into the background." This man's dagger is ever ready to be slipped under the fifth rib of the one who gave him the chance that he muffed and raised him to the same exalted rank as that held by the Iron Chancellor himself!

While much of the court gossip repels because of its pettiness, there can be no doubt that these books are of extraordinary historical value—if one makes the necessary discounts. Theodor Wolff says that the familiar German sign *Vorsicht* ought to be attached to them, that the reader may be on his guard and realize that besides writing an *apologia pro vita sua* the writer romanced a good deal; that even his anecdotes have been polished in the retelling. Yet a hundred years from now Germans will eagerly read this work, not only because its author in a sense turned state's evidence, but because the correctness of the whole picture of the pre-war official Germany cannot be denied, whatever the individual coloring, however obvious the personal motives. As one lays the volumes down, it is with a feeling that the Prussia of the Kaiser was, after all, in most ways not much different from that of the previous century save for a modern dress, and that it was surely destined to end in complete disaster of one kind or another.

I Became a Librarian

By CONSTANCE AUER

WHEN I had finished school and was casting about rather aimlessly for a career, my friends were helpful with advice. "You like books. You've always been a bookworm. Why not be a librarian?" Why not, indeed. As well say: You like to eat, therefore become a waitress. In my enjoyment of literary delicacies I lacked all desire to dish them up to others. But I had no counter-resources to fall back on, and such fine discriminations were in vain. The great oak doors swung slowly but surely open to receive me. I became a librarian. And here let me interpolate that if I occasionally use the title "librarian" with the loose inaccuracy with which a "public," that is, a borrower, invariably uses it, it is because I cannot help it. For if the librarian be only chief, head, or, as Webster puts it, "one who is in charge," how are those others who work in libraries to be designated? Business-office titles resound with a brisk, pleasing clarity—file clerk, typist, stenographer, secretary. But she who cancels your charge in a library is an "assistant," she who finds your book for you is an "assistant," she who searches indexes for you is an "assistant." Surely those who may never be "in charge" deserve distinction other than the label "assistant."

The dusk I found within the solid, institutional walls of libraries was not entirely obliterating. Light penetrated with certain borrowers who came, inquiring, and gleamed from certain books which even shelf numbers failed to reduce to a commodity. Light radiated most of all from certain of my fellow-workers. In the dim light I learned to distinguish contrasting tones in that subdued entity the library "girl" (for "girl" she remains to her sisters of the staff, be she sixteen or sixty).

Only the length of the years which lie between the library and myself gives me the temerity to speak of the librarian, who by reason of what she is will never speak of herself. As soon expect a nun to rise and tell of convent life. I know little of convents; but I see the library always as a sisterhood of dedicated lives.

The assembly at a teachers' convention is shrill, formidable, however bright and pleasing this or that teacher may be. Stenographers gathered in lunch- or tea-room I have found irritatingly silly. Library women as a group seem rather drab, a little dull. They are subdued, toned down. In their gentleness there is no jar; in their service to their cause, no noisy cant. The more quiet the personality, the better the librarian.

My training was an apprenticeship, my apprenticeship a novitiate. I was instructed at the knee of a mother superior—the Librarian herself. From her I learned the Dewey System of Classification, that paternoster of the library cult. By her I was catechized, trained into the routine of the order. I never attended library school. Library school was a new-fangled notion. I have often wondered if it could ever have proved as inspirational as those heart-to-heart talks in the dim twilight of the office of the mother superior.

I remember this woman for her gray hair, her dignity, and for one incident. We were gathered in staff meeting one morning, and she spoke somewhat sternly. "There has been some discontent with salaries of late," she said, "and of course I could take the matter up with the board." She paused for a measurable moment as we waited. "But I feel, and I know you all feel, that we have more than a commercial return for our work here. To work for the love of work is our privilege. For the present I shall not consult the board."

As nearly as I have been able to discover, loving her work has continued to be the outstanding privilege of the library employee. And she has remained among the most poorly paid of professional women mainly by virtue of her temperament, by virtue of that within her which made her choose her career in the first place. The librarian is a gentlewoman born and bred. She is timid, and library atmosphere is that of "culture," of quiet and refinement. She would like to do something for people, to educate them, perhaps. She recoils from the teaching rostrum as being too bold, too public. She prefers not to be stared at, listened to. She withdraws, with Victorian distaste, from the physical implications of nursing. She would serve without being noticed; invisibly she wants to help. Service is not a blatant slogan in the library. It is an inner and spiritual grace—more often than not quite genuine.

Quiet, quiescence, acquiescence. These were the three Q's of library training, the triune principle of the library order.

To tread quietly, to speak quietly, to work quietly. To pass through a room unobtrusively, as a thought might pass. To become as one of the books on the shelves, informative but silent. In the far reaches of the library, in the catalogue, order, and bindery departments, beyond the public ken, the same soundlessness prevailed. Even in their meetings librarians have no tongues. I recall one assembly of the staff where, after a discourse on Books of the Day, the visiting speaker asked for questions. After a pause the girl sitting next to me made an inquiry concerning book-review magazines. Faces registered surprise that she dared to do this. The head of one of the departments, leaning toward her, whispered, "I am so glad you asked that. I wanted to hear his comments." It was a feat of sheer courage, her tone implied. There were no further remarks that afternoon, nor on any similar occasions that I remember.

To be of quiescent mind—to plod, to be methodical. The work of a library is largely of a routine nature; the pace is slow, very slow. The detail is exacting—there are fifty-odd rules (does my memory hold?) to be observed in the typing of a catalogue card. These rules, framed by the Library of Congress to take care of minute classifications in a mammoth collection, are worshipfully observed by every cataloguer, be her collection of 50,000 or 500,000 volumes. Once the rules are mastered, one still works slowly; office pace would be considered irrelevant in a library. It is part of library discipline to remain unharassed by monotony, to be immune to boredom. Clerical work in a library is commendable in its accuracy; library system leaves no loophole either for temperamental adaptation or temperamental error.

To be of acquiescent spirit—to be obedient to tradition, respectful of established methods. To agree with the public across the desk, with the head of the department, and, above all, with accepted library opinion. To read the reviews of books, rather than the books themselves. The librarian looks to others for judgments as to what she and her public should or should not like. It saves having to read and decide for herself; and it is safer. Of all professional groups I have known, library people read, I believe, the least. Indexes and book journals serve instead.

Subservience to rules is, as everyone knows, the *sine qua non* of libraries and librarians alike. If a reader rails at a summary demand that he, willy-nilly, return to the library a volume which he and he only at the moment needs, he fails to understand the inflexible democracy of the institution which is serving him. Though that same book stand unread on the public shelves for five years, yet once every fortnight it must be placed for twenty-four hours at the command of his fellow-citizens. If this reader has at the time a problem or a thesis under consideration, such lack of leniency seems pointless and narrow; and the library assistant who timidly but firmly enforces the rule must take the brunt of his intellectual frown.

She has no choice. The rule governs her, as it governs the book and the borrower. Her position is as unequivocal as that of a nurse with charted orders for the day. Yet even more rigid are the orders which bind her, for they are never altered by a superior, they never swerve in the direction of a need. Of all professional women I have known, the public-library assistant is the least often allowed the responsibility of "using her judgment." The borrower, whether he desires a light novel or a statistical tome, is in the vernacular a "public," a mentally unclassed entity. The woman behind the desk may offer sympathy, a smile, an apology; but a rule she may neither give nor take away.

I have already indicated that the library employee is among the most poorly paid of professional women. In only one library of my experience, and I have applied for work in many, was the wage scale equal to that of the intelligent office girl. Rarely did it reach that level. One chief of a large public-library system, under whom I was fortunate enough at one time to work, had obtained from his city respectable salaries for the women in his employ. He was an exception.

The school librarian who is a member of the school staff, as she is, for instance, in California, is more fortunate. She is paid a teacher's salary, and that, in California, is fair enough. But the public libraries lag behind. Through the many library applications which I made at that time I came to understand that $100 a month was a respectable honorarium for an experienced library assistant in the West.

The endowed institutions bring up the rear of the salary ranks. For nearly a year I worked in a renowned private library in Chicago on an income of $19 a week. During that time I received an offer of an equal amount from the university library there. And when I offered myself to a large private library in San Francisco I was informed that they had at the time only a junior position for which their budget provided $60 to $65 per month. I will leave it to the American Library Association to amend the statistics, and to prove that library economics have changed since then.

I have intimated that the responsibility for her low wages lies largely with the temperament of the library employee herself, but it would not be fair to ignore entirely certain economic factors that have tended to keep her underpaid. Educational qualifications for the library worker have not, in the past, been high. Apprenticeship once served as training; then one year, then two years of library school. Now a college degree is often requested, and in a few libraries it is required. The salaries have not, however, kept pace with the training demands. Libraries remain filled because library positions are very few in number in comparison with office jobs or teaching jobs.

The industrial-library field is opening up; and I understand that the industrial or commercial librarian is frequently well compensated for her work. Only once did I make inquiry in this direction, and the prospect was encouraging, although I was not sufficiently interested at the time to follow it through. This development will eventually help the regular library employee, though the special library is as yet a disowned and unrecognized offspring of its conservative parents, the public and private "literary" libraries. I remember an interview with an alert young industrial librarian who revealed to me the chasm existing between her and her traditional colleague. "We are not literary," she said, "and therefore we must shift for ourselves. We have recently formed our own Special Library Association here in the city. The Public Library is not interested."

As a seeker, no longer a dispenser, of volumes, I have myself in recent years noticed in a few libraries some revolutionary indications. Along with an astounding display of posters and Better Book Weeks have come also extended renewal privileges, the disappearance of morally "restricted shelves," the opening of the gates into closed cubicles, and in a few libraries the generous allowance of as many books as the reader may care to carry away. I judge that the more one takes away, the more remain, for it is in these libraries that one finds most frequently what one desires.

In such libraries, also, I have noticed an awakening vivacity on the part of the assistants, have even heard upon occasion, not the whispered, nervous giggle that I remember, but the welcome sound of a low, merry laugh.

In the Driftway

"CREATED for the most particular age in history." So runs an advertisement for a brand of coffee which shall be nameless since the Drifter wants to attack not the coffee but what he considers an extremely undiscriminating remark about the age we live in. The present age has, or at least exercises, less discrimination than any age before it that the Drifter has ever heard about. That would be bad enough, but it is doubly damning in view of the fact that the capacity of this age for getting what it wants and the mechanical possibility of satisfying its desires speedily and efficiently are superior beyond measure to anything the past has ever imagined. The Drifter has no sentimental nostalgia for the past. He knows that the most beautiful of Gobelin tapestries was pretty inadequate defense against the freezing drafts that blew through castle halls. He knows that the great demand for spices—and that well-known passage to India—stemmed from a desire to disguise the medieval and assuredly picturesque aroma of venison too long off the hoof. The Drifter prefers a warm living-room and an icebox. What pains him is the great disparity between the shining perfection of our modern method and the inexcusable inferiority of the products it brings forth. And it pains him, first, because it exists and, second, because he thinks something could be done about it. Here is one of the few crusades in which he himself might enlist.

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ONE might draw the first fine flower of crusading zeal merely from a few minutes' quiet reflection on the number of gallons of bad coffee one has consumed within the year just ended in restaurants fairly topheavy with modern metal conveniences. For a symbol there could be found no more eloquent incitement to battle than a loaf of the bread which most of us—*not* including the Drifter—continue to eat. The spotless bakeries of America with their miles of windows and their neat ovens would, if piled one upon another, stack up a gleaming skyscraper beyond imagination. Beside it might rise still another spire, less gleaming but no less high, of the advertising copy that is written in praise of bread. But there would sit, perforce, between these two tall towers a loaf whose like for tastelessness and vapidity the world has never seen. Safety-razor blades used to be made of steel. Now, especially since the last great price-cutting fight, they are made of something worse than tin. What is more, it is probably impossible to obtain a steel safety-razor blade in this country except perhaps from some benighted firm which still spends its money on steel instead of newspaper advertising and premiums—a firm whose name, therefore, is unknown to anyone so unscholarly as a Drifter.

* * * * *

HERE are two sorry examples—two among many—of a tendency that has gone so far that even the names of things have lost their meanings. "Bread" once carried a heartening sound. It has become a term of reproach. A "steel blade" of old, in Toledo or the shaving box, conjured a shining and dependable sword. It has become a flabby fighter that nicks and crumples at the first tough whisker. Wool used to wear a warm and genuine air. Silk had a definite rich significance. Now it is "loaded." One must ask for "real" silk. Words—good words—have been thrown about so recklessly that their ancient and precious texture and sound have disappeared. The advertising pages of the world are filled with the ghosts of words that once had value. So are the literary pages—but the Drifter has not time to go into that.

* * * * *

AS for weapons in his crusade, the Drifter knows of only one effective blade—discrimination. Unfortunately, it has been so deeply buried in this democracy of ours under the weight of snob advertising that it will need to be first rescued and then tenderly nurtured for any fight. But it is time we rescued discrimination—now known as sales resistance and considered subtly unpatriotic—and set it to work. The Drifter dares to hope that in time we might have bread instead of paper pulp; that we might eventually have steel instead of advertising copy in our razor blades.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Billie Hard and Mr. Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue of your always stimulating weekly Mr. Paul Anderson refers to Billie Hard's former "profitable connection" with Mr. Hoover.

Billie Hard is a sweet-tempered person who permits everyone to say what he pleases without personal emotion on his own part. I do not resemble him in that respect.

I very much resent the implication which must be apparent to the casual reader. The only "profit" Billie Hard has ever had from his acquaintance with Mr. Hoover has been one which he still continues to enjoy. That "profit" is one which exists in any friendship with a man of splendid character and noble purpose.

Washington, February 4 ANNE HARD

The Indian Struggle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The British leaders say, and the British people seem to believe, that the Round Table Conference proposals represent an advance in self-government for India. But as the consent of the governed is the prime essential, the opinion of India is more important than the opinion of Britain. And as the Indian Congress is by far the most powerful political group in India, it is desirable to understand their attitude.

Mr. Gandhi stated on February 5 that the proposals must be considered in the light of his "eleven points." These were eleven reforms propounded in a sort of open letter to the Viceroy in Mr. Gandhi's paper *Young India* a year ago. They are substantially as follows:

1. Total prohibition.
2. Reduction of the foreign-exchange ratio of the rupee from its present fixed point of 1s. 6d. to 1s. 4d.
3. Reduction of the land revenue by at least 50 per cent and making it subject to legislative control.

4. Abolition of the salt tax.

5. Reduction of military expenditure by at least half to begin with.

6. Reduction of the salaries of the higher-grade government services so as to suit the reduced revenue.

7. Protective tariff on foreign cloth.

8. Passage of the Coastal Traffic Reservation Bill. (This would break up the present monopoly of British shipping and give Indian ship companies a chance.)

9. Discharge of all political prisoners except those condemned for murder or attempted murder, withdrawal of all political prosecutions and of several repressive statutes specified.

10. Abolition of the secret police.

11. Issue of licenses to the people to use firearms for self-defense, subject to popular control.

None of these points is included or even remotely implied in the British proposals.

To other Indian Congressmen there would seem to be at least five reasons for rejecting the British proposals.

1. Under the new "federal" scheme about one-third of the members of the central legislature would be appointed by the princes and would be, therefore, exceedingly conservative. These, together with the representatives of landlords and wealthy classes in British India, would be a very effective brake upon any advance of popular control.

2. The proposed financial "safeguards" would seem to give control to Britain of about 85 per cent of the total central-government expenditure.

3. The Viceroy's veto power and power to supersede the law whenever he thinks that disorder is threatened.

4. No time limit is set on "safeguards" or reservations.

5. Control of the army remains entirely with Britain.

Finally, we should realize that the British proposals are not what business men would call a "firm offer" but are only recommendations to Parliament.

The press dispatches say that Sir T. B. Sapru was himself skeptical of convincing Mr. Gandhi. It is possible that their return to India has strongly reminded the Indian Round Table delegates of realities which had been obscured by the excitements of London. Mr. Gandhi really means what he has been saying for the past ten years.

Britain is in a quandary. This is illustrated by Mr. Gandhi's request to the Viceroy to investigate six cases of police use of excessive force. If the Viceroy had promised to do this, it would have greatly lowered the morale of the police; yet his refusal to do so will make hundreds of thousands of Indians who have seen the police in action still more deeply convinced that the British use of the words "justice" and "peace" is wholly hypocritical in reference to India. The nature and depth of the British dilemma were indicated in the debate on the conference when Prime Minister MacDonald told Parliament in effect that Britain does not dare to go on indefinitely with repression in India. His statement was widely quoted in the American press. Mr. Baldwin's repudiation of Churchill and the diehards indicates that a great body of the Conservatives also agree with Mr. MacDonald in regard to the danger to Britain of continued repression in India. Nevertheless, repression will go on because Britain is not yet ready to agree to the Congress demands, and to stop the repression would break down the morale of the police.

Mr. Gandhi does not expect to remain out of jail for long. But during the brief period of his freedom he will give skilled guidance to the future tactics of the Congress, will make all Indians realize more deeply and clearly the immense implications of the fight for freedom, will make them understand still more strongly the efficiency, power, and necessity of non-violence in their struggle. It seems likely that the boycott, picketing, and refusal to pay taxes will be intensified, and the unification of different groups and parties of Indians will go on. The pace of so vast a movement cannot be foretold, but one is reminded of a sentence in Mr. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy last March, just before civil disobedience began: "If the people join me as I expect they will, the sufferings they will undergo, unless the British nation sooner retraces its steps, will be enough to melt the stoniest hearts."

Boston, February 9 RICHARD B. GREGG

Verbatim et Literatim

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to the slight but extraordinary slip by which in your issue of February 4 you refer to the great editor of the (London) *Nation* during its years of liberal preeminence as H. J. instead of H. W. Massingham?

London, February 11 GERTRUDE M. CROSS

Victor L. Berger Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest your readers, and particularly those who reside in or near Washington, D. C., to know that on Sunday evening, March 1, a dinner will be held at the National Press Club to launch the Victor L. Berger National Foundation. The purpose of the foundation, which has been incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, is to honor the memory of the late Victor L. Berger and to perpetuate, through the establishment of a permanent fund which will be applied to help in the building of a liberal press, the service he rendered the nation. Besides helping in the building of a press which will be devoted to cultivating an intelligent understanding of the problems of peace, industrial democracy, and the labor movement, the fund will seek to render permanent benefits to all minority groups by providing effective resistance to all attempts to impose restrictions on the press.

Reservations for the dinner and requests for literature concerning the foundation may be addressed to me at the Insurance Building, Washington. Mayor Hoan, Morris Hillquit, possibly Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Maurer will be among the speakers.

Washington, February 20 MARX LEWIS

In Honor of A. J. Muste

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ten years of selfless devotion to an idea—the idea of workers' education—have gone into the building of Brookwood Labor College. Today Brookwood stands more secure than ever, and it stands as a monument to one outstanding figure, A. J. Muste. None can realize so fully as the men and women who have spent some time at the college as students what A. J. Muste means to Brookwood. To give expression to this realization the Brookwood graduates of New York City are holding a dinner in his honor.

The dinner will be held on the tenth anniversary of the founding of Brookwood, Friday, March 6, at the Woodstock Hotel, 127 West Forty-third Street, at 6:30 p.m. The price per plate is $2. There will be no collections. Reservations should be sent to the Testimonial Dinner Committee, Room 2004, 104 Fifth Avenue.

New York, February 20 ISRAEL MUFSON

Books, Music, Drama

After a Mozart Quartet

By IRWIN EDMAN

Only another music could translate
This music, and that melody were this;
As well seek language that could utter fate,
As well find metaphors for speaking bliss.
Rather be silent that the themes may flow,
Rivers of liquid and insouciant joy,
Here rushing into rapids, here a slow
Lyric without repining or alloy.
Rather for once be one with perfect things,
All earth's poor infelicities forgotten,
Fly in this laughing heaven with borrowed wings,
Immortal once before your body's rotten,
While briefly yet the living mind can hear
This paradise so gay, abstract, and clear.

The Stream of Life

The Science of Life. By H. G. Wells, Julian S. Huxley, and G. P. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Two volumes. $10.

IN a book published in the fall of 1928, called "The Open Conspiracy," Mr. Wells announced his plan for the present two volumes. He considered that what he was writing was "a sort of provisional 'Bible,' so to speak," for the modern world. The first third of this Bible was "The Outline of History." The present two volumes, written in collaboration with the eminent biologist, Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the famous Thomas H., and with Mr. Wells's own son, comprise the second third. The final third, to treat of economic and social organization, is still to come.

"The Open Conspiracy" was a book as bad as only Mr. Wells can write. It was stuffed with stale platitudes, put forward with a pounding emphasis and the air of a discoverer and prophet. I am afraid that in reviewing the book I made ironic references to its shallow cocksureness, its evidences of megalomania. But the present magnificent work compels a radical alteration of those earlier conclusions. It is now clear to me that Wells's worst vices are also his highest virtues. Only a man with delusions of grandeur would announce that he himself (with a little outside help) was writing the Bible of our time; but only a man with such delusions, perhaps, would have the ambition, the daring, and the confidence to carry through a work of such panoramic sweep and genuine majesty as "The Science of Life" actually turns out to be.

In saying this I do not mean to give too large a share of credit for the work to Mr. Wells. He is extremely fortunate in such a collaborator as Mr. Huxley, who not only is a thorough biologist but possesses an imagination and literary gifts that, for this type of expository writing, are certainly not inferior to Mr. Wells's own. The reader cannot help speculating, from time to time, on the probable author of particular passages. Mr. Wells is called "the senior partner," but also "the least well-equipped scientifically." "His share," we are told, "has been mainly literary and editorial." Yet one is willing to wager heavy odds that he wrote most of the last chapter, on traditionalism, education, the supersession of war, and "the possibility of one collective human mind and will." The passage on page 940 describing the inconveniences that bacteria might suffer from bombardment by molecules, on the other hand, was almost certainly written by Mr. Huxley, for he has elaborated this same idea in his "Essays of a Biologist." Occasionally there are passages which in substance were written by other writers who do not get the full credit to which they are entitled. Thus the statement on page 938 that an angel is a biological impossibility, because his breast would have to project about four feet to house the muscles necessary to work his wings for flight, is taken from J. B. S. Haldane's essay On Being the Right Size, in "Possible Worlds"; as is also the illustration on page 942 to the effect that if you drop a mouse down a mine shaft, he can get up and walk away, while a rat is killed, a man broken, and a horse splashes. Somewhere in this section Mr. Haldane gets credit for a single remark, but not for these illustrations, which one is led to suppose are those of one of the three authors. But assignment of credit seems for the most part to be reasonably generous; a work of popularization of this amazing scope must necessarily make many borrowings, and perhaps would lose much in readability and pace if it attempted to be too punctilious in citing its sources.

The work is built on an imposing scale. In its 1,500 pages it runs to some 750,000 words, the physical equivalent of ten or twelve novels of ordinary length. It is divided into nine "books," each covering some important department of biological knowledge. The first book discusses the human body, covering much the same field as Dr. Logan Clendening's recent volume. The second book covers the whole living world, from the vertebrates down through the crabs, insects, worms, sponges, microbes, and the full range of vegetable life. The third book presents the manifold evidences for evolution; the fourth, theories of evolution, the mechanism of inheritance, and the A B C of genetics. The fifth gives a history of the forms of earthly life, and includes a section on early man. The sixth describes how various animals get their livings. The seventh is given over to Health and Disease, including bacteriology, nutrition, and vital statistics. Book Eight discusses behavior, feeling, and thought, from that observable in the amoeba up through that of ant and bee colonies to man, and there is a comprehensive section on behaviorism and psychoanalysis, as well as on such "borderland sciences" as telepathy and spiritualism. The final book considers man in his collective rather than his individual aspect—his history and forms of associations.

It is not possible to indicate more than sketchily the attitude and conclusions of the work. It holds evolution to be an incontrovertible fact, "proven up to the hilt," acceptable on the strength of the fossil record alone. Its point of view is neo-Darwinian; it does not accept the alleged evidence for the inheritance of acquired characters; it dismisses all theological, mystical, and teleological theories of evolution, including Bergson's *élan vital*, which it regards as a vivid but scientifically valueless metaphor, and Mr. Shaw's Life Force, which it derides as "Lamarckism in caricature." "It pleases Mr. Shaw," remark the authors, "to tell the world at regular intervals that Natural Selection has been 'exploded,' and it does not hamper the operation of Natural Selection in the very least that he should do this." But though the authors accept Natural Selection, they have no emotional attachment to it:

> The biologist can also point out that Evolution, whether looked at as a whole or in detail, is very far from coming up to what we might expect if it were in truth the realization of some exterior cosmic purpose. Firstly, it is extremely slow. Then the method of selection is not only slow but wasteful and, in higher animals at least, involves

> great suffering. Worst of all, it has achieved much that seems definitely bad. Evolution has deprived barnacles and oysters of movement and brain; it has produced the female mantis, who begins eating her mate during the act of pairing; it has generated the bloodthirsty land-leeches and mosquitoes, and fitted the ichneumon-fly grub to devour its living caterpillar prey slowly, from the inside; it has brought into being not only strong, intelligent, and beautiful creatures, but also degenerate parasites and loathsome diseases. In brief, we are confronted with the gravest theological difficulties if we too light-heartedly set out to see purpose in Evolution. The wiser and saner course is to acknowledge our ignorance of ultimate causes and designs.

This view carries of course its implications for human conduct and aims. After pointing to man's utter insignificance in time and in space, the authors conclude:

> Human dignity rests upon nothing but itself, and man's activities must have value in themselves and for their own sake if they are to have value at all. That is the outcome of modern astronomy's impact upon the complacency of ordinary thought.

Like most modern biologists and psychologists, the authors find themselves obliged to reject not only the extreme dualism between Mind and Body preached by Descartes, almost ineradicably imbedded in language itself, and hence accepted by the man in the street and pontifically defended by a few literary gentlemen, but they reject any notion that Mind and Body are separated or separable in fact. They are obliged to adopt the hypothesis that man is not Mind plus Body, but a Mind-Body; that Mind and Body are merely two aspects of one unity. (There is an interesting analogy here with the recent physical concept of a space-time continuum.) The authors therefore accept behaviorism as a fruitful scientific *method.* They dismiss it, however, as a *philosophy*, both because of its astounding rejection of subjective evidence and its equally astounding rejection of all that science and common sense know of heredity. They criticize Freud's work freely, but still maintain that "Freud's name is as cardinal in the history of human thought as Charles Darwin's." They hold out no hope for personal immortality, and even hint that it is better that the individual, with all his bad habits, ineradicable memories, mutilations, distortions, prejudices, and decays, should be erased at last and forgotten.

With the immense new fields of knowledge that have been opened up in the last generation, the revolutionary theories and discoveries, the appalling accumulation of verified facts of the highest importance, we should all be lost if a great literature of popularization were not arising to disseminate this knowledge. There is a type of intellectual snob who professes to hold this literature of popularization in contempt; who maintains that through it knowledge is diluted, cheapened, and distorted. Popularizations differ in quality like every other type of book; and that such charges are true of many popularizations I should be the last to deny. But the man who takes at best a condescending attitude to every book on science not written for an expert audience is either stupid or a pretty transparent pretender. Today we are all "laymen" outside of our own narrow specialties; even the astronomer and the biologist may read each other's popularizations with profit. As the need for such books grows yearly, it is no accident that their quantity not only increases, but that their quality is higher than in any previous period of the world's cultural history. The popularizer of former times was likely to be a mere second-hand man in ideas; his tone was almost always condescending, and his audience in consequence got even less than whatever filtered through his own mediocre brain. Today the popularizers are among the finest minds of our time: J. B. S. Haldane, Bertrand Russell, Eddington, Jeans, H. S. Jennings. And the trinity that have composed this "Bible" belong in their company. In their work they have profited from their predecessors. They have learned that the popularization of knowledge is essentially no more than its humanization; that while a few abstruse aspects of a subject are better left to specialists, it is on the whole not necessary to dilute or to "write down." (There is a certain patronizing air in the present book in its somewhat tiresome use of "Mr. Everyman" where "man" would have been much better; but this is a very minor blemish.) Popularization, they have learned, means sometimes no more than merely getting rid of pedantry and pompousness. But its real secret, which this trinity have mastered to an astonishing degree, is the imaginative and dramatic presentation of a subject; the revelation of its connections, implications, and broader meanings; the ability to place the reader "in relation to the whole scheme of things." Their work, in consequence, is the most absorbing I have encountered in months. I shall not commit the banality of calling it as absorbing as a novel. But if, sometime during the present year, an extraordinarily fine novel comes my way, and I want to say something very complimentary about it, I may say that it is nearly as absorbing as "The Science of Life."

HENRY HAZLITT

Black, Alas, No More!

Black No More. By George S. Schuyler. The Macaulay Company. $2.

MR. SCHUYLER is, so far, the only Negro who has employed satire as a weapon with any measure of success. If for no other reason, therefore, his book deserves mention. The fable is a simple one. A Negro doctor discovers a method of turning black people white in a few hours and for the modest sum of $50. Millions of Negroes flock to take his treatment, from which they emerge not only white-skinned but with Anglo-Saxon features. There is only one rub: Negroes, though white, are still liable to become the parents of brown babies, but the resourceful doctor is able to turn a dark infant white in twenty-four hours. The results, of course, are various and chaotic. Complete disintegration of Negro enterprise, terror on the part of the whites, who see white supremacy threatened in a new way, a new political party, which under the guidance of one of the new un-Negroes seems about to elect a president, and the denouement—the discovery, by one of the most furious of the anti-white-Negroites, that about 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States must own to Negro ancestry, in however remote form.

Like all good fables, this one has a moral, unmistakable, pointed, and, one fears, all too justified. The Negro, says Mr. Schuyler, has denied his birthright, has betrayed his race. He is engaged whole-heartedly in an attempt to be as much like the white man as possible. He will be whiter than white; he will, without a thought for the virtues of his own kind, embrace the white man's virtues, although they are foreign to his nature and beyond his comprehension. This is the new slavery. When he was a slave the Negro lived in his own world; he loved, laughed, bore pain, and died in it. He entered the white man's world only as a child enters the world of his parents, without understanding it, suffering what he must suffer, enjoying what he is permitted to enjoy. But like a child he could withdraw to his own kind, who were so full of grace, and kindness, and gaiety. What a sad irony that he was freed from the bondage that kept him in his world only to enter upon another slavery, the seemingly irresistible necessity to ape his former masters.

This, of course, is one way of saying that the Negro will never write great literature while he tries to write white literature. It may be that he can express himself only by music and rhythm, and not by words. Mr. Schuyler has written white satire. He has spared neither race in his sharp criticism and neither is likely to love him for it. His book has many faults, the most glaring being its vulgarity. But if it is not great literature, or perhaps literature at all, it is a very pointed barb in the side of white and black alike. And on the whole the whites come off a little better, for they at least are trying to keep what they think they have, their racial integrity. The Negro might well take a lesson from this obstinate and unreasoning pride of race. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Australia's Dilemma

Australia. By W. K. Hancock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.
An Economic History of Australia. By Edward Shann. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THESE two books offer the most comprehensive picture of Australia available to the American reader. Professor Shann's volume is a detailed study of the economic evolution of the country from the settlement in 1788 to the year 1928, while Professor Hancock's book is a portrait of the Australian people as they exhibit themselves today to a native trained abroad for critical observation. The latter cites the former as a principal source. No doubt the Hancock volume is the one I should indicate as most suitable for the general reader. It is much cleverer, if less substantial, than J. B. Condliffe's treatise on New Zealand and much solider than Sarah Gertrude Millin's essay on South Africa.

Both authors dissipate many myths and both emphasize aspects of the Australian situation which will give anguish to the "dinkum Aussies." One truth which both writers emphasize is that Australia is controlled economically by the world prices of primary products. Another and complementary truth is that in ignoring this factor Australian politicians and their constituents have brought the country to its present pass. They have sought to erect an Australian system of economics on a continent which in the very nature of things cannot stand the gaff. When world prices are high and it is easy to borrow abroad, everything goes swimmingly. When prices fall, then times are doubly hard. In fact, one may generalize that the Australian question is humanitarianism versus world prices.

The Australian humanitarians get precious little sympathy from either of our authors; not that they are American humanists, but because they feel that ignorance of economics has been made a virtue by Australian politicians. I may select the question of wages as an example of how humanitarian considerations have affected the total situation. The familiar Australian boast is that the living standard of the country is the highest in the world, a dogma contradicted by statistics and by an observational survey of the condition of the Australian workingman. This standard of living is based upon a legally regulated wage and is determined by factors other than supply and demand—by world prices, for example. It is based on the study of the index numbers of Australian prices and upon the "fair and reasonable" requirements of a family of five in the satisfaction of their "normal needs." Australian wages are a basic charge against an industry, and theoretically the industry which cannot meet them and survive should perish. Practically, the industry is taken care of by the tariff. The effort is to have protection for all as the safeguard of the Australian standard, itself an artificially created charge upon industry. An illustration of how this works is the dried-fruit industry. It is based upon irrigation, and the costs, including wages, make it impossible for the Australian dried fruits to compete in the world market except at a loss. Consequently the Australian market is segregated for the local dried fruits by a tariff wall and the surplus is dumped abroad. Thus is the Australian standard maintained. Naturally such a system sets up a vicious circle from which there is no easy escape.

It is possible to admire this Australian blindness to the Tibetan nature of their economy and to applaud the stiff-necked quality which leads them to seek a high minimum standard of prosperity. It is possible, also, to find excellent excuses for their wonderful ability for acquiring debts in the operation of their railways as instruments for developing the country, in the various expedients for getting population on the land, and in all their other projects for making the government an instrument for social service rather than a defense for privilege. Most of the troubles which have resulted, both authors emphasize, arise from the apparent impossibility of harmonizing lofty aims which can only be gained by careful planning by trained economists and technicians with the necessity for democratic control of those charged with operating responsibilities. Neither writer says much about graft in Australia, though probably it is a factor, but both harp on the conclusion that mass thinking can never solve technical problems. In the last analysis, then, is Australia victimized by the democratic dogma?

Whatever the flaw in the Australian ideology, the accomplishments of the people are amazing. From a straggling convict settlement founded in 1788 with no welcome for the free settler, there has evolved the present social structure. With a perspicuity not characteristic of American historians, Messrs. Hancock and Shann give great credit, not to the governing officials, but to those who laid the true foundations of the national life. They single out John Macarthur, who first realized the importance of sheep raising (still the basic industry) for wool; William Farrer, who experimented in a Luther Burbank fashion with wheat and evolved the varieties which will resist drought and rust and so stabilized the wheat industry; Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, who put the family on a solid basis at a time when there was considerable danger that practical men would try to keep the country a pastoral community with few women; Professor Custance, who solved the problem of soil exhaustion by "dressing the land with soluble superphosphate"; the various inventors of labor-saving devices adapted to local needs, and similar heroes. It is men and women of this type who made Australia, in company with the nameless heroes who have fought and died in the war with the capricious soil and climate. "The progressive settlement of the continent depends primarily on the progress of its people in mastering the problems of its soil and climate," says Hancock.

In one of his penetrating generalizations Professor Hancock remarks that the whole of Australian history lies "within the period which succeeded the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution . . ." It has both profited and suffered from this fact. It has suffered because the emphasis on the rights of man and the duties of the state (leading to state socialism) has led to the ignoring of any larger aspect of the problem than the *immediate* welfare of the individual citizen. It has profited because the development of Australia has been accelerated to an extent unknown before in the history of new countries, a development so impressively set forth by Dr. Shann. The result is that Australia stands today as one of three most interesting and prophetic countries, the other two being Russia and the United States. In its present form it is a precarious compromise between the two. The slightest tip of the scales will send it one way or the other. Both of these professors are in favor of a retreat from the present humanitarian ideology, Professor Hancock being decidedly ironic and deprecatory in his clever summary of the Australian outlook, and Professor Shann openly favoring the return to power of the most conservative element in the commonwealth, the sheep-raising squatters.

The squatters would undoubtedly tip the balance toward a conservative paternal capitalism, but there is small chance of their getting a foothold in politics in spite of the fact that their industry is basic in the national prosperity. The farmers tried to assert their case against the dominant ideology, but suffered a defeat only tempered by an appropriation of some of its alleged benefits. The conservative forces in Australian life seem politically impotent. In the great difficulties at the close of the last century labor lost ground heavily, but today it is in control. If in guiding the country through its present crisis the labor leaders learn how to strike a balance between hard-boiled economics (or, in Hancock's phraseology, learn what economic disciplines are) and humanitarian paternalism, they may evolve a system which will appeal to the world as the logical compromise between Russian communism and American capitalism.

C. Hartley Grattan

A Record of Illusion

Eva. By Jacques Chardonne. Simon and Schuster. $2.

THE technical interest of this short novel lies in its use of indirection. The hero, Bernard, whose diary we are reading, loves his wife, Eva, with so complete a devotion that he is ignorant of her estrangement and unhappiness. To his limited and trusting intelligence their marriage is a true and fertile union; to her it has become a dry and barren pretense, the fulfilment only of her skepticism in love and her natural indifference to her husband. Bernard's happiness is an expression not only of his innocence and physical satisfaction, but of an untested literary idealism. His distress on gradually sensing Eva's tragedy, his recognition of disaster, his scorn of his wife's treachery, and his submission to the collapse of their household enter the reader's consciousness with the same sense of bewilderment that accompanied their entry into his. Bernard is the credulous domestic type who has already been treated by several of Chardonne's contemporaries—Du Gard, Duhamel, and Gide—but Chardonne has adapted from Flaubert the domestic atmosphere, the quiet, unreal world of literary and philosophical things that fills Bernard's mind, and the dispassionate sobriety which lends an unpretentious distinction to his narrative. The entire novel is told by the husband by means of a fragmentary diary which begins with husband and wife in mid-channel and ends on the eve of his wife's marriage to her lover. She has slowly become transformed from the object of his adoration into a "creature of lies and folly." In order to sustain this scheme of revealing a slowly unfolding consciousness an accurate sensibility is required. The novel must be poised safely between the author's omniscience and the diarist's ignorance of his predicament. The imaginary graph on which the course of the action is traced must carry two lines: one tracing the course of the husband's perceptions; the other, counterpoised and slowly converging, defining the actual course of events. On both scores Chardonne has handled his materials skilfully: his command of sensibility gives us a plausible Bernard; his control of mechanism keeps the two planes of fact, imagined and real, constantly present in the mind of the reader. The mechanism is a kind of counterpoint.

Structurally and conceptually this is a distinguished example of the secondary kind of current French fiction. It stands far below the works of Gide and Du Gard, but easily wins over the customary tours de force which carry off the Goncourt and similar prizes. Its defect is slightness. Except for Bernard the characters remain too nebulous, and even after their real natures assert themselves in his consciousness they fail to achieve their own life. The imagined fact outweighs the real, and a sketch of life rather than a three-dimensioned presentation results. But like Chardonne's earlier studies of marriage, "L'épithalame" and "Les Varais," the present book is consistently sure in its intuition. Poignancy is enhanced by brevity, and pathos by the contrast between realism and illusion. The obvious conventionality of the materials has been offset by oblique treatment and candor, and inevitably Chardonne's novel reveals its fundamental distinction.

Morton Dauwen Zabel

More Studies in Keats

Studies in Keats. By J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

THESE studies in Keats are designed, as the author tells us, to fill gaps in his book "Keats and Shakespeare," and in them the same subjective method of criticism and analysis is employed as in the preceding volume. Here is criticism really at the opposite pole from I. A. Richards's type of analysis, yet certainly as valuable and perhaps much more so. Such criticism as Middleton Murry's is based on a very minute examination of the texts of the Keats poems and letters, and of the states of consciousness described in those documents; but it is something more: it is an identification, emotional and intellectual, of critic with poet, the most delicate possible adjustment to achieve. Just the slightest tipping of the scales one way and the critic reads his own emotional reactions into those of the poet; just the slightest the other and the contact is broken—reason has interposed coldly! Generally speaking, only poets have been able to write this particular type of criticism, but Mr. Murry has the necessary penetration and patience.

His results are very interesting. The most important chapters of his book are those analyzing the involved meaning of "Endymion," and those studying the state of mind necessary to the composition of such a poem as the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." The last lines of this ode have troubled critics and have seemed to them a blot on an otherwise perfect work of art. To explain them Mr. Murry must recreate for his readers the psychological state in which Keats's creative imagination functioned best. In doing so he clarifies the whole of Keats's writings—letters and poems both. He sums up the difficulty as follows:

> The direct and enigmatic proposition disturbs the poem because it does not belong to the same kind of utterance. The poem, as a whole, advances on strong and delicate waves of the pure sensuous imagination. It ends dissonantly with a stark enunciation which to that part of the human mind which is aroused by stark enunciation must be a baffling paradox.

How did Keats happen to close his poem with his statement: "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," and so on? Mr. Murry believes this to be no accidental effect, but rather an attempt to express vision, the essential matter of vision for which there *are* no words, although Keats declared it boldly in the form Beauty is Truth. Anyone who does not see Keats's vision is incapable therefore of understanding its "stark enunciation." Had Blake, for example, written the lines in some simple poem of vision, they would have afforded less difficulty of interpretation; but in the Ode, the mind must suddenly escape its superinduced sensuous quietude and leap to this statement of vision, or make nothing of the last lines. Usually the latter happens, and the lines seem wrong.

Mr. Murry's thesis that Keats, more than most poets, was prey to all experience, and aware, nevertheless, constantly of the need of equipoise, that state of consciousness in which "the fibers of the brain are relaxed; the conscious mind has yielded to that which is far older, far deeper, and far richer than itself," and that only in that peculiarly aware and yet drowsy state could he compose, seems explanation enough for much of what we see as struggle in the poet's life, for his integrity, not intellectual but imaginative, and for his certainty that no truth is true save that we love it.

One finishes these essays of Mr. Murry's with the feeling of having undergone an experience which has somehow illuminated the more obscure tracts of the creative imagination, of having dwelt briefly in the creative experience itself.

Eda Lou Walton

Notes on Fiction

Two Thieves. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

The author of "Coronet" tells a lengthy tale of the two thieves who hung finally from two of the three crosses on Calvary. And there is this much to be said for Mr. Komroff—he does not strain after Biblical effects or offer any fictive interpretation of the life of Jesus. In fact, Jesus does not appear in the novel at all. But for all these virtues of omission, the events leading up to the crucifixion of the two thieves are repetitious and only halfway exciting. The plan of the elder thief, once a wealthy merchant's son and now an Arab of considerable rank, for taking Jerusalem away from the Romans is obscure in the extreme, and involves principally a great dashing hither and yon among the cities of Palestine and a number of well-described fights. But on the whole the author's attempt to spin out a tale which has a coincidental end with a famous historical event is lame and the tale is scarcely expansible beyond the limits of a short story.

Midsummernight. By Carl Wilhelmson. With Woodcuts by Lynd Ward. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

"Midsummernight" deals with a locality rather similar to that of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" and, more remotely, Thames Williamson's "The Earth Told Me," though it is not so good as either of these novels. For in Hamsun's and Williamson's books the locality is but a necessary frame inclosing the action, and the major attention is focused on the characters and the conflicts between them. In Carl Wilhelmson's novel the locality is the chief interest, whether the author wished it so or not, and the characters are endowed with no distinctive qualities. They are, however, not particularly obtrusive and their actions lead the reader pleasantly enough through the intricacies of primitive Finnish manners. The wedding, the funeral, a bathing contest, and other quaint customs make the novel readable, particularly since the author adopts a simple and straightforward manner in describing them and leaves aside the beautiful writing which renders other portions of the narrative tedious. "Midsummernight" is little more than another novel about far lands and strange people, but as such it is not without brightness.

Unweave a Rainbow. By Edgar Johnson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This, Mr. Johnson's first novel, is very correctly entitled a "sentimental fantasy." The author's achievement is a perfect artificiality of plot, of scene, of character—that type of artificiality which is so well substantiated by selection of details that it is capable of arousing a very real emotion. The lady loved may be a mere dream—is, in fact, just this—but she is so perfect that she fulfils our insatiable desire for the sentimental; the scenes, moreover, are so elaborately laid out that they become real; the characters are so witty, so bookish, so urban, so modern that they seem more probable than most New Yorkers. It is always, then, by heightening and lingering over the exquisite and subtle and extremely precious in description, conversation, action, that Mr. Johnson arouses the reader to belief. Tactile, auditory, visual excitement are so constant with this author that he communicates them directly. It remains to be seen, of course, whether Mr. Johnson can go on being exquisite. If he simplifies himself, it will be almost beyond recognition, but perhaps he will always depend on artifice. One quality his sentimental fantasies lack which the great sentimental novels have had—a kind of masculine zest, not only for a fingering of the exquisite, but for every type of experience, palms down on the sharp gravel, and now and then a good, old-fashioned interest in vulgarity.

Architecture

The New School

It must be that the New School for Social Research was designed for the up-to-date woman. It is bold just where she is bold. The flat painted walls inside, with their simple and assured tones of red, blue, and yellow, are hers, in strong contrast to the interiors of buildings done for her husband, which are either plain tame or else vulgar-gaudy like the lobby of the *Daily News.* The whole picture, outside as well as in, is uncompromisingly "new school," where the man would have inclined to tone it down or fudge it up.

Consider, for a moment, how "modernism" entered the United States. It was certainly through the woman. First she bought smart new gowns from Poiret or Chanel, or at least the very best copies; then her *couturiers* over here began dressing their windows with cork and with bright new chromium furniture; eventually she herself risked a bar, and then a dining room, and finally a whole large building in the new mode.

"Function" is the name of this new Plain Richard at the court of fashion. It is a new manner of simplicity that has taken our up-to-date woman's fancy. And in certain parts of the building Mr. Urban, the architect, has done simplicity for her with quite unusual skill. The entrance, for example. A flat black marble wall outside, a flat gray painted wall inside. No "decoration" anywhere. Straight metal bars to protect the glass in the door, alike on both sides for the same utilitarian purpose, yet spaced so carefully as to become decorative in themselves, harmonizing with other lines in the building, and letting the thought flow through. Since nothing is extraneous, there is nothing to mislead, and a great advantage of such a foyer is that the arrangement is comprehensible at a glance, or, as architects say, it is easily "read."

Throughout the building the color in particular is handled with a similar directness. Instead of different colors for separate rooms, there are different colors for the separate walls in the same room; and four primary tones well keyed serve in this fashion for the entire building. Thus the interiors become less like a series of boxes than interweaving spaces bounded by variously colored planes; sometimes, too, separate areas of the same wall receive different colors to demark separate areas of use—the yellow end of the room will be the lounge, and with the blue begin the picture galleries.

Yet how simple, really, is the up-to-date woman? How natural was Marie Antoinette? Perhaps the processes of fitness that had shaped the entrance and the *décor* so well began to seem too slow. Or perhaps when she said "simple" what the lady really meant was "novel," and when she said "func-

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tional" she was thinking "European." At any rate, before the building was finished it had acquired some quite exotic features: among them a front like nothing so much as a free transcription of the Van Nelle tobacco factory at Rotterdam, and an auditorium inside that was advertised forthwith as the architect's "dream of a perfect oval."

How to incorporate these features, and still appear to be working straight from conditions, must have put a considerable tax on even a stage designer's ingenuity. That labor will never be appreciated by the ladies. What is stunning about the Van Nelle façade is an apparent trick with gravity. At each of seven stories it is slashed straight through by a continuous ribbon window, uninterrupted by a single column, in spite of which it manages to stand up: the secret is that the columns are really there, *behind* the wall. Now this is a device for flooding a large space with uninterrupted light. It originated in a place where that problem had to be met—in the American mill. If the floor and wall cannot be pushed at least eight feet beyond the last supporting column—well, then you are likely to get the result that can be seen on Twelfth Street. You come inside, and there, a scant two feet behind the wall, is the column, standing in the way and actually casting more shadow than it would have cast from an orthodox position within the wall itself. . . . There was nothing to be done but to paint it white. . . . Again, the inside space is not, as in the mill, a single room; and how are you to run a masonry partition wall up to a glass window? . . . It is done by inserting another little inside window between the column and the outer window frame, and in the process creating a little glass cupboard with a cute Victorian flavor. . . . And so it all has to go, all sixes and sevens. The outside windows pivot horizontally, yet inside there is a second set, in vertical frames this time, swinging into the room, and spoiling still more space. The climax of all this arrives in the large classrooms, where you find the lecturer placed directly in front of the window: at any time when the light can come through the curtains have to be drawn, so that on this floor the windows with all their fuss and façade would have been better out of the way entirely and their place taken by blank wall, artificial ventilation, and electric light. Lady, Lady! Did you ever tease an architect into a paradox more astonishing than that of a "functional" false front?

So, too, with the quaint auditorium. They will tell you when you enter that it makes for such marvelous acoustics. Well, in a hall accommodating no more than five hundred people tolerable acoustics ought to go with almost any shape. Any shape, that is, except an oval. Acoustically the oval per se is one of the worst conformations known. It is liable to dead spots, and it throws echoes right back at the speaker and the audience. Not the oval shape is what does the work in the New School auditorium—where the acoustics are actually very good—but the fact that the ceiling is a pierced plaster shell. It is a blanket, hung from the structural ceiling above it by means of iron straps; and its virtue is in the holes. Their duty is to break up all the sound they can, a duty which is the exact opposite of reflecting it. They would break it up with almost any shape of screen. They break it up even with an oval one. . . . Then after all the oval shape is all right? Of course it would be all right were the screen held separate for what it is, a screen, and not confused everywhere with the structure. How naturally this can be done you can observe in the auditoriums of numbers of popular theaters, including the Paramount, in which, although the decoration is garish to a degree, the architecture is consistent, clear, and unambiguous. I believe it has not one plaster shell but three, and yet not the most ignorant truck-driver patron would take them for anything else than what they are.

What difference does it make? Simply this: that archicture is a language, in which plan, structure, and form are s thought, sentence, and sound. If words are used for what ey do not mean, and syntax is all at odds, there can be no ery deep significance to the rhyme. In architecture the conitions are almost intolerably complex. All the more honor their master. The rarest achievement is that parable-like implicity which is true at every level of understanding. And certain passages in this building Mr. Urban, as I have said, as worked for just that, and has achieved a splendid fitness robably beyond the capacity of our typical architects such as orbett and Hood, who are opportunists at heart and players ith mere effect. Too bad that in so many essential points he purpose has been perverted, so that the New School can tand only as a gesture.

But I am talking into the wind. How could I have made uch a mistake? The ladies do not really care to study syntax nd philology. Look at the floor plans. Only one floor among even contains classrooms proper; among these, four out of ix have quite gratuitously impossible shapes. No, it is on the lubrooms that the main effort has been concentrated. In the brary, which in the ordinary school would be quietly segregated, here is a grand double stairway. The people go up and lown, up and down. It leads to the salon. They say, "Don't ou think it's pretty good, for America?"

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Music

Orchestras Without Conductors

THE economic depression, in depriving us of the Conductorless Orchestra, has removed the best possible antidote to the conductor-worship in which we are all too apt to indulge. At the same time, it has opened the door to those professional skeptics whose favorite topic is the complete uselessness of conductors. As long as we had the Conductorless it was not hard to see just what the functions of a conductor are. But now that all our orchestras are conducted again, we have been robbed of that criterion; especially since we do not tolerate mild and self-effacing conductors, but insist on much conducting or none. In a city visited annually by Coates, Gabrilowitsch, Kleiber, Koussevitzky, Molinari, Sokoloff, Stokowski, and Toscanini, it may not be amiss to recall how an orchestra recently got along without any of them, and thus to remind ourselves of just what it is that they contribute to orchestral performance.

What virtues did the Conductorless lack? What advantages did it offer over conducted orchestras, and at what price were they bought?

Its most persistent shortcomings were a lack of rhythmic precision and faults in tonal balance. These mechanical defects would seem inevitable in an orchestra of the size required to play modern works and in modern halls. The eighteenth-century orchestra, conducted from the harpsichord, was in our terms a chamber orchestra. The players were not prevented by the tonal volume, the size of the hall, or the distance that separated different sections of the orchestra from listening to one another. But how is the trumpeter, sitting far over at the right of a large stage, with three trombones and a whole percussion section, perhaps, playing just behind him, to hear the first violins ten or twelve yards away? In a conductorless orchestra, sitting on a stage designed to project both his and their tone out into a large hall, he is at a loss for indications of tempo and dynamics. He must guess at what is happening

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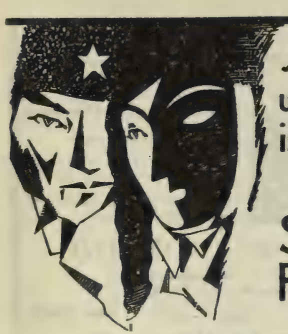

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in the rest of the orchestra, and those who can hear him must adjust their playing to his. The tempo difficulty can be partially overcome by an agreement beforehand to preserve an even, metronomic pace. But the problem of balance in color and volume can never be completely solved, under these conditions, without a conductor.

The Conductorless, however, according to its apologists, turned these very difficulties into means of discipline: owing to them, it was said, greater self-effacement and concentration and more thorough musicianship were required of the musicians than in a conducted orchestra. Unfortunately the venture did not last long enough to prove this alleged advantage, for it would have been apparent only after several years' work. In its behalf the further claim was made that its interpretations, guided by a committee, were sure to be freer of the capricious and the affected than those of many conductors. But even an affected interpretation is likely to have some consistency in its affectation, whereas a committee interpretation is too apt to consist of a series of conflicting concessions.

It may be granted that the interpretations of the self-conducted orchestra were less objectionable than those of many popular conductors. At the same time, even making every allowance for the fact that it is easier to be enthusiastic in praise or dispraise of an individual than of an organization, it can hardly be claimed that they ever equaled those of the greatest. And unfortunately, to achieve results comparable to those effected by a conductor, a conductorless orchestra needs many times as much rehearsing. Its repertoire is thus necessarily very much restricted, particularly as regards modern and difficult works.

Entirely apart, then, from the exceptional understanding and power of re-creation that we ascribe to men like Toscanini (and these things cannot be demolished in a sentence) the conductor has a definite practical value. The notion frequently expressed that "they could get along just as well if he stayed home" is baseless. But the Conductorless was the best possible reminder of all this, and in a city where one orchestra has five conductors in a season, and another (the Roxy) recently had four on one program, there was room for that reminder.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Early Victorian Father

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," a new but already famous play by Rudolf Besier which Katherine Cornell has brought from London to the Empire Theater, shows every sign of being a success. Miss Cornell not only plays the principal part in it; she is the producer as well, and in that role she seems to have demanded, and got, a practically perfect performance. The piece is interesting and clear; its theme is familiar enough not to strain the capacity of any reasonably well-educated audience to understand it; and it is acted in the best taste throughout. What more could be asked?

Perhaps the way to answer that question is to say that most of the pleasure I derived from the spectacle was of a negative sort. It was very nice indeed not to have certain mistakes made by Mr. Besier; it was comfortable to sit there and have all of my expectations so gracefully, so precisely, so tactfully met. For instance, since I had been informed that the play, although it dealt with the courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, did not try to make these persons talk like poets, I expected to get a special pleasure out of hearing them talk like human beings. And they did. Mr. Besier had the almost unique inspiration to make his famous hero and heroine behave as if they did not know they were famous. He actually seemed to believe that the way to show an artist on the stage is to show him exactly like any other sort of creature. This was delightful. Miss Cornell as the ailing Elizabeth played with a restraint for which one felt like thanking her, line by line. Confined to her couch at first, then electrified into life by the breeze of Browning blowing through her door, and at last transformed by him into a woman with will enough to run away from her father—Miss Cornell in all of these phases was utterly right. She has never appeared to better advantage. One reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that she has at last a meritorious play in which to appear; another reason, perhaps, is that at last she is free from the necessity of giving up a lover—renouncing him, the phrase is—at the close. It had begun to look as if she were never going to be seen doing anything else, as if renunciation were to be her manner.

Such weakness as the present play has may be hinted at by saying that its central theme, which concerns not Elizabeth Barrett but her father, is precisely what one was prepared for. The elder Barrett is here, as apparently he was in life, one of those Victorian fathers which our latter-day literature has talked so much about. We were prepared for him by "The Way of All Flesh," to name only one of hundreds of books by hundreds of enlightened authors. A dash of psychology also is necessary to understand him; but we have that, of course. My point is that we possess in Mr. Besier's Mr. Barrett a perfect specimen of the monster in question; no less than that, and no more. The resolution of this widower not to permit any of his numerous children to marry is explained by showing that he is a hideously repressed person. Now that is probably a good explanation. But there is almost too much neatness in the exposition. We see Mr. Barrett performing the symptomatic rites somewhat too regularly, somewhat too patently after the pattern. The entrances of Charles Waldron, who plays the part, are magnificent; but they are the entrances of a tall, pale, powerful, and evil man into a pitiless laboratory where he will take certain tests and prove himself such and such a kind of case. The whole thing is elaborately and intelligently done. But one is permitted to wonder if it is true—not of the actual Edward Barrett, for that would scarcely matter, but of this man. He is almost too good to be true.

I must put in a word for "Rock Me, Julie" (Royale Theater), a play by Kenneth Raisbeck which lasted only one week but which I liked very much. So far as I know I represent a minority of one in thinking that Mr. Raisbeck succeeded here at a difficult and complicated task. He took an Illinois family most of whose members were failures of one kind or another; he brought them together at a reunion; and he anatomized each one of them not only in himself but in his relation to the rest. He was charged by the reviewers with imitating Chekhov. I would say first that Chekhov is a good man to imitate, and second that Mr. Raisbeck has assimilated him rather than imitated him. "Rock Me, Julie" is perfectly native in all its materials and in every accent of its method; and it is in many places profoundly true and moving. Mr. Raisbeck was also charged with being incomprehensible. The charge itself is to me incomprehensible. These people felt things which were difficult to express. They expressed them, however; and expressed the difficulty. The only confusion there was in the piece resulted from the fact that Mr. Raisbeck had too much to say. His play was too rich. But that is a fine fault, and I imagine we can look forward to excellent work by him in the future. Helen Menken and Paul Muni in the leading roles were highly forceful and convincing.

MARK VAN DOREN

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*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
*Green Grow the Lilacs—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
*On the Spot—Forrest—W. 49 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
†Petticoat Influence—Lyceum—45 St. E. of B'way.
†Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole St.—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
*The Man with the Portfolio—Yiddish Art—2 Ave. and 2 St.
‡The New Yorkers—Broadway—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Topaze—(French)—49 St.—W. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—(German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Cimarron—Globe—B'way and 46 St.
City Lights—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
La Nuit Est a Nous—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
"Pagliacci"—The Park Central—59 St. and 7 Ave.
Shepper Newfounder, beginning Sat. Feb., 21; Whoopee, beginning Mon., Feb. 23; Passion Flower, beginning Wed., Feb. 25;—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
Comrades of 1918—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.

MUSIC

John McCormack, tenor—Carnegie Hall—Sun. eve., Feb. 22.
Philadelphia Orchestra—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Feb. 24.
Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., Feb., 19; Fri. aft., Feb. 20; Sat. eve., Feb. 21; Thurs. eve., Feb. 26; Fri. aft., Feb. 27; Sat. eve., Feb. 28.
Robert Goldsand, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Sun. aft., Feb. 22.
Guy Maier & Lee Pattison, 2 piano (farewell recital)—Town Hall—Sat. aft., Feb. 21.
Sergei Radamsky, tenor—New School Auditorium—Tues. eve., Feb. 24.
Nathan Milstein, violinist—Carnegie Hall—Fri. eve., Feb. 27.
Elshuco Trio—Engineering Societies Hall—Tues. eve., Mar. 3. Bridge Quintet, d'Indy Sextet
Lily Pons—Town Hall—Wed. eve., Mar. 4.

LECTURES

"The Truth about Woman" by Irma Kraft; "The Truth about Man" by Dr. Heinrich Wolf, Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.—Tues. eve., Feb. 24.
"The Actor: The Theatre: and Censorship" by Basil Rathbone—Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.—Sun. aft., Feb. 22.

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Civil Government for Samoa

By MARGARET MEAD

WHEN Senator Hiram Bingham was appointed to head the American Samoan Commission, the Samoans, whom a series of lucky accidents have so far preserved from extinction, were again fortunate. For Senator Bingham, himself a student of the anthropology of the Inca civilization, was alive to the importance of preserving the cultural identity of the Samoans. The bill which was framed as a result of the commission's report has skilfully met the various criticisms and objections to the past status of American Samoa, and at the same time has kept the gains of thirty years of singularly intelligent administration as embodied in the "Codification of the Regulations and Orders for the Governor of American Samoa," prepared for the information of the commission.

During the past decade there has been a discontinuous, not very voluble, but persistent series of protests in the liberal press against conditions in Samoa. Examination of these protests shows that they fall under two main heads—formal objections by sticklers for correct form in international and internal relations, and individual protests from half-castes and their friends and sympathizers. The first set of objectors inveighed against the anomalous position of American Samoa, an American possession by treaty and implication but not by any formal act of the Senate; less importantly they objected to the arbitrary power of the naval governor, declaring that the existence of such autocratic government was un-American. The second group of grievances were motivated by the virtual expatriation of the small group of half-castes, who under the existing regime, which was overzealous to preserve Samoa for the Samoans, were permitted no political and but a slight economic role in the island of their birth. (According to the census of 1920, there was a Samoan population of 8,050 and a total half-caste population of 480.) Both sets of critics, possessed of the reformer's usual belief in sweeping measures and the tendency of the man with a grievance to pin his troubles upon a tangible opponent, accused the naval government and demanded a civil government instead.

Meanwhile, students of Pacific problems realized certain relevant facts: In Tahiti and the Marquesas the Polynesian race was dying out; in Hawaii it was vanishing by race mixture; in New Zealand the remnants of the Maoris were being completely absorbed culturally. In American Samoa, under the arbitrary rule of a series of naval governors without financial axes to grind, the population had increased, in 1927, 52.8 per cent. Tuberculosis, that special enemy of the Polynesian, had made small inroads into the health of the natives. Their indigenous diseases, yaws and a serious eye trouble, "Samoan conjunctivitis," had been brought under control. Infant mortality had been tremendously reduced. Because of the wise provisions against immigration of any sort and the prohibition of all alienation of land, the Samoans were still prosperous, economically self-sufficient, well nourished. Even the great increase in population had wrought no hardship, as it would certainly have done, for instance, had large areas of land been alienated for foreign-owned copra plantations. The Samoans had not been debauched by drink, nor had prostitution fastened itself upon the interracial situation. British mission and American government had cooperated sufficiently peaceably so that the mission teaching of reading and writing in the Samoan language had resulted in a high standard of literacy. The Samoans had changed their ancient ways of life very little. They still built their cool, perfectly adapted houses of native materials; they retained their native costume, only substituting cloth for the less serviceable and laboriously made bark cloth. Above all, the spirit of the people—their pride, their sense of cultural identity—had not been broken. The navy government had accorded a wise and discriminating recognition to the Samoan ideas of rank and precedence.

A careful comparison of the changes which the new act has made in the old body of laws, which had been empirically come by, shows that the commission dealt with the two groups of critics and yet preserved the regulations necessary to the continuance of Samoa's present peaceful prosperity. The advocates of greater constitutionality with regard both to Samoa's status and to Samoan administration have won the following points: recognition of our annexation of Samoa by the Senate; territorial status for Samoa; an appointive governor who may be a civilian or a member of the army or navy—thus formally taking the absolute control out of naval hands; a lengthening of the governor's term so that it may be indefinitely extended at the pleasure of the President—this is an attempt to deal with too-rapid shifts in policy and the criticism that no governor remained long enough to understand the people; regularization of court procedure, including an extension of the functions of the appointed chief judge and the creation of the office of attorney general, a federal appointment; arrangement for appeals to the District Court of the United States for the District of Hawaii and the provision that cases so appealed shall be heard in Samoa; the removal of all the explicit arbitrary and legislative powers of the governor and the increase of the powers of the native assembly. The half-caste minority were primarily interested in two points: better economic and political status in American Samoa and a more explicit definition of their status in the United States. Both of these have been covered. They may now become citizens, or claim citizenship through past residence in American Samoa; they may own land, and they may participate in local politics. The term "native" has been stricken from the codification of laws and the term "person of Polynesian blood" substituted, and all American Samoans have been made citizens of the United States, a matter chiefly of interest at present to the half-caste group.

Meanwhile, the regulations which have been responsible for the continued well-being of the Samoan people do not lie in such formal civic matters as these. Instead, they are the provisions against the alienation of land; the limitation of terms of leasehold—wisely shortened by the commission from

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forty years to twenty years; the power given to the governor to prevent undesirable characters, whether citizens of the United States or not, from landing or remaining in Samoa; the prohibition against the extension of credit in excess of $25 to Samoans not engaged in licensed business pursuits; the preservation of the aboriginal form of family administration in which land is held in common by a kinship group and administered for them by a headman (*matai*) who is responsible for all those under his care; and, finally, the preservation of a form of local government under which the governor appoints as district chiefs hereditary chiefs of the Samoans, so that American administration and time-honored ideas of rank are combined without friction.

Every year in the United States thousands of dollars are spent upon museum collections of memorials of the vanished cultures of primitive peoples. We house within glass cases the weapons of people who will never fight again, the ornaments of savages who have given up their native handicrafts for the products of the Woolworth stores. The culture of the Samoans in its outward and visible forms fills very few glass cases. They have developed but a meager art, emphasizing in all their material ways of life economy, adaptation, simplicity. Were Samoan culture destroyed, the material records of Samoan achievements would give no hint of the vanished civilization. For the Samoan contribution to the world gallery of human experiment is primarily a point of view, an attitude of mind, a grace of living, impossible to impale upon the iron pin of the collector, almost impossible to preserve in films and records. Yet it is an attitude of mind so flexible, so essentially adaptable that it has survived the introduction of Christianity and a century of white contact. Given a minimum of interference, left to their firm economic base and their own pattern of social relations, there is every reason to believe that this unique spirit of living—the most important achievement of that vanishing race, the Polynesians—may be preserved in Samoa, a vivid monument to the variety of cultural solutions of which the human race is capable.

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Y. Anderson is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Garland O. Ethel was formerly a member of the department of English at the University of Washington.

Constance Auer is a former librarian of long and varied experience.

Irwin Edman is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

C. Hartley Grattan lived for some time in Australia and is the author of "Australian Literature."

Morton Dauwen Zabel is professor of English literature in Loyola University and one of the editors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

Douglas Haskell has contributed articles on architecture to the *Studio*, *Creative Art*, the *New Republic*, and other publications.

Arthur Mendel studied music at Harvard University and has written on music for various periodicals.

Margaret Mead is the author of "Coming of Age in Samoa" and "Growing Up in New Guinea."

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Associate Editors
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CONGRESS MOVES ON toward adjournment with every prospect that the Administration will get its heart's desire of avoiding an extra session. As we write, the bonus-loan bill, passed by enormous majorities in both houses, only awaits a veto to be promptly repassed by more than the required two-thirds vote. Nobody knows within some hundreds of millions what its immediate cost will be, because nobody knows what proportion of the veterans will apply for the enlarged loans made possible by the measure. It is to be financed, apparently, up to the amount of $735,000,000, if necessary, by the sale of government securities now held by the Veterans Bureau. This new bonus legislation is indefensible. The government ought to give the most generous care to every veteran who suffered disabilities as the result of war service. But to give all veterans special privileges just because they were in the army is a vicious principle, and we wish that public men had the courage to face the issue squarely. This bill simply carries that wrong principle a little farther, and we believe that the President will do right in vetoing it, though we scarcely expect him to put forward the right reason for his veto. We do believe that if he had earlier offered any kind of leadership in unemployment relief, he might have done much to forestall this unwise measure, pushed through under guise of such relief.

THE PASSAGE BY BOTH HOUSES of the compromise Muscle Shoals bill is generally regarded as another substantial victory for Senator Norris in his tireless fight for public power systems. Plainly it was so considered by those Administration supporters who characterized the bill as "socialistic legislation, tending to sovietize the government and communize the people." For ourselves, we had not thought it quite so bad as that. While the bill provides for the lease of the nitrate plant to private industry, the conditions are such as to render it unlikely, in the opinion of many observers, that a lessee can be found within a year, in which case the government itself is to operate. The real issue, of course, is power, and the bill opens the way to public transmission as well as generation—the principle for which Senator Norris has contended. If the President decides to kill the measure, as is expected, we hope that he will not resort to a pocket veto, but will state clearly the reasons for his disapproval. His stand on public operation is well known, and for the sake of clear economic and political thinking we should like to see the issue clearly drawn in this test case if the country is for a further period to be deprived of the benefits of its great investment at Muscle Shoals.

SECRETARY DOAK'S PROPOSAL of an Administration substitute for the Wagner employment-exchanges bill came so late in the Congressional session that its only immediate result seemed likely to be the prevention of any action at all on this important question. Senator Wagner's bill, it will be remembered, contemplates federal aid to State employment exchanges, with the idea of building up a national system by this means. The Doak proposal, on the other hand, was for an enlargement of the existing employment service of the Department of Labor, with such cooperation as the Secretary of Labor may deem advisable with existing State agencies. We have repeatedly expressed the conviction that an effective system of employment exchanges must operate on a national scale; all available information indicates that the Wagner bill offers more promise than the Doak measure of bringing such a system into existence. Senator Wagner's bill has the support of nearly all competent students of the question, and in essentially its present form has been before the country for no less than three years. For two years it has been open to the present Administration to propose a substitute, yet instead of coming forward with any plan of its own, it sat silent until the Wagner bill had passed the Senate, had been favorably reported by the House Judiciary Committee, had been placed on the calendar, and was scheduled for action by the House. The overwhelming rejection of the Doak substitute and the passage of the Wagner bill without a roll call was a well-deserved defeat for the Administration.

TWO IMPORTANT MEASURES affecting the railroads were brought before Congress on February 21. Chairman Parker, of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, introduced a resolution for an amendment to bring railroad holding companies under control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Senate Interstate Commerce Committee reported favorably a joint resolution for an investigation of the competition of other forms of transportation with the railroads. The Parker resolution is the outcome of an extensive investigation of railroad ownership just completed under the direction of Dr. Walter W. M. Splawn. It indicates that thirty-two railroads, with 47,000 miles operated, are held in large part by one or two interests, while sixty-two roads, operating 146,000 miles, show no marked concentration of ownership. Fifteen major groups control 210,000 miles, or about 85 per cent of the entire railway mileage. Family and individual holdings are much smaller than had been supposed, but those expert real-estate railroad men the Van Sweringens control 28,411 miles. Two hundred nineteen individuals hold 2,298 directorships, not including those of subsidiary companies, Charles Hayden heading the list with no less than sixty-four positions. The necessity of commission control of holding companies, if regulation is to be effective, is perfectly clear; scarcely less clear is the cumbersome ineffectiveness of our method of trying to build up an economical transportation system by regulation of private profit-seeking financial groups.

FIVE STATES have joined with the Appalachian Electric Power Company in the latter's fight to prevent the Federal Power Commission from exercising jurisdiction over the power plant the company contemplates building on the New River near Radford, Virginia. It is contended that the New River is non-navigable and therefore subject to State, and not to federal, authority; but should the federal government decide that it has this authority, then the States and the company want the government's powers limited to the issuing of a restricted or "minor-part" license for the sole purpose of protecting navigation on the Kanawha River, of which the New River is a non-navigable branch. Why these five States—Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas—have lined up with the power trust instead of on the side of the electric-power consumers is a question that need not be discussed here. Whatever be the talk of State's rights in this discussion, the battle centers about the power trust's efforts to avoid regulation of any kind, and in supporting the power combination in this fight the State governments are all too obviously betraying their constituents into the hands of the trust.

VIOLATIONS OF CIVIL LIBERTY, according to a report of the American Civil Liberties Union, were more numerous in 1930 than in any other year since 1921, owing largely to unemployment and consequent fear of trouble from radicals. Such violations are likely to be excused when committed in what is supposed to be a good cause. The ordinary citizen was little concerned at the overriding of the rights of conscientious objectors and hyphenates in war time, or of suspected aliens and Communists in the post-war years. We denounced those violations then, and we denounce no less heartily the dangerous violations that are occurring today in other fields. We give two recent instances in New York. In the celebrated Bank of United States failure, investigators have been allowed to commandeer the letters, records, checks, and other papers of individuals, banks, and business concerns connected with the failure, on the mere chance of discovering something incriminating. On January 18 the special counsel in the Appellate Division's inquiry into the magistrates' courts was reported as having sent subpoenas to 600 banks requiring them to submit the accounts of some fifty-seven policemen suspected of graft, together with all deposit or withdrawal slips, checks cashed, drafts, signature cards, contracts for safe-deposit boxes, and records of visits to such boxes. Similar subpoenas were to be sent to all brokerage houses in the Stock Exchange. We have no desire to shelter criminals, but we should like to see a legal test of the validity of action of this kind.

THE MACDONALD GOVERNMENT continues to swing back and forth between victories and reverses, escaping defeats serious enough to turn it out of office and winning victories that give no clear assurance that it can long go on. It has lost its education bill in the House of Lords, and while the defeat does not necessarily mean that the bill will have to be abandoned, it is nevertheless quite likely to be quietly dropped. On the same day that the Lords threw out the measure, the bill to increase by about $100,000,000 the borrowing power of the unemployment-insurance fund was advanced to second reading in the Commons by a substantial majority of sixty-one, notwithstanding that only three days before a Conservative amendment reducing to $50,000,000 the proposed increase had been defeated by no more than thirty-one votes. The trade-disputes bill and the electoral-reform bill, the latter of special interest to the Liberals, are contentious measures and their progress in the Commons is slow. Of the four items of the Labor program just mentioned, then, the unemployment-insurance-fund bill is the only one with which the Government has been able to have its way, and the privilege of adding another $100,000,000 to the $300,000,000 already voted (and nearly spent) for unemployment relief is hardly a thing to be cheerful about.

AMERICANS WHO THINK that the dole is ruining England would do well to listen to Philip Snowden. The doughty Chancellor of the Exchequer more than once has made a sensation by looking disagreeable facts in the face and telling his countrymen just what he saw. Yet so far from holding the system of unemployment relief responsible for Great Britain's present troubles, he declares: "I say with full conviction that our social services in the last two years have been the salvation of our country." Chiefly because of these social services, Mr. Snowden asserts, Britain is standing the strain of the present crisis better than the United States, Germany, or any other industrial country. To our shame he cites the United States as an example of suffering comparable to that existing in England when the unemployed had no recourse "apart from the tender mercies of a heartless poor-law relief." Philip Snowden deals in facts, not words. We can well afford to see how our situation looks to him.

FRENCH OFFICIALDOM, it now appears, has as little regard for accuracy in its publication of unemployment figures as some members of Mr. Hoover's Administration have shown. We were for many months led to believe that there was little or no unemployment in France. In its issue of February 4 *The Nation* stated that the number of unemployed workers in that country had "increased in the last three months of the year (1930) from 988 to 11,952, a gain of 1,000 per cent." These figures were based upon an official government report on the economic situation in France. In truth, however, at the very time this report was issued the number of unemployed totaled 350,000, with an additional 1,000,000 persons only partly employed, according to M. Piquenard, French delegate to the Conference on Unemployment, which met under the auspices of the League of Nations in Geneva late in January. In a formal statement he declared that the official figures were based only upon the number of workers applying for relief, but that as a matter of fact there were 250,000 persons more or less permanently unemployed, while 100,000 others were out of jobs as a result of the growing depression. The London *Times* comments that his "statement was wholly ignored by the Paris press, and was not generally reported to the foreign press." It must have gained some currency, however; for on February 12 Minister of Labor Landry revised the official figures sharply upward, reporting that on that day there were 90,000 persons wholly unemployed and 200,000 more only partly employed.

THE POLITICAL MANEUVERS of the last few weeks have all too plainly revealed that absolutism in Spain is a lost cause. Alfonso may still preserve the glory of the monarchy if he can come to terms with the moderate constitutional monarchists, who would strip him of his authority but retain him as king. However, by throwing in his lot with the absolutists and militarists, whose number is daily dwindling, and by making one of them, Juan Bautista Aznar, his new prime minister, he has made a last desperate play to keep both the power and the glory of the throne. Should he lose, he doubtless would lose both. The absolutists alone cannot keep Alfonso securely on his throne; they must be supported by the army, which up to this time has remained fairly faithful. On the other hand, the large majority of the political leaders, from the constitutionalists of Sanchez Guerra's stripe to the Socialists, Syndicalists, and Communists of the left, are opposed to absolutism, and these leaders are working day and night to overthrow Alfonso. The moderates who wish to retain a nominal monarchy appear to have the bulk of public opinion with them, and this gives them a weapon of considerable strength; the frankly republican left, representing the working classes, has what might prove to be a more effective weapon in its plans for a general strike. The monarchy could not for long withstand a determined assault from these two groups, and it may be doubted whether the army would hold firm against such an offensive.

GENERAL JUAN VICENTE GOMEZ, dictator of Venezuela, is building a "modern Babylon" at Maracay, according to a special correspondent for the New York *Times* who has visited this hitherto unreported wonder city. Gomez hopes by means of this development, the correspondent writes, "to attract visitors from all the Americas to see the fruit of his labors in the cause of progress and reconciliation." Sixty millions of dollars are being spent on public works; a chain of big hotels at key points has been planned; a vast port is being constructed at Furiamo. The writer tells further of "tinkling fountains," of "tables laid with flowers and silver," of "a Lucullan dinner with rare wines," and of "acres of empty public gardens ablaze with lights." Work is "proceeding night and day," he continues, "and when it is ready there will be docks and piers large enough to accommodate the world's biggest liners, boulevards lined with glittering department stores designed according to the latest Paris and New York ideas and filled with goods from the East and West." The other side of this amazing picture is described in a letter from Roger Baldwin which appears elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. The letter tells of cruelty and tyranny in Venezuela which are perhaps unparalleled in modern history.

ON A SMALLER SCALE than that of the Gomez dictatorship in Venezuela, but nevertheless equally vicious and despotic, the Trujillo dictatorship in Santo Domingo has been riding roughshod over the Dominican people. The excesses of President Trujillo's rule have been revealed in an able series of articles written for the Baltimore *Sun* by Drew Pearson, one of the foremost Washington correspondents. At least eleven of the opposition leaders have been assassinated, according to Mr. Pearson, and many others have been imprisoned or forced into exile. News of the Trujillo tyranny has been suppressed, and when an Associated Press reporter was sent to the Dominican Republic to report the recent presidential election he was, Mr. Pearson said, "brought before the court of the first instance in Santo Domingo City and an attempt was made to intimidate him." Trujillo has closed "270 primary schools, using the money thereby saved to increase the size of his army." He has removed members of Congress at will, and he has devoted foreign loans to military purposes. Doubtless aware of this situation, Secretary Stimson thus far has refused to approve a projected $5,000,000 loan to Trujillo. However, because of Washington's special relationship with Santo Domingo, which is virtually an American protectorate, this country's responsibility extends far beyond mere supervision of loans. Armed intervention is not necessary; a sharp and sincere protest from the State Department at Washington should suffice.

THE COWS OF NEW ENGLAND had better look to their butter fat. It is reported that Calvin Coolidge, no less, sometime President of the United States, now better known as a columnist of parts, may be asked by the milk producers of New England to be czar of the dairy industry in that section. Mr. Coolidge, the report goes on to say, would be offered a five-year contract carrying a salary of—$1,000,000! His job would be to stabilize the industry by forming a cooperative-marketing system which would "take in the farmers as well as the sellers" and stop cutthroat competition. Mr. Coolidge, when he was asked if he would accept such an offer, said with his usual restraint that he could make no reply until the offer was put before him by those concerned. As always, we wish Mr. Coolidge the best of luck. But we have certain fundamental doubts which may seem at first to be unrelated to the subject in hand. We doubt, for instance, that cows will ever learn to blow their horns. And when the farmers of New England pay some other New Englander $1,000,000 on a five-year contract for the stabilization, sight unseen, of anything, we shall begin designing props for Plymouth Rock.

More Taxes, Not More Debt

THE ease with which the Treasury has been able during the past few months to float successive issues of short-term securities at low rates of interest has undoubtedly helped to confirm a great many people in the comforting belief that the finances of the government, notwithstanding the business depression, are in an entirely healthy state. On February 13, for example, the Treasury sold $150,000,000 of 91-day bills maturing later in the year. The advance subscriptions aggregated $347,532,000, and the amount actually allotted was $154,218,400. The heavy oversubscription would seem to indicate not merely that the credit of the government is good and that its securities are eagerly sought, but that the operation of borrowing money at low rates can go on indefinitely without occasioning any serious concern.

As a matter of fact, however, the Treasury situation is far from healthy. For the first time in years the Treasury is facing a deficit. On January 28 Secretary Mellon told the Senate Finance Committee that he looked for a deficit at the end of the present fiscal year (June 30) of $375,000,000, and that no debt reduction would be possible. On February 11 Undersecretary Ogden L. Mills predicted a deficit of "not less than" $500,000,000. Secretary Mellon may well feel anxious as he contemplates the huge volume of financing that will have to be managed in the near future. On March 15 the Treasury will have to be prepared to redeem $1,109,372,550 of 3½ per cent notes of the 1930-32 series, and while there has been some talk of a bond issue, no definite plans for redeeming these notes have yet been made public. On June 15 two large issues of Treasury certificates, one of $429,373,000 at 2⅞ per cent, and another of $159,941,000 at 1¾ per cent, mature. Within three years, Secretary Mellon informed Senator Hawley on January 16, some $8,000,000,000 in bonds, most of them bearing 4¼ per cent interest, become callable. Between July 1, 1930, and February 5 of the present year the Treasury put out $2,458,827,186 of new issues and retired $2,419,222,635, leaving a net addition to the debt of $39,600,551. The public debt, which stood at $16,163,268,237 on January 31, showed an increase of approximately $137,000,000 during that month.

What the issuance of short-term securities every few weeks, such as the $150,000,000 sold on February 13, amounts to is that the Treasury is borrowing to pay back what it has already borrowed, all the while falling a little behind. It will be, apparently, in one way or another, some $500,000,000 behind on June 30 next. For the redemption of the huge volume of bonds maturing in the course of the next three years it has no other resource save to replace the old issues with new ones, possibly at lower rates of interest, but without cutting down the principal of the debt. It is exactly this operation that is contemplated by the bill which Secretary Mellon submitted on January 5, and which was acted on favorably by the House on February 20, raising from $20,000,000,000 to $28,000,000,000 the amount of bonds that may be issued under the Second Liberty Loan Act.

Meantime Congress, apparently expecting that there would always be a surplus and that, even if there wasn't, things could be managed somehow, has gone on appropriating money with a lavish hand. It has just completed the sinking of $500,000,000 in a scheme of farm relief without giving the farmers any relief. It is committed to an indefinitely large outlay for Mississippi flood control, and has scattered millions right and left to relieve unemployment by means of road construction and public building. With the same gay confidence in the future it patted the country on the back with a 1 per cent reduction in the 1930 income taxes. Now, with business scraping bottom and struggling hard to rise, a persistent volume of not less than 5,000,000 unemployed, foreign trade declining, railway revenues heavily cut, a glutted world market for wheat, less and less demand for cotton, and an alarming record of bank and business failures, the Treasury faces a deficit of half a billion and a huge program of debt refunding.

In almost any other country in the world a financial predicament such as this would have been met not only by reduction of expenditure wherever such reduction was possible, but by a frank increase of taxation. Unfortunately, a tax increase has always been about the last thing to which Congress or the Administration has been willing to resort. Until the federal income tax was established, the United States relied upon tariff duties and excise taxes on liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles for all but an unimportant part of its revenue. The tariff, of course, was supposed to pluck the foreigner; liquor and tobacco taxes were all right because those articles were more or less wicked luxuries. Since 1911, however, internal-revenue receipts have run ahead of customs receipts, and since 1918 have been counted in billions where customs receipts reached only millions. As things stand, if the $9,000,000,000 that has been lopped off the debt since the peak of 1919 is not to go back again through recurring deficits, the country will have to go into its pockets and pay more taxes.

It is to this necessary increase in taxation that the new Congress should without hesitation address itself. There is no virtue whatever in carrying a national debt a day longer than the time needed to pay it, none whatever in saddling upon a distant future the indebtedness incurred by the present generation. With all allowance for the practical usefulness of credit or long-term financing, the generation that goes in for expenditure should pay for it. There is not only no reason why federal taxes should not be substantially increased, there is every reason why they should be and why the increase should be made at once. Barring the unavoidable hardships of exceptional situations, the rates of the federal income tax, from the lower to the higher brackets, are extremely low, and Congress should lose no time in raising them. There should certainly be no tolerance for the surtax exemption which Secretary Mellon wishes to have extended to the proposed new issue of eight billions of Second Liberty bonds; the exemption from normal tax is quite enough. The duty of the new Congress in this whole matter is clear.

America's Follies

WHAT are the social and economic follies of America? Samuel Untermyer listed a number of them recently in addressing the University Club of Los Angeles. He declared that the country's meek toleration of the power trust, the money trust, and other widespread monopolies, its carelessness in handling its natural resources, and the blind trust it puts in government by ignorant and incompetent men must be considered as among its more serious errors. They are errors which *The Nation* has been criticizing editorially and otherwise for many years, and Mr. Untermyer has performed a service in warning the country against their continuance.

> Our standards of public service [Mr. Untermyer declares] are so perverted that true statesmanship rarely dares assert itself if it runs counter to the public delusion of the moment. It is because we are not sufficiently interested in the affairs of government and do not realize the very direct and often devastating effect upon our own individual fortunes of the ignorance of our representatives. Our form of government is neither democratic nor highly progressive. The truth is that it is not responsive to the will of the people.

Turning to the banking and credit situation, Mr. Untermyer says:

> As long ago as 1912, when I was acting as counsel for the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives, which was then engaged in an investigation of whether there was in existence a money trust that controlled the money and credits of the United States, only a few of the great banks had these affiliated companies that were exploiting financial ventures in which the banks were prohibited from themselves engaging. Since then there have been hundreds of like perilous appendages to national and State banks that are using in speculative enterprises the funds of the banks of which they are in effect an integral part. Unless these subtle evasions of our banking system are prohibited, eventual major disaster is inevitable.

Despite this danger, we are still "allowing the American and State banking associations and their member banks to dictate and write the laws that govern them."

Mr. Untermyer was no less vigorous in attacking the weaknesses of the anti-trust laws, notably the Sherman Act.

> Spasmodic and unequal efforts at enforcement in isolated cases have served only to demonstrate that the powerful offenders against the law are stronger than the courts or the government, and so for every violator who has been prosecuted hundreds, perhaps thousands, have cropped up and are now operating and growing stronger and stronger in open defiance of the law. The only serious attempts at enforcement have been in the assaults on organized labor, to which the law was never intended to apply. . . . The trusts are now subject to no effective regulation.

It was for the power companies, however, that he reserved his most eloquent and most stinging criticism.

> The greed of the power trusts [he contended] is shaking the very foundations of government. We have the most striking example of this desperate, unequal struggle at the moment in my own State of New York between Governor Roosevelt and the most formidable power trust on earth. The much-coveted prize is the control of the vast American-owned lower Niagara Falls and St. Lawrence River water power.

Mr. Untermyer pointed out that ownership and control of the transmission lines supplied "the key to the situation." The trust, he said, was willing to have the State build the dams and converters, "which would relieve the trust of the burden of furnishing the bulk of the capital," but was determined to keep its own hands on the transmission lines, thus enabling it to "retain the control and profits of the enterprise by fixing the rates to its own distributors and their rates to the consumers."

Concluding, Mr. Untermyer declared:

> A struggle is raging in Congress and all over the country between government and these fabulous and perilous power combinations that are spreading their poisonous tentacles all over the land, undermining and shaking the very foundations of government. The evils of the industrial trusts that have conquered us as compared with the operations and effects of this form of legalized banditry are "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Is their conquest to be added to the long list of America's follies? We shall see.

This appeal for better and more honest government and for protection against the "legalized banditry" of the power trust and big business comes from no young and hot-headed radical. It comes from an experienced lawyer who for fifty years has played an active and leading part in the development of this country. Will the people listen?

Farm Board Failure

CHAIRMAN LEGGE is leaving the Federal Farm Board, and it is reported that Messrs. McKelvie and Teague are shortly to follow him. Does the retirement of the fighting chairman mean that the board is perhaps to be eased gently out of the public view and that we are to be allowed to forget as fast as possible our great experiment in farm relief? At any rate, we shall not forget too promptly the half-billion dollars that we have tied up in the undertaking; and we ought not to forget that the Farm Board was the answer of President Hoover to the puzzling question of what could be done to end the distress of American agriculture.

When Mr. Hoover, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, rejected the export-debenture scheme, his feet were on solid ground. From that point forward, his agricultural policy has rested on thin air. In the days of piping prosperity culminating in 1929, the harassed farmers, rightly feeling the contrast of their own position with that of the industrial population of the country, exercised tremendous political pressure to get some kind of government help. Any comprehensive plan of agricultural development would have involved far-reaching economic changes, which the President and his supporters, as the party of big business, could not make. Instead, the President put forward the Farm Board scheme. Agriculture, we were told, was to be placed on a basis of "economic equality"—how? By promoting the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities, and by protecting, controlling, and stabilizing the currents of commerce in the marketing of such products. The idea was not bad as far as it went, but it did not and could not go very far. The board was to prevent wasteful methods of distribution, to minimize speculation, to encourage cooperative marketing by farmers, and to aid in preventing and controlling agricultural surpluses. It was essentially a commercial program for agricultural salvation. To carry it out the board was given wide powers, and the disposal of a revolving fund of half a billion dollars.

The board has devoted its efforts largely to the encouragement of cooperative-marketing schemes of every sort. In its first year it made loans to cooperatives handling no less than nineteen different products, and it aided in setting up national cooperative sales agencies for grain, wool, cotton, live stock, beans, pecans, and beets—in doing so taking measures that in some cases deranged the existing marketing machinery seriously, even disastrously. Furthermore, acting through the grain and cotton stabilization corporations, it actively entered the wheat and cotton markets in a fatal effort to "stabilize"—in fact, to keep up—prices. With the vast funds at its disposal it acquired in its first year more than 60,000,000 bushels of wheat, and since November it has again been in the market, pegging the American price for the time being, with the aid of the tariff, at a point far above the world level. A statement from Chairman Legge would seem to indicate that the board's present holdings are nearly 200,000,000 bushels. On this wheat and on the 1,300,000 bales of cotton that it also holds it faces heavy losses. Despite its operations agricultural prices today are at the lowest point known since 1912—a condition for which the board, of course, is not to blame—and its report submitted in December expresses the judgment that the world trend of wheat prices is going to be downward for half a dozen years to come.

Cooperative marketing, however desirable it may be, is no specific for agricultural distress. The trouble goes deeper. The American farmer in every period of agricultural prosperity has loaded up with high-priced land which broke his back when prices swung down. Besides, there are burdens laid on him by obsolete tax systems for whose continuance he himself is largely responsible, by protection, by monopoly prices for many of the things he has to buy. The removal of such handicaps is a part of any adequate farm program, but beyond this the farmer has got to adapt his crops, his methods, his whole farm economy to the changing conditions of world life—to the rise of new wheat-growing areas, for example. The process is painful but unavoidable, and government efforts ought not to be devoted to vain schemes of price maintenance which take no account of such changes. Adjustment to the new conditions may well require cooperation and collective action going far beyond anything that we have yet contemplated. The progress of collectivized farming in Russia and of cooperative agriculture in other countries is raising serious questions regarding the successful continuance of any purely individualistic agriculture such as we have known in the past. If the Farm Board's efforts to encourage cooperative marketing can be used as a basis for building up an intelligently organized agricultural industry, we may yet save something out of the wreck of this experiment.

Generalities

POOR Mr. J. B. Priestley, visiting British author, got off to a bad start. Graciously answering every question put to him by the reporters on the day of his arrival, whether he knew anything of the subject of the inquiry or not, he remarked:

> I think the American people buy books when they are in fashion, but they do not read them so much. I remember when Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" was selling at 20,000 copies a week here, a literary friend of mine was in New York and told me that he saw the book at every house he visited. By accident he opened a copy at one house in Fifth Avenue and found the leaves had not been cut. After that he tried every copy that he saw in private homes, and found the majority of them had not been read. In a few copies he found the first dozen pages had been cut.

Now before we accept Mr. Priestley's generalization about Americans we must point out one or two slight qualifications, and perhaps ask a question or two. To begin with, "Main Street" never had any pages to cut. In every edition the pages were machine-trimmed, top, bottom, and front. Mr. Priestley does not say whether his "literary friend" was an Englishman or an American, but in any case it seems to us that a man who will systematically snoop into one of his host's books, just for the purpose of informing other persons that his host did not read it, is something less than a perfect gentleman—and also something less than a perfect reasoner. For if the pages of "Main Street" *had* needed to be cut, and one found a copy in a private home in which the pages had not been cut, would that mean that the owner was never going to get around to reading the book at all, or simply that he had not *yet* got around to reading it?

But let us waive these perhaps hair-splitting quibbles, and assume that when Mr. Priestley's literary friend made it his business to repay his hosts' hospitality by assuring himself that none of them had read "Main Street," he always made a correct deduction. Let us be liberal and assume that he had drawn his conclusions from twenty-five separate homes (though it was more probably just one home). The original publishers sold 350,000 copies of "Main Street." Of these Mr. Priestley's literary friend had seen not 10 per cent, not even 1 per cent, but something less than one one-thousandth of 1 per cent. On the basis of this sample he drew his confident generalization. Mr. Priestley and his literary friend would not be very greatly harmed if they cut the pages of one or two good books on logic or scientific method.

There is no reason, however, why we should judge Mr. Priestley harshly. After all, he is only doing what nearly all of us do when we visit foreign countries and conclude after a week's stay that Frenchmen are this, Englishmen that, and so on. Count Keyserling illustrates the process *ad nauseam*. To contradict these generalizations is often as dubious logically and scientifically as to make them, for there are so many Frenchmen and so many Americans that any generalization that is true of human beings at all is almost certain to be true of *some* Frenchmen and *some* Americans. But when it comes to books one can almost afford to be dogmatic. There were no uncut copies of "Main Street."

Young Bob La Follette

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

WHEN Robert Marion La Follette died a few years ago, reactionaries everywhere offered up a sincere though perhaps silent prayer of thanksgiving to their special bourbon heaven. At last they were delivered from this nonconformist who had had such queer ideas about the functions and responsibilities of government. Why, the man had actually believed that the government was the servant of the people, of all the people, rather than the other way around. Believing this, and aided by his remarkable political skill, he had annoyed and harassed the tories and their backsliding liberal friends for many a year. It is true that the reactionaries had in the end to accept many of his principles, but they did so grudgingly, unwillingly, giving the man little or no credit for his victories. They yielded inch by inch solely because they were compelled to, because Senator La Follette's philosophy and ideas were basically sound, and because he was a master of parliamentary strategy. Yet though they swallowed a large part of his program, they never overcame their fear of the man. When he died they were relieved. Other rebels might arise, would arise, but the reactionaries and the conservatives were reasonably certain that none would for many years to come cross their path who had the sincerity, forthrightness, ability, and political skill of "Fighting Bob" La Follette. As for the old Senator's sons, Young Bob and Phil—well, after all they were nice boys, but neither would ever fill his father's shoes.

Even among some of the progressives and liberals of the country with whom I discussed the matter in 1926 and 1927 there was nursed a sneaking suspicion that the La Follette boys would never quite measure up to the high standards set by their father. The less cautious among these persons whispered that the two sons were tied to their mother's apron strings. And they added, as though they had no doubt on this score, that the old, hard-hitting La Follette spirit had most assuredly died with "Fighting Bob."

Meanwhile Young Bob was working away patiently, earnestly, and quietly in the Senate at Washington. His progress at the start was slow, and there was nothing about it of the spectacular or sensational. His critics (among them outstanding progressives who now would be ashamed to admit it) pointed to the fact that whereas his father's untiring struggle in behalf of the popular causes in which he so deeply believed had gripped the imagination of ever-larger sections of the population, Young Bob was getting relatively little attention; certainly he was getting no newspaper publicity. This feeling, whether genuine or not, receded very slowly. The recession began with his presentation to the Republican convention at Kansas City of a most vigorous and uncompromising minority resolutions report. But it was not until December of last year that the whispering critics, not to mention the reactionaries and conservatives, were completely swept off their feet by Young Bob in a manner so typical of his father that a stranger in Washington might readily have believed the elder La Follette had returned to life to harass another Republican President who had dared ignore the public interest.

His critics had forgotten that Young Bob's political experience did not begin with his election to the Senate. It began when he was still a trifle damp behind the ears, toddling about Madison, sitting in as a member in his own right at the famous La Follette family discussions, listening to political wisdom from the lips of his father, his mother, and the several other persons who were privileged to join this circle. His education, with his father as tutor and mentor, continued throughout his boyhood and youth in Madison and Washington. During the four years before his father's death, Young Bob was his father's secretary, and in this capacity acted virtually as co-Senator when his father was absent or ill. In this manner he became an expert in the tactics of minority leadership. When, barely over thirty, he returned to Washington to carry on his father's work in the Senate, he was already thoroughly grounded in the La Follette principles, philosophy, and technique, he was already possessed of political training of a quality far superior to that of the average man entering Congress for the first time. Hence his striking success in the present session cannot be said to have been based on accident or good fortune; it was but the logical outcome of years of careful preparation.

In an earlier paragraph I suggested that Young Bob's manner was typical of the elder La Follette. But the parallel is not so simple and precise as that. Young Bob is not merely the son of his father. He has the older man's sincerity and directness; he has proved himself as able a political strategist; but he also has something his father lacked, and that is a fundamentally sound sense of economics. It is this attribute, in addition to his other qualities, that has made of Young Bob one of the few really important and influential members of the Senate today. In a few brief years he has become that dangerous opponent from whom the reactionaries and conservatives thought they had escaped when his father died.

It is true that the full measure of Senator La Follette's ability did not become generally known until the opportunity came to expose the hollowness and sham of Mr. Hoover's attitude toward the suffering workers and farmers of the country. Nevertheless, his quiet earlier years in the Senate were by no means fruitless or wasted, despite those loose-tongued persons who sought to ignore him or belittle his work. While it was being whispered in Washington that "Young Bob is simply drifting along on his father's reputation," he was in fact toiling unobtrusively but effectively, not in the political smoke of the Congressional cloakrooms, but in the committee rooms, where progressive measures were at stake, and on the floor of the Senate. There stand to his credit in the *Congressional Record* his speeches and votes against the power trust, against the improper use of injunctions in labor cases, against the Mellon campaign to abolish the federal estate tax and to undermine the income tax, against certain secret practices of the Executive, against secret consideration of Presidential nominations by the Senate (a successful fight which he led), against secret hearings on the tariff, and against the Federal Farm Board bill (which he opposed on the ground, borne out most convincingly by subsequent developments, that the bill did not represent an adequate agricultural program). He voted for the Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam bills, for the Walsh resolution to investigate the public utilities, and for the motion to have the Senate rather than the Federal Trade Commission conduct this investigation. He worked actively in behalf of the Wheeler resolution for an investigation of labor conditions in the textile mills, and he was one of the leaders in the move to have the entire 1930 census organization placed under civil service, a move that was designed primarily to guarantee a greater measure of accuracy in the collection of employment and other labor statistics than could have been possible under a census taken by political appointees. He was a member of the Reed committee whose investigations resulted in the barring of Smith and Vare from Senate seats, and he was also a member of the committee that from 1926 to 1928 investigated the Tariff Commission. He exposed the gigantic combination of baking interests, turning up facts that compelled the dissolution of the Ward Food Products Corporation. He was one of the two or three leaders in the Senate who not only fought the extortionate rates of the Grundy tariff grab, but who also revealed the fallacy of giving a Presidentially controlled tariff commission the wide and perhaps largely unconstitutional powers with which it was clothed under the flexible provision of the new tariff act.

The foregoing activities might be said to constitute Senator La Follette's incidental record, but incidental only in the sense that his participation in the fight against the power trust, the bread trust, the tariff robbery, the injunction evil, corruption in government, and the Mellon campaign to relieve our wealthier citizens of their proper share of the tax burden might be considered of less importance than his independent and difficult battle against the Administration's cowardly attitude toward the country's economic and social problems. Young Bob launched his offensive against the Hoover ostrich policy, not after the country had been plunged into the present depression, but back in 1928 when prosperity was still with us and we were being led by the White House and the Treasury into believing that the boom would go on forever. Senator La Follette stood almost alone in attacking these optimistic but deceptive statements from the Administration. In 1928 he sought to induce the Senate to take the position that the Federal Reserve Board should curb speculative loans; in other words, while Calvin Coolidge was giving aid and comfort to the stock gamblers, Robert La Follette was giving repeated warnings of the disaster which was even then in sight. In December, 1929, after the crash had come, but while Herbert Hoover and his friends were still whooping it for prosperity and the good old days of the New Economic Era, Senator La Follette hammered away in opposition to the Hoover plan to put through an emergency tax reduction. Slashing taxes was no way, as he saw it and as the following twelve months pointedly demonstrated, to prevent depression or to bring about any improvement in the then uncertain business situation. In the face of expert advice to the contrary from the Treasury, he declared that the Hoover scheme did not represent sound fiscal policy. Secretary Mellon a week or two ago admitted as much himself in confessing that "the present condition of the public finances is far from being satisfactory."

Again, on the unemployment problem Senator La Follette went into action, not weeks or months, but at least two years ahead of the rest of official Washington. It was in the spring of 1928, a year and a half before the stock-market collapse, that he introduced and obtained passage of a resolution directing the Senate Committee on Education and Labor to inquire into various measures for the prevention of unemployment. Largely as a result of the committee's findings, which were reported in March, 1929, a majority of the Senate was convinced that constructive action was essential. The report finally paved the way for Senate passage of the Wagner bills in the spring of 1930. Throughout 1929, the last year of the bull market, and 1930, the first year of Hooverized depression, Young Bob kept up a running fire of speeches on the unemployment problem, coupling this with his campaign for more comprehensive and more accurate employment statistics. Finally, in December of last year, he launched his now famous drive against the Administration's cowardly disregard of the gravity of the unemployment and drought situations, a drive that compelled Mr. Hoover to admit by inference that he had been blocking relief for the jobless workers and the drought victims, and that brought to the attention of hundreds of thousands of grateful citizens the name of Robert M. La Follette, Jr., as one person in Washington who believes that the government has certain definite responsibilities to the people.

Senator La Follette took the initiative in demanding that a much larger and more adequate unemployment program be adopted than was envisaged by the few feeble measures put forward by the White House. Inasmuch as corrective and preventive measures, having been so long delayed, could be of little use in the pressing emergency of the moment, he insisted that large appropriations for direct relief were imperative. He collected statements as to conditions in many localities from the American Federation of Labor, and to obtain fuller information he joined with Senator Walsh of Massachusetts in circularizing the mayors of hundreds of cities to get first-hand data. This information, in the form of several hundred replies from municipal and other local officials, was presented to the Senate and published in the *Congressional Record* for December 15, December 20, and January 9. Young Bob used the letters to drive home his point that there was in fact, and not merely in his imagination, widespread suffering among large sections of the country's population. He proved that local relief funds could not meet the emergency. He challenged the White House and its apologists to show that the Hoover program was adequate to meet the needs of this situation.

However, the apologists arose to defend the President. Senator Goff of West Virginia contended that Congressional relief would impinge upon the sovereignty of the several States; Senator Hastings of Delaware questioned the authority of the Senate to buy food for the idle; Senator Watson asserted that the Red Cross was amply equipped to care for all the poor, hungry people in the country throughout the winter. Young Bob took up the objections one by one and disposed of them as only one other man, his father, could have done. He ended, to quote Elliott Thurston of the New York *World*, by forcing these apologists and Mr.

Hoover "into the incredible position of seeming to object to feeding the hungry and clothing the needy lest the funds required for these worthy purposes be forced from the pockets of the nation's small and relatively rich taxpaying class, already the favorites of much Republican legislative solicitude."

Jim Watson's contention that the Red Cross was equal, both in spirit and in funds, to the great scope of the emergency brought from Young Bob the demand that Judge John Barton Payne, Colonel Arthur Woods, and certain government officials be called upon to demonstrate the effectiveness and adequacy of the Red Cross and Administration programs for relief. They were invited to appear before a Senate committee, but the evidence they presented was so weak that the Senate, without further persuasion, became convinced that Congressional action was necessary. Then, when it became apparent that the Senate would act, but not until then, Mr. Hoover and the Red Cross finally admitted that they were not doing a good job, and so was issued the appeal for a $10,000,000 fund—a confession, though a pitifully meager one, that Senator La Follette was right early in December when the Goffs and the Watsons attempted to cry down his demands for relief.

"The leadership in Congress, if any exists, should devote itself to the development of a program," Senator La Follette declared in addressing the Senate on January 9, "which will adequately meet" the unemployment and drought situations. There should be four points to this program, he asserted: first, "we should see that food and clothing are provided for the drought sufferers"; second, "prompt action should be taken upon some measure to give direct relief to the unemployed and their dependents"; third, "our public-works program for the next fiscal year should be expanded; let us not be caught again next winter in the situation in which we now find ourselves." The fourth point had to do with the need for a planned economy. Developing this fourth point, Young Bob said:

> Some attempt should be made on the part of Congress to afford the means for the mobilization of the intelligence of industry and finance in order that it may be brought to bear upon the problem of solving the question of distribution, as it has been brought to bear during the last ten years upon the problem of increasing the productivity of our present industrial organization. Unless we do that, economic conditions may be infinitely worse twelve months from now than today. . . . The Administration having failed to meet this crisis, Congress should devote its energies during the coming weeks to the enactment of a relief program and to the passage of constructive measures for the prevention of unemployment in the future. The time has come for Congress to assert its leadership.

This brief paragraph furnishes some measure of the economic statesmanship of Young Bob La Follette. He has dared to venture into a field which Mr. Hoover, after a few half-hearted sallies in that direction himself, declared to be closed to the government. Knowing the master political strategist that Senator La Follette is, and having observed the skill with which he operates in the Senate, one may hope that he will succeed in maneuvering the government into accepting fully the responsibilities which clearly belong to it in the matter of solving the economic problems touching all the people of the country. Senator La Follette has left his impress on the Congress just closing, and he will be on hand in the next session, and it is to be hoped for many more sessions to come, to supply the leadership necessary to carry his campaign through to successful completion. The tories of the Old Guard know this; they have come to fear him as much as they ever did his father.

Unemployment Relief in Germany

By OTTO BROK

Berlin, February 1

THE rising demand in the United States for a plan of caring for the unemployed directs attention to systems in other countries. A description of the German system may be of interest. There are at present about 4,765,000 unemployed in Germany. All but 800,000 receive assistance in some form at an annual cost of $630,000,000. A large proportion of this expense is borne by the taxpayers, the rest by the workers and employers. At present 2,400,000 unemployed receive insurance (the insurance is paid for only a limited time after employment ends), 700,000 live on the emergency fund provided for in the federal budget, and 630,000 are supported by the welfare departments of the cities. It is probable that the villages extend financial help to about 150,000 unemployed; the remaining 900,000 (nearly) do not receive any doles. So far the majority of the unemployed have been supported by insurance, but the percentage of the recipients of emergency and welfare doles is continually increasing. By the end of April about 2,000,000 will probably be existing on emergency and welfare doles.

Underlying this protection of the unemployed is undoubtedly the idea that a civilized state in the last analysis is responsible for the existence, if not for the prosperity, of each of its citizens. Yet when the idea first took shape, it was supposed that it would be not a form of organized and obligatory charity, but a strict insurance under state control. Today the protection of the unemployed is intrusted to three separate units, of which two are financed entirely by taxes and the third, the insurance proper, has been kept going only by state loans which have been transformed into gifts and by direct subvention. In other words, the insurance system, confronted with an unheard-of crisis, has proved unequal to its task, despite repeated modifications. By reason of recent reforms, however, it is now expected that in the coming fiscal year the system will begin to function as a self-supporting institution.

Unemployment insurance was instituted in Germany in October, 1927. A great desire of the Socialist Party had been fulfilled; unemployment seemed to have lost much of its horror. The new service was closely modeled after the public illness insurance—it was made compulsory for all workmen and employees earning less than a fixed maximum ($2,000) a year, and it bound the employer to pay part of the insurance fee (one-half in the case of unemployment insurance as against one-third for illness insurance). At the beginning the premium was fixed at 3½ per cent of the nominal weekly wage. That is, the workman had to pay 1.75 per cent of his wage and the employer had to contribute the same amount. Since then the premium has been raised to 6½ per cent, or 3.25 per cent for each. The weekly dole to which the jobless worker has a legal claim is normally 30 to 50 per cent of his former wage, though it may vary even more than that. An unmarried worker under fifty-two whose weekly wage was $10, for example, gets a benefit of $3.40, while a married man over fifty-two with a large family, if his weekly wage was as much as $14.35, receives a benefit of $8.90, the maximum provided.

This dole, small as it may appear to Americans, was nevertheless quite out of proportion to the revenue available. In fact, the legal and financial basis of the system has been unsound from the outset. The first serious wave of unemployment in the fall of 1928, exactly one year after its foundation, would have wrecked it had not the federal Treasury granted considerable loans. By April of last year the insurance fund was indebted to the Reich to the amount of $150,000,000 and was in a state of chronic deficit. In order to extricate the insurance system from its financial muddle, the federal Cabinet resolved not only to renounce the Reich's claim but also to grant a subvention of $80,000,000 for the fiscal year ending April 1, 1931. A few weeks later another $40,000,000 was given *à fond perdu*. For a time it looked as if the growing unemployment deficits must wreck the federal finances.

As I have already pointed out, there was an enormous disproportion between expenditure and revenue. A total of $450,000,000 was spent in 1930, of which $430,000,000 was paid out in doles—roughly $20,000,000, or less than 5 per cent of the expenditure, went to administration costs, a record which compares favorably with other public insurance. But the revenue was only $250,000,000, that is, $200,000,000 less than the expenditure. The ultimate result of such a development could be easily foreseen, but as long as the Reichstag was the only authority dealing with insurance affairs, nothing was done to avert a breakdown. It was impossible to find a majority for reform. The Socialists wanted an increase in insurance rates, the bourgeois members voted against it; the right wanted to cut down the doles, the left opposed. Not until the present Chancellor, Heinrich Brüning, initiated his dictatorial regime under Article 48 of the constitution was a serious attack on the problem undertaken. By his first emergency decree in July last year, the Chancellor raised the insurance rate from 3½ to 4½ per cent and also made minor cuts in benefits. In October he again raised the rate from 4½ to 6½ per cent. At the same time it was decided that the system should be put on a self-supporting basis. Accordingly, after April 1, 1931, no further loans or subventions will be granted.

A period free of deficits therefore seems assured. With the premium rate at 6½ per cent of the nominal weekly wage and with about 15,000,000 wage-earners contributing, revenue to the amount of about $430,000,000 per annum is assured, which will be sufficient to pay doles to about 2,000,000. And since there is only a small chance that the average number of claims over a period of years will ever reach 2,000,000, the insurance fund may be able to accumulate modest reserves. Or it may be possible to cut the rate, which is generally considered too high.

With this provisional reorganization of unemployment insurance the danger spot of the German system has shifted to the emergency assistance and municipal welfare. In 1930 the emergency assistance paid out about $80,000,000, appropriated for the purpose in the federal budget, for the maintenance of those unemployed whose claim to insurance had run out. The emergency dole paid to the individual normally amounts to about 75 per cent of his former insurance dole, but he has a legal claim to emergency assistance only if he has no private means. Strictly speaking, therefore, emergency doles are, like welfare contributions, charity doles. Originally designed as a temporary help in times of bad business, they have become a permanent institution. In the federal budget an appropriation of $100,000,000 is provided for the emergency fund. But unless business looks up considerably, the number of unemployed having a claim on emergency doles will continue to increase so that the average of 1931 will be at least double that of 1930.

Even more precarious is the situation of the municipal welfare service, owing to the critical financial state of most large German cities and to the constantly increasing number of unemployed demanding help. The peculiar coordination of insurance, emergency fund, and welfare services implies a constant shifting from the first to the second to the third. When some time in March this year unemployment in Germany will have reached its climax and either becomes stationary or, what is more likely, recedes, this recession will help only the insurance service; it will not relieve the emergency fund or lessen the burden of the municipal welfare departments. Those who receive unemployment-insurance doles, that is, those who have been out of a job only for a short while, will be the first to find new employment, since they normally form the elite of the unemployed. Furthermore, a steadily growing percentage of the jobless workers, having exhausted their claim on insurance and emergency doles, will be dependent on the municipal-welfare contribution, which, though it varies from city to city, normally amounts to about 50 per cent of the insurance dole. An idea of this shifting is given in the following table, which shows the number, in thousands, now being supported by the three services:

	Insurance	*Emergency Assistance*	*Municipal Welfare (Including Villages)*
January, 1930	2,063	230	280
November, 1930	1,787	566	510
January, 1931	2,400	700	780

It is obvious that the reorganization of unemployment insurance must be followed by reform of the municipal welfare service. And this reform cannot be put off for long, for a great number of cities are already on the verge of bankruptcy, and the breakdown of city finances would have serious consequences. If a number of large cities are unable to care for their unemployed this spring, law and order will be maintained only with difficulty. In the face of this danger the municipal authorities are pressing for a reform.

They rightly contend that the present system not only is bound to crash very soon, but that it is a source of social injustice as it puts the heaviest burden on those cities which suffer most from unemployment. The central organization of the German cities, the Städtetag, has recently proposed to do away with all municipal unemployment contributions and to pay all those unemployed who no longer have a claim on insurance doles out of the emergency fund. Such a solution may be sound but it would mean fresh burdens on the Treasury.

The Cabinet has not yet disclosed its plans and seems in no hurry to do so. There is method in its tactics. A certain antagonism exists between the Reich and the cities. For instance, one of the principal functions of the Brüning Cabinet so far has been the liquidation of a number of costly Socialist reforms. Meanwhile the cities, most of which are under Socialist control, cling to their policy of expanding municipal activity. Influential persons in the federal Cabinet want to bring about radical curtailment of municipal expenditure. Some even aspire to dictatorship over the cities. The Reich, by withholding help for a time in the present crisis, may be able to exercise more power over the cities. But in any case new federal funds will eventually have to be provided for unemployment relief.

True Stories de Luxe

By MILTON ST. JOHN

It was late in 1928, as I remember, when *Time* announced for publication early in 1930 a new monthly magazine to be called *Fortune*. *Fortune* was to be a new departure. Let me quote from the descriptive announcement:

> *Fortune's* purpose is to reflect Industrial Life in ink and paper and word and picture as the finest skyscraper reflects it in steel and stone and architecture.
>
> Business takes *Fortune* to the tip of the wing of the airplane and through the depths of the ocean along bebarnacled cables. It forces *Fortune* to peer into dazzling furnaces and into the faces of bankers. *Fortune* must follow the chemist to the brink of worlds newer than Columbus found and it must jog with freight cars across Nevada's desert. *Fortune* is involved in the fashions of flappers and in glass made from sand. It is packed in millions of cans and saluted by boards of directors on the pinnacles of skyscrapers. Mountains diminish, rivers change their course, and thirty million people assemble nightly at the cinema.
>
> Into all these matters *Fortune* will inquire with unbridled curiosity. And, above all, *Fortune* will make its discoveries clear, coherent, vivid, so that the reading of it may be one of the keenest pleasures in the life of every subscriber.

This unique publication was not designed for newsstand sale. Its price was a dollar a copy—by subscription ten dollars a year. Advertising was solicited in advance on the basis of a guaranteed circulation of 30,000 copies for the first issue. In other words, the publishers assured themselves of a gross revenue of $300,000 from subscriptions alone before going to press. And since subscriptions were solicited primarily if not entirely by mail, it was unnecessary to pay high commissions for them. Add to this about 120 pages of advertising in the first issue, at an average net of about $1,000 per page, and this publishing venture itself became, indeed, something to be "saluted by boards of directors."

And what did the subscribers get for their money?

They got a magazine whose format was almost as amazing as its contents. Even the page size, 11¼ by 14 inches, was an innovation. The reading matter was set in two or three columns, and illustrated with square-finish photographs—the MacFadden *True Story* method—in intaglio. The net effect was that of rotogravure on an antique-finish paper, with occasional colorgravures. At first glance this format was startling; at second glance, vaguely annoying; at third, irritating. Irritating because of its mechanistic squareness, its spurious and synthesized color effects, its monotonous and inflexible rigidity of layout, its cruelty to optic nerves. But at first glance it was undeniably and emphatically startling. Callers and employees would be properly impressed, would look in childish amazement at the pictures. It was a fairly safe bet also that few would read it.

Yet unquestionably the editorial content of *Fortune* is its outstanding point of interest, of significance, and of amazement. Let us examine a few issues.

The opening article of the first issue bears the following subtitle: "The packer does more for less money than any other industrialist. Herein his business is described with special reference to pigs and to Swift and Company, which has just entered the billion-dollar class."

The next article deals with group and branch banking. It is indorsed by Andy Mellon. And why not? Did not Mr. Hoover donate his own services and have special two-cent stamps issued for the Golden Jubilee of Light, a grand piece of advertising for General Electric? Did he not, on November 8, 1930, broadcast a speech dedicating an employees' recreation building to the greater glory of H. J. Heinz and Company?

To proceed: it seems, according to *Fortune*, that big business has its lighter moments, too. It can relax and have its share of fun in privately owned island retreats far from the mockery of its wage slaves. Island Kingdoms tells of some thirty such privately owned islands, many of which, it hastens to add, yield profit as well as pleasure. The pleasure is well summed up by the appraisal of Mouse Island, off the coast of Maine, given by its part-owner, the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick: "It is far enough from the mainland so that we can live an entirely unsophisticated life; that is to say, a man can put on a flannel shirt in the morning and go to bed in it at night if he feels like it."

An article discussing the revenues, disbursements, and profits of the Biltmore Hotel in New York yields in interest to the story of how big business has transformed an idler's hobby and a debutante's luxury—the orchid—into a thriving industry with a cool profit of nearly a million a year. The title is most apropos: When Wall Street Buys Orchids, Wall Street Makes Money.

An article on the Rothschild family points out that while "nobody sneers at them because they are Jews," they were really not very clever, since they never invested a penny in America. It continues: "Society may rejoice in the increase of a tribe so consistently intelligent and colorful; but, so far as the fortune is concerned, there are, at last, too many Rothschilds."

Finally, we are shown in a graphic and moving document the impossibility, for a young married couple, of living in Chicago society on $25,000 a year. In a subsequent issue was printed a reply to this article from an expatriated American connected with the commercial end of the diplomatic service in Athens. This enterprising individual countered the Chicago budget with a set of figures showing that a family of five could do very nicely in Athens and take occasional vacations in other parts of Europe on a mere $17,000 a year. I know of no ambassador, let alone a commercial attaché, who gets anything like $17,000 per annum from our government, but that is beside the point. Let us go on to another issue in which a New Yorker complains that he has to spend all of his $50,000 income and cannot save a cent.

> . . . $40,000 very nicely takes care of our actual New York necessities. . . . The rest must do . . . for our necessary niceties. We buy no pearls when we cannot afford them, and there are other coats than mink. But the incidentals always claim virtually the entire amount above $40,000. There is little reason, unless sumptuously we build a yacht, why incidentals should ever cost more than $10,000 or $15,000. When and if I make $75,000, I shall, therefore, save. If I make $300,000—why, I shall yacht.

The value of these three case histories to sociologists and economists interested in standards of living need hardly be pointed out.

Fortune, like *Time*, refers habitually to "tycoons." What are they anyhow? My "Oxford Dictionary" says that the term "tycoon" was a title applied by foreigners to the shogun of Japan in 1854-68; it is an Anglicization of the Japanese word *taikun*, meaning great prince. *Fortune* and its parent, *Time*, have apparently redefined it as applying to the millionaires of commerce. The inference seems to be that these are our great princes, and that no others count.

Fortune says, Long live the tycoon! He it is whose financial tiddledywinks insures an active stock market and the consequent prosperity of American industry, which insures the happiness of labor by gambling away its profits. He it is whose foibles and fortune make and unmake nations. He it is whose bigger and better mergers send stock-market prices skyward by reducing costs—and the armies of labor. May his race increase, for he alone is the American man of destiny! And *Fortune* does its bit by heaping encomiums upon them. Major Atterbury, A. R. Erskine, Baron Mitsui, M. Coty, the Behn brothers, the Guggenheims, the Mellons, Albert Wiggin, F. L. Carlisle, John Henry Patterson, Elisha Walker, Owen D. Young—all have their place, along with statements of the profits that accrue from salt mining (Morton's Salt), sporting goods (Spalding), the manufacture of Pullman cars, soap (Proctor and Gamble, Lever Brothers, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet), cosmetics (Coty, Helena Rubinstein), aluminum (Aluminum Company of America).

In edifying and informative photographs we may see ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith eating "boloney"; Lydia Pinkham and her great-granddaughter; the shoulders and arms of Primo Carnera, which earned him $103,991 in less than four months; a procession of hogs across the slaughtering floor of the stockyards; or the Homesburg County Prison Band, with instruments, be it noted and underscored, donated by a tycoon.

Fortune has its cultural side, too. The talkie version of "All Quiet on the Western Front" recently "grossed $22,800 in a Manhattan theater" in a single week; "Toscanini leads an American enterprise [the New York Philharmonic] to triumph and a deficit"; the decrepit American back yards immortalized in the water colors of Charles Burchfield can yield, in Manhattan alone, "rubbish, garbage, ashes, and dead animals" convertible into a neat $5,000,000 by proper garbage reduction; had the first buyer of Rembrandt's Toilet of Bathsheba "kept his $106 banked at 4 per cent interest compounded semiannually, his estate could now withdraw $242,428.89. Had he kept Bathsheba, his estate could probably realize a great deal more. For . . . there is no telling what sum she might now command."

It would be unfair, no doubt, to suggest that glorified success stories about tycoons and their profit-producing enterprises are consciously designed to encourage the purchase of securities in these undertakings. But let us look at *Fortune* for November, 1930. A full-page advertisement for Stone and Webster and Blodget, the financing end of Stone and Webster, Inc., appears on page 16; an illustrated article on Stone and Webster on pages 97 to 98 is continued on page 121. In getting there, the reader can hardly overlook an advertisement of the Stone and Webster Engineering Corporation which appears on page 115.

Finally, *Fortune*, realizing that its readers are not so deeply interested in the workings of a business or in the alleged idiosyncracies of its directors as they are in the behavior of its securities on the stock market, publishes in its latter pages a supplement analyzing the earnings, structures, and speculative possibilities of these securities.

The circle is complete. Not even a St. Anthony could resist this elephantine innuendo. And while it is not yet "packed in millions of cans"—the circulation guaranty for 1931 is 40,000 average net paid per month—it is already something to be "saluted by boards of directors."

Her Pain

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Her pain became the pressure of a lover
Without whose weight she would have been too light,
A hand laid on her that her hand could cover,
A voice speaking to her in the night.
Her pain would strongly cling to her forever,
Moving in her body like a child
That only Death had courage to deliver.
So life and she were mutely reconciled
Since this imperious, dependent guest
Came home to her, so welcome, strange, and late,
By whom she was recurringly possessed,
To whom she was a mother and a mate.
Now she was bound forever to her friend,
Her very bones a house built to that end.

A Dirt Farmer Wonders

By GLENN W. BIRKETT

I

ON December 27, 1929, Mr. Alexander Legge of the Federal Farm Board gave an address before the American Farm Economics Association at Washington, D. C. From this address it appears that the practical problem of the Farm Board is to restrict production of farm products. Mr. Legge states:

> You will find the argument for curtailment of production very unpopular with the farmer as a rule. But it is reasonable to suppose that in time he may grasp the simple problem that if he can get more money for four bushels of wheat than he can get for five bushels, perhaps he will raise four bushels of wheat instead of five. That is a typical illustration of where we stand today. A 20 per cent reduction, on an average, of what the farmer produces would make the tariff on grain effective, and give him a higher level of prices. I think it is conservative to say that 20 per cent less production would bring 20 per cent more money than he is now getting for what he produces.

Mr. Legge is a representative of the federal government. He and his board have, by act of Congress, large powers and $500,000,000 to raise the prices of farm products, that is, to *decrease* production. About the time of Mr. Legge's speech in Washington, Professor James E. Boyle of Cornell, in one of the quality magazines, was portraying vividly the danger of starvation because of the destruction by insects of a part of our food supply. To illustrate our appalling nearness to defeat in our race with the insects, Professor Boyle quotes Professor Glenn Herrick, an agricultural "if" statistician, who finds that a single mother cabbage aphid in a single short season in the somewhat unfavorable climate of New York State ought to be, *if* all her descendants lived, and *if* all could be fed, the ancestress of so many hundred quadrillion aphids that by the middle of August the weight of the generation or generations then alive would be eight times the weight of all the human inhabitants of the globe. In a warmer region, such as Texas, where the climate allows thirty generations instead of twelve as in New York, the resulting total would stagger even an "if" statistician.

One reads on to learn that the farmer is being aided by government appropriations in his fight against the insects. Obviously this work is designed to *increase* production. In other words, the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, with 545 entomologists, and with the prestige and taxes of the federal government behind it, is determined to prevent the insects from doing, in part at least, the very thing that Mr. Legge, backed by the taxes and prestige of the same government, is attempting to do. Penelope, knitting by day and raveling by night, had nothing on the government at Washington.

One of the reasons given for building Boulder Dam with federal taxes is that it would make possible a large reclamation project and an increase of agricultural production. I have scores of pamphlets from my State experiment station, from other States, and from Washington all urging increased production. These are paid for out of taxes. Professors of agricultural colleges everywhere are lecturing and broadcasting on the necessity for increasing the yield per man, per acre, per cow, per hen.

As a farmer, I am confused. I cannot reconcile the use of tax millions to stimulate production and the use of other millions at the same time to educate the farmer to produce less. I am not considering whether the stimulators actually increase production, or whether Mr. Legge's millions can check production, but I do ask which of these two—if either—is farm relief? If either one constitutes farm relief, why would not additional relief be secured by the withdrawal of tax money from the other? If the professors who insist upon more per man, per acre, per cow, per hen are right, then the $500,000,000 of Mr. Legge are worse than wasted; whereas if Mr. Legge is right, then the taxes spent by the government to reclaim land, prod the farmer, and fill the ether with fairy tales about scientific production are merely an additional handicap which Mr. Legge and the Farm Board must overcome—at government expense. At present the Department of Agriculture and the Farm Board seem to be equal in authority. Each is a legally established department of the federal government. One prods, the other restrains. The theory of one is the exact opposite of the other. Millions for one must be counterbalanced by millions for the other. The two sets of relievers relieve us of billions.

II

At the close of Mr. Legge's address a number of questions were asked:

> DR. H. C. TAYLOR. What is the plan for limiting the production? How could you go about that, say, in wheat and corn?
>
> MR. LEGGE. That is up to the gentlemen in the agricultural colleges of the country. It calls for a campaign and it can never be done except as the farmers become organized and where the story can go back home to the farmer. *There is no way you can do it by legislation under the Constitution* of this country, and I doubt if it can be done anywhere. You cannot compel the farmer but perhaps you can convince him. If he gets more money for producing a little less it may have an argument that will reach him in the course of time but it cannot be done in a hurry.
>
> DR. B. H. HUBBARD. Is there any hope of doing that while the farmers are unorganized, if you had even half of them, as they have in Canada, educated to produce less?
>
> MR. LEGGE. Well, that reaches almost any limit, you know the possibilities. I remember a number of years ago out in San Joaquin Valley in California, at the time they were reorganizing the grape industry, that problem existed, and the *persuasive action of these organized farmers perhaps was not in strict accord with the laws of the country, but they were very effective.* In other words, a producer either joined it or moved out.

Here is a simple direct idea proffered by a great industrialist. The implication seems vicious but possibly the idea is good. Racketeering seems to work in urban industry, particularly in Chicago, although Mr. John Gunther pointed out more than a year ago that the ultimate cost to the community is high. But now that an official of the government has indorsed this modern business practice, which, as Mr. Gunther indicated, is racketeering or "high finance" according to the social and financial standing of the indorsers, we may expect some action from farmers. Heretofore we have been handicapped by respect for law and have been slow to realize the efficacy of strikes, lock-outs, bombings, and other concomitants of efficient businesses. Still we have made some progress. Two summers ago, during a milk strike in this, the Chicago dairy region, armed farmers halted trucks and dumped out the milk. Several years ago near Belvidere the "persuasive action" of dairymen in restricting output resulted in one killing. The farmer is copying urban efficiency but possibly too slowly. Mr. Legge's left-handed federal support to extra-constitutional, extralegal methods may have an accelerating effect.

But many of us farmers are puzzled. According to the President of the United States, obedience to all the laws is particularly necessary just now if we are to maintain our civilization. The Wickersham Commission is appointed to study crime and offer remedies. Then the head of the Farm Board, who is just as officially the government as is the head of the commission to study lawlessness, suggests that "persuasive action . . . not in strict accord with the laws of the country" be adopted. It is interesting and possibly enlightening as the solution of a great industrialist. Remember that Mr. Gunther wrote that "racketeering exists because people, prominent people, want it to exist."

It opens possibilities. Most farmers I know disbelieve in all efforts of government artificially to stimulate or restrict. (And I have the opinions of many farmers, not only from this section but from other States from Massachusetts to California.) If it is right to use force against a fellow-farmer to restrain his productive effort, then it must be right to use force against those government employees or representatives whose efforts are designed to stimulate his productive effort. For instance, would not a farmer be justified and could he not plead page 13 of Mr. Legge if he, the farmer, attacked a government entomologist, or a barberry-bush destroyer? We ought to have an opinion on that. But it will have to come from somebody higher up than either Secretary Hyde or Chairman Legge. They would obviously disagree, since their objectives are opposite.

We farmers have a solution of the farm problem. It consists of recognizing that any form of farm aid is harmful, and it therefore asks the complete withdrawal of all units of government from all phases of farming, from all stimulation and from all restriction. Our solution is absurd. It gives no one a government job. It assumes that ordinary citizens have rights as opposed to bureaucrats.

But whether or not we who are farmers are right in our plea for no more government aid or relief of any kind, this query remains: How can the government logically appropriate hundreds of millions with the ostensible purpose of increasing production and at the same time hundreds of other millions to decrease production? And how can the government logically preach through one commission the vital need for respect and obedience to all statute laws, while through another board it recommends group or class advancement to be attained through disregard of the most fundamental laws?

In the Driftway

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S cake-eating formula has always been popular with those who have sufficient bread. The Drifter recalls, for instance, that public-spirited Bostonian who long ago founded a Union at Harvard "where the poorest student could get a good luncheon for seventy-five cents." There was also the altruistic lady who, wishing to experience for herself "how the other half lives," invited herself to visit in the home of an unsuspecting college professor. For ten days the household put its best foot forward, striving to maintain its maximum of hospitality—only to be thanked by the lady for letting her "share in the simple life." It is not only the Drifter who remembers, in the First Hoover Epoch, the smartly dressed women who went about among the poor telling them how to conserve food in war time by preparing dishes from bread crumbs—to meet the invariable question, "Yes, lady, and where do we get the bread crumbs?" No less a person than good George the Fifth was acclaimed for his discovery that left-over bread could be toasted—thereby proving his royal descent from good King Arthur and his queen: "And what they could not eat that night, the queen next morning fried."

* * * * *

AESOP'S Fox—offering the Stork food on a flat plate—was probably the first incarnation of this generous spirit which a sadder world has seen transformed through Lady Bountiful to Social Service and finally to Research Bureau. But Aesop at least let the Stork get back at the Fox, a wholesome balance which has not survived to our day. (Can it be that the Fox finally ate the Stork?) The Drifter is quite sure he knows how the Stork felt, for once when he had been tramping over the Yorkshire moors he stopped to rest at a holiday house maintained by one of the city settlements. A resident had invited him to spend the night. There was no other shelter for miles, so the invitation was happily accepted. The sight of the table spread for supper was good to a dinnerless man. The hospitable resident withdrew to break the news to the housekeeper, who came in looking as if something else had been broken as well. She looked the Drifter down and up, or rather down than up, and said sternly, "You'll have to go on—there's a farm a few miles on." Perhaps she noticed the pathetic droop the Drifter was trying to produce, for she continued, "You may sit and rest half an hour but *don't touch any of the food on the table!"*

* * * * *

THE Fox spread only one unattainable dish before the hungry Stork. In our splurging days we multiply both the dish and the unattainability. The Drifter, with one eye on the weary bread line shivering on the sidewalk, reads what a beneficent government (of the Second Hoover Epoch) suggests as a low-cost menu for "Minimum Standard Diet for Lower Incomes": "The list demands milk for the children and bread for all at every meal; cereal, potatoes, a green or yellow vegetable, and some additional fruit or vegetable for all, and for children, tomatoes or oranges every day; with tomatoes, dried beans or peas or peanuts, lean meat, fish, or poultry, or cheese, and eggs, from two to four times a week." The Drifter concludes that it is not only in the Arabian Nights that the Barmecide spreads an imaginary feast for the hungry to sharpen their teeth on. But Shacabac in the immortal tale had a come-back at the Barmecide. What come-back, or what deferred meal, is coming to those who dine on the paper menu "issued by the Home Economics Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, in cooperation with the Emergency Committee for Employment"? *Gesegnete Mahlzeit.*

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Terror Still Reigns in Venezuela

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For almost thirty years Juan Vicente Gomez has succeeded in maintaining a brutal dictatorship in Venezuela. He has been materially assisted by Dutch, British, and American warships which patrol the coast of the second largest oil-producing country in the world. All political opponents of the dictatorship have either fled the country, or been exiled, killed off, or sent to prison. It has been estimated that upwards of 5,000 political prisoners crowd the filthy Venezuelan jails today, 100,000 are in exile, and 15,000 have been killed, not for acts of violence but for political activities against the dictatorship.

Horrible tortures are inflicted on the inmates of the ancient Venezuelan prisons. The following statement made by four escaped political prisoners appeared in the San Juan, Porto Rico, *Times*, on August 1, 1930:

> By orders of Juan Vicente Gomez, one, two, three sets of irons . . . weighing from 30 to 100 pounds are riveted on to a human being without so much as a trial or defense. The physical resistance of [many of these] men cannot withstand these for more than a few days . . . gangrene sets in, and suffering indescribable pain and torture, the prisoner passes from the jail to the cemetery. . . . Many times there have been riveted into a single set of irons two people; night and day, year after year, they have remained bound together by that infernal chain. Death only will free them from that odious enforced association. . . . The students of the University of Caracas—about five hundred in number—have been condemned by Gomez to hard labor on the highways without clothing, hungry, maltreated by the lash of the hangman, weighted with chains.

Evidence indicating that American oil interests have secured for Gomez the support of the Department of State was produced before both houses of Congress, and resolutions calling for an investigation of our relations with Venezuela were introduced last year. There is a way to help end this infamous political persecution. Write to Henry W. Temple, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, asking that Resolution No. 269 be reported out of committee. There is a good chance that something can be accomplished. Hearings will determine whether the charge that oil companies have secured the support of our government are true. Citizens who feel that the United States has no business supporting dictatorships, and presenting their governments with statues of Henry Clay (ironically placed near the Rotunda prison), ought to protest in the interests of a people submerged for almost thirty years under oil and a tyrant.

New York, February 18 ROGER BALDWIN

The Making of a Pacifist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Lloyd Garrison's far-reaching influence is illustrated by an incident of my school days. More than fifty years ago the Japanese government sent a number of boys to be educated in the United States. One of them was my classmate at the Chauncy Hall school in Boston. His name was Taykichi Tanaka, which means, in Japanese, Sublime Virtue. He was a very fine young fellow. He came of an old and warlike noble family and was destined for a responsible post in Japan's war navy.

He wanted to meet William Lloyd Garrison. My parents gave him a letter of introduction, and I took him to Mr. Garrison's house. Mr. Garrison talked to him against war, and lent him Dymond's "Essays on Morality." I can recall the worshipful expression on his face as he stood on the doorstep taking leave, and looking up at Mr. Garrison, who stood in the doorway above him.

On his return to Japan he refused the post in the war navy to which he was assigned. He was put in prison for his contumacy, but he stood firm. Finally he was released and was given some small post of a peaceful kind, with a salary that would barely keep him from starving.

He died many years ago; but my early friendship with him and esteem for him gave me a respect for the Japanese that has lasted all my life.

Boston, February 20 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Mr. Rosoff Was Not a Director

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article The Banks of New York, which appeared in *The Nation* on February 11, I stated that Mr. Samuel Rosoff was a director of the Bank of United States. Mr. Rosoff informs me that he at no time was a director of the bank although a very heavy stockholder. I should greatly appreciate it if you would print this correction.

New York, February 16 NORMAN THOMAS

The Case of Guido Serio

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the attorney for Guido Serio, I take serious exception to the suggestion in Mr. John Beardsley's letter in your issue of February 4 that the courts are powerless to secure Serio the voluntary departure which the Labor Department has refused. Mr. Beardsley is apparently convinced that everyone "after further inquiry" must agree with his conclusion that the Labor Department has the last say as to where a deportable alien must be sent.

The Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, dealing with the case of another anti-Fascist, Mario Giletti, expressed grave doubt on this very question. Judge Learned Hand gave serious attention to the argument advanced by the alien—that if he left at his own expense for some other country, the deportation warrant should remain unexecuted. Judge Hand said that the statute fixing the place to which the alien was deportable

> . . . may then be understood as meaning only that, when deported *in invitum*, the alien must go to one of the prescribed countries but it need not be executed when the same result is accomplished by his going elsewhere.

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This appears to us certainly a humane construction to put upon the statute, and we will not say that it is too much of a strain upon its language.

The question was not settled in the Giletti case. It is being put up squarely to the same court in the Serio case. Until a decision is reached, we shall not believe that there is no power anywhere to question the Labor Department's arbitrary right to grant or refuse voluntary departures, a right, moreover, which is nowhere granted it in any statute. While his case is pending, the Labor Department has no jurisdiction. If Serio loses in court, it will be time enough to ask for favors from the Department of Labor.

New York, February 6 CAROL WEISS KING

The Life of Emily Howland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If any readers of *The Nation* have letters or other data concerning Miss Emily Howland of Sherwood, New York, I should be grateful for the loan of such material. I am preparing a record of the long life of this friend of humanity, and I need all possible aid in my work. My address is 1074 West Genesee Street, Syracuse, New York.

Syracuse, February 20 HARRIET MAY MILLS

Contributors to This Issue

OTTO BROK is on the Berlin staff of the Chicago *Daily News.*

MILTON ST. JOHN is the pen name of a Chicago writer whose work has appeared in the leading American reviews.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL contributes verse to various periodicals.

GLENN W. BIRKETT is a dirt farmer who has occasionally written for publication.

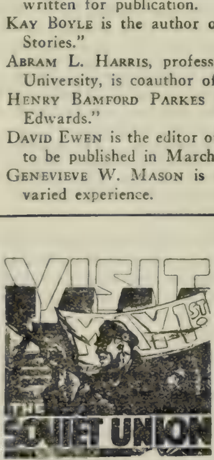
KAY BOYLE is the author of "Wedding Day and Other Stories."

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is coauthor of "The Black Worker."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

DAVID EWEN is the editor of "From Bach to Stravinsky," to be published in March.

GENEVIEVE W. MASON is a social worker of long and varied experience.



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Hunt

By KAY BOYLE

the buckhounds went on under the rain
with the wet fern swinging lace over their eyes
and their skins hanging like crumpled velvet

the bucks shod with leaves like silk sandals
danced on chopsticks over the suey of red lizards
white stalks
and caterpillars

the gentlemen slapped with their crop-butts at their clean leather

Now the gentlemen turn back out of the high dripping world
to fires that repeat themselves in the copper of
andirons and whiskey glasses

with the throats of the buckhounds sunk over their insteps
and the hound teats bruised blue on the fine floor

Edmund Wilson

Axel's Castle. By Edmund Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS study of the imaginative literature of 1870 to 1930 seems to me destined to exercise a deeper influence on American criticism than any volume since "A Book of Prefaces," which appeared in 1917. The wide differences in temper and fundamental preoccupations between the two books reflect not only the differences between two personalities, but between two periods. Mr. Mencken was interested chiefly in American and English writers, and he made it his chief business to dynamite gentility and puritanism; Mr. Wilson's writers are cosmopolitan, and what he strives for is chiefly psychological and philosophic interpretation. An immediate key to their differences is to be found in their styles: if Mr. Wilson's prose lacks the vigor and pungency of Mr. Mencken's it lacks also its occasional monotony of rhythm and tone, and it is a more efficient and sensitive instrument for presenting subtleties of thought and for a sympathetic conveyance of a given author's vision or mood. Mr. Wilson's criticism, in fact, is an ideal example of precisely that "catalysis"—that chemical task of provoking a reaction between the work of art and the reader—which Mr. Mencken years ago declared to be the primary function of criticism.

This type of critical task was perhaps never more necessary than now, above all for the group of writers which Mr. Wilson discusses—W. B. Yeats, Paul Valéry, T. S. Eliot, Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and Rimbaud. All of these, he finds, stem more or less directly from one literary school, the symbolists. One of the principal aims of this school is to employ words, sounds, and arrangements rather for their suggestive qualities, their penumbras, so to speak, than for their central, immediate, or conventional meanings. The symbolists wish, in other words, to approximate in literature the indefiniteness of music. And this ideal derives from a wider ideal, that of retreat from the external world, the world of action, industrialism, and democratic communication, to a world of pure introspection and passivity, or at best of an esoteric communication motivated sometimes by mere snobbery and sometimes by a profound conviction either that the individual's experience and moods are so unique that nothing more than fragmentary communication is really possible, or at least that our experiences consist of such fine gradations and subtle and shifting intricacies that conventional language is too inadequate and clumsy a tool for conveying them.

Mr. Wilson begins his discussion of these "symbolist" writers in a modest, almost an elementary, manner. He conceives it to be his first duty to narrate, to explain, to interpret. Unlike most critics who have written about such writers as Eliot, Proust, and Joyce, Mr. Wilson proceeds almost as if his reader had no previous acquaintance with their work: he not only gives us a brief biographical sketch, but he tells the entire story, for example, both of "Ulysses" and of "A la recherche du temps perdu." It is usually not wise for a critic to tell us so much of the story, but in these two instances there exists unusual justification. In "Ulysses" the simple story is often buried under obscurities, digressions, and ellipses, and Proust's many-volumed novel is so huge that it does one little harm to have a map. Mr. Wilson, at all events, has worked on the sensible assumption that it is better that his reader should be told too much than too little. On the same assumption, he has written with remarkable lucidity. He is not among those critics who believe that lyric poetry should be criticized in lyrical prose, or that the way to prove one's critical appreciation of an esoteric or partly unintelligible book is to write about it even more unintelligibly. As a result of this unpretentiousness and completeness, "Axel's Castle" becomes valuable sheerly for the information it contains.

But Mr. Wilson is by no means content to stay within this modest beginning. In a dedicatory paragraph he states his idea of what literary criticism ought to be—"a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them." His own work is an admirable embodiment of that aim. Not only does it realize Croce's critical ideal of describing the author's intent and his degree of success in achieving that intent, but it goes on to examine how far the author's intent itself is valid or important, and even how this intent came into being psychologically and historically. Thus not only are Mr. Wilson's individual essays on Joyce, Proust, Eliot, Valéry, and the rest little masterpieces of analysis and portraiture, distinguished by a rare combination of subtlety and strong common sense, but, not content with showing us the writers as individuals, they reveal the relation of these writers to their physical and cultural environment. In this respect, as well as in its vivid biographical sketches, Mr. Wilson's criticism sometimes recalls that of Taine, whose "environmental" method it applies without its originator's sometimes misguided dogmatism.

I hope I have by this time indicated plainly enough that I consider Mr. Wilson a very fine critic. He seems to me, for example, to have a much sharper and profounder mind than the late Stuart Sherman, about whose work so much strange fuss has been made. Sherman, after facing the entire new American literature with a mind closed by neophobia and moral squeamishness, suddenly opened it too wide and threw his standards overboard, but Mr. Wilson has kept a balanced course, bringing an always patient but never too credulous scrutiny to bear on writers who at first reading may have seemed unintelligible or even insane. But though in his criticism of contemporaries he begins, as Jules Lemaitre so sanely advised, by looking for their possible merits rather than for their often more easily discovered faults, he never allows himself to be completely carried away. He feels that the writers with whom he is here concerned have given us works of literature which,

> . . . for intensity, brilliance, and boldness as well as for an architectural genius, an intellectual mastery of their materials . . . are probably comparable to the work of any time. . . . They have revealed to the imagination a new flexibility and freedom. . . . They break down the walls of the present and wake us to the hope and exaltation of the untried, unsuspected possibilities of human thought and art.

None the less, even in the masterpieces of this new literature Mr. Wilson is

> . . . oppressed by a sullenness, a lethargy, a sense of energies ingrown and sometimes festering . . . a leaden acquiescence in defeat. . . . I believe therefore that the time is at hand when these writers, who have largely dominated the literary world of the decade 1920-30, though we shall continue to admire them as masters, will no longer serve us as guides.

HENRY HAZLITT

Find Lincoln

Lincoln the Man. By Edgar Lee Masters. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

Lincoln the Politician. How the Rail-Splitter and Flat-Boatman Played the Great American Game. By Don C. Seitz. Coward-McCann. $4.

Lincoln and His Cabinet. By Clarence Edward Macartney. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

MR. MASTERS has set out to dissipate the Lincoln myth. Given a few books and a moderate amount of industry, the task should not have been difficult. We knew, long before Mr. Masters entered the lists, that Lincoln was not the great man he has commonly been represented as being: that his education was negligible and his reading narrow, that he was a moderately successful but rather unscrupulous lawyer, that he hungered for political office and steered his course in Illinois with an eye to the main chance, that he had upheld the right of secession as a Congressman only to oppose its application later as President, that he backed and filled before the slavery issue in the fifties and straddled it with some high moral gestures in his debate with Douglas, that his nomination in 1860 was carefully planned and suitably bargained for, that the outbreak of the Civil War found him in a daze, and that he was long in arriving at any but vague notions of how the breach was to be healed after victory and a place found for the freed Negroes. We knew also that as President he rode roughshod over the Constitution which he was sworn to uphold, that he was a poor judge of men, chose a mediocre and inharmonious Cabinet, and seemed often not to know good generals from bad ones, that he was a minority choice in 1860 and a Hobson's choice in 1864, and that only a martyr's crown, pressed upon him in a tragic moment when the North was rejoicing in victory, transformed him into a national idol and enthroned him among the immortals. There was no need of Mr. Masters's five hundred pages to tell us any of these things. All that was needed was that some one should tell them more fully, frankly, and convincingly than they had been told before, and exactly as they were and are.

Mr. Masters has not been content, however, to attack the Lincoln of myth and tell the uncomfortable truth about him. He has felt called upon to go farther, and not only to throw into prominence whatever of Lincoln could be made petty, repulsive, or unscrupulous, but also to indict the American people and their government all along the line. If his studies have not made him hate and despise the Lincoln whom he has discovered, he has been singularly inept in concealing whatever admiration he may have. The moving picture which he unreels shows a Lincoln ignorant, lazy, "grotesquely dressed," undersexed, cold, superstitious, a palterer if not a worker of duplicity in the Illinois legislature, dragging religion into politics and exhibiting a "Jehoviac diabolism" in his second inaugural, a political trimmer, and so on. As for the country and the government, both went wrong before and during his time and have continued to go wrong at an increasingly rapid pace ever since. According to Mr. Masters, State rights and strict construction embodied the true theory of the Constitution and should never have been departed from, the Missouri Compromise was a mischievous outrage, abolition and anti-slavery had not a leg to stand upon in opposition to the clear rights of the South, and the Civil War opened the way to chaos. In the final chapter, with Lincoln dead, Mr. Masters lets himself go in a prolonged wail over the whole array of national evils that followed the war: reconstruction, the Republican Party, "the feculence of the Credit Mobilier" and "the cloacas of the political rings in the cities," "the spawn of lowest hell," monopoly, tariffs, banks, franchises, "a new set of thieves in the public Treasury" let in "under the guise of piety and humanitarianism," the unholy procession of Presidents from Hayes to Taft, the churches that "rule the country," prohibition, a dead literature, materialism. The only wonder is that a republic so debased should have survived.

"Lincoln the Man," in short, is a political diatribe such as might have come out of the remotest quarters of the antebellum South, carried forward into the years of political and social confusion after the Civil War. That it is not a more worthy performance is sincerely to be regretted, for Mr. Masters had an inviting opportunity. The two volumes of Beveridge's unfinished biography of Lincoln come down only to 1859, and there was a place for a book which, building upon the foundations which Beveridge laid, should continue the critical evaluation of Lincoln's career into and through its Presidential phase. There was certainly no need to recount again in detail the events of Lincoln's earlier life. Mr. Masters, who has nothing of particular importance to add about this early period, takes fourteen of his eighteen chapters to get Lincoln into the White House, and merely skims the great political and social issues and the military events of the war period. The truth which he presents could hardly at best be anything but unpalatable to hero-worshipers and patriots, for myths go far to make history as history is commonly believed, but the violent language, the intense prejudice, and the bitter feeling that characterize the book are likely to make less hostile readers suspect that there must be, after all is said and done, another and more favorable side.

Mr. Seitz has no idol to topple and no acid gibes and sneers to throw about, but he, too, offers a conception of Lincoln which is not the whole story. To him, Lincoln is the masterful politician, consummate in his ability to handle men, whether of his own party or of the opposition, plainly not lacking in guile or inattentive to his personal chances, but making his way in a troubled period shrewdly, patiently, good-naturedly, with humor and homely wisdom. Even on the political side, however, much is left out of the narrative or so lightly touched as to make the book, as a political study, superficial. It has, on the other hand, a lively style, it abounds in anecdotes and local or personal digressions, and its general tone is assuring. One gathers that while Mr. Seitz does not think too highly of American politicians, he is ready to accept them as a necessary evil and discovers in Lincoln one of the best of the lot.

Mr. Macartney concedes the existence of a Lincoln legend, but it seems to him to be beneficent and not baleful, and one best dealt with by observing Lincoln through "those great intellects and noble patriots" who formed his Cabinet. The book is a collection of eight biographical sketches, pleasantly written and sensibly patriotic, but without essential novelty either in matter or in point of view. Since the real Lincoln is still a subject of debate, the book may be commended to those who prefer to have him and his associates presented in a friendly light. WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Russian Experiment

The Economic Life of Russia. By Calvin B. Hoover. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Russia's Productive System. By Emile Burns. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

The Russian Experiment. By Arthur Feiler. Translated from the German by H. J. Stenning. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

TRADITIONAL Marxian theory has long taught that the "organization of the proletariat as a revolutionary class," the necessary first step toward socialism, presupposes "the finished existence of all the productive forces which can develop in the bosom of the old society." This denial of the possibility of socialism in industrially backward countries, implicit in the policies of the Second International, shaped the course of world socialism as long as the International remained the undisputed oracle of Marxian prophecy. But when the Russian Bolshevists were ensconced in power by the October revolution of 1917, Nickolai Lenin reasoned:

> How utterly mechanical is that idea learned by heart during the development of Western European social democracy, that we in Russia have not yet grown up to socialism, that we lack . . . the objective economic premises for socialism. . . . Why can we not begin by winning with a revolution the premises for that definite level of culture and then afterward, on the basis of the workers' and peasants' power and the soviet structure, set out to catch up with other peoples?

This determination expressed by Lenin to socialize an essentially agrarian country repudiated both the orthodox Socialist theory and the revolutionary tactics of the Second International. Yet the mere reformulation of Marxian ideology, however necessary as a justification of "proletarian dictatorship in a land of peasants," did not guarantee communism. Because modern industrialism was foreign to Russian soil, its technique and the economic discipline and social habits which it engenders were almost alien characteristics. Successful socialization, then, required more than a program of rapid mechanization. It demanded the integration of this with a planned non-competitive economy for which human history offered neither model nor guiding experience, and the reconditioning of human nature as it had hitherto been known to Russian life. And now, thirteen years after the October revolution, the fate of communism is still unpredictable. Although unable to forecast the future, Calvin Hoover, Emile Burns, and Arthur Feiler, in three works, greatly increase our understanding of the present Communist state and the vicissitudes through which it is passing. All three authors conclude that the achievements of the new regime are exceptionally gratifying, though in many quarters contradictory and beset with recurring probability of disaster.

The productive mechanism of the new economy, described in detail by Dr. Hoover and Mr. Burns, and more critically by Dr. Feiler, is beginning to run with efficiency and smoothness. Decentralization and coordination are making rapid headway upon bureaucracy. The coordination and direction of industry are vested in the Supreme Economic Council with its provincial councils and Department of Technical Economic Planning. That body supervises the distribution of the profits and losses and the appointment of the technical staff of the various industries, but does not meddle with the operation and management of them. Each industry is autonomous. Large-scale industry was formerly organized into "trusts," which set up "syndicates" for marketing purposes. The syndicate is now being scrapped for the "combine" (*obedinenie*). When this transformation is complete, the combine in a given industry will not only possess the commercial features of the syndicate, but will also form the connecting link between factories and the trusts in that industry and the rest of the industrial, commercial, banking, and agricultural life of the country.

Even in small-scale industry, trade, and handicrafts, collectivization is pushed relentlessly by the Communist Party, the real power behind the scene. Agriculture must also yield. The large estates of the old aristocracy are being turned into state farms (*sovkhoz*), in reality grain factories which use much machinery and little man power. The peasantry is being pushed into one of the three types of agricultural collectives (*kolkhoz*)—namely, the commune, the highest type constituting pure communism; the simple collective, "in which land is cultivated in common but work animals and other inventory are private property"; or the artel, in which not only is land tilled in common but all work animals and animals whose products are sold on the market are socialized. The artel is the most common type of kolkhoz.

The success that has followed socialistic adaptation of American mass production under the aegis of the Five-Year Plan, or *Piatiletka*, has been remarkable. During the first year of the plan the productivity of large-scale industry increased 23.4 per cent over that of 1927-28, although an increase of only 21.4 per cent was called for. The production of consumption goods, which according to the plan was to increase 18.6 per cent over 1927-28, actually increased 21 per cent. The results in some lines, especially in small industry and agriculture, were not so favorable. The urban proletariat is being spurred by socialist emulation and rivalry to greater efficiency. But production costs are still relatively high, and industrial products still crude. In spite of increased productivity of labor, wages still lag behind prices, which are about 25 per cent higher than in the United Kingdom. While a wage of $36 a month was considered high in 1929, the material well-being of labor is augmented by benefits derived from an elaborate scheme of social insurance.

Describing the plan as a whole, Dr. Feiler observes that it means that a capital investment of 92,700,000,000 rubles, or approximately $44,000,000,000 calculated at 1926-27 prices, must be squeezed out of the lives of poor people for five years. For the plan to succeed, the Russian workers and peasants "must accumulate capital by saving whilst increasing the output of their . . . labor and restricting their . . . immediate consumption."

The plan is now in its third year. The results of the second year were not available when these books were written. According to an abridged version of the results appearing in the London *Economist* in November, 1930, and recently summarized by George Soule in the *New Republic*, the accomplishment in the second year was almost unbelievable. And the second year is to be surpassed by the third. This requires a quickening of the already nerve-racking tempo of industrialization of farm and factory, and forcing the acceptance of socialized farming upon a recalcitrant peasantry.

Agriculture is the Communist dictatorship's greatest problem. Although the state controls banking, credit, and prices, it lacks foreign credit and must pay for the mounting industrial imports necessitated by the Five-Year Plan with increasingly heavy agricultural exports. If socialism is to be achieved, agriculture must be made to yield larger surpluses by means of industrialization and collectivization. This process will reduce the peasant to a proletarian, thus bringing about Lenin's much desired union (*smychka*) of urban proletariat and peasantry. But the movement has met the resistance of both the rich peasants (*kulaki*) and the middle peasants (*ceredniki*). At times it has been resisted by the poorest peasants (*bedniki*). Peasant uprisings and disaffection encountered the armed forces of the government. "Liquidation of the kulak" became so much of a bloody witch hunt that Stalin himself halted the excesses by his famous *Pravda* article, Dizziness from Success. In 1929 only about half of the peasant farms were in collectives. According to Dr. Hoover, the plan for the total sown area was fulfilled only to the extent of 97.4 per cent in 1928-29. The amount of bread grain collected from the 1929 harvest was 103 per cent of the plan, but was attained at the point of bayonets. Today the burden of agricultural socialization is placed upon the state farms. As these farms are highly industrialized, they constantly displace labor, swelling the float of agricultural workers to the city. Unless this float is quickly cared for, the Communists' neatly balanced economy will find itself distressingly upset.

Will this heroically ambitious plan succeed? Can communism succeed in Russia? The plan still entails incalculable human costs in nervous strain, physical sacrifice, and bloodshed. It demands conformity, intellectual monotony, and the suppression of individual freedom. But Dr. Feiler thinks that the willingness of the great majority of the people to bear material privation with calm indifference is greatly to the advantage of the dictatorship. Moreover:

> The great bulk of the population can form no conception of the old way of living . . . To them it seems soft, senseless, and unreal. They have no longer any attachment to the old life. And the West—even the Russian emigration in the West—is so alien to their lives and even to their wishes that they regard a return thereto as something to be rejected as inconceivable. And in this change of heart consists . . . the chance of this revolution.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Lord Nelson

Nelson. By George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

IMAGINE a man devoured by passion for glory and for beautiful women. Through reckless courage and persistent disobedience to his superiors he becomes prominent in naval victories; he makes himself a popular idol by having letters printed in the newspapers in which his achievements are magnified and his colleagues are belittled. He is captivated by the wife of a British ambassador, herself formerly a blacksmith's daughter, a painter's model, and the mistress of half a dozen lovers; he deserts his own wife and lives with her in a relationship which only her husband imagines to be platonic; his vanity and immorality make his position impossible in English society. Finally he deliberately seeks death in battle, in the hope that a grateful country may forgive and reward his mistress and daughter. He becomes the national hero of the most puritanical country in the world; but his mistress is left to starve, and his vices are concealed by pious biographers.

Such is the theme of this book. Its style is vivid and amusing; the background is suggested by a few picturesque anecdotes; there is never a superfluous word; no recent biography has imitated so successfully the methods of Mr. Lytton Strachey. Unfortunately, nobody who knows anything about Nelson will accept this presentation for a moment.

There is ample evidence that Nelson was loved by all who knew him, especially by those colleagues who ought, according to this biography, to have been most offended by his greed for fame. As a naval commander he was distinguished by a most careful attention to detail, and by a vitality which could inspire his subordinates. Off his quarterdeck he was a child, and his vices were those of one without experience of the world, not of a deliberate adventurer. At Cape St. Vincent he did not prevent Jervis from rounding up five Spanish ships; but for his disobedience to orders the two divisions of the Spanish fleet would have united, and the battle would have been indecisive. At the Nile the decisive movement was made by Captain Foley, but only in obedience to plans often discussed in Nelson's cabin during the voyage from Sicily. At Copenhagen withdrawal in obedience to Parker would have meant the destruction of the British fleet; and if the request for a truce was a virtual confession of defeat, it is strange that the ships aground were not immediately floated off. Lady Hamilton was not left to starve; her resources would have been ample but for her own extravagance. These are merely a few of the misrepresentations made by these clever and unscrupulous *advocati diaboli*. It is strange that they have not succeeded in giving the credit for Trafalgar to somebody else.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

A Jazz Rhapsody

Tin Pan Alley. By Isaac Goldberg. The John Day Company. $3.50.

TIN PAN ALLEY has for these many years been crying for a historian. For Tin Pan Alley is a name heavy with glamor. From a most humble and pitiable origin down at the dim gas-lit Fourteenth Street which stretched from Union Square to Second Avenue—where, in this Mecca of burlesque houses, bawdy places, and cheap dance-halls the first of America's popular songs were created—it rose in forty years to be one of America's greatest industries. During these years reputations have been swept from the obscurest corners of the Alley unto the uppermost stars; and reputations have here been just as securely buried. During these years the silhouettes of glamorous figures have passed across the graphic background: illiterate composers who hoped to de-de-de-dum their way into immortality—and did; "personality boys," as song-pluggers, on whom the fate of many a song rested; hard-boiled publishers who looked upon this composing racket as a high-powered business which must be run with precision and accuracy; vaudeville actors who swarmed in the Alley, each hoping to be the fortunate one to be the first to put that song sensation of the year across. . . . During these years an aboriginal, naive, and utterly artless music grew into real musical significance. This, then, is a story—vivid with coruscant colors, pulsing with real drama. This is a story that has been begging for treatment between two book-covers for ever so long. How is it that Tin Pan Alley has had to wait so long for its saga?

But if it has waited an unduly long time for its history, it has not waited in vain. In Isaac Goldberg the Alley has found a sympathetic historian whose racy pen has succeeded with remarkable felicity in transferring to paper something of the spirit of the Alley. There is *élan* and vitality in his story of the Alley's rise and growth, from the prehistoric Harrigan and Hart days until our own time of Gershwinian jazz-sophistication. Now he writes with tongue in cheek—for, after all, that is the only way in which an intelligent man can hope to speak about so much of the simplicities which characterize so many of the Alley's effusions; now he is truly critical—his essay, Before the Flood, on the background of American music is always sane and often penetrating; now he is remarkably informative—one learns here for the first time the entire subtle mechanism of Tin Pan Alley which produces the song hits and then launches them forth upon the world; now he is analytical—his analysis of the structure of jazz and his criticism of its strength and weakness are intelligent and farsighted; and now he merely rambles aimlessly along, speaking amusing things about famous song-pluggers and their methods, about some of the phenomenal song sales, about the influence of the talking picture on the song racket.

George Gershwin, to whom the book is dedicated, has written a pleasing introduction. One might question Mr. Gershwin's enthusiasm in calling this work "a valuable addition to our archives of Americana." Notwithstanding Mr. Goldberg's insistence, we fail to be convinced that Tin Pan Alley is half so important historically, or as a phase of the American mind or culture, as it is colorful and interesting.

DAVID EWEN

Books in Brief

Novels and Novelists. By Katherine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Katherine Mansfield's loyal followers will be pleased with these literary essays, a series of book reviews written for the *Athenaeum* of 1919 and 1920. In a clear, penetrating, and sometimes mocking style, she exposes the occasional novels of Somerset Maugham, Virginia Woolf, Joseph Hergesheimer, John Galsworthy, and others less illustrious to a deft and witty analysis. But the significance of this publication does not lie in her verdicts on her contemporaries or in the accuracy of her literary prophecies. It is valuable as an additional chapter in the record of her brief career. These reviews, joined to her letters, her journal, and her stories build up a lifelike picture of a compelling and sympathetic personality.

In Defence of Sensuality. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. $3.

Here is an elaboration of the "mythology" that underlies "Wolf Solent." With the postulate that "the gregarious instincts of humanity have ruined the happiness of the individual," Mr. Powys proposes a mystical hedonism as the way of salvation. He pictures the lonely human personality as a lambent spear-point of consciousness piercing the cosmic darkness—an image that inevitably recalls Pater's "hard and gemlike flame." But the genteel aestheticism of Pater is far from the hearty sensuousness of Mr. Powys, who brings together in the ego intimations of our subhuman ancestors and adumbrations of the "divine-devilish First Cause." Each of us is a potential demon-saint, and the core of our being is an "ichthyosaurus-ego." True happiness is to be found only in the recognition of our absolute loneliness, abandonment of "the preposterous claims of a life of action," and ecstatic awareness of our essential kinship to earth, air, fire, and water—the fourfold aspect of eternal energy.

Makers of Modern Europe. By Count Carlo Sforza. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

A collection of personality sketches of the men who are popularly supposed to have made modern Europe. It includes such men as Aehrenthal, Tisza, and Pachich, in addition to some of the more obvious personalities, but it omits Holstein, Isvolsky, Dmowski, Lords Grey and Carnock, and a number

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Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives. A Note on Their Lives and Time By Russel Crouse. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $

This collection of Currier and Ives prints, many of the beautifully reproduced in color, is amply worth its cost. Exce to those connoisseurs who demand the bona fide article an will have none other, the reproductions are amusing to loo at and (let it be whispered) charming when framed and hun on the wall. Sleighing in Central Park, the Chicago Fire, an the Lightning Express are among the gems of the collectio and one may be pardoned the sacrilege of tearing them ou of the book partly because Mr. Crouse's text, patronizing an heavily humorous in tone, is not worthy of them. The tru history of America for fifty years or so probably lies in thes drawings—color, caption, and all. But they need a commentato who will realize their worth without feeling it necessary t get a laugh on every page.

Gulab Singh, Founder of Kashmir. By K. M. Panikkar. London: Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.

Gulab Singh, capable organizer, wise politician, stern conqueror and ruler, who made the present state of Jammu an Kashmir about eighty years ago, is an unusual subject for biography. He is here treated to a whitewash. He was strong enough character for his ruthlessness to need no suppression, and historic details of importance should not have bee omitted. The book is amazingly dull.

Films

Charlie Chaplin Falters

CHAPLIN'S latest picture, "City Lights" (Cohan), ha been greeted with the general acclaim of the press, an acclaim so fervent that it surpasses even the unmeasured enthusiasm over his performances in the past. The three years of publicity (largely gratuitous, no doubt) that preceded the showing of the picture possibly have had something to do with this. Likewise, the impressive fact of a silent picture coming out of dialogue-ridden Hollywood. But the magic of Charlie Chaplin's name must have been the strongest factor. Only this can account for the acclamation of "City Lights" as the crowning achievement of Chaplin's art. The truth is, it is the feeblest of his longer pictures. "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "The Circus" (I am one of the unfortunate few who missed seeing "The Pilgrim") gave us the mature Chaplin, less spontaneous, perhaps, than in his still earlier "A Dog's Life" or "Shoulder Arms," but just as subtle in his whimsicalities and a little more wistful. In "City Lights" there are few whimsicalities, while what was intended to be wistfulness has clearly degenerated into something decidedly maudlin.

One has feared for some time that this was going to happen. There were alarming signs of it in "The Circus," although they were heavily outweighed by the amazing ingenuity of the episodes which revealed the fantastic naturalness of the little tramp. In "City Lights" the only scenes that have this fantastic quality are those depicting the desperate venture of our hero into the business of prize fighting. There we get our old Chaplin, the personification of a helpless and guileless soul who resorts to grotesquely fantastic, though essentially natural, devices to get himself out of a tight corner. In Chaplin's art what he does has always been as important as how he does it. His little tricks and unexpected twists of action may be described as "gags," but there is a world of difference between them and, for instance, such gags as are used by Harold Lloyd. Lloyd's gags are merely external situations in no way connected with his screen personality, which, by the way, is little more than a void. Chaplin's gags, on the contrary, spring from the very nature of the character he has created and are the principal means of revealing that character. It is because of his ingenious reactions to the situations in which he finds himself that we have come to love the absurd little fellow; we would fain imitate him if we could only divest ourselves of our respectable habits. To be sure, we laugh at his droll ways, but we also pity him for being always at odds with the world, a round peg in a square hole. There is pathos enough in the character himself not to need any stressing by means of a sentimental plot. Chaplin's growing seriousness, his desire to be more than a mere comedian have deceived him into holding sentiment more precious than fun. He has paid dearly for this error of judgment by producing a picture of which less than a quarter does credit to his genius.

If I ask for more fantasy in Chaplin's pictures, I should be content, not to say pleased, with much less of it in such a picture as "Trader Horn" (Astor). Somehow the fantasy there fails to blend with the realistic background. The blame for this must be laid largely at the feet of that entertaining spinner of yarns, Mr. Aloysius Horn, though the director, too, is guilty of some quite uncalled-for crudities. Apart from this, the picture is a magnificent record of wild life in Central Africa, abounding in thrilling episodes and in scenic splendors. The natives who play a prominent part in the story prove to be excellent actors and are approached in this among the white members of the cast only by Mr. Carey in his fine characterization of Trader Horn.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

True to Tripe

SINCE last week I have seen no play which seems to me worth discussing at length. But I have seen three plays which might be considered together as examples of the imitative art. I do not use the word imitation here in any of its better senses. For it has its better senses. When art, for instance, imitates life—and it has never been decided just how it does that, if it does it at all—when art, shall we say instead, produces the conviction that it has imitated life, something of undoubted value has been done. The result may also be fine when one good artist imitates another—the two of them collaborating, so to speak, in the expression of some sort of truth which has an existence independent of either of them. I use the word in neither of those senses, but rather in the worst sense of all, the sense which reminds us that there are imitations of bad imitations. I saw three plays which any observer with presence of mind could have detected—not as imitations, perhaps, for he may never have seen other plays of the types to which they belong, but as pieces of untruth. A good imitation can be a good thing in itself. A bad imitation not only may be a bad thing in itself; it may derive from something just as bad, something which has been bad from the beginning of time.

"Doctor X," a "mystery melodrama" by Howard Warren Comstock and Allen C. Miller (Hudson Theater), depends

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‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. e. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
*Green Grow the Lilacs—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
*On the Spot—Forrest—W. 49 St.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
†Petticoat Influence—Lyceum—45 St. E. of B'way.
†Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole St.—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'Way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
*The Man with the Portfolio—Yidish Art—2 Ave. and 2 St.
‡The New Yorkers—Broadway—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

FILMS

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—(German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Cimarron—Globe—B'way and 46 St.
City Lights—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
La Nuit Est a Nous—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
"Pagliacci"—The Park Central—59 St. and 7 Ave.
Comrades of 1918—Cameo—42 St. and B'way.

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for its success upon our believing that ordinary citizens lik ourselves can remain two minutes in a dark room full c daggers and shadows without dying of fright. The author of this piece prepared the room for us with a good deal c ingenuity. The laboratory of Dr. Xavier is really a terribl place. But they did not take the precaution to people it wit men and women of iron, persons of some other blood tha ours, demons of courage and unimagination. They introduce instead a band of simple souls as capable of panic as we ar We can't believe they will survive a minute. When they d as of course is necessary if the play is to last two hours, w decide that we can too; and sit back in comparative comfor while three murders take place and two more are attempted If the heroine can walk right through that paneled door o the left where both we and she knew that the Killer ha of late been lurking, then we know there is nothing back o it but an actor. Now there have been mystery plays whic actually scared us. We have the right therefore to resen one which asks us to be afraid of a property cap and cloak

"Hobo," a piece of good-hearted roughness by Fran Merlin (Morosco Theater), is much better than that. It scenes are varied and interesting, it has some human lines, an its leading personage, a hobo named St. Louis Blackie, who i very well played by Paul Kelly, emerges to a kind of patheti isolation both from the rest of the people whom he meet in the story and from the world in general. St. Louis Blacki has all the makings of a character. But Mr. Merlin ha weakened him by making him ashamed of the ideas and emotions which define that character. He is not an ordinary hobo He is distinguished by a set of principles which he call "rules." But he is always checking himself as he announce these principles and saying: "Gee, I'm gettin' mushy." Mr. Merlin, in other words, wanted to put something into hi play besides the talk of tramps but thought he needed to apologize for doing so. It would have been better eithe to be content with regular tramps, in which case he might have given us a nice touch of local color, or to have the courage of his thought and endow a hero with the same courage. The result of his calling his ideas mush is, curiously enough, that we take them as mush. This picture of a strong man who blushes whenever he feels himself being himself is not merely a picture that has been too often painted; it is untrue to what we expect in the theater; and for all I know it is untrue to the world of hobos, or for that matter to any world.

"Heat Wave," by Roland Pertwee (Fulton Theater), is all about British ladies and gentlemen in India who drink whiskey and soda, get fanned by the natives on hot days, say "cheerio," "righto," and "quite!" and argue over-long about very obvious points of honor, both feminine and masculine. The hero, who is played by Basil Rathbone as well as he could ever be played, appears to be some sort of saint who by his alacrity in saving distressed ladies from their stupid husbands or brothers has earned the reputation of being a sinner. It all comes out right in the end, of course, and the husband who will not trust his wife with such a saint is duly confounded. Love and honor. An old theme, and still a powerful one. But not in this atmosphere of "By Jove," "Have a drink?" and "Yes, sahib."

MARK VAN DOREN

"America's Sweetheart" (Broadhurst) is a pleasant musical comedy which follows the lead of "Once in a Lifetime" in spoofing Hollywood. Its humor is often bawdy but is well sustained; the music by Richard Rodgers is reasonably tuneful and the lyrics by Lorenz Hart are considerably above the average. The performance is helped a great deal by the voice and vivacious presence of the imported Jean Aubert.

H. H.

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“Free” Slaves in West Africa

By GENEVIEVE W. MASON.

WE have been hearing of late about slavery in Liberia. To some of us it seems impossible, to some absurd, that slavery should still exist. That it does exist, though not under that name, in West Africa and North Africa the writer, at least, can attest.

In 1927-28 my daughter and I were the only women passengers after the third port of call on a freight ship delivering freight to West Africa. We touched at twenty-four different ports in all, and at some of them twice; going out, we carried flour in 100-pound sacks, gasoline in cases containing two five-gallon cans, mixed goods in grocery boxes, Chevrolet trucks in packing cases, and structural steel on deck; returning, we loaded palm oil, cocoa, and mahogany.

At Freetown, Sierre Leone, we picked up a crew of sixty-odd natives, “Kroo boys,” so-called because most of them belong to that tribe, which is considered commercially more dependable than others. The tribe itself consists of scattered bands in different parts of Sierre Leone, speaking different dialects. Men from other tribes are used to fill in. They are in charge of a headman chosen by the central chief who lets out the help to the shipping companies. The Kroo boys receive from three shillings as laborers to six as donkeyman. They pay the headman, and he pays the chief. They work ten hours every day, almost always at heavy work, usually six or eight hours on Sundays and holidays, and frequently until ten o’clock, sometimes all night long, when in port. They go with the ship from Freetown or another port of Sierre Leone, working cargo all the way down the coast and back to their home port.

As we had no one aboard our ship qualified to handle illness or injury, I volunteered to take charge of the ship’s company for the voyage, and left her when the Kroo boys did. Generally speaking, the West African natives are clean and dirty, kind and cruel, ambitious and lazy, superstitious and suspicious, tolerant and revengeful. In these opposite traits lies the secret of their failure to succeed as blacks and the secret of their submission to white domination. Slavery originated among the natives of Africa. The early white traders found tribe after tribe of blacks who practiced slavery among themselves and were prepared to betray their enemies and sell their own undesirables for a song. Intertribal wars were ceaselessly waged, and foreign slave-traders easily got the pick of the captures.

This kind of slavery still exists in northern Africa. Slaves are bought, through the itinerant and resident Arabs of the lower part of the continent, by men of consequence, who use them for the most part as bodyguards. These slaves have personal liberty but no rights of marriage or property. As far as one can learn they are usually well dressed, well treated, and well fed.

But not the so-called free men of the West Coast. In the English colonies servants are paid a maximum of three shillings a day (two is more frequent) and must board themselves. They have to keep their white clothes spotlessly clean and themselves ready to do any kind of work for any number of hours a day. Their women must prepared to obey the master and his friends, even to be him children and keep quiet about it. If a “boy” displeas his boss he is discharged and given a recommendation, call a “book,” so worded that no one else will hire him. O such was one of many who applied to me. His “book written in polite English, informed me that anyone hirin him did so at his own risk. The boy was hungry; he ha had no work for weeks.

An American who lived in Nigeria told me that came home at half-past one in the morning and found h boy waiting for him for the single purpose of taking off h boots. The boy was asleep. He kicked him down the ste and out of his service.

At another place my daughter and I purchased six sma wine glasses. One native was sent to some distance to ge another native to carry our package a few yards for us t our boat. In Nigeria I saw two Englishmen with limbe swagger sticks switching and cutting the legs of native boy and girls from eight to sixteen years old, to make the hasten their work of carrying on their head two five-gallo cans of gasoline in one box the three hundred yards o more to the warehouse. I mentioned this to an older man

“Nearly all the young ones behave that way when the first come out here,” he said; “we older men don’t bothe to. Of course it is unfortunate at a time of unrest suc as the present.” The natives were in more or less ope rebellion at the time against insufferable taxation, whic they claimed was mostly beneficial to British commerce “But you know that is the reason we can endure condition of residence here. It is the power we have over the natives If we lifted our hand to do anything they’d simply have n respect for us.” That is the attitude in the British colonies. Give the native enough education, civil and political, to mak a British subject of him, let him handle property that is no otherwise wanted, tax him all he will stand, send him t hospitals to keep the country fairly healthy, give him a whistle to his policeman’s uniform, but let him know fo all time who is master.

In the French colonies conditions are worse. Education is neglected, the native has little civic opportunity, and there is lacking even that palliative care which the British have provided. On the Gold Coast we saw forty men from the hills, forced labor, taken from their homes and occupations by contract with their chief. They were hitched by long chains to a mahogany log sixteen feet long and five feet thick and compelled by an overseer with an old-fashioned blacksnake whip in his hand to haul that log from where it had been tumbled off a railroad flat-car over sand and underbrush a good thousand feet to the sea, where it was finally launched, chained to nine or ten others dragged down the same way by the same gang. Some of the men were emaciated, some had legs covered with ulcers, some stumbled and fell, rising again and struggling forward as the attentive overseer drew near. We did not see him beat

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them, but the whip cracked accompaniment to his loud language. Those men were paid one to four francs a day (the franc was then worth four cents) at the end of some months of labor. They were housed in filthy quarters, and fed dried fish and rice once, sometimes twice, a day. Dried fish and rice! The white man's alibi. Diseases of malnutrition, tuberculosis, unhealed wounds. Unspeakable wretchedness. Fearful neglect in the native hospitals, especially the French, where white doctors experiment or ignore and the sometimes uncannily skilled native doctor is debarred.

Dried fish and rice again on the ships, where overcrowding and overwork are incessant, where even the steam to cook the food is often turned on too late, and sometimes not at all, and the chief engineer cuts down the fresh water to save that much expense. That happened on our ship. Our chief was a Greek and violently hated all black men. Native West Africans, who are very clean, require and are allowed daily fresh water for drinking and bathing. It amounts to about five quarts a day. In the hottest weather, when they were working between-decks twelve to sixteen hours a day on palm oil, they were refused this ludicrously small amount of water because the chief had not bought water enough at Lagos and would not run the condenser. He ran among them swearing like a madman, and had to be pulled off the deck by the chief mate, who, with the captain, happened to be humane.

Everything depends upon the ship's officers, for the men work every hatch, and consequently under many masters. Many officers approve of or condone slavery, and here is their chance to demonstrate. And a whining native or a persistent or rebellious one simply loses his job for all time.

Some German ships give their men medical attention; they say it pays. Yet when one native on our ship had his entire leg split open and his toe crushed by a defective link from a hoisting chain, it was only through personal influence that I was able even to get two weeks' hospital expenses from the company, and two weeks' pay out of three months' time lost. Had he died, of course, it would have been that much saved.

The West African, as I have said, is clean and dirty. His experience with animal parasites in the jungle and his water life make him clean. Deny him the facilities and he at once becomes filthy. Naturally he is a simple, childish creature. Give him an example of drunkenness, licentiousness, and cruelty, and with his inborn dramatic sense he will out-Caesar Caesar and become insufferable.

He is superstitious and suspicious, but nevertheless tolerant, owing perhaps to his ignorance, perhaps to that native grace and dignity which so often puts to shame the red-faced white man bawling epithets. He is revengeful, and here he is foolish too, for his scheming is not clever enough to redress his wrongs, and his spite is vented too often upon his own race, preventing that cohesion among tribes which is so vitally necessary to freedom.

All this being true—and let us even suppose that it is only partially true—it is obvious that a mere Anglo-American protectorate to restrain slavery in Liberia offers no solution. Belgium has by no means turned over a new leaf in the Congo. In Portuguese Angola there is complete neglect. Germany, the least tarred, should have a voice. Why not once and for all hand over the matter to the League of Nations?

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CONGRESS, as we go to press, is within a few hours of adjournment, with a veto of the Muscle Shoals bill momentarily expected, and with the fate of the Wagner employment-exchange bill at the President's hands in doubt. With all routine legislation out of the way, and with the veterans'-loan measure overwhelmingly passed over the President's veto, the Vestal copyright bill, pending in the Senate, and the lame-duck Congress measure, deadlocked between House and Senate, are among the measures of importance likely to be lost in the last-hour jam. Senator Norris, not without humor, sent the President word that he would resign if the President would sign the Muscle Shoals bill, induce his House followers to yield on the lame-duck measure, and appoint the Nebraskan chairman of the Muscle Shoals board with power to choose his colleagues. The President's veto of the Senator's offer will doubtless be tinged with regret. A hope for better things in the new Congress may be seen in the conference of Progressives summoned for March 11-12 to consider a legislative program. The subjects specified are unemployment and industrial stabilization, public utilities, agriculture, the tariff, and the return to representative government. The call is signed by Senators Norris, Cutting, La Follette, and Wheeler, and Senator-elect Costigan, and Governors Roosevelt, Pinchot, La Follette, Olson, and Meier are among those invited. If the progressives can agree on a well-considered legislative program, they may make the new Congress a notable one.

THE REAL PURPOSE of the European grain conferences held at Paris, according to the semi-official *Temps*, was to extend a larger measure of political stability to the Eastern European states. Called nominally to consider disposal of the 1930 surplus and future surpluses of the so-called Danubian grain-producing countries — Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia — the conferences actually faced the economic danger of agricultural bankruptcy in those states, which among them are reported to be carrying a farm debt of nearly $1,200,000,000, and the political danger that the countries may fall into the lap of Russia. The proposals put forward were for some kind of European agreement to absorb the grain surplus of the Danubian states, and the establishment of an agricultural loan bank under the auspices of the League of Nations for the purpose of fortifying their agriculture and at the same time "strengthening their military position so as to be better able to overcome communistic tendencies," according to a frank dispatch in the New York *Times*. With none of the leading exporters—Russia, Canada, the United States, and Argentina—represented at these conferences, and with Great Britain and even France itself professing inability for special reasons to bind themselves to take any of the current year's Danubian surplus, it is not strange that the practical economic results were rather less than negligible.

THE ECONOMIC POSITION of the Danubian wheat-growers is impossible. According to figures presented at Paris, world wheat shipments to Europe from August 1 to February 19 last reached the large total of 354,000,000 bushels, of which Russia furnished nearly 86,000,000, and it is estimated that Russia's exports may reach double that amount in 1931-32. In addition, Canada, the United States, and Argentina, always heavy exporters, have unusually large stocks on hand, the greater part of which is ultimately destined for the European market. The Federal Farm Board, to the dismay and, it is reported, the anger of the Paris delegates, has announced its purpose to sell abroad during the next four months up to 35,000,000 bushels of the huge stocks that it holds—which plan the Europeans unkindly compare with Russian "dumping." The board's action may well be only the first step in getting out of the impossible situation in which its disastrous efforts to keep up prices have placed it, and no disclaimers can prevent the inevitable effect on prices if the board does decide actually to liquidate its holdings. Add to all these difficulties the fact that Danubian wheat is of lower milling quality than the best of the Russian and overseas supplies, and the further fact that the European importers, whatever their political sympathies, are ultimately going to buy wheat where they can get it best and cheapest, and it is plain that no conference is going to be able to keep up prices for the wheat-growers of France's East European allies and satellites. International economic organization is becoming as necessary as it has hitherto been impossible. That lesson ought not to be forgotten when the world grain conference opens at Rome on March 26.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE blocked an eleventh-hour effort of big-navy advocates to get additional building appropriations by declaring flatly that he would support no such expenditures until the navy had made its building program clear. The bill authorizing modernization of the battleships Idaho, New Mexico, and Mississippi at a cost of $30,000,000 was signed by the President on Saturday, and an item of $10,000,000 for beginning the work was inserted by the conferees in the second deficiency bill. With its carry-over from last year the navy is estimated to have available for construction, including modernization work, a total of $68,000,000—which is $68,000,000 too much, but is distinctly better than what was threatened a short time since. The big-navy propaganda of the past few weeks has largely failed of its purpose. While the modernization of the three battleships will waste $30,000,000 and will make so much the harder the abolition of the battleship at the conference of 1935, we may at least be grateful that Congress has thus far resisted the temptation to build up to the treaty limit.

DETAILS OF THE PLOT to defeat Senator Norris for reelection in Nebraska have now been made public in a report by the Nye investigating committee. The report refers to "the obstacles of evasion and perjury encountered by the committee," declares that practices were disclosed "which appear to be as reprehensible as any of the better-known forms of fraud and corruption," and finally suggests that the committee was able "to establish the principal facts and identify many of the principal actors, even if the 'master minds' which conceived and directed [the plot] have not yet been fully revealed." One of these principal actors, the report states, was Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, who is said to have spent $4,000 secretly last year in the fight against Senator Norris. By this action, the committee asserts, Lucas is "chargeable with wilful violation of the Corrupt Practices Act." This is a serious charge. The Senate has the power, and it should press this accusation in the courts. Lucas, too, cannot afford to let the allegation go by unchallenged. It is not sufficient for him to announce through the Republican National Committee that he has reported all his expenditures in Nebraska in accordance with the law. If he is innocent of any wrongdoing he ought to insist that all the records be made public.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT a few days ago ordered an embargo on Russian coal, wood pulp, pulpwood, lumber and timber of all kinds, furs, and asbestos. Although there has been considerable agitation for a similar embargo by the United States, the campaign has so far been unsuccessful. The Kendall bill, which was designed primarily to keep out almost all Russian goods, has been killed by a Senate committee, and it may be presumed that no further action in this direction will be taken until Congress reconvenes in December. The reasons for this action are not, of course, to be found in any political friendship for Soviet Russia that may exist here, nor can the committee's action be wholly explained by the fact that certain powerful American corporations stood in danger of having valuable contracts for the sale of machinery and other goods to Moscow canceled were the embargo to be laid down. The truth is that many business interests, because they themselves profit greatly by the importation of products from other countries where convict or forced labor is employed, are opposed to restricting trade with Russia on the ground that Russian labor might not be entirely free. It was the cigar manufacturers whose influence really killed the Kendall bill. Sumatra tobacco is used as a wrapper for at least half the cigars made in this country, and it is a notorious fact that the labor used in the Sumatra tobacco fields is anything but "free." Many other American business interests are in a similar position.

THE SENATE in a sharply worded resolution has by unanimous consent expressed disapproval of the State Department practice, in effect since 1922, of passing on foreign loans offered by bankers in this country, and of the department's action in forbidding Federal Reserve officials to serve on the international bank. The resolution reads:

> *Resolved*, That it is the sense of the Senate that the Department of State, having no legal sanction for the action mentioned in S. Res. 293 with respect to investment securities offered in the money markets of the United States by foreign governments, corporations, or individuals, should desist from the dangerous practice of involving the United States government in any responsibility of whatever nature, either by approval or disapproval, for foreign investment loans floated in this country; and should refrain from assuming authority over the Federal Reserve Board and banks or officials thereof with respect to matters which, by express authority of law, are confided to them and not to the Department of State.

The State Department thus far has given no indication of any intention to change its practice, and Senator Glass, introducer of the original resolution, threatens legislation to "penalize any governmental officials thus undertaking a lawless defiance of the Congress." State Department action on foreign loans privately offered here has been the object of continued criticism during the past ten years, and recent revelations of commissions (not to call them bribes) paid to officials of foreign governments in connection with recent loans in Peru, Italy, and Panama have increased public sensitiveness in this regard.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY is persistent if not yet statistically influential, and his call for the formation of a new British political party makes it clear that he does not propose, if he can help it, to allow his earlier manifesto to pass as a mere flash in the pan or to abandon his efforts to pull British politics and industry out of the ruts. There is something of rhetoric, no doubt, in his assertion that "the nation drifts, in hopelessness and despair, to industrial failure and unemployment, followed by wage cuts and an all-round reduction in the standard of life which the government, without a policy, is unable to prevent," but his critics will be hard put to it to show that his diagnosis is not substantially correct. The MacDonald Government, certainly, has little to its credit as far as its treatment of the economic situation is concerned, and its reported intention to drop the trade-disputes bill in the face of a Liberal amendment which might make any strike illegal does not show much of the old Labor fighting disposition. Sir Oswald is less convincing in his proposal of a super-Cabinet and a comprehensive scheme of national economic planning, and although he denounces both protectionism and free trade he does not point out exactly what he would put in their place. His call for a new party, however, comes at a time when national dissatisfaction with existing parties is increasingly marked, when the domestic policies of the Labor Government are spelled only in terms of drift, and when the youth movement, to whose support Sir Oswald particularly appeals, is openly critical of parliamentary institutions. There is material here for revolutionary change, even though Sir Oswald should not succeed in mobilizing it.

"ACCORD IN PRINCIPLE" is one of those diplomatic phrases which may mean much or little, and until the details of the naval agreement which has been reached by France and Italy are made public we shall not know in what way the differences which have kept those Powers from accepting the limitations of the London naval treaty have been reconciled. The speculations of newspaper correspondents, doubtless based in part upon hints let drop by some of the negotiators, suggest that the two countries may not continue their competitive naval building after this year, that France is prepared to accept a material reduction in the tonnage figures which it put forward at the London conference, and that the fundamental issue of parity is to be allowed to rest until 1936, when the London treaty comes up for reconsideration. If these results turn out to have been attained, the cause of naval reduction and limitation will have been advanced and an irritating political situation in Europe will have been adjusted. The American and Japanese governments, of course, are also to be heard from, since their assent would be necessary if the adhesion of France and Italy to the London treaty is to be in any way qualified. Mr. Arthur Henderson's unexpected intervention in the Franco-Italian controversy suggests that something pretty serious had developed. His success, if the agreement goes through, will still further enhance his reputation as an able and high-minded diplomatist.

IN INDIA, Lord Irwin, representing the British Empire, and Gandhi, speaking for Indian independence, have been trying for many days to find a basis for compromise and peace. They have divided so far on at least three questions. Gandhi demands an outside inquiry into police excesses in the present civil-disobedience campaign; Lord Irwin offers a departmental inquiry into any specific charges. The Nationalist leader asks the right to continue the boycott campaign against British goods; the Empire replies that it would be unthinkable to permit the Congress Party or any other group to tear down the British commercial trade which has been 150 years in building. Gandhi asks that Indians be permitted to make their own salt; the Viceroy replies that the salt-revenue law can be changed only by the legislature. Perhaps the deficit of almost $55,000,000 in the Indian budget now before the legislative assembly has some bearing also on this matter of the salt tax, which yields about 7 per cent of the Indian revenues. The issue between independence and empire could not be more clearly drawn than it is in these three questions. The Nationalists, with their avowed aim of sovereignty, can scarcely withdraw their demands. The Empire, being an empire, can scarcely grant them. The conversations had not ended at this writing, although there are reports that an agreement on the salt tax has actually been reached. One can only hope that good-will and patience, of which Lord Irwin and Gandhi have a remarkable share, may be able to accomplish what cold logic seems to make impossible.

NEVADA is having to look to its laurels in the matter of easy divorce. Arkansas and Idaho, enticed by the business that would-be divorcés brought to Reno, have recently enacted or have pending divorce laws substantially identical with those of Nevada. Under these laws a ninety-day residence is all that will be necessary in those States before divorce proceedings may be brought, on fairly liberal grounds. But Nevada is not going to give in without a struggle; a bill has been introduced in the legislature reducing the necessary residence period to six weeks; and State Senator Bush, probably in one of his lighter moments, has proposed that divorces in Nevada be granted by mail, with no residence required at all. This would certainly simplify matters very nicely and is worth the attention of States which want to capture the divorce business. In Nevada in 1928 there were more than ten times as many divorces per 1,000 of the population as in any other State in the union; and at that, the total was only 2,595 divorces, half as many as in New York State for the same year, and only 1.2 per cent of the total for the United States. It is evident that a ninety-day residence period is not easy enough to capture the bulk of the industry. But after all, it is not residence but climate that really matters. We suggest that all American divorces be granted at Miami Beach, time of residence immaterial except that a good coat of tan be prerequisite to a final decree. The Swedish system of merely registering intention to terminate a marriage is a little too honest and simple for American taste. But if we must be intricate, let us be comfortable as well.

BEFORE A PACKED AUDIENCE of the American Union of Decorative Artists and Craftsmen in New York City, Lewis Mumford openly challenged the disinterestedness of the architectural committee of the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago for omitting Frank Lloyd Wright. The effort at a "modern" fair without Wright, the veteran leader of modernism, Mumford compared to "Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark." We have no desire to go into the details of the other speeches of a warm evening, since the subject was first opened in these pages in an article in the issue of December 3, 1930, by Douglas Haskell. Of immediate interest, however, was Raymond Hood's reply as a member of the committee. He offered the observation that genius is hard to work with; and then he mentioned with some disdain that Wright's advocates seemed to be writing men. Might this not rather indicate a good case for Wright? The architects of the committee are presumably honest, but what with their triple interests as business men, professional men, and artists, the addition of the new role of critic might conceivably put a strain upon their vision. In disinterested and permanent reference works such men as Fiske Kimball, Dean Edgell, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, not to mention the foreign authorities, have all—whether they liked his work or not—devoted lengthy discussions to Wright, pioneer and leader in the modern movement. The committee's reasoning under the circumstances seems trivial and irrelevant.

PUBLIC

Congress Adjourns

WE hope we shall never tire of defending Congress, not this or that particular Congress, but rather our representative national legislature as an idea and an ideal, for to this body we must look for genuine progress in our national affairs. Nevertheless, we feel that we cannot stretch our sympathy in this respect to cover the lame-duck session just closing; we view the passing of this session with small regret. It accomplished little of permanent value; it left much undone that needed its attention; it lost itself in the political strategy incidental to the 1932 Presidential campaign; it lacked the moral courage to overcome the opposition of a reactionary President, and it found itself unable to move forward in the face of the campaign of vilification conducted against it by big business and the daily press. Had it been spared the abuse heaped upon it by the newspapers, the White House, and some of its own members, and had it taken its responsibilities to the country as seriously as it did the commands of the political managers who are forever engaged in the game of President-making, a more encouraging report of its activities might have been written, for there is no denying that in this session there were plenty of opportunities for constructive achievement, and not a few men who were honestly anxious to get something done.

It was apparent from the start, however, that the short session would not get very far. In the Republican ranks there was no disposition at any time to get down to work. Hostility to Mr. Hoover and a fear that positive legislation might hurt them in 1932 were among the reasons why the majority adopted a do-nothing policy. The Democrats followed like tactics in their overwhelming desire to convince the conservatives of the country that the government would be safe in their hands. These minority members renounced their alliance with the insurgent group in order to make the Democratic Party appear as acceptable as may be humanly possible to the industrial and financial interests which heretofore have been content to rule with Republican help. The Progressives, without leadership or program to begin with, suffered heavily from this desertion. They could not even keep their own following together, splitting on every important vote, save one, that was taken in the short session.

The net results of the lame-duck session may be put into three categories. First, two more or less progressive measures were adopted: the Muscle Shoals bill, which could not have gone through had Senator Norris's great faith wavered for a moment; and the Wagner employment-exchange bill, which was fathered not by an insurgent, but by a Tammany Democrat. Second, the necessary supply bills, all that Mr. Hoover really wanted out of this session, were approved without difficulty. Third, the veterans'-loan measure was twice railroaded through both houses, the second time over Mr. Hoover's veto. There was also some minor legislation, such as the $115,000,000 public-works appropriation and the several millions voted for loans to drought-stricken farmers, but the importance of these measures was inflated by White House ballyhoo far beyond their real significance. Legislation that fell by the wayside included proposals to abolish the lame-duck session of Congress, to curb the injunction evil, to remedy defects in the anti-trust laws, to regulate motor-bus transportation, to reconsider railroad consolidation, to provide for banking and credit reforms, and to approve membership in the World Court. Moreover, and of greater significance, the short session failed to adopt any worth-while legislation bearing upon the economic depression, and it almost completely ignored the needs of the six or seven million jobless workers and their dependents. Except for the Wagner bill and the meager sums voted at Mr. Hoover's request, Congress seems not to have recognized that we are in the throes of a severe economic depression, that our economic system is on trial, and that our business and financial leaders have shown neither willingness nor ability to remedy the all-too-glaring defects in this system. It must be said to the credit of a few men like Senator La Follette, however, that all through the session they battled valiantly to have the government assume its full share of responsibility in the economic crisis.

All the Presidential nominations were approved by the Senate, although its confirmation of the three federal power commissioners was later recalled. The appointment of one of these men, George Otis Smith, is now hanging fire. Following its custom, the Senate accepted the several nominations with almost no effort to determine whether the men were in every way qualified to administer the offices to which they were appointed. In each case the Senate seemed content to vote its approval when it could find no scandal in the man's record. Only to this extent could there be said to have been anything resembling harmony between the Senate and the White House. In the lower branch Mr. Hoover fared much better until the last fortnight of the session. His three lieutenants, Longworth, Tilson, and Snell, kept the House submissive until the veterans'-loan bill came to a vote, and then the Hoover control fell to pieces. The effect of this collapse was seen a few days later when the House refused to accept the Doak substitute for the Wagner bill, which the Administration attempted to force upon Congress at the last moment in the hope of killing the latter measure.

The record of this session offers a sound argument for the abolition of lame-duck Congresses. The biggest problem before it was that presented by the economic depression; yet its achievements in this field are hardly worth noting. It virtually wasted three months while the new Congress, elected last November when the voters suffering from the hard times registered a marked desire for a change in the Washington government, was kept cooling its heels on the doorstep of the Capitol. There is little likelihood that the President will call this new Congress into session before December. Meanwhile the politicians will be grooming their candidates for the 1932 campaign, and our national welfare, because of the lack of foresight upon the part of Congress, will be left largely in the hands of a President who has revealed that he lacks understanding of our economic and social problems.

The End of the *World*

BY midnight on February 26 the devoted staff of the New York *World* had written their last copy, had read their last proof; the presses were thundering for the last time so that some 300,000 readers might, on the morning of Friday, February 27, hold in their hands the last edition of what had been one of the great American newspapers. And although two decades of persistent newspaper consolidation and elimination should have prepared us for the merger of the *World* and the *Telegram*, the swallowing up of the morning *World* has generated a profound sadness, a keen sense of loss, as when an old and close friend departs forever from his former associates and environs.

The *World* will be missed. Not the *Evening World*, which, despite its comfortable advertising revenue and its increasingly intelligent and liberal editorial page, has never shared in the fame of its namesake in the morning field; surely not the Sunday *World*, with its cheap features, crude cartoons, "comics," and want of genuine news. But the familiar head, the familiar front page, the familiar contributors of the morning edition—their loss will be as deeply felt as would the loss of any single newspaper in the country. This is not to say that the *World* was a perfect newspaper, a completely noble and successful exemplar of the liberal journalistic tradition. It fell many times from grace—through inconsistency, through lack of force and emphasis, through bad judgment or a failure to get or recognize the news. But now that it is gone, these faults somehow seem less important than they did; and by contrast the *World's* many virtues shine out.

For forty-eight years the *World* has been a force to reckon with in New York and in national politics. Joseph Pulitzer, when he bought it in 1883, made many compromises with yellow journalism in order to obtain the gains in circulation and revenue that he needed. But in spite of the sensationalism that colored the *World's* first years, and that never entirely left it, it emerged more and more as a crusader in the battle against privilege and on the side of those who wished to see ancient American liberties preserved. Moreover, it did not hesitate to introduce the personal note in its pages, to write not only "human-interest" stories—too many of them sometimes—but to attach to its staff columnists and contributors who established themselves firmly as personalities with ideas that became a literary necessity to many thousands of daily readers. Why then has the *World* failed? Why were not the high principles of its founder and the efforts of his successors sufficient to keep the wolf from the door and the consolidator from the parlor?

The reason lies partly in an adherence to the same principles which Joseph Pulitzer, while he lived, carried on so effectively. In the twenty years since his death, journalism, like every other profession and industry, has undergone various and violent changes. Owning and managing a newspaper in these days is big business. A metropolitan daily today requires a capital of millions of dollars, a staff of thousands of men and women; and properly to manage this great business takes vision, strength, courage, and brains. Ralph Pulitzer, in his statement before Surrogate Foley on February 24, said with some justice that the *World* had fallen between two stools—the "quality" papers like the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, and the tabloids. Although he did not say so, it is evident that the insistence of Joseph Pulitzer on a "highbrow" editorial page and "lowbrow" news pages was a limitation on the recent managers of the *World*. This is an example both of the weight of the "dead hand" on an enterprise and of the unfortunate results of lack of force and foresight. For, given the brutal competition and increased size of the newspapers of today, nobody would have been more shrewd to modify a policy than Joseph Pulitzer. His successors did not have the courage and acumen to proceed as it was imperative for them to proceed if the *World* was to be a success.

During the years when the morning *World* was losing circulation and advertising, other papers were steadily gaining. Mr. Ochs had made his *Times* indispensable for those whose business or interest it was to keep abreast of the news. The *Herald Tribune* forged steadily ahead—in the main by making itself a better and fuller newspaper. The *World* made the fatal mistake of trying to recoup its losses by unwise economies. Less news rather than more appeared in its pages; less rather than more competent persons were chosen for its staff—because they cost less. The inevitable result was more losses instead of fewer. The *World* was visibly declining, it weighed less, both in avoirdupois and in intellectual content. More than that, its editorial policy became more uncertain. One could never be quite sure just how long it would maintain any given position, what hurdle in the race it would finally fail to take. Some of this sad decline may have been due to the infinite difficulties of publishing a newspaper in a large city amid fierce competition; much of it must have been due to ineptitude, bad judgment, bad management. The chief trouble lies probably in the fact that Joseph Pulitzer was an inspired journalist with a consuming passion for his newspapers, and that his sons who succeeded him were something less.

Two things offer themselves as partial consolation for the loss of the *World*. One is that the Scripps-Howard organization, which has taken over the New York Pulitzer holdings, is admirably fitted to carry on the liberal tradition which the *World* stood for. The other heartening fact is the distribution by the Pulitzers of $500,000 to *World* employees who have not found other work. Nor should the attempt on the part of these same employees themselves to buy and operate the papers be overlooked. This spontaneous and sincere effort to keep the *World* from an untimely death was infinitely heart-warming, even though probably predoomed to failure. Messages came in from all over the globe pledging money and other assistance to the proposed venture. Everybody on the staff down to the last office boy was eager to help, not only because this was a way of preserving a job, but because the *World* stood for something above and beyond its mere paper and ink. The *World* was an institution; it was even a grand institution, not without faults, not without many virtues. Reluctantly and with a full heart we bid it an honorable and affectionate farewell.

A Living Judge

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is just completing his ninetieth year. March 8 is the anniversary of a great judge, a great American, a great human being. Distinguished as volunteer soldier, as lawyer, as professor, as justice and chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Justice Holmes came to the Supreme Bench of the United States in 1902, at an age when the ordinary man is already thinking of retirement. Since that time this extraordinary man has put in almost three decades of the most exacting labor, contributing to the work of the Supreme Court a long series of opinions—too often, alas, in dissent—whose grasp of relevant fact, whose divination of underlying issues, whose keen logic in dividing the true from the false have been matched only by their luminous exposition of legal principles and their unfailing beauty of literary style. No man has contributed in more important fashion to the social thought of the United States during the twentieth century; none has influenced more profoundly the minds of those men whose thinking is to shape the America of the future.

Justice Holmes has been a great judge because he was first a quietly great man, filled with an irrepressible intellectual zest and unflagging enthusiasm for life. As he put it in one of his sparkling occasional addresses:

> The chief worth of civilization is just that it makes the means of living more complex; that it calls for great and combined intellectual efforts, instead of simple, uncoordinated ones. . . . Such efforts mean more life. Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to whether it is worth living is whether you have enough of it.

For ninety years this eternally young man has had "enough of it":

> With all humility, I think "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" infinitely more important than the vain effort to love one's neighbor as one's self. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing.

The influence of Justice Holmes has been due, however, not only to his character, to the quality of his thought, and to his sympathetic understanding of the modern world in which we live, but also to his rare power and skill of literary expression. Truly enough does Felix Frankfurter say: "He has built himself into the structure of our national life. He has written himself into the slender volume of the literature of all time." In the midst of one of Justice Holmes's legal opinions we read: "A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged; it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in color and content according to the circumstances and the time in which it is used." Compare the hammer-like force of this sentence: "But whatever the consequences we must accept the plain meaning of plain words." How often has he managed in a single phrase to illumine a whole realm of facts and ideas: "The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics"; "It will take more than the Nineteenth Amendment to convince me that there are no differences between men and women, or that legislation cannot take them into account"; "There is nothing that I more deprecate than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several States."

But after all it is as a judge that Justice Holmes has made his deepest impress on our life and thought—and that because he has had so sound a conception of the place of law and the judge in the process of living:

> There is, too, a peculiar logical pleasure in making manifest the continuity between what we are doing and what has been done before. But the present has a right to govern itself so far as it can; and it ought always to be remembered that historic continuity with the past is not a duty, it is only a necessity.

Over and over, when his brethren of the bench have swept aside some mere legislative enactment for its contravention of those absolute principles of justice of which they are the sole repository, Holmes has set up against them his marvelous fiction of what a reasonable man might believe, and their absolutism has crumbled into dust—even though their decision, not his, was the law.

He has stood always for the right of social experiment. But if he has never been a dogmatist or an absolutist, yet he has always clung passionately to the basic principle of freedom on which a worthy society must be built. In his dissent in the case of Rosika Schwimmer he declares:

> Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate.

And again in the Abrams dissent:

> Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purpose of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

Never was there a time when we Americans and the peoples of the world at large needed more than today the profound faith in freedom that lies at the heart of the work of Justice Holmes. From both the left and the right that faith is assailed. In the East is heard the muttering thunder of revolution; in the West men watch in terror the threatened collapse of old economic arrangements and political institutions. And in the intervals they hear siren voices that sing of something sweeter than liberty. But they are false voices. Well for America and for the world if our people turn a deaf ear to their song and listen instead to the words of this wise, strong, and fearless American.

England Fights On

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, February 18

HOW fares England? Is her situation as grave as it appears to the outsider who reads that there are more than two and a half million unemployed, with the Treasury facing at the moment a deficit of at least $150,000,000 and the probability of a much larger one in the coming fiscal year; with one industrial dispute after another to engross the time and drain the strength of the leading ministers; with the insurance fund, which pays the doles, about to borrow $100,000,000 more; with innumerable wails from captains of industry, heads of banks, and chairmen of railroads to the effect that the country is going to the dogs, and that the splendid old English character has undergone a sea change? Well, it would be idle to deny the gravity of the situation. For one thing Mr. Snowden has just officially vouched for it. England is a part of the European economic system, and that means that there cannot be health here if there is depression and retrogression in the economic life of other parts of Europe. But he would be foolish indeed who would yield to complete pessimism. One notices that the English have begun to complain, as they did not before; that they are finding it enormously difficult to adjust themselves to their new and secondary place in the world of finance and trade; that they have begun to lose faith somewhat in themselves and their manifest destiny. But that is a long way from saying that they are in as parlous a state of nerves as is Germany, or that their situation is as menacing as that of Italy.

England Will Muddle Through

For one thing, whatever the economic and political troubles, no one would think of suggesting that there is the least danger of revolution. That is in the air in some countries on the Continent, but no one dreams of it here. The Englishman does not think in terms of violence. If he is beginning to feel that he has got his back to the wall, he is none the less not in the least bit interested in those who urge him into revolutionary socialism, for example. Communism is making no headway here. So slight a menace to law and order is the huge army of unemployed that, as many of the readers of *The Nation* are aware, England has closed since the war twenty-one of its prisons for lack of occupants —a magnificent testimony to the most truly law-abiding and orderly people on earth. If it were not for the dole, of course—let Mr. Hoover take note—this record could not be cited. Indeed, everybody admits that there would be revolution here if the government did not recognize its every obligation to keep those of its citizens above water who through no fault of their own are unable to obtain any employment.

So one is far from saying that England will not muddle through, barring an economic catastrophe on the Continent which would draw the whole world into a fellow-suffering. Take the cotton dispute, which has just been settled by the amazing action of the employers in suddenly receding from there entire position, and castigating themselves in so doing in an almost unheard-of way. No one has maintained that the weavers were wholly in the right, but after reading the sensational speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of February 11, with its picture of the gravity of the British situation, the employers publicly apologized for their share in a dispute which they themselves stated centered upon a matter that was by no means important enough to cause the stoppage of an entire industry. The coal dispute in Wales, too, has been ended; no longer do the men stand idle in rain or shine in the streets of some of their hopeless villages without a single thing to do to pass away the time, yet bearing it all with a resignation and a fortitude equaled only by the amazing patience and long-suffering of the army of German unemployed. Somehow or other, one gets the feeling that England *will* muddle through if it is humanly possible.

Labor Party Prestige

Politically, the stock of the MacDonald Government has risen as a result of the India conference and the success of the Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson, at the last meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. The India conference was another example of the ability of the Englishman to succeed when the outlook seems darkest. No one thought there was a ghost of a hope of reconciling the diverse elements that went to make up the conference. It became an extraordinary personal triumph for Ramsay MacDonald, because of his unending patience, his sagacity and skill in presiding. Within the conference itself the honors went to Lord Sankey and Lord Reading, and that extraordinary Indian Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. But in the last analysis the honors will go to MacDonald, who called the conference and bore the brunt of organizing it and outlining its work. It is too early, of course, to say that the recommendations will be accepted by the Indian Nationalists, yet the fact remains that the seemingly impossible task of reconciling diverse Indian elements was achieved, and that the decisions arrived at have the approval of the Liberals and the great bulk of the Conservatives, with the exception of Winston Churchill and some other diehards. Who would deny the genius of the Englishman in such matters, or despair of his future when he can meet such a crisis? It is all the more striking because the results, while far from being what India will eventually achieve in the way of independence from Great Britain, were none the less far in advance of the recommendations of the report of Sir John Simon's commission. Poor Sir John! He is a sad figure. For two years he put his heart and soul into that study of India. It was acclaimed by conservative newspapers on both sides of the ocean as a great contribution to the literature of the government of peoples, yet when the conference met, Sir John Simon was not a member of it, because the British government was notified that if he were, the conference would meet without a single Indian delegate present. And not once in all the discussions of the conference was the Simon report ever mentioned or cited.

Mr. Henderson's success at Geneva has rightly added to his prestige. It places him, as Henry W. Nevinson stated at a Queen's Hall disarmament meeting the other night, right alongside of Ramsay MacDonald as a great foreign minister. He, too, has tact and skill in presiding. He has also persistence and directness and clear vision on many topics, and in this case he served not only his country well, but all of Europe also. There is no doubt that his prestige within his own party has greatly increased and that his achievement has helped to produce the existing situation, in which, so far as one can foresee, the Labor Government will hold office for at least another year after Mr. Snowden's budget is presented. It is, of course, possible that it may go down suddenly on some issue which may be, like the Zinoviev letter, of small import. But the fact is that neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives wish to go to the country just now—Lloyd George is, moreover, markedly friendly at this moment and has urged Snowden on to defy the great capitalists of the "City." That the Laborites will lose a number of the coming by-elections is indisputable. I have not met a single Labor man to whom I have put the question who does not believe that if a general election were to be held now the Labor Party would lose a tremendous number of seats, and that the Conservatives would gain largely, and the Liberals somewhat.

Discontent Within the Ranks

One reason for this is the very great disappointment within the Labor Party with its government's achievements. It is impossible to conceal this, or the fact that a great deal of the enthusiasm which animated the rank and file of the party in the last election has evaporated. The party is not worried by Sir Oswald Mosley's defection. Its leaders do not believe that he has in him the stuff to make a dangerous leader; he is personally unpopular and they are certain that his following will comprise only a handful. It is announced that only fifteen members of Parliament will join him in the "nation-wide attack" which he is soon to begin upon the MacDonald Government, even though he is on somewhat firm ground when he maintains that the Prime Minister is not so excited about unemployment as he should be, or, he could have added, as he was when he was leading the Opposition. What *is* serious is the disheartenment and disillusionment of many of the ablest younger workers in the party, who feel that they had a right to expect a great deal more constructive work from their government despite the fact that it has been a minority government. They are of the opinion that it has not been radical enough; that it justifies, in considerable degree, the sneers of the New York *Times* that this is not a revolutionary Socialist Party, but merely a Liberal Party with a very slight tinge of socialistic interest in the working classes. They had hoped for something startling and bold like the nationalization of railroads or of coal mines. They got legislation on coal which went by no means so far as Lord Sankey's famous report—legislation which cannot even be said to be successful since it is not being put to work effectively.

It is also not to be denied that much of the criticism centers around MacDonald himself. It is alleged that he is far more interested in foreign affairs than in domestic. That he is much more successful in dealing with foreign policies is beyond dispute. No one should ever forget that in his first administration he was the ablest and best foreign secretary that England has had in generations, and that it was he himself who made Locarno possible. The first time that the Germans and French shook hands was when MacDonald brought them together and made them do so. Against him it is asserted that he is naturally aristocratic in temper and tendencies, that he does not dig down deeply into a domestic problem, and does not attack it so vigorously as would Snowden or Henderson. Whatever justice there may be in this charge, it is undeniable that this has not been a radical government, and that the party has had another cold douche, this time at the hands of Snowden himself, who in his very gloomy speech of February 11 declared there must be no further government expenditures "however desirable . . . until prosperity returns," and that "an increase of taxation in present conditions which falls on industry would be the last straw," thus condemning his party to masterly inactivity with respect to the carrying out of any further social-service schemes as long as it remains in office this time. Indeed, it is hard to see how after this blast the government can champion any schemes for great public works, such as road-building, with which to combat unemployment—schemes favored by the Liberals and especially by Lloyd George. Where is the money to be found? British productive capacity, Mr. Snowden says, has now fallen off 20 per cent, which means 20 per cent loss in those resources from which the Exchequer must draw its revenue, while capital values have correspondingly dropped. Said he: "No budget in the world could stand such an excessive strain as that which has been placed upon it by the increase of unemployment during the last twelve months"; and it is undeniable that if something radical is not done to help general world conditions, unemployment is more likely to increase here than to decrease.

Minority and Compromise

The difficulty with the Labor Party is, of course, that it took office as a minority party, and its leaders had to decide whether they should go out soon on some radical proposal or seek to remain in office a long time at the price of compromises, and, as has happened, seek to convince the financial interests of the nation that the Labor Government was not a dangerous revolutionary affair. Had it been revolutionary, British credit would have fallen, and the Labor Government's financial difficulties would have been enormously increased. At the same time it is undeniable that some of the ministers were tremendously interested in holding on to their offices. The flesh-pots of office are as alluring here as in other countries, and Labor ministers are no less susceptible to the prestige and emoluments of office-holding than officials in other countries. I remember calling on one minister in June, 1929, just after the MacDonald Government took office. I was prepared then for what has happened since, for when I asked that minister what single radical or socialistic measure the government was going to put through while in office this time, the minister looked perfectly blank and replied: "Why, Mr. Villard, we would lose office at once if we tried anything of the kind." The suggestion that it might be well for the party to lose office on a clear-cut radical issue, such as the nationalization of the mines or the railroads, met with no response.

As the MacDonald stock has gone down within the party, the Henderson stock has risen. I find many who openly say that when the party goes out Henderson must become the party leader, and also the next Labor Prime Minister whenever the party gets back into office. No other name is suggested. It is a fact that these two men—MacDonald and Henderson—are in a class by themselves, and that no one else has come forward to challenge their leadership. That Mr. Henderson has in any way encouraged this movement is not for a moment believed; no one questions his loyalty, just as no one questions his intense desire to achieve great results at the disarmament conference in February, 1932. But even here one notes the timidity of office-holders. His speech at the disarmament meeting in Queen's Hall last week was an admirable statement of the case for disarmament and of the terrors of the next war, but it contained not a single definite pledge as to what his government would propose or as to how bravely it would fight. Indeed, when one heard him insisting in the same old politician's way that the government could not accomplish anything unless backed by the public opinion of the country, one had the feeling that an alibi was being carefully prepared in the event of a failure. None the less, as I have said, Henderson is a great asset to his party, to his country, and to Europe. The reason why the demand for his leadership has grown is that he has in mind an extensive program for domestic reforms and reorganization, the sort of thing that the rank and file of the Labor Party are longing for. Henderson has, of course, the advantage of having long been president of the Labor and Socialist International and having been very deeply concerned for many years with international and labor problems. It by no means follows, however, that the change from MacDonald to Henderson will take place. It is far too early to guess.

Despite the weakness of Labor and the disaffection within the party because of the government's failure to fulfil pre-election promises and expectations, it is an interesting fact that some of the papers report a considerable Liberal drift to Labor. Highly interesting are two recent happenings. A director of one of the biggest engineering and shipbuilding firms in the country has just joined the Fabian Society and accepted a candidacy for Parliament on the Labor ticket at the next election. This is much as if President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had announced that he had joined the American Socialist Party and would run for Congress in the next election on the Socialist ticket. More than that, Sir Ralph Wedgwood, the managing director of the London and Northeastern Railway Company, is reported to have declared that he will vote Labor in the next election. Note his reason: it is that the game is up for capitalism; that in social control of business lies the hope of the future. But incidents like these only intensify the regret of the ardent members of the Labor Party that no great measure of social control stands to the credit of the MacDonald Government. They declare that the most advanced and useful measure yet passed is the Electricity Supply Act of 1926, which is to be credited to the Baldwin Government. That did away with private control of the generation of electricity. A Central Electricity Board now controls that, and will hereafter without doubt lead in the direction of government manufacture of light and power and control of the entire process. Here is confirmation of the old gibe that the way to get a radical reform is to have a Conservative Government in office driven to action by the attack of a radical Opposition!

OTHER PARTIES, OTHER TROUBLES

Aside from the fact that neither of the other parties would care to take office under the existing highly depressing economic conditions, they are neither of them entirely happy within their own ranks. Winston Churchill has left the Conservative "shadow cabinet" because of Baldwin's attitude on the India conference. Lord Beaverbrook's attacks upon Baldwin grow more bitter. Two days ago he promised that he would have "a lot more to say to him" before he had "done with him." He added, "We cannot repudiate Mr. Baldwin's settlement of the American debt, but we can repudiate Mr. Baldwin [cheers and groans]." This at a meeting in East Islington, where there is a by-election tomorrow in which Beaverbrook has entered an Empire Crusade candidate against Conservative, Liberal, and Labor candidates. In view of the rise of protectionist sentiment in this country, all this hardly makes a happy situation for Baldwin. In the Liberal camp things are not too pleasant, either. There is a widespread belief that Lloyd George has reached the bottom of his campaign chest, out of which he has for years defrayed a large portion of Liberal Party expenditure. I have already spoken of a certain amount of Liberal defection to Labor. In addition, it is confidently expected that Sir John Simon will ere long find his way into the Conservative camp, and with him any such following as he may have. The Liberal press, too, is suffering a great deal. It is only a short time ago that the *Daily News* and the *Chronicle* were combined, but Fleet Street believes that the new paper is having hard sledding, and one regrets to hear that the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, the greatest of all English dailies, is not having the prosperity which it so richly deserves. The combination of the *Nation* and *New Statesman* is another sign of the journalistic times; the new management announces that it will be independent of any party. Whether it can maintain itself on this basis is perhaps open to question. Meanwhile, the Labor *Daily Herald*, which has been vulgarized and popularized to a degree, has reached the extraordinary circulation of a million and a quarter copies a day. Editorially it still stands for Labor—after a fashion.

On the whole, it is not surprising that MacDonald seeks successes in the international field. It is vital that Europe should cooperate to end the existing crisis and restore world trade to its normal flow. England would render a great service should it call an international conference to that end. Sooner or later such a meeting must be held. It will be interesting to see if Mr. MacDonald is first to recognize the opportunity and first to act. He is in a position to render a greater service even than that which he performed when he pointed the way out of the chaos which existed in Europe after the French invasion of the Ruhr. He may, indeed, have the opportunity to be the savior of Europe.

Meanwhile, humor and sarcasm have not departed from the British Empire. Witness the question asked in the House of Commons yesterday as to whether there were any Englishmen or Englishwomen among the starving in Arkansas and Oklahoma!

Hard Times and Hard Facts

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

FIVE facts stand out in this second winter of the Hoover depression. First, all the optimism of official Washington has failed to check the spread of unemployment, which is continuing to increase. Second, the promise made to President Hoover by numerous industrial leaders on November 21, 1929, that they would not "initiate any movement for wage reduction" has not been observed; pay rolls have been slashed by one means or another throughout most of the country. Third, private charity in altogether too many communities has been found unequal to the task of coping with the present emergency. Fourth, public-works construction has, thus far at any rate, proved ineffective as a means of relieving the unemployment strain. Fifth, few of our public men have any notion as to how they might best deal with the problem of unemployment and relief. Authority for these statements is drawn from the replies of 127 municipal officials who during the past fortnight have given *The Nation* the facts in response to a general questionnaire. Thirty-five States and every important economic area of the country are represented in the survey, and the replies may fairly be said to portray with unusual accuracy the unemployment situation as it exists throughout the nation. *The Nation's* questionnaire was based upon a similar survey made last December by Senator La Follette of Wisconsin with the help of Senator Walsh of Massachusetts. The questions and a summary of the replies follow.

1. *Has there been any change in the unemployment situation since your reply of last December to Senator La Follette?*

Fifty-six mayors replied that there had been no change; thirty-one reported a slight improvement; one mayor reported a marked increase in the number employed; thirty-two said that the situation had become worse instead of better; and six replied that there had been a sharp increase in the number of unemployed workers. It is worth noting that virtually all the cities reporting a decrease in unemployment were small communities, whereas those reporting increases were for the most part large industrial centers. Speaking for Detroit, Josephine Gomon, secretary of the Mayor's Unemployment Committee, writes that "the conditions in Detroit are as bad as, if not worse than, they have been at any time during the depression." Fred K. Hoehler, Commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare in Cincinnati, reports that "there has been a considerable increase in the amount of unemployment in this vicinity since last December." From Dayton, Ohio, comes one word describing the change there: "Worse."

2. *Have pay rolls in your city been noticeably reduced during the past year by part-time employment or by any other means?*

On this question city officials are generally agreed. No less than 102 replies state that pay rolls and also in some cases wages have been reduced, and of these sixteen declare that there have been unusually heavy reductions. Edward P. Reidy, Director of Public Aid in Providence, Rhode Island, answers: "Yes, decidedly so." Mayor J. Henry Stump of Reading, Pennsylvania, says: "Pay rolls have been greatly reduced as many plants are only working part time; in addition there have been wage cuts." Mayor H. A. Hill of Wichita, Kansas, writes: "Yes, both through part-time labor, reduced scale paid, and with some permanent shortening of forces." Mayor S. A. Hughart of Mattoon, Illinois, declares: "It has been alarmingly decreased." Mayor H. M. Swift of Mount Vernon, Illinois, says that one of the biggest factories in his city "cut wages 25 per cent on all steady employees." However, the great bulk of the returns show part-time employment responsible for most of the pay-roll cuts; in many of the reporting cities workers' earnings have been reduced by half or more in this manner. Only eighteen communities boast that their pay rolls have been maintained, while one, Jacksonville, Illinois, reports pay rolls "10 per cent above normal."

3. *Are private agencies giving adequate service in providing relief?*

Every one of the officials responding recognizes that the sharp decrease in the earnings of the workers has added greatly to the task of providing relief. Less than half of these officials, fifty-two to be exact, declare that private charity is giving adequate service. All the others say that the private charities have proved inadequate in the emergency or are compelled to fall back upon municipal or county governments for help. In Waltham, Massachusetts, for example, the city is furnishing nine-tenths of the funds used in unemployment relief. Twelve of the replies state flatly that the private organizations are not giving adequate service. In Cincinnati relief is being confined to the distribution of food and clothing. Mayor Walter E. Batterson of Hartford, Connecticut, simply replies, "No." The Director of Public Welfare of Dayton, Ohio, says that private agencies are giving remarkable service "with the funds available." In Providence, Rhode Island, the "private agencies are getting low on funds." Harry Hesselbein, managing secretary of the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Chamber of Commerce, says that the private agencies are unable to do much "because of insufficient funds." Mayor R. K. Davis of Oskaloosa, Iowa, considers that the private organizations are not working efficiently "on account of lack of funds." In Mount Carmel, Illinois, according to Mayor John Coleman, these agencies are "not getting enough funds to furnish relief if we should have a bad spurt of weather." M. Parrent, City Clerk of Frankfort, Kentucky, expresses doubt as to whether private relief "is at all sufficient to meet the requirements." Mayor George O. Marshall of Niles, Ohio, says that "we have not been able to give 100 per cent relief." Mayor J. W. Hickman of Nelsonville, Ohio, asserts that "private agencies are doing good work, but cannot meet the situation." William J. Unfried, Comptroller of Oak Park, Illinois, thinks that the private agencies "may be doing all they possibly can, but indications lead us to believe that they are not cooperating as fully as possible."

4. *Is public-works construction in your city or vicinity proving of any tangible benefit in dealing with the employment problem?*

Less than a third of the officials reporting hold that public-works construction has been of any tangible benefit. Against these forty-two favorable replies, twenty-three state that public works have been of only slight assistance and twenty-five say that such construction has been of no help whatever. In thirty-six other communities no public building has been undertaken and therefore these cities must be considered as having derived no benefit from this suggested solution of the problem. However, about twenty of the reporting officials say that construction work of one kind or another will be started with the approach of milder weather. Only a half-dozen of the replies even as much as mention a federal building program, most of those who agree that this method has helped declaring that the local governments have supplied the necessary jobs. The Mayor of Hartford, Connecticut, describes public building as "the only instrument which has effectively aided employment this winter." On the other hand, Detroit answers: "No. The public-works program has been reduced to a workable minimum." In Cincinnati the "program has at its best provided work for only a fraction of the men laid off by private industries." In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, "able-bodied men applying for emergency relief are required to work for the city. Thus a large amount of public work is being done without cost to the taxpayers." Knoxville, Tennessee, agrees that public work has helped, "but this is city and county work. Why can't Washington get busy on the Tennessee River storage dams?"

A similar sentiment is expressed by Mayor Speer of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, who says that "the government has been contemplating building a post-office building, but has not started yet. Herb had better hurry this matter along or he will sure be blowed up here for the 1932 campaign." Mayor Roger T. Sermon of Independence, Missouri, declares that public works have helped "some, but not much. Our experience has been that contractors on these jobs bring men in from the outside to do the work." The Mayor of Oskaloosa, Iowa, reports that "there are hundreds of floaters following up the construction." City Manager Henry Traxler of Janesville, Wisconsin, not only says that public building has not helped, but adds that in his opinion such construction "never will solve the problem or even make a dent. Cities with the largest programs are suffering the most. Industry is the only salvation."

5. *Have you any suggestions as to how the problem of unemployment and relief might best be dealt with?*

Frightened by the hostility of the daily press, most of which can be traced to White House inspiration, Congress has refused to vote funds for immediate relief of the unemployed and other needy workers. Business and industry have come forward with nothing substantial in the way of a solution; indeed, they have merely succeeded in aggravating the situation by continuing to lay off workers while preaching confidence and optimism to the people. Mr. Hoover appears to have washed his hands of the whole business by declaring that the problem must be left to "the producers and consumers themselves" and that therefore the government must not interfere. Mr. Hoover's "American way" of providing relief, though functioning fairly well in some communities, has fallen down in many others. Public-works construction, another of the official solutions, has for one reason or another failed to solve the problem. A number of the local officials responding to *The Nation's* questionnaire suggested remedies of their own, but while a few of these suggestions appear logical and practical, more of them are quite obviously visionary or otherwise hopeless. However, they do in the aggregate reveal a willingness to face the problem realistically and honestly, an attitude that has been strangely lacking in Washington.

Commissioner Hoehler of Cincinnati would, for example, have the federal government approach the problem of unemployment and relief

> . . . with the idea that it is a more or less permanent problem rather than of temporary nature. During the years when the federal government is accumulating a surplus revenue it might also be advisable to set up some sort of machinery to set aside a part of this surplus for relief purposes and to distribute this over the population during the depression. All of this would apply not only to the federal government but also to our larger cities.

Mayor Batterson of Hartford, on the other hand, would "let each community handle its own problem and cut out talk of federal assistance." Mayor M. E. Dillon of Ashland, Wisconsin, gives it frankly as his opinion that

> . . . the political and industrial leaders of the nation are at the present time on trial as to their ability to find a way out of the present trouble and also to prevent its recurrence. Whether labor conditions can be stabilized or whether unemployment insurance should be worked out, I do not know, but I do believe that the division of profits in nearly all lines of industry is not fair to the worker. In a government like ours it should be made impossible for an industrial leader to make a profit of twenty-five or thirty million a year and through his business methods cause all of his agencies and distributors to go broke and his employees to be out of work.

Mayor Martin Miller of Fort Scott, Kansas, would take the burden off industry and government and place it on the workers fortunate enough to have jobs by assessing the latter 3 per cent of their monthly salaries. Mayor Lee R. Robbins of Norwich, Connecticut, thinks the situation would improve if the workers would voluntarily reduce their wage demands; on the other hand, Mayor F. W. Suitor of Barre, Vermont, suggests that "if a universal six-hour day with at least our present daily wage could be put into effect at once that would set men to work and in a short time take up the slack." Several others take the position that wages should be maintained, while Mayor Carl Hari of Alliance, Ohio, urges that each employer "be required to create an unemployment reserve fund, to be used in times of depression instead of dismissing their employees." Numerous other remedies are suggested, running all the way from further subsidies to the farmers to government operation of the railways, and from city ownership and management of overall factories to repeal of "our obnoxious tariff." Many of the mayors appear at least to be doing some thinking about the problem, and individually several of them have succeeded in solving it so far as their own communities are concerned. But the problem is nation-wide, and cannot be met by a narrow solution applicable to a single community.

Hoover Suffers in the House

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 28

NOTHING illustrates the tremendous decline in the fortunes of the Hoover Administration more clearly than the remarkable series of reverses it has just suffered in the House. Except for occasional lapses the Senate can be depended on to maintain a respectable degree of independence; consequently the House, with its penitentiary discipline and convict morale, has been compelled to do the legislative dirty work for the last three Presidents, including the incumbent. But prison mutinies are the rule nowadays and the action of the House on the veterans'-loan, Wagner, and Muscle Shoals bills proves it is no exception. Not since Taft was President has an Administration majority in the House become so intractable. There are several very good reasons. The House Republicans are weary of White House dictation, especially when it compels them to go against their own convictions and more especially when it forces them to go against the wishes of their constituents. They know that Herbert the Unhappy is "in bad" with the country. They are able to draw a moral from the fact that the last election produced a stunning number of casualties among the faithful, whereas the insurgents almost without exception won with ease. The reaction is not only natural; it is inevitable. An interesting feature of the situation is the astounding loss of prestige suffered by Secretary Mellon. It fairly curdled the blood to hear the hoots and howls which greeted mention of his name as "the greatest Secretary since Hamilton" during the bonus debate. The truth is that Uncle Andy has outstayed his welcome. He should have emulated the canny Calvin by retiring when his star was at its zenith. Every day he remains will witness further shrinkage in his reputation. He has made too many tax refunds, juggled too many figures, and issued entirely too many misleading and disingenuous statements. Congress does not trust him any more. If he holds on until the next session Jack Garner is sure to force an investigation of his Internal Revenue Bureau. The best possible day for him to quit is today.

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WHATEVER the merits of the veterans'-loan bill, miscalled "bonus"—and I cannot quite agree with the editors of *The Nation* on the number and gravity of its demerits—the honest observer is irresistibly prejudiced in the bill's favor by the transparent dishonesty of the Administration's efforts to defeat it. In one breath it declares that thousands of veterans need no assistance and resent the effort to assist them; in the next it argues that they will fall all over themselves to borrow the money and squander it. The bill is pictured as destroying the "'only safeguard" of veterans' families against old age and poverty, although it requires no imagination to realize how long a family could live on $1,000. Congress is told there is not a penny in the Treasury to meet the cost, although every member knows there is a reserve fund of more than $770,000,000 available for that purpose. Congress is accused of abandoning the plan adopted in 1924, although a child can see that it has only accelerated the loan feature of the plan. The truth is that the bill probably will not help the veterans much and will not harm the country at all. Indeed, the Treasury stands to make money on the transaction. Moreover, the service certificates must be cashed not later than 1945, and no living soul can safely predict that conditions will be more propitious then than now. On the other hand, no discerning person will suppose that the hard-boiled tories who fought so bitterly against lending $15,000,000 to the starving farmers were actuated by humane motives in voting to lend $750,000,000 to the veterans. The veterans simply are better organized for political action. And Congress was really affronted by the shabby tactics of the Administration.

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FURTHER evidence that the House leaders have not entirely succumbed to the contagion of decency is found in their attempt to maim or scuttle the lame-duck amendment and to rob Senator Norris of credit for its authorship. As passed by the House the resolution contains certain jokers, one of which would prevent many State legislatures from ratifying it before the end of two years, and another estop it from taking effect until nearly two years after its ratification. Last and worst, it would arbitrarily fix May 4 as the date on which the second session of Congress would have to adjourn, thus perpetuating the biennial legislative log jam with its attendant danger of filibuster and its standing threat of extra sessions. There is not the slightest sense or reason in putting a constitutional limit on the length of any legislative session within the term for which members are elected. For the Seventy-first Congress to decree that the unborn members of the One-hundred-seventy-first Congress shall adjourn at noon of May 4, 2121 A. D., regardless of the state of legislation prevailing then, would be sheer lunacy. Fortunately it is not likely to occur. Norris will never consent, which means that the amendment must wait until the next Congress for submission.

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ANOTHER Norris victory which is likely to be postponed until the new Congress meets is that involving the fate of Muscle Shoals. Unless all signs fail, President Hoover will have vetoed the bill or given it a pocket veto before this is printed. It is true that both houses of Congress have passed it by heavy majorities. It is true that the last pretense of objection on the ground of desiring to use the nitrate plant for the production of cheap fertilizer has been eliminated by compromise. There remains only the influence of the power companies and their determination that the property shall not become a "yardstick" by which the government can measure the real cost of generating and distributing electricity on a large scale. I suspect that this will be sufficient to prevent the bill from becoming a law. If the suspicion is unjust to Mr. Hoover, events will vindicate him. It may be noted in passing that the famous New

Jersey liberal, Senator Dwight Morrow, kept his record clean by voting against the bill. Thus far he has voted consistently with that little group of back-bench reactionaries ribaldly designated in the press gallery as the "Unspeakables," which includes in its number such intellectual and parliamentary giants as Goldsborough of Maryland, Hastings of Delaware, Patterson of Missouri, and the ineffable Dr. Bingham, patron saint of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. It appears after all that history may recall Senator Morrow as the grandfather of C. A. Lindbergh, Jr., but let us hope a while longer. He cannot be quite so bad as his voting record to date indicates.

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UNLESS something unexpected happens, Congress will adjourn Wednesday under circumstances containing no promise of an extra session. In other words, the chances are that before this appears the legislative branch of the government will have departed on a nine months' vacation in the middle of the worst depression this generation has produced, with its work less than half done, and with no adequate provision made for emergencies that are certain to arise in its absence. For this cowardly abdication of responsibility, Administration Republicans and bourbon Democrats are almost equally to blame. The duty of calling an extra session to deal with the multitude of existing problems rests primarily, of course, with the President, but we know this Administration too well to hope for anything so frank or courageous. The fact next in importance is that the Democrats could have forced the President to do what he should do but fears to do, and that for reasons of political expediency they decided against that course. It is difficult to distinguish between the political morals of Republican leaders who take their orders from the United States Chamber of Commerce and Democratic leaders who take theirs from Baruch, Raskob, and Owen Young. The truth is that Joe Robinson, Pat Harrison, and Claude Swanson are separated from Jim Watson, George Moses, and Reed Smoot by nothing except a narrow Senate aisle and a narrower conflict of personal interest.

The Chicago Circus

By W. A. S. DOUGLAS

Chicago, February 25

SIME SILVERMAN, the editor of *Variety*, thinks vaudeville and other forms of "flesh" entertainment are slipping in popularity. He ought to know what he is talking about. But so far he seems to have overlooked what may be one reason, namely, that the politicians, statesmen, rulers, and lawmakers of this world are providing bigger and better vaudeville entertainment than was ever dished up by a Palace Theater expert. Take Washington. Why should I spend my money at Keith's or the Fox or the Earle when I can get a seat in the Senate press gallery and listen to Tom Heflin or Thaddeus Caraway or Tooth-Puller Shipstead or any one of a dozen other comics? Why, for the same reason, should I push into a theater in any State capital while the local legislature is in session?

I'm all in favor of bigger and better clowning in politics. It saves me money and makes the pursuit of my profession a joyous thing. I've been reporting the Chicago mayoralty primary campaign for three weeks now and I don't think I've ever had such a good time in all my life. This was the supershow. To begin with, we had just one clown—but what a master-performer! Big Bill Thompson, without a make-up, comes on cold in a business suit and knocks you out of your seat. It looks easy. But that's just the art that's in the man. He fooled his competitors. They mistook born showmanship for a lot of gall superinduced by highballs. So they took up clowning too. Terrible!

Big Bill gave Chicago a taste of his histrionic abilities four years ago when he played straight man to King George of England. His Majesty was not there in person but Thompson's art made it easy to visualize the little bearded figure in crown and ermine right there beside the Mayor, having his nose tweaked every now and again and being warned to keep out of Chicago, to the delight of the Germans and the Irish. The Negroes didn't understand what it was all about, but Big Bill already had their votes safe in his pocket.

And so Big Bill Thompson came to be mayor for a third time. The four-year period which will come to a close in April has been a tempestuous one for Chicago. It has marked the rise to supreme power of Scarface Al Capone. There have been daily killings and robberies which have blazed the word "Chicago" to the far corners of the earth. And the blame—there are always people who will blame others for conditions such as these—has been laid on the broad shoulders of Big Bill Thompson.

Big Bill did not appear to take his reelection overseriously. He moved his offices from the City Hall to the Sherman Hotel across the street—it is reported that he found it easier to get ginger ale and cracked ice in the latter place. He was all set to have a good time with the minimum of bother to himself when the newspapers and law-and-order societies and that mysterious and ineffective mass known as the Better Element began to buzz about him like a lot of mosquitoes. They wanted to be rid of this slumbering behemoth and they went about their task in divers ways: law suits for recovery of city funds, allegedly misused; charges of malfeasance in office, of collusion with the criminal elements—all sorts of accusations; formation of vigilance committees; a determination to be rid of "Thompsonism"; a decision by the Better Element that one of their number should sacrifice himself for the public good and become mayor of the nation's second city.

If they had left Big Bill alone he probably would not have run for a fourth term. His health is none too good, he is no longer a young man, he has money, and he has a yacht, and before he dies he greatly desires to prove his theory that somewhere around the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea there exist flying fish that climb trees, build nests in branches, and there hatch their young.

But it was not to be. The reformers burned up Big

Bill, and he leaped into the arena with a war whoop: "To hell with the Chicago *Tribune*." The Better Element had its hand called. The "roughneck" Mayor of Chicago—by the way, in the matter of family, he comes of as good a breed as any of his critics—became a candidate to succeed himself.

The Better Element of Chicago proved to be not unlike the Better Element of New York or Philadelphia or Cleveland or New Orleans. Everyone, it seemed, was personally too busy to be patriotic and lift the blight of "Thompsonism." And while they hemmed and hawed, there leaped into the breach Municipal Judge John H. Lyle, ex-alderman, ex-State representative, who had made a name for himself by insulting gangsters who had been dragged before him and imposing enormous bail bonds upon them. His platform was simple—he promised to clear the city of Capone and all his works. The Chicago *Tribune*, Big Bill's bitterest foe, didn't want the Judge as a candidate, but the Better Element had lain down on the job. Lyle became the standard-bearer of the forces of righteousness.

The behemoth over in the Sherman Hotel considered the news—Lyle. "That palookah!" he observed to his henchmen. "Boys, we're going to have a circus."

And a circus it has been.

In all, nine candidates entered the Republican primary. First there was Big Bill, then the Judge, then Alderman Arthur Albert, sponsored by the lame-duck Senator, Charles Deneen, who owed the Mayor a wallop long before Hizzoner went Democratic at the last national election and helped Jim Ham Lewis whip Ruth Hanna McCormick who had first whipped Deneen for his Senate seat. Next in prominence came ex-City Controller George Schmidt, who ran as "the only Republican candidate with a reputation." The other five don't count. The Democrats bowed to the ambition of their party boss, Anton Cermak, born in Prague, Bohemia, and gave him the nomination. It looks at this writing as though Mr. Cermak will achieve his desire to be mayor if the Better Element doesn't mess things up.

The first thing Big Bill did was to borrow the Cort Theater from his old crony "Sport" Herrmann, who at the beginning of the Mayor's present term served as public executioner of all books found in the public libraries which could be set down as pro-British propaganda and were conceivably planted there by King George's minions. He soon tired, however, of the uncomplimentary remarks of the daily press and went off on a long fishing expedition. Even now he is in the shark-infested regions of the South perfecting a rubber fishing rope. (The idea is that the shark grabs the hook, puts up its fight, draws a momentary breath, and, while doing so, releases the tension. The rubber rope immediately tightens, yanks the shark out of the water, and shoots it against the side of the boat with a wallop sufficient to knock it senseless.)

It has been the custom in Chicago for the candidates to wind up the last week of their campaigns in the Loop—the business district—exhorting the wage-earners during their lunch hours. Big Bill opened his show at the Cort Theater a full three weeks before primary day. He opened it with a bang—eighteen clowns, a school of monkeys, two boxing ponies christened the Wickersham twins, Yes and No, two jackasses, an elephant and a camel, trapeze artists and jugglers. What this retinue had to do with electing Chicago's next mayor was Big Bill's own business. He won an election four years ago clowning about King George and he was out to win this one with some superclowning. He had the jump on his opponents. His street parade was allegorical and crudely insulting. The voters, aside from the Better Element, required something obvious, easily understandable, and amusing.

Along Randolph Street every day for three weeks there wound a cavalcade of half a dozen cowboys, mounted, booted, and spurred; a calliope braying forth Big Bill's private anthem, "America, First, Last, and Always"—the Mayor has his own poet laureate in the person of Milt Weil and his own master-of-the-horse or parade-organizer in the person of Louis Golen; an elephant; a camel; a dozen Shetland ponies; a cage of monkeys; a lean mule ridden by a cadaverous individual labeled "The Judge"; a tiny burro ridden by a small fat boy labeled "Little Arthur"—meaning Alderman Arthur Albert; an old-time brewery wagon concealing in its innards a high-powered phonograph which played "Happy Days Are Here Again."

The parade halted at the Cort Theater, drew its crowd, and filed inside. There the Mayor took the stage as master of ceremonies, introduced his two jackasses as his two leading opponents, the Judge and the Alderman, and then proceeded to ask them embarrassing and personal questions.

Lyle and Albert rushed to the Loop and rented a theater apiece. Big Bill responded by hiring another one and then a third. He concentrated his fire on Judge Lyle. From the stage of his three theaters he termed the judge a wife-murderer (the late Mrs. Lyle died following a fall off the steps of her home) and said he could prove him to be a degenerate. Whereupon the Judge lost his temper, forsook his attitude of dignity, got a battery of machine-guns and sawed-off shotguns, and tried to out-clown the master-clown, exactly as Big Bill had hoped he would.

Every day the Loop was a bedlam. The roars of the candidates, carried on loud speakers to the streets, were so intermingled that no one voice was distinguishable. Big Bill overcame that difficulty by having city electricians put his opponents' amplifiers out of commission. In answer came a bombardment of eggs with himself as target at the Apollo Theater. Big Bill looked on while his attacker was brutally kicked out of the place and warned the Judge that if any more eggs hit him, Big Bill, he would go across the way and "stamp hell" out of his rival. There were no more eggs.

Lyle's clowning went flat. He said himself he couldn't be dirty but he could be nasty. He was nasty, but in an unfunny ponderous way, while Big Bill got dirtier and funnier. The crowds at his circus show at the Cort were so big that the Mayor decided to charge twenty-five cents admission, with free sofa pillows to the first hundred women to pass the box office. And still they kept pouring in to look at the jackasses and the monkeys, to watch Big Bill's talkie of what he claims to have done for Chicago. The picture was entitled "Thompsonism" in honor of the slogan of his opponents: "Drive Out Thompsonism"—yards upon yards of street improvements all carrying the title: "If This Be Thompsonism Make the Most of It."

Little Arthur Albert also tried to do some clowning. He bought an old four-in-hand coach which Mrs. Albert has been driving around the Loop. But who would want to look at an old coach when there are jackasses, camels, elephants, and monkeys just around the corner? Mr. and Mrs. Albert and their coach have been a terrible flop.

Clown Thompson has won over Clown Lyle, Clown Albert, and all the other lesser Republican clowns. He becomes now the opponent of Anton Cermak, the Democrat, at the mayoralty election six weeks hence. Cermak looks like the winner against any Republican candidate, including Thompson. But the Better Element itself may turn the trick for Big Bill. It is now grooming as an independent candidate Coroner Herman Bundesen, Democrat, who like Royal Copeland of New York has acquired political prestige and place by writing a daily newspaper column of advice to mothers. The women of Chicago will vote solidly for Coroner Herman, and their votes will come mostly out of Cermak's total.

The result? Big Bill, the master-clown, will be returned to power. Big Bill would be not only willing but tickled to death to pay Bundesen's campaign expenses.

Negro Chain Stores

By H. M. FOSTER

HARLEM, the largest city of colored people in the world, has seen during the past year the organization of a voluntary chain of retail grocery stores to teach colored retail grocers to become better business men. It is an adaptation of a plan that has already succeeded in other parts of the country. For the benefit of those who do not know what a voluntary chain is, it should be explained that it is a frank imitation of the regular old-fashioned chain stores, except that in the newer plan individual ownership is retained.

The plan of operation is simple. The wholesale grocer makes an arrangement with a selected group of his customers, with or without an actual contract, by which they agree to buy all or most of their wares from him, in return for which he sells them staples at or near cost and adds three or four specials as "loss leaders" each week. He advertises for them in the local newspapers, remodels their stores on modern scientific lines, keeps their buildings fresh, clean, and well painted, and gives them a uniform sign with a common name, such as "Red and White," "Clover Farms," "I. G. A." But on each sign is the name of the proprietor. The wholesaler turns his salesmen into supervisors who teach the retailer to keep his store clean, his stock in order, and his store well lighted. They also trim windows and put up displays. Price tags are used just as in chain stores. In fact, everything that the chain stores do is done, but the retailer still owns his store, and the wholesaler still owns his business.

In the last four or five years these voluntary chains have grown in number to some 400 or 500 groups operating all over the country and including 60,000 retail stores. The Independent Grocers' Alliance is the largest organization of the kind, having over 50 wholesale firms and about 10,000 retailers. Now the plan has been adapted to the colored retail grocers of Harlem and other sections of the country.

In 1928 a dozen Negro grocers met in Montgomery, Alabama, and organized a Colored Merchants' Association, agreeing to run their stores as a voluntary chain and call them the "C. M. A. Stores." A. C. Brown, a successful grocer of Montgomery, is credited with having originated this plan. The original dozen have by this time nearly doubled their membership, and these grocers report that they have increased their sales from 40 to 60 per cent. The needs of the group are combined, and the wholesale grocers in Montgomery are invited to bid on one combined order. Unlike many of the associations of retail grocers, the theory on which these stores operate is not merely to buy cooperatively, but to sell intensively. The association teaches its members to sell as rapidly as possible, so that they accelerate turnover and increase profits. Advertising, too, is done cooperatively, and every week a three-column advertisement in Montgomery newspapers announces the special bargains of the C. M. A. stores. Another phase of the association's work is the installation of a uniform system of record-keeping in Colored Merchants' Association stores.

The Colored Merchants' Association in Montgomery is affiliated with the local Negro Business League, a branch of the National Negro Business League started in 1900 by the late Booker T. Washington when he was principal of Tuskegee Institute. The National Negro Business League is now national in scope, and the Colored Merchants' Association is fast becoming so. Dr. Robert R. Moton has succeeded Dr. Washington both as principal of Tuskegee Institute and as president of the National Negro Business League. Through the efforts of Albon L. Holsey, secretary of the National Negro Business League and national organizer of the Colored Merchants' Association, the work of the league and the association has spread from Alabama to the following cities: New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, Richmond, Hampton, Norfolk, Winston-Salem, Nashville, Montgomery, Selma, Jackson, Tulsa, and Dallas. The reason for selecting the grocery business as the first one to be attacked in solving the Negro's commercial and economic problem is, according to Mr. Holsey, that trends in the grocery industry show so striking a change as compared with a few years ago. He believes that within the next ten years grocery distribution will be in the hands of chain stores and voluntary chains.

The Colored Merchants' Association is distinctly practical and has its feet on the ground. Its three primary objects are to organize the local retail grocers into a study club on modern selling, to study the Negro consumer, and to tie up with local jobbers and wholesalers. The results already attained have been striking. For example, Winston-Salem, which was the second city to organize, reports increased business and more rapid stock turnovers, with greater and quicker profits for the colored grocers. The C. M. A. stores, paying cash for their goods and securing larger discounts, are selling mostly for cash on their big days, Friday and Saturday. Eventually their whole business will be cash in both selling and buying. The rapid sale of advertised merchandise has aroused among national advertisers a real interest in the purchasing power of Negroes.

The association realizes that it must lead its members step by step to become prosperous business men. Mr. Holsey says:

> In order to give the grocers the necessary business for cooperative effort, an intensive study of modern merchandising methods is our first step. Evening meetings two or three times a week are arranged, and illustrated talks are given by experts. For example, in our Harlem campaign we were fortunate in having with us such men as Gorton James, editor of the *Business Week*; Robert F. Miller, vice-president, Associated Grocery Manufacturers; Wroe Alderson, J. W. Millard, and J. A. Jackson, of the Department of Commerce; Samuel Kirsh, legal specialist in trade associations; George C. Loomis, cashier, Dunbar National Bank; Carl W. Dipman, editor, and William L. Butler, associate editor, of the *Progressive Grocer*; and F. R. Snapp, assistant sales manager, Royal Baking Powder Company.

In the Harlem campaign a questionnaire also was prepared by the National Negro Business League and sent to a large number of Harlem housewives, asking their main reasons for not giving more of their patronage to Negro stores. The most common answer was insufficient variety of stock and higher prices, though a few women raised the question of convenient location. As a result, says Mr. Holsey:

> One thing that we have definitely undertaken is to impress upon the men that the day of mere sentiment in business departed with the old-fashioned corner grocery and that Negro housewives will not buy from Negro stores simply because they are operated by Negroes. We have made plain that the modern housewife, irrespective of race, does her shopping on the basis of quality, price, and service.

The Colored Merchants' Association began operations on this basis in Harlem in October, 1929. It has twenty-five member stores, including two model stores and a number of others that are rapidly making plans to become model stores. One of the remodeled groceries has increased a business of $400 or $500 a week to more than $1,200. These stores are succeeding in this time of business depression by showing to colored men better merchandising methods.

A recent survey of Negro business by the National Negro Business League shows that the race is much under-organized in the retail merchandising field, and those who are engaged in retail business are suffering because of inadequate training to cope with competition. The opportunities in this field would seem to be very wide; for the survey reveals that the Negroes' annual food bill is $1,650,000,000. To distribute this quantity of food a personnel of nearly 471,000 is required, divided thus: 727 major executives, at salaries ranging from $12,000 to $50,000 a year; 4,645 minor executives, at $5,000 to $15,000; 12,416 superintendents and foremen, at $3,000 to $5,000; 391,251 clerks and salespeople, at $1,000 to $3,000; and 61,749 drivers, messengers, and truck drivers, at $600 to $1,200.

The Business League has already spread this cooperative idea widely and is making plans for the further expansion of the C. M. A. stores. In this expansion program the league has had the whole-hearted support of the wholesale grocers—a situation which must be recognized as a new and important point of contact and cooperation for Negro business. If this project succeeds, it will mean at least a thousand more jobs for Negroes in the next few years.

In the Driftway

IT is only when a Lillian Leitzel falls or a famous clown grows old that we realize how enduring the circus ring is. Like a magic hoop it rolls on forever. And everything within it, animate or inanimate, shares its never-ending glamor, its persistent unreality. The circus is a mass affair, gaudy and spectacular, sentimental without shame as its golden trappings are obviously not gold. Here is no place for fastidiousness or intellectual pride. The first unabashed notes of the calliope send them scuttling. The circus is intemperate, resplendent with false splendor. Take it or leave it. Most of us take it. And the reason lies deep and secure. There is probably no single other medium which caters to a greater variety of human frailties or satisfies a wider range of human desires; which offers such complete relaxation from things as they are.

* * * * *

ANIMALS come first, in any circus. The impossibility of giraffes, the sleek, now unavailing cunning of leopards, the hugeness of elephants, the agility of monkeys—here is an array that any emperor might envy, all caged and labeled for our pity and our delight. "Isn't it awful to put anything so fine and fierce as a lion in a cage?" we exclaim, thinking upon our own freedom (we are careful not to think too fiercely). "But then no doubt they get used to it. They have no consciousness." We pass on, preoccupied with popcorn and life in the jungle. We look deep into the eyes of the supercilious and ridiculous camel, searching for the fascination of deserts. And the Drifter, at least, always spends a long time with the ostrich. The Drifter often wishes that he could look as unrelievedly—though not as permanently—cranky as that ungainly bird. It might prove an excellent defense. As for the ostrich's reputed habit of hiding his head in the sand, why is it that humans regard that trick with such superiority and amusement? Is it because we are all so much more expert at the device than any ostrich could ever be?

* * * * *

AND the sideshows! Here is the boldest, the crudest, the most canny form of showmanship. We are all cripples of a sort. Each carries about with him the knowledge of some defect. One is too plump, another is not beautiful enough, one is too tall, another too short. The ugliest man in the world, the fattest woman, the bearded lady, the giant, and the pigmy—these extremes induce a sense of normality beyond words soothing to the human spirit. Inside the big tent the clowns take us in hand. But the Drifter will not go into that. Like the ice barrier on which Byrd established Little America with so many and such frequent wave lengths, the secret of the success of clowns has been dwelt on too many times to need further comment.

* * * * *

IT is when the show is actually on, of course, that the most subtle ministrations of the circus begin. And it is the "kinkers"—the acrobats—who perform them. On their trapezes and their tight ropes high above a solid earth they act out a dream of perfectibility. Defying space and gravity and human weakness they weave a fantasy of human infallibility. And the spectators? There are no spectators. Every last one of us, svelte and lithe and sheathed in silk, is swinging in space, walking on air, leaping to the backs of plunging white horses. There is not a flabby muscle, not an awkward limb, not a sagging knee in the whole tent. And over all the band plays, and the loudest voice in creation proclaims the biggest, the most amazing, the most stu-pendous show on earth.

* * * * *

LILLIAN LEITZEL, whirling at the top of the big tent, without even a net beneath to cast a doubt upon her perfection, spun out to its finest one of the shining threads by which men throw themselves toward the unattainable. For that she deserved the acclaim and the long roll of the drums that were always hers. And the manner of her death was not inappropriate. She was thrown to the earth because an iron ring, and not a human nerve, gave way.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

It Is Not a Bonus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am much chagrined that *The Nation* should have published the two editorials Cash for the Veterans and The Bonus Raid.

In the first place, the word bonus is misleading for what has been properly and legislatively called adjusted compensation. The stipulated pay in the army was $30 per month and board. Qualified men within the age limits were compelled to enter the army regardless of their profession or earning capacity, and to take their chances of becoming cannon fodder or permanent inmates of hospitals. At the same time common laborers were receiving from $4 to $6 a day and mechanics from $6 to $10, with nearly unlimited overtime, which was not allowed in the service. Let the profiteers be left out of the reckoning.

After five years Congress enacted legislation providing compensation at the rate of $1 per day for service in this country and $1.25 per day for service overseas. But in spite of the fact that this compensation constituted wages for services rendered, and wages are recognized as having the first lien on capital in nearly all States of the Union, the federal government, on the advice of the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton, evaded responsibility by issuing certificates of indebtedness to the veterans, now worth only 22½ per cent of their face value with interest computed at 6 per cent. The face value, by the way, varies from about $30 to $1,789, not $1,000 to $2,000 as stated in your editorial.

"Hard-headed" business men foresee economic disaster if the veterans are paid now. But how foresighted are they? It was they who recommended the reduction of supertaxes to stimulate business. Yet general business went steadily down while stock brokerage went up until it was so topheavy it fell of its own weight. As for the forecasts of our perennial Secretary of the Treasury, in spite of his annual predictions of a deficit, the government has paid off $3,500,000,000 of United States bonds out of annual surpluses and returned to large corporations and wealthy individuals $1,250,000,000 in supposedly overpaid income taxes—although there is no doubt that the incomes were very carefully scrutinized by batteries of overpaid lawyers and underpaid accountants. Forecasts, in fact, have failed so repeatedly and completely that it would be safer to class them with dreams, mules, and weather predictions and go contrary.

As I see it, there is no proposal which would stimulate business so much as the liquidation by the government of its obligation to the veterans in small amounts that were due eleven years ago. The money would be distributed in almost every channel of trade, mainly through the lower strata of society, and afford relief from what will be a continued depression if heroic measures are not taken to change the business methods now operating in this country.

Philadelphia, February 15 F. W. BURGESS

On the Air

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Like the writer of *The Nation's* editorial On the Air, in the issue of February 11, I have scant patience with those who are patently abusing their radio wave-length privilege by constantly offending good taste and common sense with their advertising blatancies and fatuities. But I have even less patience with those who look to a government-owned-and-operated system of broadcasting, like the British Broadcasting Corporation, as the ideal for this country.

Karl Bickel, in the all-too-few chapters devoted to radio in his recent book, "New Empires," makes point of the necessity of maintaining the freedom of the air as zealously as we have sought to maintain the freedom of the press. To the credit of the private American radio enterprises—especially the two big national networks—be it said that they have thus far pursued rather astute policies in their handling of discussions of public affairs via their microphones. They have given rather good breaks to all sides of big public questions in their Half-Hours in the Nation's Capital, National Radio Forum, and like "editorial" features, considering the limitations of time and the congested wave lengths and the well-known preferences of the average American audience.

I know of at least one instance where a radio representative had to go to the mat—and won out, too—with high-placed officialdom seeking to bulldoze him into withdrawing the opportunity he gave a well-known and eminent liberal leader to go on the air. Not even Senator Norris, the man most of us newspapermen admire and respect above all others on Capitol Hill, has had occasion to complain about his treatment at the hands of radio.

But I wander afield. My point is that private enterprise (which is only now beginning to reap the fruits of blind and expensive venturing into what a few years ago was a highly unpromising commercial field) is conducting and can conduct broadcasting far more independently and unrestrainedly than would a governmentally, and hence politically, controlled and operated monopoly.

Radio is a natural adjunct of the press, but only a few farsighted publishers have realized this—some of them to their financial profit, too, during this last year, when advertising lineage went way down while radio "space" sold in higher quantity and at higher premium than ever. I should like to see the American press control radio, but, unhappily, our publishers just won't seem to awaken to the fact that the audible and the visual media of conveying intelligence and entertainment are natural kinsfolk.

Washington, February 7 MARTIN CODEL

The Bright Lights

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Much as I enjoyed Douglas Haskell's irony in The Bright Lights, in your issue of January 14, I should like to see a blunter challenge to a profession which can so triumphantly divert any but a frontal attack. Of course the important cleavage between the modern architecture of Europe and America is not along the line of acceptance or rejection of nature, but along that of clear or befuddled thinking. European architecture is seeking, and I think finding, a defined intellectual basis, while American architecture is toying with romantic stage sets. It is a common misconception to assume that American architecture is intellectual because a large amount of specialized knowledge is required in its production. For all its impressive structural and mechanical paraphernalia, it remains quite without rational intellectual basis as that is understood by such European thinkers as Oud, Gropius, Le Corbusier, and others, and as it has been understood by significant architectural creators in the past.

Is it not amusing that the people which prides itself on being preeminently practical and hard-headed lapses inevitably into sentimentality wherever art is concerned?

San Francisco, January 31 Irving F. Morrow

That New Party

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I sincerely hope that your editorial on A Party for the People in your issue of January 28 is typical of liberal opinion. Your expression of the facts that a new party must be founded on the interests of the producing masses and that these masses must recognize that their interests are in conflict with the interests of the owning class is a clear recognition of the class struggle. The failure heretofore on the part of most liberals to recognize the class struggle as the dominant factor in our political life has been the most serious barrier to complete cooperation between liberals and Socialists.

Cambridge, Mass., January 30 Alfred Baker Lewis

An Important Conference

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The International Conference on the World Economic Crisis to be held in Paris April 14, 15, and 16 under the auspices of the Women's International League promises to be very interesting. William Martin, of the *Journal de Genève* and of the International Labor Office, is one of the speakers who has promised to take part, and among the other speakers who are expected are M. Quesnay, director of the International Bank at Basle, and Mr. Keynes and Mr. Wise, of London. Mr. Charles Rist has been proposed as leader of the discussions. It may be remembered that he was concerned with the stabilization of Austrian currency.

The committee in charge of arrangements is anxious to secure the nomination of delegates or representatives from organizations which would naturally be interested in such a conference. Moreover, anyone whose interest lies in this field and who is planning to be in Europe at the time is urged to attend. Further information may be secured from the Women's International League, 1805 H Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, February 14 Emily G. Balch

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Y. Anderson is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

W. A. S. Douglas is the Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun.*

H. M. Foster is former food editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce.*

Eugene Lohrke is the author of "Deep Evening," a novel to be published in the spring.

John Collier is the executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc.

Matthew Josephson is the author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

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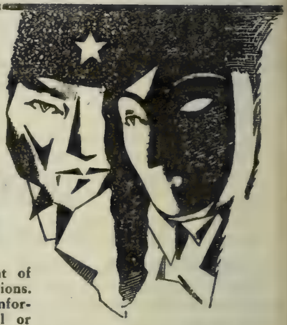

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Praise

By MARK VAN DOREN

Praise is no crust of snow
That fell long since and formed,
And now one day will enter the shut earth—
Stale wine, and warmed.

Praise is directest rain
That comes when it is needed—
Cool in its newness, and descending where
Desire has seeded.

Praise is merest water—
Nothing, but enough.
Nor makes it any choice of how it feeds
Smooth ground or rough.

Praise falls on both alike,
And is at once beloved.
There is no good that is not prospered then—
Nor evil proved.

Counterblast

[*In its issue of February 18* The Nation *printed an article by Isidor Schneider called The Fetish of Simplicity, in which Mr. Schneider pointed to what were in his opinion the unfortunate effects of the self-consciously bare and simple writing of the "Hemingway school." As one novelist who exemplified the "unnaturalness of the new technique" he cited Josephine Herbst, "a writer with definite narrative gifts. But to know how genuine and abundant are these gifts one should hear her tell a story." In her conversation, Mr. Schneider remarked, Miss Herbst is "unashamedly rhetorical," but when she sits down to write she is "overcome by scruples" and avoids the literary effects that she uses naturally in her speech. "As a result, her novels have not realized to the full her narrative powers." Below is Miss Herbst's reply.*—LITERARY EDITOR THE NATION.]

Key West, February 18

Dear Isidor Schneider: Kind neighbors who are always on hand with bad news brought me copies of *The Nation* and the *World* with Hansen's copy of your article in the former paper. I can only speak for myself and I am somewhat confused by the term "Hemingway school." Do you mean by this the same classification that Malcolm Cowley made in his article entitled The New Primitives? You appear however to be working from the outside while Cowley took their attitude toward life as his basis for the grouping. He included writings of E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Hemingway, John Herrmann, Nathan Asch, and myself and nameless others. From what you say, it seems to me you have chosen arbitrarily only certain writings which will fit in most with your fetish idea of simplicity. They are all external qualifications and reinforce my notion that you are more concerned with the skin than the juice of the fruit. To refer to a conversation we had on the subject of Proust, I remember your saying that you liked him best when you were most conscious of his prose, and the passages relating to tastes and smells, to the place-names were your favorites. Much as I might enjoy the same passages, they failed to impress me in that way and I was most moved when I completely forgot his style, when the substance itself seemed to leap at me and turn me cold. That passage where Swann calls on the Duc and Duchesse de Guermante as they are about to step out to a party, she is wearing the wrong kind of shoes and he keeps nagging at her to go put on the right pair while she stands there half listening to why Swann cannot go to Italy with her, the reason being, as he manages to inject into the talk, that he is going to die. The Duc, refusing to be uncomfortable or to have his party spoiled, puffs this away as nonsense and the entire frivolity of their world is at the moment more stark and grim than Swann's approaching end. There are no metaphors, no involved figures in this part, and, in fact, the most impressive parts of Proust for me are those where his language is direct and deals quite concretely with incident. The power that the incident has to evoke emotional responses may depend on the reader as much as the writer and I must conclude that such is the case when you deny emotional attributes to the kind of writing under discussion and even claim the writers themselves are uninterested in it. If you mean false emotional effects, you are quite right, but if you mean emotion as an element to be felt by the reader and courted by the writer by his selection of incident, I do not see how you can deny it to "A Farewell to Arms" or to my own "Nothing Is Sacred." If you do deny it, many people must find something you have not found. If the emotional response was entirely ruled out, why did reviewers all over the country without prompting from any blurb, mention the emotional qualities of my book or if they did not actually use that word, how did they come by exactly the emotion I intended to evoke? The same is not true of "Money for Love." It seems to me the only work of mine to fall under your definition of the type of writing you undertake to discuss. I wrote it deliberately with the intent of discovering just how far a rigid acceptance of a certain method would take me. I never liked the book, do not like it now, and have always considered it pinched. But the people were pared to the bone, not to be realistic or natural, as you claim, but to suggest an even completer bareness of life than the actuality of the characters could portray. I believe you assume too much when you conclude that the end and aim of *my* writing, at least, is to be natural. Frankly I think it is quite unimportant, to be natural or not to be, to use colloquialisms or not to use them, so long as you attain what you set out to attain. In "Money for Love" and in a story called "Once a Year" I meant to get an overtone that would be more convincing than "reality." I succeeded so well that I never want to do this sort of thing again. But in adhering to this method I was under no compulsion to exalt "simplicity" but to attain a certain end. The machinery dominated the content in this case, and not by chance. I believe such a procedure always fails although Flaubert would never admit his "Madame Bovary" was superior to his polished and limited later works. I know of no one among the actively creative writers of this group who considers "simplicity" an end or who would sacrifice anything to it. It seems to me your complaint has more to do with reviewers who pick up words for convenient labels and toss them back and forth to one another. (They, not the writers, have made a fetish of simplicity.) Certainly when a critic can see only simplicity in the writings you have undertaken to discuss and nothing more, I should say the point of view was very limited. I believe that there is much more of a menace in loose criticism today than in the writings of the group you label "Hemingway." Your very use of Hemingway's name as a complete and comprehensive label for a group of people, many of whom were writing in the identical manner they employ today, before Hemingway was known, proves what I mean. I begin to understand very clearly why Hemingway had to write a cruel parody of Sherwood Anderson in order to rid himself of the burden of that name. I would be the last person in the world to deny the influence of Hemingway on my writing. He is a very excellent writer and I would be a fool if I did not read him to advantage. The same can be said for the writings of Stephen Crane, James Joyce, Ring Lardner, and Sherwood Anderson. I am quite certain that if "The Open Boat" by Stephen Crane appeared in print today for the first time it would be jumped on by a dozen athletic critics and Crane would be dubbed a "Hemingway follower." I have at my hand "A Sportsman's Sketches" by Turgenev and I am shocked to discover on page after page typical Hemingway dialogue. I am afraid Chekhov was also under the influence as I see some of the same repetitive effects in much of his conversation. Balzac was a writer with a monotonous, if not declarative, sentence structure and he was sloppy with grammar. He liked to write in the language of the day rather than the high literary tongue in vogue at the time, and I don't doubt this was due to the Hemingway influence. But oh, oh, the worst is this dreadful thing of Joyce. In his story "The Dead" I am afraid he has copied almost word for word, or certainly emotion for emotion, the end of "A Woman of Andros." This is all very sad and goes to prove that no one is strictly original, not even Joyce. Unfortunately we are born in a world that is full of influences and of young men and women who have used the word "swell" on and off the stage for well-nigh twenty years. Considering the vast numbers of people who have used that word as well as many hardier and tougher and the comparative few who could read "The Sun Also Rises," even assuming it was a best-seller, I should say that some other influence than a book was at work in the world, and Hemingway merely showed a genius for seeping up the life of his time, something usually considered laudatory, especially after a writer is dead.

Looking the thing straight in the face, I must say I do not understand why you are making a scare head of this group of writers, a very small group compared with the many who are at it, and a group whose pooled successes would be a very small part of the big successes of the day. You have the nervousness of the Mr. Palmers of the world who nose out alarming symptoms in harmless minorities. The Mr. Joneses of the world are a poor lot if they cannot draw down a single Nobel prize or a single book-club selection and where only one of their number is, so far as I know, a best-seller. (And only one commercial magazine that I know of welcomes their work.) It seems to me that in selecting this group for an alarmist pogrom you have taken the wrong bull by the horns. I nominate the reviewers and critics, whose confused and bungling efforts are doing more to confound the budding writer than any example of actual creative work. But even at that, why show such concern for budding writers? Those that have anything to say will go right on saying it; those that have not will go on writing reviews. Those who live by imitation will fall as always by the wayside, and I cannot see that it is important whether they fall by imitating Mr. Marcel Proust, Mr. William Carlos Williams, or Mr. Ernest Hemingway. Even those who have something to say of their own must be prepared for the club on the head as soon as that head emerges from the water, and it is well to be prepared and to know that the literary game, so far as niceness is concerned, is about on the level of Al Capone's operations in Chicago. Writers are supposed to sit quietly back and to take what is handed to them and it is well if they can do that. Reading backwards, it seems to me that Defoe, Fielding, Balzac, Stendhal, to name a few, were too much engaged in wranglings with their critics. They never drew the choice plums of the Thornton Wilders. I think it is a significant thing that the "Hemingway group," as you so uncomprehensively call them, have never developed a critic. It is a temptation better to forego. Another book is the soft answer and a pile of books turneth away wrath.

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Men in Ships

The Kaiser's Coolies. By Theodor Plivier. Translated from the German by Margaret Green. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR reasons that are not at all obvious, the point of view of the average sailor during the late Great War has been lost amid the bewildering multitude of vociferations and outcries which, with a thin strain of sheer poetry and some very solid prose achievements, make up the body of war literature. "The Kaiser's Coolies" is the first effective and vivid challenge to this silence.

The spirit of its conception is commonplace enough, since it is merely an outcome of that fatigue and disillusion which thoughtful people are forced to accept as a natural consequence of four years of organized destruction on land, sea, and in the air, but the method is startling and unique, and the material is both dreadful and beautiful. No consequence in individual ignominy and suffering can quite blot out the majestic display of forces that attends an engagement between modern battle fleets. Ordinary human values dwindle to nothing beside the appalling effects of the striking and murderous power of the mechanically directed human brain. The planets in their regular orbits seem to move with scarcely less precision to purposes hardly less inhuman. Mathematical formulas possess, stunningly, the power of life and death, and speaking through the smoke of their own destruction, the great guns reduce time to nothing and space to a mere matter of sighting and elevation.

The result is not here the question, except in the nerve-racked and acid disillusion which, whether in war or in peace, is the bitter negation of all the promised glories of the mechanical age; and for the artist who can render the picture the moral values must remain as truly subsidiary in war as in peace. This Plivier is aware of, and he is content to paint his picture, rendering to giantism its due, to the battles of the machines their full measure of smoky and mathematical glory, to the great fleets under steam the ignominious majesty of their purposes, and to the men who serve in them the necessary bitterness of their fate. Lacking in all ordinary richness of style, his crude, flimsy prose takes strength from the lean force of his own conviction, and his battle of Jutland, where the major fleets of Germany and England were engaged in a long running battle, is assuredly one of the remarkable prose epics that the Great War has produced. Beyond that it is useless to go. There are pages in "The Kaiser's Coolies" of sheer boredom and monotony, for the book ranges over the whole scene of four years' life in the imperial navy. But whenever the great machines spring to life they speak effectively, to a more wide-ranging purpose, perhaps, than they have ever spoken before.

> The impacts approached nearer. The jets of water they threw up were of a poisonous green and yellow at the base, gleaming white at the summit. When they received a direct hit the steel bodies vibrated and reverberated like strange, gigantic musical instruments. Suddenly the wind played on the steel shrouds as on a harp. A tall wave dashed over the bows. It was a summer afternoon, and the sea was transparent like green glass.

This is prose without beauty; but the beauty that is pitiful and terrible comes to light between the harsh shadows of the ines, and the men in the ships are nothing and the ships and guns are all. Plivier's style lacks the grace to raise his epic at all times to perfection. It is black-and-white drawing with a leaning toward the macabre and grotesque. But that again s a question of taste and definition; and here is a book which s as effective as a caricature by Daumier, and that, perhaps, s enough.

Eugene Löhrke

Exploiting the Indian

Massacre. A Review of Today's American Indian. By Robert Gessner. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

"MASSACRE" is extraordinary in its positive values. There is no book like it dealing with the American Indian, and there has been none since Helen Hunt Jackson wrote her "Century of Dishonor," fifty years ago. Mr. Gessner has assembled an indictment of the Indian-affairs system which rolls like a storm-wind through four hundred pages. The storm-wind continues to blow, inasmuch as this is a down-to-the-minute book which treats the President Hoover Indian regime as a continuation of its predecessors. Mr. Gessner has lived among the Chippewas of Minnesota, has journeyed among the Wisconsin and Dakota tribes, and has assembled the records dealing with all the tribes and with Indian Bureau practices at Washington. He dedicates his book "to the first Congress that will eradicate what Lincoln seventy years ago called 'an accursed system.'" He calls for a crusade, and his book is a crusade.

Mr. Gessner is twenty-four years old, and his book, philosophically and aesthetically, is immature. There is a weakening overemphasis at many points. There is some crassness of imagery, and too much consciously fine writing. There is naivete about the things government can or should do. There is an immature view of Indian human nature. True, for example, some Indian women do carry their babies papoose-like on their shoulders. The circumstance does not prove that the Indian Bureau has failed in its duty toward the Indians. The government, indeed, has not "educated the Indian into a Caucasian." Unfortunately, the government has tried, and still tries. Indian depravity, whether or not caused by the government, reaches no such average depths as Mr. Gessner suggests, and Indian virtue did not pass from the earth with Sitting Bull. There are pages in "Massacre" which are reminiscent of "Mother India," but of "Mother India" with an inverted application.

These are minor criticisms. Dealing with the system of Indian affairs, Mr. Gessner combines a documentation usually adequate with a swiftly moving and at times a breathless narrative. The values are true and the facts are supported. Mr. Gessner correctly derives the Indian Bureau system from the federal statutes and Indian Bureau regulations which have systematized the exploitation of Indian property. He utilizes the classic report of the Institute for Government Research, issued in 1928, along with the eleven volumes of hearings of the Senate Indian Investigation Committee and a multitude of Indian Bureau and Congressional documents. Nearly, though not quite, always he stays within the documented evidence and within facts not controverted.

Noteworthy and adequate chapters deal with the Flathead power-site struggle, and with the continuing scandals of the Klamath Reservation, whose Indians are taxed by the Indian Bureau a per capita amount that would mean, if applied to the whole United States, an annual tax budget of twenty-five billion dollars. The struggles over Pueblo lands and Pueblo water rights are brilliantly and accurately narrated. The swift melting away of the Indian estate, through actions by Congress and the Indian Bureau, is portrayed with details from records not disputed. The cumulative breakdown of the Indian Bureau's irrigation and reclamation system is depicted, and the author discusses adequately the $42,000,000 reimbursable debt placed by the Indian Bureau and Congress on the tribes and allotted Indians—a debt still rapidly mounting, and represented by few tangible benefits.

A hundred pages of "Massacre" are devoted to the Indian Bureau's boarding-schools. The record is a horrible one—past and present—and is thoroughly sustained by documents. Inasmuch as the boarding-schools are being increased and are at present more overcrowded than heretofore, and the forcible abduction of children from their homes to overcrowd the boarding-schools is being continued, Mr. Gessner's indictment has instant relevancy. The chapters on Indian health are distressing because true. Mr. Gessner asserts, for example, that the Wisconsin Indian death-rate from tuberculosis is forty times greater than that of the general population of Wisconsin and that "the Menominee tribe, 100 per cent under Indian Bureau control, has the highest tuberculosis death-rate of any group of human beings—2,540 per 100,000 per year." His authority is the Institute for Government Research.

Toward his last chapters Mr. Gessner outlines various programs for Indian relief. His constructive pages are sound and suggestive but not exhaustive. His description, on page 408, of the existent denials of civil liberty to Indians is rigidly accurate and yet difficult for the unfamiliar mind to credit. None who read the book as a whole will doubt that the government's 250,000 Indian wards are essentially serfs, valued by the government not as human lives but as justifications for the exploitation of properties still huge though fast dwindling.

All in all, the book has no competitor, and it does accomplish a literary synthesis of facts as strange as any in human society, gathered by many agencies through the last ten years. It proves the continuing dominion of statutes enacted to despoil a helpless race, and of administrative policies derived from unexampled and bloodthirsty statutes. It charges that the present officers of the Indian Bureau have yielded to the "system" and are working against legislative reform. It is, throughout, specific. A rejoinder by the Indian Bureau, equally specific, would appear to be mandatory.

John Collier

Lafcadio Hearn

Blue Ghost: A Study of Lafcadio Hearn. By Jean Temple. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

CONSISTENTLY unfortunate in his biographers, poor Lafcadio Hearn has won at length a more adequate and intelligent interpretation than heretofore in Mrs. Jean Temple's short study of his career. Since our chief sources of knowledge in this field have been, first, a voluminous, partisan work by a never-attained sweetheart (Mrs. Bisland), second, a poisonous one by an outraged friend (Gould), third, a pedestrian and trivial newspaperman's, (Tinker), fourth, that of book speculators who piously believed that Hearn would become "as legendary a figure as Poe," one would think it time for a compendious and rigid labor of old-fashioned German pedantry, filled with authenticated, documentary evidence, and with balance clearly drawn. But perhaps Mrs. Temple was right in confining herself to an "impression" of Lafcadio. On careful examination his deficiencies glare at one, his letters seem more often petty than philosophic. Dr. Gould of Philadelphia, who was for a time his patron, may have been himself puritanical and rather limited; he grew enraged at Hearn's *softness*, and, I have sometimes thought, with good cause. Hearn was certainly a "mysterious figure"; but it would have been better for his immortal future if he had been more so.

Unhappy immigrant and waif, he was during twenty years an American artist engulfed in the cave-man years of 1870 to 1890. We know that he impersonated the romantic and individualistic revolt against middle-class social life, with much attendant scandal. But what of his place as a man of letters, which Mrs. Temple estimates so high?

After all, the Greek-Irish wanderer was but a distant outpost, perhaps unconsciously, of the later phase of French romanticism. If he had stayed in Paris, we should have been able to tuck him away in the annals of French literature among twenty charming and minor writers of the *fin du siècle* era. In our own turbulent States, with no literary conversation, no "schools" of poetry, no Latin Quarter, no academies even, he was a sad anomaly. I use the term romanticism as a popular convenience; this movement in art, from the period of Rousseau to that of Delacroix and Baudelaire, made vigorous and truthful contributions. For its later phase, Hearn, who was quite cosmopolitan, may stand as being as representative as anyone else.

"He put too much importance to Beauty or Nicety perhaps," Hearn's Japanese wife commented, at the end, in her halting but shrewd English. "He was too enthusiastic for beauty, for which he wept and for which he rejoiced and for which he was angry." The sense of beauty overpowered him always as in a swoon or a dream. Its drama was associated poignantly with some dim race-memory and with an "Oedipus complex" as well, as Mrs. Temple plausibly suggests. His response was always in the monotone of rapture and trance. Myopic and disfigured, he sought always the colors and scents of the tropical zones; but are not the greatest masters of color drawn from north of the line of latitude of New York?

The profound weakness of his style, from which we have severely turned ourselves away, is perceptible in such a passage as the following, describing the sounds emitted by a Chinese gong:

> The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow like the moon rising over a Southern swamp. My friend tapped its ancient face with a drumstick, and it commenced to sob, like waves upon a low beach. He tapped it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines. Again, and it commenced to roar, and with each tap the roar grew deeper and deeper, till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras . . .

We trust the simile of waves on a beach; we accept that of a forest of evergreens; but when we come to "thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras," we halt. Now poor Lafcadio had never, in all his travels, visited the Cordilleras of the Andes; he had only *read* about them, as of the thousand and one perfumes, drugs, beverages, plants with which he fills his pages, to achieve thereby only a total effect of neutralization. And we end by recoiling angrily from such artistic insincerity. But what of Marlowe and Shakespeare and Keats, and so many other great artificers? the reader will protest. It was *in spite* of such extravagant devices, we would maintain, that Marlowe and his fellows were successful. In them the sound and fury, the debauchery of rhetoric, convinces us; whereas Hearn's exoticism is couched in an impoverished prose, flaccid and pale, accented by the single, short breath and monosyllabic language of a monotonous sentence structure. Going back toward the purer springs of English prose rhythm, how much greater variety and life we may find in any single page of Laurence Sterne, where each sentence seems to start off in a different direction, or strike a different tone, while holding bravely to the central design of the work.

But the late romantics who so greatly vitiated the good work of Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and Chateaubriand gav rise in turn to a deadly satirist of the twentieth century, wh ridiculed them into limbo. This was Guillaume Apollinair whose chief sport was to punctuate his resonant and ironic verses with exotic nouns discovered in old American mail-ord catalogues, which he devoured at leisure in the cafes of Mon parnasse. Thus we find in his poems rivers with beautif Indian names mingled with foliage that grows only in th Fleas' Market of Paris. It was the wild clownery of Apo linaire as much as anything else that brought low the pr tentious symbolists, or late romantics.

Lafcadio Hearn becomes an even more shadowy figu in the last ten years of his life, the period of his Orient adventure in Japan. Farther from English speech, his a scarcely improved after the West Indian phase. And Mr Temple, too, grows more vague and lyrical at once in dwellin on this phase of his "life on an old fan." The fruits o these years were chiefly his work in folklore, though it wa poorly organized, and his last book, "Japan: An Interpretation. Shaking off his inferiority complex he became, on the whole, better man, and even a better thinker. "Japan" is a valuabl introduction to the Orient, one agrees; but the mixture o Spencer's synthetic philosophy with Buddhist mysticism is ir trinsically a poor marriage. His love and knowledge of Japa were both greatly qualified. And as for us, poor sodden Occidentals, we often wonder in our ignorance whether Japan ma have been the best possible gateway to Oriental ideas. Wa not Japan the first to break away from the old moorings, t Lafcadio's eternal chagrin?

The picturesque story of Hearn has been pieced togethe with good taste, as well as enthusiasm, in Mrs. Temple's stud However, we should like to see a great confirmed skeptic, i he had the patience, go over the whole disputed ground.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Notes on Fiction

Our Gods Are Not Born. By Charles R. Walker. Jonatha Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

This volume of short stories is worthy of praise for it attempt to write about Americans affected by America and t do this with the simpler things taken for granted. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Walker's way of seeing and writin keeps the attempt from being successful. The writing strive too hard for a needless indirection and creates complicatio and subtlety not implicit in the material by going round abou it with many words and careful vagueness. The same inflatio that he gives to emotions of no very great interest Mr. Walke gives to characters of no great significance. He sees the hurt by America and their time, and remains blinded by hi verbal inflation to the fact that they are merely unintelligen and hysterical.

Oklahoma Town. By George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace an Company. $2.

These are not short stories. Or if they are, they ar short stories in the one valid and legitimate sense of tha form, being extraordinarily vivid sketches, running only a fe pages each, wherein the character or the simple situation i treated with an economy and realism of touch which we canno sufficiently praise. One thinks in comparison of Sherwoo Anderson, whose name and technique will undoubtedly be mentioned in connection with those of Mr. Milburn; one think of all that Chekhovian plumbing and peering into the shabb lives and sorry souls of a few impossible people; and in recalling Mr. Anderson and others who have dealt with muc he same milieu, one feels like hailing Mr. Milburn as somehing very like a new genius. The author is still extremely oung, and his apprenticeship for the writing of these remarkble tales of small-town life has been that of bumming the ountry from coast to coast and acting as bus-boy on a banana oat plying the Gulf route. Of these stories God Smote a hoemaker, Mabel Barclay, Banker Brigham, Clark Peavey, nd the poignant sketch which closes the volume, Hail and Farewell, are perhaps the most appealing. They are, by the ame token, extremely cruel. That milk of human kindness recently extolled by Mr. Chesterton as being so abundant in he Middle West is strangely absent from these incisive and rather heartless tales. We admire them extremely, and trust hat their author will soon produce a novel as good as almost any one of them.

Festival. By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Burt's latest novel is distinguished by a prose that s of a rich Meredithian texture and by a deal of tortured and tortuous thinking on many subjects—chiefly nationality, sex, love, America, nature. For his central figure is a man who, having recently retired as president of a big Philadelphia bank, thinks his way along gropingly in the reflective world where he has so long wished to live. His mind is like a slow flame which never destroys in a great conflagration but which licks about such subjects as his desire for a place of his own with a garden, his wife who is so cool and untouchable, his idyllic platonic love affair of many years' standing with Elsie Holt, and most of all his daughter married to an Italian prince and not quite happy. Indeed, it licks about everything that comes its way. But in the end Dorn Griffiths accepts defeat when he accepts from the President an ambassadorship to Italy. He must go back into harness. The secondary story of the Princess Rezzonica, her husband, and her American lover is more exciting but less powerful. Mr. Burt has written a fine and mature study which seems, however, in the end to come to precisely nothing. One comes out by the same door where in one went, as the conflicting thoughts and emotions cancel one another. But one has had a stimulating experience on the way.

Music

Stravinsky

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY has recently given us performances of the Stravinsky "Capriccio" and of the "Symphonie de Psaumes." They throw the strange history ot this strangest of composers into vivid relief against the background of other contemporary composers whose works we have been hearing.

Sibelius, who has had a burst of recognition from all quarters this season, with performances of two symphonies, two symphonic poems, and a violin concerto; Loeffler, whose seventieth birthday was recently celebrated with performances of his "Pagan Poem" in New York, Boston, and Cleveland; Elgar and Bloch, represented on recent programs by an "Introduction and Allegro" and the "Schelomo" rhapsody, respectively—these are men who have been interested more in the perfection than in the originality of their idioms, who have grown naturally and non-violently out of the music of the past. Although none of them is a slavish imitator of his predecessors, none has been very deeply concerned with individualizing his style by technical innovation. These men are prophets or poets, in the same sense that their forerunners were. Their importance is personal rather than historical; it lies in the content of their music itself rather than in new roads of expression opened for followers to travel on.

Contrast them, then, with the portrait of Stravinsky as "a commercial genius, a kind of musical bank director," drawn by Leonid Sabaneyeff in his admirable book "Modern Russian Composers." "Stravinsky's fame," he writes, "is based not only on his musical gifts . . . but chiefly on his virtuosity in making full use of musical conditions and taking full account of fashions and fads, those two wavering and changing elements on which, nevertheless, fame in one's lifetime almost exclusively depends. . . . Stravinsky is immeasurably more a genius of musical business than purely of music." The old virtues, Sabaneyeff says with a bitterness not quite concealed, are out of date; *épater les bourgeois* has become the aim of the modern composer. And since Stravinsky has had unequaled success in startling the musical world into frightened admiration and imitation, he has become the most brilliant figure of our time. This is a very civilized way of crying "humbug," which is what many less brilliant critics than Sabaneyeff have been crying all along.

But is Stravinsky nothing but a splendid mountebank? It is not difficult, at any rate, to see how that impression arose. Early in his career (in 1911, and he is only in his forty-ninth year now) he had poked good-humored but devastating fun, in "Petrouchka," at most of the music that had preceded him. Two years later he shook the foundations of the musical world with "Le Sacre du Printemps," a work of the utmost imaginable rhythmic, harmonic, and orchestral radicalism. There followed a series of works that jumped from one tendency to another in bewildering and apparently aimless succession: "Les Noces," continuing the primitivism of the "Sacre"; "L'Histoire du Soldat," an acid miniature; the Sonata and the Concerto for piano, combining elements of jazz with a "return to Bach," a still acidulous combination; "Oedipus," an oratorio for male chorus and orchestra with soloists, borrowing liberally from Handel, Verdi, Wagner, and many others; "Le Baiser de la Fée," a ballet acknowledging Stravinsky's debt to Tschaikowsky, at the moment when the stock of that very romantic and unmodern master had fallen to its lowest point.

Through them all runs an uncanny talent for the unexpected. Through them all, though, I think, the skilful hand of this unique genius has been pretty clearly visible. And now it seems probable that his wanderings have brought him to something that can be understood and enjoyed even in the light of the traditions he once made such brilliant efforts to destroy. For in the light-hearted "Capriccio" the irony of parts of the Concerto seems completely abandoned. And the "Symphonie de Psaumes," inscribed (doubtless with something less than complete piety) "to the glory of God," seems at first hearing a sincere and moving work. Nor has Stravinsky's unique technical mastery apparently suffered while he has been off on his ironical pilgrimages.

As the distance that separates us from those once enigmatic works increases, I think there is little doubt that we shall be less and less concerned with the motives that inspired them. Beethoven, too, played practical jokes, but today we have to have them pointed out to us. Even when, driven by a need to shock his friends, or by who knows what Dostoevskian urge toward self-destruction, Stravinsky perhaps tried his hardest to conceal, even deform, his virtuosity, it was never successfully hidden. "Oedipus" (which the League of Composers will present in April) is the one work of Stravinsky with which I have not yet been able to feel any real contact; but I think no one could ever have attributed it to anyone else.

The significance of his music has for a long time been overshadowed by its audacity. But if, as seems probable, he has again arrived at the point where his music is as important

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intrinsically as historically, it cannot be long before what Sabaneyeff a trifle grudgingly admits, will be generally and freely recognized: "However one may evaluate Stravinsky's repeatedly and bizarrely changing style, he undoubtedly constitutes an era in musical art. . . . At present he is the most resplendent and significant figure of contemporary life."

ARTHUR MENDEL

Art

Collectivistic Images

THE object most sharply revealed by the great collection of Russian icons recently on view in the public museums of Boston and of New York, and now in transit among other American treasuries, is Russia herself. These delicate and majestic images unveil a body of prime work hitherto obscured and neglected in churches and convents and lately given the world under Soviet patronage: a whole unknown province of painting roughly related to that of the Italian primitives, but individually exquisite, and startlingly concordant with the modern movement. Still, the sovereign impression of these accurate copies and skilfully cleaned originals is that of a racial, national, and social identity. Six centuries are represented in them, and the labors of various schools, regions, and individuals. The Byzantine influence persists strongly in certain ones; in others, barbaric and Mongolian traits appear. Individual examples of the Stroganoff period suggest, if not the magnetism, at least the touch of profane Western art. And still, amid their almost bewildering splendor, one stands in the presence of a strangely homogeneous expression.

Stemming directly from the traditions of the mosaicists and image-makers of Constantinople, these golden and hieratic symbols are nevertheless inconformable with their Byzantine ancestors. One could not fancy even the most inlay-like of them figuring in San Vitale or Torcello, for example. The drawing is both awkward and vigorous; the coloring somber and strong. At the same time, these paintings exhibit a development ultimately inconsistent with Italian art from Duccio onward. They are non-naturalistic. Chiaroscuro plays no role in them. Their technique is sheerly coloristic: the organization of pure and lacquer-like pigment for the purpose of isolating and communicating form. But neither are these icons Oriental. While it has been alleged that their dominant color scale is "to be matched in Chinese, Korean, and Persian ceramics," it is evident that the particular shades and combinations of color are distinctive. Besides, it has recently been established by the head of the Restoration Workshop in Moscow that, far from being the result of abstract ideals and definite types of artistic taste, the recurrent harmonies are directly borrowed from the landscapes amid which the paintings were made.

Hence, while this collection does not represent all Russian icon painting—the present writer remembers seeing, in Cologne in the summer of 1929, an impressive loan exhibit of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century images manifestly produced under the influence of Western classicism—its communication of a single, constant root is none the less overpoweringly persuasive. From the first moment of reception one feels Russia herself about one in all her peculiarity: not medieval Russia nor present-day Russia, but the inveterate reality from which sovietism logically developed. Amid these objects of worship we are deep in a world aboriginally communistic, inherently indifferent to the individual, consistently placing greatest worth on the collective life. It comes to us directly, through the manner, the spirit, of this art. One knows it, strangely enough, in the pervasive sense of unearthliness and disembodied spirituality. Indications of volume and tri-dimensionality meet us. But this art is flat; hot of blood but bare of the grand tactility and materiality of the chief Italian primitives—Giotto, for great example; without the very reverent but none the less massive palpation of the flesh. There is organization, but little of Massaccio's dynamic movement. All is staticity, supernaturalism, ideality.

One knows it again in other absences of the pagan affirmation of the world. The slender forms of the expiring Saviors in these icons are infinitely warm, tender, compassionate: their sacrifice for the sake of man's guilty soul is profoundly felt. But the passionate, almost fierce embrace as of all nature, all creation, expressed in the massive expansive form of the crucified on Nicolo Pisano's baptistry pulpit, say, is lacking. Perhaps it is mere Italian melodrama we miss; still, the possibility is slight. A distinct feeling of resignation flows from all the figures, supernormal virgins, archangels, and saints. Weary, knowing, pitiful, the heavenly host have no power over this world. Life is suffering; the passions are brutal. Gravely admonitory, they move the heart to gentleness, worship, humility. The strong traditionalism reinforces the lesson of the flatness, staticity, resignation. Types of form and expression are repeated through the centuries. Experiment is evident, but not abundantly.

Our intuitions are not awry. These traits are really indicative of the fact that the hidden form-giver of this body of art, the unconscious agent of variation from the cast and manner of Italian primitive painting, is to a great extent an appreciation of mutual adjustment and a depreciation of individual adaptation. Fantastic as it may appear, the tactility of the forms in a work of art does indeed constitute an exaltation of the individual will; material touch, direct contact, apparently being the basis of individual adjustment. The broad materiality of Western art, the fierce sympathy with the whole of creation implied in it, actually sanctions the demonic as well as the altruistic elements of the personality, accepting them as agents of a greater good. Conversely, the immateriality and remoteness of forms would seem to reject the individual will, exalting mutual functions and desires; the spirit of resignation, of forbearance, of compassion preparing the road for selflessness, tenderness, and the other social feelings. So, too, traditionalism, and the authority of the priests and elders of the tribe. And while it is probable that the artists themselves were unaware of the bearing of their techniques, it is perfectly conceivable that the spirit of their communities unconsciously dictated their choices.

Let no one think the one civilization merely pagan, and the other religious. Both, it cannot be doubted, flow from the dictations of necessity. The first evidently is the order of littoral, scattered, primitively piratical, latterly trading populations dependent for survival upon individual initiative, like the Ionian Greeks, the medieval Italians, the Hanseatic people, the seventeenth-century Dutch and English. The second must be counted that of continental, pastoral, agricultural populations grouped and herded by the communal nature of their wealth. Possibly the one is essentially Protestant, the other essentially Catholic. In either case, both represent the results of the adjustment of religion to vital needs. And while no community can survive holding exclusively to the one or the other order, the attitude accented is of greatest significance.

Hence the ease with which communism established itself in Russia. Hence, too, the peregrination of these symbols out of Russia and their present appearance among us. They come as affirmations of order, as challenges to an uncomprehending world. Doing so, they reveal much of the Soviets' attitude toward abstract work, art, and symbolic expressions of all kinds.

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There has been much confusion about this matter in this cou try, due not a little, we suspect, to the sorry personal mudd of Michael Gold. We have been told of Soviet hostility t pure and abstract expression, even to pure science and math matics. There is no doubt that Lenin had an undevelope understanding of the symbol, and very bourgeois tastes in ar and most of his successors have had little more comprehensio of the immense practical importance of the product of th abstract search for value and reality than their fellows in othe European and American government offices. Not only th artists, but the research workers in Russian physical labora tories as well, are said to find it difficult to get support in thei apparently non-utilitarian labors. But through this collection o wonderfully preserved symbols of value and faith, and object of excellent workmanship and quality, we get the clear sens that what the Soviets are beginning to look for is the symbol of their own order: the present Russia evolved from the pas And finding us at a time of pretty confusion about the America order, it adds another to the many vivid challenges they hav given us.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

Rosalba and Virginio

ELINOR WYLIE'S fragile and frost-blown romance "The Venetian Glass Nephew" (Vanderbilt Theater) has been set to music and adapted to the stage. Ruth Hale has dramatized it, and out of that dramatization Eugene Bonner has made what he calls a "little opera." The most significant criticism of it I can give I must borrow from two unknown ladies who sat behind me, having strayed somehow into this theater rather than into any other, from Chaplin to the Chinese. During a change of scene one of them said: "Queer thing, isn't it?" The other replied: "Yes—but see here. The program says it is based on a novel." "Oh." Both of them then sank back in resignation to watch a spectacle which neither hoped to understand. Neither had read the novel, so neither understood the opera. Nor was there any possibility that either should. The opera was difficult enough to understand for one who five years ago had read Mrs. Wylie's tale of Rosalba and her frangible white lover, and who remembered it as something rather to be admired, perhaps, than to be believed. For there was that about Elinor Wylie's work, whether prose or verse. If one did not admire it, if one did not find perfection of some sort in it, then there was nothing in it at all.

So a dramatization of "The Venetian Glass Nephew" would have either to be perfect or to fail utterly. The performance of which I speak was far from perfect. Of the music I can say little, except that it was tuneful and that it seemed to me much the best thing about the whole business. But of the rest I am bound to report that the dramatization missed every opportunity to be dramatic; that the acting—save for George Houston's as Casanova and, in lesser degree, Raymond Huntley's as Angelo Querini—was hesitant, indeed was almost palsied; that the pace throughout was sluggish; that in a word the illusion was not there. Without this illusion there could be no belief, and so no delight. Mrs. Wylie supplied the illusion in her book by supplying a constant glittering purity of style. With wonderful spirit she carried the thing off, stiffening us at once into an attitude respectful of her art and running the sentences of her text swiftly into one another much as water, one may imagine, runs in among the particles of sand and soda when glass is made. We could believe that tale. We cannot believe this spectacle, which lacks

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Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, Thurs. eve., Mar. 5; (Stravinsky, Symphonie de Psaumes; Honegger, First Symphony); Sat. aft., Mar. 7 (Stravinsky, Symphonie de Psaumes; Hill, Second Symphony); Fri. eve., Mar. 6, Brooklyn Academy of Music.
Hans Lange String Quartet, Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. eve., Mar. 6.
Friends of Music, Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. aft., Mar. 8 (Bach, St. John Passion).
Georges Barrere, Flutist, Brooklyn Academy of Music, Sun. aft., Mar. 8.
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LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS

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even the sort of style which would make it credible in its own terms. Miss Hale kept the original language wherever she could, and that was fine—particularly when it came from the lips of Mr. Houston. But when Mary Silveira, who played Rosalba, walked out of the furnace at Versailles which supposedly had converted her into a porcelain wife to match her brittle husband, I could not see that she was any different from what she had been before she walked in. There was no music, no lighting, no pantomime, no style to tell us that she was.

Have you seen Ogu? He is an Indian in "The Great Barrington," a play at the Avon Theater which is so thoroughly bad that it is funny—but not funny enough, I fear, to last long enough for you to get there before Ogu is forever gone. Ogu is the funniest thing about the play, which Franklin Russell wrote with some intention unknown to me. The moral of the piece seems to be that we should not lean too heavily on our ancestors, who may, like the seventeenth-century Barringtons and Van Doorns here, have been lecherous liars and murdering braggarts. The twentieth-century Barringtons and Van Doorns are not aware of all this, and so come in for some ponderous blows from Mr. Russell's club, which he labels irony. His fancy, which weighs approximately ten tons, moves two sets of persons, one seventeenth-century and one twentieth-century, simultaneously about the stage, which fairly creaks with so much labor. But his inspiration was Ogu, who ogles a Dutch maid named Phoebe as no maid has ever been ogled, I am sure—saying it all, too, in four words which he repeats and repeats: "Ogu want Phoebe NOW." I thoroughly enjoyed the play, burlesquing it for myself as it went along. If those responsible for it would only call in George M. Cohan to burlesque it for us they might bring down the town. Otto Kruger as the Great Barrington is just as noisy as he needs to be.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR
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RECENT WASHINGTON DISPATCHES declare that "Secretary of State Stimson has decided to make a special study of Russian affairs, and because of the importance of the subject will probably place the direction of this study in the hands of an Assistant Secretary of State." Just why the State Department should suddenly become so seriously concerned with the Russian problem appears at first glance somewhat mystifying. The Secretary's action does not, of course, mean that the United States is about to recognize the Soviet regime. That, in the opinion of most American officials, could not be done without a marked loss of prestige, and it is certain that the present Administration has neither the intention nor the graciousness to swallow its pride to this extent. It is more likely that we shall find Mr. Stimson's decision to have been inspired by a growing conviction that the Russian Five-Year Plan is succeeding and that Russia must be reckoned with in world affairs. In other words, the Communist experiment is no longer being pointed to as a fantastic dream; it is at last being taken with that seriousness which is its due, and here and there individuals and governments are finally beginning to consider ways and means of dealing with successful communism as a challenge to capitalist economy. We do not know where Mr. Stimson's study will lead him, but if it results in the adoption of a more intelligent attitude toward Russia and serves to turn American criticism upon the weaknesses in our own system as well, it may go down in history as a major achievement of the Hoover Administration.

THE FEELING that the capitalist world must reconsider its own economic position is not confined to the United States alone. Through the past several months this question has been increasingly agitated in the conservative press of Canada and Europe. Unfortunately, however, the agitation has thus far produced little of tangible value, if we agree that the renewed belligerency being displayed toward Moscow is not conducive to an improvement in international economic relations. Canada, for example, has barred virtually all Russian goods that compete with Canadian products. Numerous British financiers, industrialists, and politicians, including Lord Brentford and Winston Churchill, want England to follow suit. France and other European countries had previously laid down embargoes or adopted tariff regulations designed to hamper Russian trade. On the other hand, the directors of the International Bank at Basel have concluded that they must explore the problem of how the banking interests of the world may best meet the new Russian competition, and they are apparently about to do this in conjunction with a discussion of the world-wide economic depression. A fair examination of both problems should go far toward revealing the impracticability of attempting to shut Russia out of the world economic picture. In Germany there appears to be a positive desire not only to improve trade relations with Russia, but also to strengthen capitalist economy so as to enable it to meet Communist competition. The German debate has not been directed by the Marxians or other enemies of capitalism, but by the heavy industrialists and by such conservative organs as the *Deutsche Bergwerks Zeitung*. Their speeches and editorials make clear their belief that capitalism, as well as communism, is on trial.

SECRET DIPLOMACY by itself is bad enough, but it becomes a good deal worse when it is harnessed to publicity stunts, resounding political declamations, and speculation and dust-throwing in the daily press. The Franco-Italian naval agreement is the latest instance in point. After some days spent in hurrying from London to Paris for an interview with M. Briand arranged by telephone, conversing at high speed at the French Foreign Office, catching the next train for Rome to converse some more with Signor Grandi and Premier Mussolini, and hastening back to Paris to make sure that France would accept what Italy had agreed to, Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, announced that the controversy between Italy and France had been patched up and that those Powers would shortly adhere to the London naval treaty. Nothing of the terms of the agreement, however, was divulged, and the newspaper correspondents were left to create hypothetical terms out of hints, speculation, and the mistakes of the past. Now, it appears, the agreement is not so perfect as the world was given to understand; not so perfect, at least, as to keep Great Britain from fearing that its own naval position has been jeopardized and that France has conceded less than was supposed. Mr. Stimson will be right in withholding further comment upon the agreement until he learns exactly what the United States is expected to approve, and in insisting that the terms of the London treaty be strictly adhered to.

WHEN THE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS and the Nationalists walked out of the German Reichstag, relief was expressed by the government leaders. It was felt that with these obstructionists absenting themselves the government parties could go ahead with their financial and social-reform program unhampered by a dangerously large opposition. The National Socialists announced that they would "go to the country" in their own fashion with their program, call thousands of mass-meetings, and thus arouse the people against the present government; but so far nothing seems to have come of this plan. Now, however, the strategy of the fascist walkout is becoming apparent. Berlin cablegrams report that whereas the heterogeneous groups making up the Brüning coalition had heretofore been kept together by a common fear of "the demagogic Nationalist opposition," with the removal of this opposition the natural antagonisms existing among the government factions are coming to the surface. The Landbund, representing the Junkers of eastern Germany, is said to be drifting toward open warfare with Brüning. The Social Democrats are reported "becoming ever more restive under the yoke of supporting the government." The trade unions, backbone of Socialist strength for many years, are showing increasing dissatisfaction with Brüning's rule and with Socialist support of his government. In the recent Brunswick elections the Socialist vote decreased by 20,000 compared with the national elections in September, a goodly part of these voters going over to the Communists. Hence one result of the withdrawal appears to have been an increase in dissension among the enemies of fascism—a result that can profit only the fascists themselves.

CHAIRMAN JOHN J. RASKOB of the Democratic National Committee has at the same time revealed the weakness of the Democratic party and the strength of its present management. The meeting of the committee conducted by him in Washington the other day was probably arranged with this purpose in mind. By precipitating a row over prohibition eighteen months in advance of the national convention Mr. Raskob has most likely averted an even worse controversy, which, had it been postponed until then, might have split the convention and the party. Instead, he has brought out into the open the seriousness of this cleavage between the two major wings of the Democratic organization, and it is reasonable to suppose that those leaders of the party on both sides of the prohibition fence who are anxious to press to the utmost the unusual chances of success that they will have in 1932 will use the intervening months to work out some sort of compromise acceptable to wets and drys alike before the convention meets. Whether or not they can do this appears to depend upon the willingness of the South and West to accept two more years of Mr. Raskob's rule along with the prohibition compromise. Should he and his wet friends of the East be forced out of the party management before or during the convention, it would almost compel the Democrats to take a positively dry stand. Such action could, of course, have but one result: loss of the East and of the chances of a national Democratic victory.

IT IS HARD to be patient with the President's veto of the Wagner employment-exchange bill. The measure would not help, but rather would do harm in the present crisis, we are told. (We are glad at least to have an admission that there is a crisis.) As it is not emergency legislation, the matter demands more consideration; therefore we will do nothing now. Of course it is not emergency legislation; the bill is a carefully wrought measure, approved by most expert students, designed to embody the first steps in a permanent policy specially adapted to American conditions. Why has not the Administration come forward with a real plan of its own, if the Wagner scheme is bad? It has had years in which to do it. Does Mr. Hoover expect us to "consider" forever? Anything to prevent action, seems to be his motto. As for Secretary Doak, his action is beneath contempt. For years as labor lobbyist he supported the Wagner bills. Elevated to the Cabinet, he becomes absolute yes-man to the President, and after vainly trying to wreck the present measure by introducing an eleventh-hour substitute measure, signs his name to the President's argument against this bill he long supported. The American people, millions of them out of a job, ought to note the kind of leadership President Hoover gives them in this crisis, and to scrutinize sharply his use of facts. Senator Wagner, Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins, who last spring convicted the Administration of misuse of unemployment figures, Mary Van Kleeck, Paul U. Kellogg, and John B. Andrews all call attention to shocking inaccuracies of fact and inference in the veto message.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S DEFENSE of the Bethlehem Steel Company's bonus system, recently attacked in a court action, raises interesting questions about the relation of work and pay in present-day America. Twenty Bethlehem executives get fixed salaries ranging from $6,000 to $12,000 a year; one receives $3,000. Most of their pay comes in bonuses. E. G. Grace, the president, gets a salary of $12,000, and his bonuses over a period of seventeen years have averaged $814,993. Seven other men have had bonuses ranging from $108,000 to $230,000 on the average and twelve have received from $14,000 to $76,000. Mr. Schwab stoutly defends this system of payment by results, as he calls it, pointing out that the administrative, selling, and general expense of Bethlehem has averaged only 3.24 per cent of gross earnings over a six-year period, while the figure for United States Steel is 3.84 per cent and for Youngstown 4.06 per cent. Mr. Schwab is doubtless right in asserting that "the right man may well be worth $1,000,000 a year and more" to a big company; but only a perverted psychology would assert that it was inherently necessary to pay him any such sum in order to get the best out of him. It may be necessary in a society where money is the only proof of success, but business is in great need of moving forward to the stage attained by some of the professions, where success is measured not solely or even chiefly by financial return, but by eminence in the performance of function. A reduction in the money rewards of business success, indeed, might result in a higher social esteem for the business man, even if in fewer million-dollar bonuses.

TRANSFER TO THE STATES of what is left of the federal public domain, except such lands as may be reserved for national defense, reclamation purposes, reservoir sites, national forests, parks, monuments, and refuges for migratory birds, is recommended by Mr. Hoover's commission on the conservation and administration of the public domain. The area of unreserved and unappropriated public land covered by the recommendation aggregated on June 30, 1930, 178,979,446 acres scattered over seventeen States. The transfers are to be made only where the State legislatures vote to accept them, but when so accepted the lands will be subject to sale, lease, or other disposition, provided only that sales shall be made at public auction and that subsurface minerals shall be reserved. This latter reservation is made in order to fit in with the commission's proposal of a general policy for the conservation of mineral resources in which the federal and State governments are to cooperate. The commission believes that the States are "conscious of the value" of conservation. Perhaps they are, but in any contest between a State and private or corporate interests over the control of oil or other deposits the State is pretty certain to lose. The transfer plan is just as bad today as it was when Mr. Hoover and Secretary Wilbur championed it in the summer of 1929. It means that the landed wealth will probably be dissipated and conservation left with nothing to conserve.

THE TEACHERS UNION of New York is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. Organized in March, 1916, it was one of the locals of the American Federation of Teachers established two months later and affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The association of groups of teachers with the organized labor movement has been the occasion of much criticism; it is a fairly safe guess that opposition to the Teachers Union of New York has rested far more largely on its consistently progressive educational and social program. Courageously opposing the unlamented Lusk bills during the hysterical period just after the war, the union has likewise opposed attempts to introduce military training into the school system, has persistently fought against political control of the public schools, and has attacked discrimination against teachers on the ground of race or of political or economic views. It has been of service in forwarding programs of experimental education, and has sought to maintain the highest professional standards in teaching. The dislike of school administrators for trade unionism among teachers is understandable enough, but we believe that the close association of teachers with labor groups is a wholesome thing, and there is no question of the value of independent criticism of the educational machine from within the system itself. The record of the Teachers Union during its fifteen stormy years is an honorable one, and gives hope of its enlarged usefulness during the next fifteen years.

A YOUNG MAN walked into a police station in Memphis, Tennessee, on February 21 and asked three questions: "Do you know of any Communist organization operating in Memphis? Is there any headquarters here for Communist propaganda? If so, where is it?" For this crime he was immediately and forthwith taken into custody, questioned, locked up and held incomunicado for thirty-six hours, and made to stand in the police "show-up" on Monday morning. This story, however, has a happy ending. It appears that the young man, Henry R. Fuller by name, was not without friends in Memphis. He is an honor graduate of the University of North Carolina, a salesman for Houghton Mifflin Company, and, best of all, the great-grandson of Tennessee's first great man, Governor John Sevier. All this, when some thoughtful person brought it to the attention of the commissioner of police, made that official very, very polite to Mr. Fuller and occasioned his speedy release. Certain intellectuals and prominent citizens and the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* have displayed considerable agitation and chagrin over the affair; Mr. Fuller has even been advised to bring suit against the city of Memphis. But Police Commissioner Davis has a very simple explanation to make: "Of course," he said, "when he came in and wanted Communist headquarters, they locked him up." The *Press-Scimitar* comments: "Don't ask the policeman where the pesthouse is or he is likely to arrest you on a charge of having the smallpox."

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL recently committed suicide out of shame and chagrin. She was the daughter of a woman who had been strangled a few days earlier in New York City, just as she was about to offer herself as a witness in the inquiry into vice conditions being conducted by Justice Seabury. It is reported that the daughter could not bear the stories she read in "the more sensational newspapers" about her mother's career. This vividly recalls Louis Weitzenkorn's play "Five-Star Final," now in its third month in New York. Mr. Weitzenkorn directs his lance at the tabloids for dragging into print for purposes of circulation the intimate details of the life of a woman with a "past," who is now living a quite ordinary and respectable life. In the play the woman and her husband are driven to suicide, just as the schoolgirl was in fact. The cases are not strictly parallel, of course. Mr. Weitzenkorn's play deals with matters of purely private concern; the Gordon case is part of a public matter of the highest importance, namely, the partnership of courts and police with vice and crime. None the less, the handling of this case, even by the high-class newspapers, indicates once more the disagreeable fact that sensational scandal news is a circulation-getter. Incidentally, it is an interesting commentary on the people of New York that the man chosen by them for mayor with the largest plurality in the city's history, at this point in the vice scandals is about to take a month's vacation. Mr. Walker, however, expresses himself as being "more or less shocked" by the disclosures daily being made. That, we suppose, is something.

IN THE ISSUE of *The Nation* for February 18 it was stated on the authority of the Berlin *Tagebuch* that the *Frankfurter Zeitung* had recently disposed "of a large part of its stock to the German dye trust." The New York representative of this newspaper has informed us that the statement "does not correspond with the facts." He cited a denial of this report published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in which it was asserted that the majority of the capital stock is still held by the Simon-Sonnemann family, and that not a single share "is to be found in the hands of the I. G. Farbenindustrie [German dye trust] or any other industrial company."

Two Years of Hoover

BACK in 1928 we were assured in many quarters that Herbert Hoover would never amount to much as a politician, but that as President he would outshine most, if not all, of his thirty predecessors. He was to be the great scientific executive, the engineer President; his intellect would solve our social and economic problems in a manner decisive and just, and far beyond the mental or moral capacity of our political office-holders. We were to have an intelligently liberal government unfettered by petty politics. Hundreds of speakers and writers promised us "four more years of prosperity," and even Mr. Hoover himself declared that "given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." A perfect President Mr. Hoover was to be, a politician never. Two years of his benevolent rule have, however, proved the reverse to be nearer the truth. Herbert Hoover has revealed himself as sadly unfitted for the high office he occupies; his widely advertised intelligence and courage have failed him; he has spent twenty-four months trying to play the kind of politics necessary to win him reelection in 1932.

Mr. Hoover's record on the tariff question affords one example of his tendency to desert his avowed principles when he deems it politically expedient to do so. He called the Seventy-first Congress into early session in 1929 for the announced purpose of revising the tariff in order to aid the farmer. Earlier he had declared that what he desired was a scientific tariff; his extra-session call asked for limited revision. Yet he sat idly by, not once lifting his voice in defense of his original position, while Senator Grundy, with the able assistance of Senators Smoot, Reed, Bingham, and others, maneuvered Congress into accepting the highest tariff rates in the history of the country.

It is in connection with the economic depression, however, that Mr. Hoover's record is most discouraging. Immediately after the stock-market crash the Engineering Mind swung into action to prevent the Wall Street collapse from turning into a nation-wide tragedy. On November 15, 1929, he announced:

> I have, during the past week, engaged in numerous conferences with important business leaders and public officials with a view to the coordination of business and governmental agencies in concerted action for continued business progress. I am calling for the middle of next week a small preliminary conference of representatives of industry, agriculture, and labor to meet with the Secretaries of the Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor, together with the chairman of the Federal Farm Board, to develop certain definite steps.

Other conferences were held at the White House; there were promises that wages would be maintained at the levels then obtaining, that unemployment would be checked, and that prosperity would be restored in short order. Two weeks later in his message to Congress Mr. Hoover said he was "convinced that through these measures we have reestablished confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment and suffering which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented." Somehow or other the magic of words failed to meet the emergency. It was necessary to repeat them again and again throughout 1930. In another place in this issue *The Nation* publishes one of the many Hoover statements of the year. The flow of words (Mr. Hoover's substitute for concrete and intelligent action) continued until December of last year, when the President apparently washed his hands of the whole business by declaring in his second annual message that "economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action or executive pronouncement. Economic wounds must be healed by the action of the cells of the economic body—the producers and consumers themselves."

Unfortunately, there were certain men in Congress who disagreed with Mr. Hoover in his contention that the organized state has no responsibility to the individual members of the state. They insisted that the government should bear its full share of responsibility in the economic crisis, and they were rewarded for their honesty by being accused of "playing politics at the expense of human misery." After the long and disgraceful fight over the use of government funds for the relief of the unemployed and the drought victims, Mr. Hoover's views finally prevailed, not because they were wise and just, for that they most certainly were not, but because he had the prestige of official position, which he employed to bring public opinion as expressed by the daily press to his side, and because he had learned a great deal about politics in his twenty months in the White House.

Mr. Hoover's political and economic philosophy is one of extreme individualism, one might almost say of anarchy. Society as a whole has no privileges or rights; government is but an umpire; only the strongest individuals are important, and it is to them the honors must go. Thus spoke Mr. Hoover in his King's Mountain speech of October 7 last, and thus he has spoken many times before and since. It is a philosophy that would do credit to a Jay Cooke or a Morgan the Elder, or even to a Proudhon the anarchist. It explains the President's bitter opposition to the Muscle Shoals plan, to the government's feeding the hungry and clothing the needy, and to all similar proposals to have the state help its members collectively in any way that might impinge upon the privileges of a few of them as individuals.

It is too early to inquire into the effect upon his political fortunes of Mr. Hoover's record to date. It appears that he has recently strengthened rather than weakened his chances of reelection in 1932. His tariff stand, his veto of the veterans'-loan measure, the Muscle Shoals bill, and the Wagner employment-exchange bill, his position on railway consolidation, and his extravagant defense of the Treasury (meaning, of course, the wealthier taxpayers) against Congressional raids have enhanced his standing with the industrialists and financiers who actually control national politics in this country. And he can always lead the voters away from a too critical scrutiny of his domestic record by pointing to the much-advertised London naval treaty and his other activities in the foreign field.

The Muscle Shoals Veto

DISAPPOINTED though we are at the loss of the Muscle Shoals bill, we are glad to see the President in his veto message raise a fundamental issue concerning public operation. On that issue, we believe, he is absolutely wrong. We are none the less grateful to him for making the issue clear and inviting public judgment.

His examination of the engineering and financial aspects of the project we do not find at all convincing. It is easy to set up figures. Estimating the total value of the old property for the electrical project at $42,000,000 and the new capital required at $85,000,000, a total of $127,000,000, Mr. Hoover figures interest and amortization at nearly $7,000,000 a year, with operating and maintenance costs bringing the total annual expense up to $9,145,000, or a cost of 9.1 mills per kilowatt hour for production and distribution of power on an estimated salable output of 1,000,000,000 kilowatt hours per year. Selling this output at the 7.2 mill rate realized by the private companies in this district, the President is able to figure out an eminently satisfactory loss of at least $2,000,000 a year as the inevitable result of public operation. With all deference we submit that Mr. Hoover's public use of figures during the two years of his Presidency has unfortunately not been such as to command instant confidence. Furthermore, a great capital was irrevocably sunk at Muscle Shoals in pursuance of war purposes, and the accounting is materially affected thereby. Without entering upon detailed criticism, we simply remind our readers, by contrast with the President's figures, of the army engineers' report cited by Senator Black, estimating the total cost of producing Muscle Shoals power at 1.36 mills a kilowatt hour and that of distribution within 350 miles at 4.16 mills—a total of 5.52 mills. Senator Norris points out that with the completion of the Cove Creek dam the actual cost of production would be below one mill. (On power used locally—for example, in producing fertilizers—there would of course be no transmission cost.) We forbear to figure on the President's alternative proposal to turn the plant as it stands over to Alabama and Tennessee for lease, though we could, with a little ingenuity, calculate an annual loss to Uncle Sam for interest and amortization under it at either $2,300,000 or $6,000,000, as happened best to suit our fancy.

The real issue, the President says, is "federal government ownership and operation of power and manufacturing business not as a minor by-product but as a major purpose." With regard to power, we believe this statement to be strictly accurate, though we realize that Senator Norris does not see the question in this light. We are glad to have the issue squarely presented. For the government to enter on such an undertaking, we learn, "is to break down the initiative and enterprise of the American people; it is destruction of equality of opportunity among our people; it is the negation of the ideals upon which our civilization has been based." Here we disagree flatly. We do not concede that American civilization is and must be essentially a hard-fisted, hard-headed, hard-hearted grabbing for gain. That appears to be the President's conception, for he is "firmly opposed to the government entering into any business the main purpose of which is competition with our citizens." But the primary purpose of government operation of Muscle Shoals would be, not to compete with citizens, but to furnish them with cheap power and fertilizers. Despite Mr. Hoover, we insist that that is a perfectly legitimate and desirable end of government activity, and an end more important than maintaining the existing profits of private power companies.

Power, the President insists, must be furnished by private enterprise alone. But it can be provided economically only by linking power units into great unified systems, whereupon that competition of citizens so dear to the President becomes a vain and imaginary thing. This fact he recognizes himself; for instead of appealing to competition he declares that the remedy for abuses in the power industry lies in regulation by State and federal authority. Again we believe he is wrong. Experience indicates with increasing clearness that regulation does not and will not cure the abuses of the power business, because the companies, with their great wealth and immensely valuable privileges, constantly manage, in the unashamed pursuit of profits, to circumvent or control the regulating authorities. Witness the Federal Power Commission itself. We entertain no illusion as to the ease of getting efficient and economical public administration of power systems, but we can no longer cherish the romantic idea of satisfactory control of private companies through regulatory commissions. Behind the Muscle Shoals fight lie two conceptions of the American government—the President's view that it is simply a referee to see that the rules of a contest among its citizens are observed, and the contrasted belief that it is, and increasingly is to be, an agency of public service. Over that issue we shall continue to wage war on the President.

Progress in India

THE agreement between Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi which brings at least a temporary peace to India after a year of intense and bitter strife seems to us to constitute a firm beginning toward a solution of the British-Indian dilemma. By the terms of the agreement, the civil-disobedience campaign is to be called off and all prisoners not charged with violence are to be released, while repressive measures promulgated in connection with the campaign are to be withdrawn. Non-payment of land taxes is to cease and confiscated property is to be returned except when it is no longer in the possession of the government. It is intimated that the government will facilitate the recovery of property if it is found to have been illegally disposed of. The boycott against British goods as such "as a political weapon" is abandoned by the Congress Party, but encouragement of Indian industries as part of an economic and industrial movement designed to improve the material condition of India is approved by the government, and the discouragement by lawful means, that is, unaggressive picketing, of consumption of intoxicating liquor and drugs will not be interfered with. While the government refused to abandon the salt monopoly and the salt tax, it agrees to permit local residents in villages immediately adjoining areas where salt can be collected or made, to collect and make salt for domestic consumption or sale within such villages. With regard to Mr. Gandhi's demand for a public inquiry into the conduct of the police, the words of the agreement are worth quoting as an example of the conciliatory tone in which delicate questions are handled.

> Mr. Gandhi has drawn the attention of the government to specific allegations against the conduct of the police, and has represented the desirability of a public inquiry into them. In the present circumstances the government sees great difficulty in this course and feels it must inevitably lead to charges and counter-charges which would militate against the reestablishment of peace. Having regard for these considerations, Mr. Gandhi has agreed not to press the matter.

The agreement, which is expressly confined to activities directly connected with the civil-disobedience movement, does not go into the matter of the constitution but provides for a round-table conference on that question at which the Congress Party shall be represented and which is referred to in Paragraph 2 of the agreement as follows:

> As regards constitutional questions, the scope of future discussions is stated with the assent of His Majesty's government to have as its object consideration of a further scheme for constitutional government in India, to be discussed at a round-table conference. Of the scheme outlined federation is an essential part. So also are Indian responsibilities, and reservations or safeguards in the interests of India for such matters as, for instance, defense, external affairs, the position of minorities, the financial credits of India, and the discharge of obligations.

It would seem from the foregoing that the principle of federation is the only finality which will be carried over from the first round-table conference to the second. Logically, the left wing of the Congress Party, urging complete and immediate independence, will find obnoxious Mr. Gandhi's indicated admission of safeguards and reservations even as subjects for discussion. Yet Jawaharlal Nehru has approved the agreement. We shall probably know better the meaning of the paragraph and of Mr. Gandhi's position after the party meeting at Karachi. Meanwhile, we feel inclined to say with Tagore, "Let me believe in his [Gandhi's] firmness, not my doubts."

Certainly his statement, issued after the agreement had been signed, declaring that "I must confess that what seems to have been yielded by them [the British] to India at the London conference is not even half enough" is indication enough that all the decisions and many of the difficulties are still ahead. But at least some of the difficulties have been left behind. For the first time the two dominant forces in this struggle—the British government and the Congress Party—have met; they have met on the real battleground—not London but India itself. In words, at least, Britain, through Lord Irwin, has made important concessions. If it proves to be actually so, it will indicate that India has demonstrated to British business men in India if not to the Empire-savers in London that it can take away a great market which Britain cannot afford to lose. Only a romantic Tory like Winston Churchill, and least of all a business man with money to lose, can see the logic of saving the name of empire at the price of losing its economic substance. What the new Indian conference will bring forth no one can tell. It may mean deadlock and a resumption of civil disobedience. But at least it will mean that the real combatants will meet. And that is a step forward.

Can America Play?

THE National Recreation Association on April 12 celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. In that time organized play in America has grown from a total of forty-one cities which could report public playgrounds to nearly a thousand communities which conduct some form of public recreation. The association's annual income has grown from $7,700 to $427,000; its membership from 408 to 14,538. At its beginning funds for public recreation were raised by tag days, by bazaars, by public subscriptions; these funds now come honestly and properly from taxation. It has spread from a group of children's playgrounds, voluntarily administered, to recreational activities that include playgrounds, athletic fields, parks, swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, and camps, in the main under municipal auspices.

It should not be necessary to stress the importance of this movement. In the cities, where the majority of Americans now live, recreation ranges all the way from the movies, the dance halls, the skating rinks, and the soft-drink parlors to the gambling houses and speakeasies. Each of these enterprises is privately operated for gain. Neither the health of the mind nor that of the body is considered; in many cases the age of the participant is not considered either. It is a familiar sight in any town or city, during summer vacations and after school hours, to see a queue of children at the movie houses, waiting to be "taken in" by some good-natured adult, since children under sixteen are not supposed to be admitted without adult companions. There can be no question of the relative merits, on the one hand, of the motion pictures, with their cheap melodrama, their insistence on sex, their vulgarity expressed even more plainly now by speech, and, on the other hand, of organized play. In large cities where space is at a very high premium, recreation for children is probably best connected with the schools. The Recreation Association has insisted on the need of building new schools in large free areas; sites permitting three to five acres of play space are favored for elementary schools; the standard for junior and senior high schools is ten to twenty acres.

The need for adult recreation, for adult, creative community activity, is no less pressing. Here the Recreation Association is striving—successfully in many places—not only for indoor and outdoor sports, but for handicrafts, dramatics, music under public auspices. The little-theater movement, which has given birth to as lusty an offspring as the Theater Guild, is a phase of the public recreation movement. Community choruses, popular in smaller cities and numerous throughout the country, are another. Public-health activities flourish under it. The removal of "keep-off-the-grass" signs from public parks and the metamorphosis of those parks from "scenery" to areas of free land which the public may enjoy is the result of organized recreational activities. Westchester County, New York, has one of the finest recreational centers in the country; Detroit, Minneapolis, Houston, Los Angeles, Cleveland deserve mention, with many others. Started with the encouragement of President Roosevelt in 1906, the Playground Association—now the National Recreation Association—has seen a public need, has gone a long way toward meeting it, and is now busily engaged in furthering and amplifying its activities.

Wanted: Another World Conference

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, February 18

EUROPEAN conference has followed upon European conference. And so many of them have ended in total failure or a flimsy pretense of success that people everywhere are cynical or disgusted, declaring that "they always end in talk." Fortunately there are exceptions to the record—first of all, the notable success of the late Indian conference, which achieved the apparently impossible, thanks to the courage, skill, and persistency of Ramsay MacDonald. But if there were no favorable precedents whatever, it would still seem to me that another conference ought to be called at the earliest possible moment.

What kind of conference? A conference among the heads of a small group of nations—Italy, the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium—for the purpose of examining immediately the actual situation in Europe and taking some steps to end the present world-wide economic crisis. Here again I hear dissent: Has there not just been an economic conference at Geneva, which gave to the press of the world an excellent statement of economic conditions, signed by twenty-seven nations? The answer is that this is not the time for statements, whether they are signed by twenty-seven nations or by all the nations on earth. What the hour calls for is *action,* and action before it is too late. As I have pointed out before in this correspondence, there is no time to be lost. This is, of course, not simply my own humble opinion. It is the deliberate judgment of the leading economists with whom I have talked in Germany and Austria this winter, and it is the opinion of a number of people whom I have seen here in England. And it must be a conference of heads of governments because it must be a gathering of men who can act, or can give reasonable assurances that their governments will be bound by whatever decisions are arrived at. That this makes the participation of the United States practically impossible is plain. Probably nothing on earth would induce Mr. Hoover to follow Mr. Wilson's precedent and cross the seas to attend such a meeting, even if he were to become aware of the gravity of the world situation, as he gives no sign of being today. He would undoubtedly have to send a substitute—woe betide should it be Mr. Stimson or Mr. Mellon—and whoever it might be would be handicapped by having to ascertain not only the opinions of Mr. Hoover, but perhaps even the wishes of the Senate. None the less, a conference is needed and needed badly, with or without the United States. Upon this point all thoughtful men here not in office agree.

The primary reason is, of course, that the present economic crisis is a world crisis. There are those here, like Maynard Keynes, who think that it may last as long as the economic depression which followed the Napoleonic wars. The world was an infinitely smaller entity then. It is a commonplace that the World War made us realize for the first time the world's present economic unity and the absolute dependence of one nation upon another. The crisis is driving this truth home with irresistible force: it seems impossible for America to return to its previous prosperity without Europe's complete restoration to economic health, while, conversely, everybody here feels that there can be no hope of overcoming the crisis on this side of the Atlantic until recovery is assured in America. Why should there not be a conference to deal with this unprecedentedly dangerous situation?

The minute one raises the question in official circles the obstacles are presented. What, it is asked, can Europe do if America will not move, since America holds the key to the whole situation—the golden key? What practical thing could such a conference achieve? Well, perhaps an agreement to reduce the tariffs which everywhere in Europe and in America hinder the progress of the world's trade as beaver dams block the flow of mountain streams. But the French are unyielding on the question of tariffs. What is the use? The answer is that the first advantage to be gained would be a psychological one. The entire business world of Europe would breathe anew if it learned that governmental heads were conferring upon emergency measures. In Germany especially, the summoning of Chancellor Brüning to such a conference would have immediate and far-reaching reactions. It would come at a happy moment, on top of his parliamentary successes and the relatively favorable action taken at Geneva upon Germany's anti-Polish protests. It would refute the arguments of the Hitlerites that the Chancellor is without influence in international affairs, and that nothing whatever is being done by him to improve Germany's international situation. To all this the doubters reply that if such a conference met and returned empty-handed the result would be far more discouraging than if it had never been called together. They overlook the fact that a free interchange of opinion between the heads of governments could not be other than valuable, even though the foreign ministers of the same countries met less than two weeks ago in Geneva.

Next comes the question of precedents—precedents are the joy of an office-holder when he cannot conjure up any other obstacle. It is explained that such a conference must have Briand in it to be successful, and you could not have Briand if other countries were represented by their prime ministers or chancellors. Nobody seems to want the attendance of Mussolini. I have already referred to the hampering American precedent. The others at least could be brushed aside. It is easy to prophesy that they will be brushed aside if the crisis becomes serious enough. But this question of America is more difficult. Onlookers here have been struck by the many signs of a changing public opinion in America. Bush, Hurley, Owen Young, Nicholas Murray Butler, Outerbridge, Warburg, Speyer, Wiggin—the list of those asking a reexamination of our relations to Europe is growing every day. Europeans are properly impressed by it. Naturally, they do not always understand that the bankers cited are under suspicion, first, because they are international and Wall Street bankers, and, secondly, because some of them have made loans to Germany and it is therefore felt that their advice is not unbiased—a consideration which cannot apply to Bush, Butler, or Outerbridge. But if responsible opinion is changing in the United States, the process is too slow to be really helpful. There is no time to wait, not even for a year, at the end of which time Mr. Hoover will be facing the question of his renomination and reelection. If the crisis in America continues to be as severe as it is now, or the recovery is extremely slow, the politicians will surely be much more ready to understand that they cannot hope for a return to normal times until America has helped to put Europe on its feet. Even then there will be the difficulty of forgiving debts when there is a large Treasury deficit, with the danger of an increase of income taxes clearly in the offing.

None the less, if things continue as they are in Europe, the day will come when Mr. Hoover, the politicians, the press, and the public will have squarely to face anew the question of reparations and debts, which Mr. Hoover, in his unhappy speech to the American Legion in Boston only last fall, declared to be an accomplished fact which no proper American would seek further to discuss or to reopen. The reason for this is that if things continue as they are, Germany will ask for her moratorium, to which she is entitled under the Young Plan, and the French and English will find themselves in an immediate quandary as to how they can continue to pay America when Germany ceases to pay them. If there is one thing which is keeping Philip Snowden awake at night it is surely the dread lest he suddenly hear that he must include in his extraordinarily difficult budget the amount of money for the United States which now automatically flows from Berlin to Washington by way of London. It would seem an impossible task to obtain this additional amount—£38,000,000—from the British taxpayer.

But what will the American government do if, after Germany defaults, the British and French refuse to go on with their payments? Mr. Hoover will certainly then discover that reparations and debts are after all not a finished fact, and that it will be quite in order for a loyal and patriotic American to discuss these questions, and even to take part in a conference which would not only consider them, but would see if something could be done about moving the mass of gold accumulated in the United States and France, and would deal with the question, among others, of leveling all tariffs. Let no one underestimate the seriousness of the situation which will arise if England and France also ask for a moratorium in their debt payments. That it will cause anger and bad blood in America there can be no doubt. To the average American who does not know what the real situation over here is, it will doubtless seem like wilful defaulting on a debt of honor—a poor reward, indeed, for the financial rescue of the Allies when they were bankrupt in 1917. All the more reason for the proposed conference, if it can do anything whatever to head off any such outburst of feeling in America, or at least prepare the public for what may prove to be the inevitable, and make it clear that *every consideration of self-interest* should make the American taxpayer eager to get rid of debts owed to him which are largely contributing to the terrible losses being inflicted in America by the present crisis, with its dreadful unemployment, poverty, suffering, and complete dislocation of our social and economic life.

Here in London the financial world is again opposed to the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer. A number of Germans in key positions have told me of their being strongly urged by British financiers to help in bringing about a moratorium by Germany. The London "City" wants the Germans to start the ball rolling by refusing further payments. The British financiers are united in their belief that this question of reparations and debts is at the bottom of the world crisis. They do not by any means believe that this is the only thing that is wrong with the financial world. Like the German financiers and statesmen with whom I have talked, they understand that there are numerous other causes at work. But they do firmly believe in the enormous psychological effect of a joint cancelation of debts, as well as the economic advantages. They are quite clear in their own minds that even the passage of German money through London to New York has its deleterious effect, and they want the whole problem tackled, and tackled quickly. I believe that they would unanimously stand behind the British Prime Minister if he should decide to call the conference herein suggested. More than that, important English organizations like the Quakers and the League of Nations Union are interesting themselves in this question. A committee of the Friends has been for some time past writing to the United States to let it be known among the Quakers there that the present situation is not to be trifled with, and that America should take the lead.

For one, I should not be afraid that any such conference as is here suggested could meet and adjourn without really accomplishing anything. It would be well worth while even if it merely discussed the question of the unhappy burden put upon Germany by the rise in the price of gold, which increases her debts between 10 and 30 per cent because of the dropping out, in the Young Plan, of the gold clause contained in the Dawes Plan. Should this injustice be done away with, Chancellor Brüning's position would be enormously strengthened. Such a conference would naturally first discuss economic questions, but it could not get very far in the consideration of these matters without touching upon the issues of war and peace in Europe. Europe cannot have that feeling of security necessary to a sound economic life until certain dangerous political symptoms are done away with. It is not surprising that European statesmen are as reluctant to tackle these problems as most American politicians are slow to study with open mind the question of the debt settlements. But here, too, the simple fact is that Europe cannot go on under these conditions and survive. It is not surprising that a Frenchman, Count Vladimir d'Ormesson, has just declared, in making his suggestion that half of Germany's debts be remitted, that the next two years will "decide the fate of Europe." It is a daily occurrence to meet men who see an entirely communized Europe within ten years if something is not done.

If this is so, then, obviously, everything ought to be tried, to prevent a catastrophe. Is it really true that Europe would be worse off if such a conference were called and came away without any concrete achievement? I do not think so. It should not meet with a definite program to be accomplished, but if, after meeting, its members went away unable to achieve anything in the face of the threat of oncoming disaster, then we should at any rate have gained the knowledge that European governments are once more bankrupt in statesmanship, that the men who now hold office are incompetent to govern in this emergency, and that the capitalist system is deservedly nearing its end.

Why Mothers Die

By MARY SUMNER BOYD

BY the failure of the Congress just ended to pass the Jones bill (S. 255), which would have revived the work for maternity and infancy discontinued by the Children's Bureau in 1929, the attention of the public is directed toward the large, unnecessary, and possibly increasing—certainly not in any year since 1900 decreasing—loss of mothers in childbirth. Though Dr. Livingston Farrand has called our annual loss of nearly 20,000 mothers an "outstanding American disgrace," the sacrifice of mothers is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. It is a world condition. The rate of the Near and Far East we cannot know, but it must be far above that of countries of European civilization. Among the latter, with the exception of the three in the Scandinavian group, there is none which loses less than 30 and few lose less than 40 mothers in 10,000 live births. This loss is from 50 to 85 per cent preventable. Among these countries, so far as we can compare international statistics, the United States appears to stand with Chile at the very head (or foot) of the list, with a mortality in 1929 of 70 in 10,000 live births, a rate which our own obstetricians tell us is 85 or even 90 per cent unnecessary.

The exact reason that the United States has this undesirable supremacy nobody knows, though we can conjecture some of the elements that enter into it. Our mixed blood and our foreign-born population have been suggested in explanation, but mixed blood has never been a physical detriment and the foreign-born have brought with them quite as good methods of maternity care as we ourselves offer. A truer guess based on race would be the effect of the Negro, for this frail and neglected race has throughout the Union a very much higher maternal mortality than the whites. Undoubtedly our vast distances, which often mean remoteness from any but ignorant neighbor help in such States as Montana (with a rate of 84 in 1929), increase the losses in those States and through them raise the national rate. But greatest of all factors, and this is not conjecture, is the effect of the native-born midwife, American mountain white, Mexican, and Negro, on the losses in all our Southern States.

The foreign midwife, with her long years of training, her many hundred student cases, her constant supervision by health authorities, and her contact with obstetrical specialists in case of emergencies, is one of the bright spots in foreign maternity care. She is responsible for the low rates of the Scandinavian countries and the figures, low in the 30's, of Finland, Italy, and Japan. But it is quite otherwise with our ignorant and benighted native product.

South Carolina in 1929 headed our list with 114 mothers dead in 10,000 live births. Louisiana and Alabama both had rates of 99, Florida and Georgia followed close behind, and the rest of the Southern States were all higher, most of them very much higher, than the average rate for the nation. Such figures as these must raise the average, especially as we have no very low figures to offset them. The rate for England—of which that country is deeply ashamed—was 44 in 1928, yet our proudest boast is Minnesota with 43, and we have only one other State in the 40's and only eleven of the forty-eight under 60. Until very recently the inadequacy of laws on matters touching maternity care and the laxness of public-health authorities in enforcing them have undoubtedly been elements of weakness in all States. Another element of weakness has been the neglect by health authorities of the immigrant, foreign-trained midwife whose standards and practice in her native country had been maintained by official public-health supervision. Possibly these facts are enough to explain why we stand in such a glaring and unenviable light, especially as we must add to them a general intensification, characteristic of our large-scale way of doing things, of those causes of maternal mortality which we share with all countries of like civilization.

The specific injuries recorded on death certificates of women who die in childbirth are the same and in the same order all over the world. First stands septicemia or puerperal fever, which in this country is responsible for about 40 per cent of the deaths; second, albuminuria with eclampsia, about 23 per cent; and, third, "other causes," a blanket group of emergencies, abnormalities, operative procedures, and the like, about 37 per cent. Only by a knowledge of the historical setting of maternity care can we understand why these injuries and diseases have been allowed to cause destruction on so large a scale, for our twentieth-century mortality is not an outgrowth, as some would have us believe, of modern conditions; it is a survival of an even larger death-rate which goes back to the time man first stood upright. For our purposes, as spiritual descendants of the Hebrews, our maternal mortality has a history which begins with the Book of Genesis, when it was made a matter of religious scruple to neglect the mother in childbed, since this was her deserved punishment. The Curse of Eve exercised the greatest influence on the Jewish mind, so great an influence that the men who wrote the Old Testament used it as the supreme curse, the type of suffering they would like to see inflicted on all the enemies of Jehovah. They made it a religious duty not to mitigate it in the case of woman, the original accursed one. This vengeful psychology we inherited, and even in our own day the curse of Eve has affected all maternity care. The last time it openly figured in medical literature under that title was in the middle of the last century, in opposition to the development of an obstetrical science which concerned itself with normal birth. Through certain religious influences, especially in remote or congested localities, where most mothers are confined, it still handicaps the physician at every turn.

In medicine itself its more gently entitled and more reasonable-sounding offspring has taken its place; this is the hypnotic slogan, repeated by the smiling family physician in the face of appalling figures of death and injury, that childbirth is merely a "physiological function" and nothing to worry about. It is safe to say that no obstetrical specialist any longer believes this; all know its dangers and are bitter in their denunciation of a practice based on it. Nevertheless, through the village doctor and the non-medical public, it is the principle on which is based the general practice of maternity care throughout the world. It is this attitude of mind which makes the public demand cheapness in the lying-in and which makes the care that is afforded cheap in every bad sense of the word.

We have our own native midwives as our distinctive illustration of this attitude, but the whole civilized world shares with us the example of the family doctor—a still greater problem because of the number of cases he handles—who builds his practice around his obstetrical cases and who learns his obstetrics on the bodies of his patients. In the United States in 1928, 112,000 general practitioners attended more than half—far more, probably two-thirds—of the two and a quarter million mothers who were confined. With what results? The death-rates of some of those States where there were no midwives to take the blame suggests the answer. In a year when the national rate was 64, the rate of four States with no midwives was 75, as against the relatively low rate of 59 for four States where foreign-trained midwives were in practice. Further evidence against the village doctor can be grouped around the two greatest single causes of death, septicemia and albuminuria, for which he has as great a responsibility, when we take the whole country into account, as has the ignorant and dirty midwife of the South. Her excuse is that she does not know, but he has no excuse, for throughout two generations all medicine has known that puerperal fever is a contagious disease whose spread can be prevented, and the methods of preventing albuminuria have been known for fifty years.

Yet the doctor described by Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose puerperal-fever cases "follow his footsteps with the keenness of a beagle through the streets and lanes of a crowded city," we have with us still. He is described by the late Dr. George C. Mosher as the physician "who comes from erysipelis or some other virulent infectious disease and does not even change his clothes or put on gloves to deliver the clean obstetric patient." Precautions he would automatically use for what surgery comes to him are not deemed necessary for the purely physiological function of birth. Yet septicemia is very largely preventable; handled with the same antiseptic precautions as surgery, it need never spread beyond the case of its origin.

A like responsibility lies on the family doctor for the prevalence of albuminuria. It too is almost 90 per cent preventable, and the means of prevention is prenatal care. In the intensive studies of maternal mortality in fifteen States now being carried on by the Children's Bureau and State medical societies the great majority of the women had received no supervision or utterly inadequate supervision during pregnancy. Prenatal care means visits to the doctor, and visits to the doctor cost money. Besides, pregnancy is a natural function and the doctor pays very little attention to it; truth to say he knows very little about it.

The doctor bears the blame for this, but the real responsibility does not lie with the individual. It rests on organized medicine for the neglect of the science of obstetrics, both in general and in particular, in the medical schools. Everywhere in the world obstetrics is "the blank page in the curriculum." Surgery and medicine absorb the teaching and clinical hours; obstetrics and the professor of obstetrics are despised and given the leavings. Though this is international, America leads the world; in foreign schools the teaching hours are approximately two of surgery for one of obstetrics, but with us the relation is four and a half to one. Yet the proportions of the use of his training made by the family doctor in his practice are 50 per cent medicine, 35 per cent obstetrics—including always the possibility of desperate emergencies—and 15 per cent (minor) surgery. A concrete picture of the inadequacy of obstetrical preparation is given by the Council of Medical Education of the American Medical Association. In its summing up at the end of 1929 the council reported that of 1,491 internes in approved teaching hospitals, 334 graduated without having delivered any women and 235 had not even observed deliveries; more than 200 had attended less than ten deliveries and only 70 had attended fifty or more. This is a startling contrast to the foreign-trained midwife with her minimum of 100 deliveries before graduation. Small wonder that the general practitioner does not think that obstetrics matters. His habit of mind has been formed in the medical school, where it is despised, derided, and neglected, and this habit of mind is fixed early in practice by the indifferent attitude of his patients and by their low estimate of the value of the mother's lying-in.

Most practitioners take their maternity cases with others as they fall in the day's work, but a few gradually set up without additional training as specialists in "baby cases." Most of these men carry with them to their work the same light-hearted standards of obstetrical practice, and in new and equally fatal ways they learn upon the bodies of their patients. They send them often to open hospitals where there is no segregation of maternity patients, few antiseptic precautions of other sorts, and no obstetrical supervision. Here, on the principle that in obstetrics one man is as good as another, they essay to carry out delicate operative procedures that require the specialist. This is largely what has given us the high rate of deaths under "other causes" and it has had no small part in deaths from septicemia. It has also given an unenviable reputation for mothers' deaths to the smaller cities of such States as New York, where open hospitals abound, unsupervised as to maternity cases.

Granted that the bad type of midwife and the ill-trained physician share the larger responsibility, there remains to be considered the obstetrician's own share, for there is a case against him in every country. There are in the United States about 8,000 obstetrical specialists, "80 per cent of them east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio." They too have been handicapped and the development of their science has been very seriously retarded by the traditional social attitude toward maternity. From 1840 to 1850 there was what promised to be an epoch-making development toward normalizing childbirth—toward, with the aid of science, really making it a "physiological function." The great names in this movement are J. Marion Sims of Alabama, founder of gynecology; James P. White of Buffalo, who—boldest of them all and almost ruined for his pioneering—held the first obstetrical clinic; Holmes and Semmelweis, who proved the contagiousness of puerperal fever; and James Young Simpson of Edinburgh, founder of obstetrical anaesthesia, who openly fought the curse of Eve.

To this decade also belongs the discovery of anaesthesia and the beginning of a true science of surgery. If obstetrics had at that time been regarded as of equal importance and equal dignity with surgery; if it had been given equal place in the schools at the start, and if the work of these five men had been followed by ordinary and logical development along the lines in which they pioneered, obstetrics would now be the equal of medicine and surgery and there would today be no enormous death-rate of mothers but only an irreducible minimum from abnormal conditions. What came of Simpson's work cannot be discussed here. What has happened to Holmes's and Semmelweis's contributions has already been told; how greatly White's contribution has failed of its purpose we can judge by the neglect of clinical obstetrics today.

The history of Sims's contribution, gynecology, explains the present plight of obstetrics. Briefly, the story is this. Obstetrics, midwifery, the science of normal childbirth, was, as Dr. De Lee expresses it mildly, "in disesteem"; an obstetrician was sneered at, teachers of obstetrics were held to be in an unworthy occupation and were called by such titles as "he-grandmother to a man midwife." Surgery was in high honor and became more and more exalted as the possibilities of anaesthesia developed. So gynecology, originally designed, as its name indicates, to cover the whole reproductive life of woman from adolescence to the menopause, became a branch of surgery and the science that by operation mends the injuries inflicted by the despised and ill-trained or untrained obstetrician. There are whole fields in woman's reproductive life, such as the toxemias and abnormal psychoses of pregnancy, the sex life from fifteen to forty-five years, the mechanics of normal labor, about which little is known and in which there is crying need of research. Above all, the protection of normal labor begun in that great decade has been interrupted, with the result that it can be said without danger of contradiction that the death-rate of mothers today is not from gross abnormalities, which are relatively rare, but from neglect of normal spontaneous labor. And this neglect must be charged against not only the general practitioner but the obstetrician.

For strangely enough, but not unnaturally when we remember his history, the obstetrician has of late years turned more and more from natural to operative deliveries—to induced labor, the forceps, the caesarian, and a long list of ways of helping nature even in births where nature needs no help. The reason is not far to seek; he was tired of contempt, tired of being a man midwife, so he turned from safeguarding nature in her task and resorted to manual dexterity, to the surgery that was in such high esteem. Furthermore, he was himself in very many cases an operating gynecologist also, so surgery came naturally to him. By this means the specialist himself has added his quota, far the smallest it is true, to deaths in the group "other causes" and even, now and again, to deaths from septicemia.

About these causes of maternal mortality there is no controversy; all obstetricians accept them. There are, however, other and equally potent causes about which there is as yet no such common agreement and which this is not the place to discuss. The Jones bill which failed to become a law touches only the causes that are non-controversial. This, however, is a large field. The Children's Bureau by its seven years' work under the Shepard-Towner Act gave the only help ever offered to mothers on a nation-wide scale. While it lasted it made this country preeminent among the nations in its effort to right a great wrong. The work has been interrupted now for two years, and in some States the machinery for helping women in their hour of dire need is already showing signs of rust. Will the next Congress let the machinery go to pieces?

Doak the Deportation Chief

By GARDNER JACKSON

Washington, March 6

THE United States government is now midway in a drive to clear the land of everyone who cannot prove he is lawfully resident here. Heading the drive, President Hoover's Secretary of Labor, William N. Doak, finds satisfaction in the support he is receiving. "Never," he states, "has Congressional support for our deportation activities been so strong." And as for the White House, President Hoover has publicly assured Mr. Doak that he will not lack funds.

There are objectors, like the American Civil Liberties Union, in various cases, but, Secretary Doak points out, "the Civil Liberties crowd always objects, and the worse the aliens are the louder that crowd shouts." It seemed to disturb him somewhat to have Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York join the objectors.

Senator Wagner was troubled by the report of a raid a few weeks ago upon a dance of the Finnish Workers' Education Association in New York City. The New York *Times* report described the blocking of all exits of the Fifth Avenue dance hall by twenty Department of Labor agents and ten New York policemen, the lining up of the 1,000 guests, and the command that each of them show credentials proving his right to be in America. "In an atmosphere of hysteria tinged with indignation," wrote the *Times* reporter, "the dancers came forward singly and offered their proof. All but sixteen men and two women passed the test. These were taken to the West 123d Street police station and then to Ellis Island for deportation."

Senator Wagner suggested in a letter to Secretary Doak that he issue a denial of the raid, in which methods were used comparable to "the sensational methods which were first employed in the enforcement of prohibition." "It is error to assume," added Senator Wagner, "that only the alien will be harassed by the pursuit of this policy of raids and wholesale arrests. Drag-net methods will, without question, inflict injury and annoyance upon citizens and aliens alike."

Discussing the Senator's letter, Secretary Doak's immediate reaction was, "Well, the boys took sixteen men and two women who admitted they were in the country illegally. They knew what they were doing. They struck pay dirt all right, didn't they?" He recounted the recent arrest of some illegally resident aliens at a Lutheran Mission in New York City, with the sanction of the superintendent of the mission. "It was charged that we had raided a church," he explained. Elaborating upon the difficulties of apprehending deportable aliens, Secretary Doak stated his view of the problem by asking, "If you take away dances, homes, missions, and hospitals from us where do you expect we're going to get these fellows to deport?"

It was suggested to Secretary Doak that the objection of Senator Wagner and others is directed only at the methods used and that it is perhaps based upon the American tradition of the United States as a country founded as a haven for political refugees. "Yes," responded the Secretary without a moment's hesitation, "and we've been reaping the harvest ever since."

Three factors seem to contribute to the current campaign to corral and deport all deportable aliens—who number 400,000, according to Secretary Doak's estimate. The first factor is the hard times—the bread lines, in some of which, at Los Angeles, for example, the Secretary says, large numbers of illegally resident aliens were found. Whether the complaint on this score comes from the citizens in the bread lines themselves or from the city authorities and those who have the wherewithal to give charity is not made clear. One simply gains the impression from the Secretary that only bona fide citizens must be fed.

The second factor is the widespread racketeering of the gangster type, and in this connection Mr. Doak cites his recent interview with a delegation of "small merchants" from New York City who urged him to deport the gang of racketeers who have been quietly exacting tribute from them for some time. "The racketeering may not be as showy in New York as it is in Chicago," he observes, "but there's plenty of it." The Chicago racketeering game, he suspects, is peopled largely by Sicilians expelled from Italy by Mussolini.

The third factor is the anti-red sentiment which has been prevalent since the war in greater or less degree and which now seems to dominate a large section at least of the Congressional mind. Secretary Doak specifically denies any intention of singling out "the reds or any particular class" for deportation. But at the same time he evinces an especial sensitiveness at the mention of that aspect of his problem.

"What do you think the red newspapers would say," he asks, "if we raided your square down there—Union Square? You know how they'd yell." And by way of defining his position on the matter more clearly, he falls to talking of Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., who has in his opinion been unjustly pictured as a reactionary on these questions when in fact he is "a very sincere and liberal-minded man."

He concurs in Assistant Secretary of Labor White's enthusiasm for the investigation of communism by the Fish committee as laying the foundation for insertion of the word "Communist" in the deportation law alongside the word "anarchist," which is now there. Mr. White quotes approvingly the recommendation of Congressman Bachman to that effect and relates the success of Department of Labor agents in securing court acceptance of a number of deportation warrants in California issued against individuals merely because they were members of the Communist Party.

The Secretary's responsiveness to newspaper opinion, even though it be that of "red newspapers" which "yell," is further evidenced by his obvious resentment at the Scripps-Howard newspapers for defending the Italian Serio against the deportation order compelling him to go to Italy. "We are told we mustn't deport him to Italy because he'll be shot when he gets there," explains Mr. Doak, paraphrasing Serio's contention that Mussolini will do away with him because of his political activities against the Fascist regime. "There are some who think we ought to shoot him here before shipping him. Those against deporting him to Italy tell us to send him to Russia, where he wants to go. But we can't send him to Russia, because we have no diplomatic relations with Russia."

The summation of Secretary's Doak's attitude in promoting this deportation drive is found in this remark: "If the people don't like our methods they ought to adopt registration. We're about the only country that hasn't it. Most of the European countries have. They ought to make all these people give us their thumb prints and hand prints when they come into the country and we'd keep records of them. Then we'd be sure where to find them and wouldn't have to raid dances."

The deportation drive is going on. No doubt about that. In the three weeks preceding the Finnish dance raid more than 500 aliens were rounded up in New York City. Ellis Island is crowded to capacity with persons awaiting deportation. And this is accomplished without an additional force of agents. "That's not unusual," Mr. Doak says. "They recently took in 104 in one afternoon. And of course the New York police are giving us fine cooperation." Mr. Doak has announced that he will add "dollar-a-year men" to his force if he hasn't funds enough to prosecute the drive. "There are plenty who would like to help."

The danger is that even though Mr. Doak expresses his intention to administer the deportation law "humanely and as a liberal-minded man," he and his agents, along with great sections of the populace, will be swept into the use of methods that are lawless in themselves. The Finnish dance raid is, as Senator Wagner indicates, an extremely disquieting omen. Popular disapproval of such methods is hard to arouse. A forthcoming report from the Wickersham Commission on the handling of deportation cases may prove germane to the issue. Anyone at all familiar with deportation cases knows that in many of them the foreigner (despite Mr. Doak's assertion that each case has to be prepared so thoroughly that it will stand a test in the courts) has slight chance for adequate protection. The law provides each deportee the right of counsel or friends at the original examination. But often in the rush of arrest and prosecution the alien never realizes that in the remarks hastily addressed to him by the immigration agents he is offered that right. Then, too, the foreigner is sometimes preyed upon by unscrupulous lawyers—"much worse than ambulance chasers," as Mr. Doak says.

For anyone who regards our treatment of aliens, whether illegally here or not, or whether reds or gangsters, as one test of our civilization it will be pertinent to study the development of the deportation drive now progressing under the aegis of the White House, and to use the Wickersham Commission expert's report as a guide to such study.

President Hoover on the Depression

On March 7, 1930, President Hoover gave out the following statement, which was printed generally by the newspapers of the country. It is here reprinted unchanged after the lapse of a year, as a document of interest to the American people in view of the weight that is properly given to any official utterance of the President. The entire statement deserves close examination, but the final conclusion is specially noteworthy after a year of continued depression.

> The Departments of Commerce and Labor are engaged in the usual monthly survey of business and unemployment, and especially of the results obtained from the measures which have been in progress since the last of November to reduce unemployment and the hardship following the dislocation from the stock-exchange crash. The survey is not as yet complete.
>
> There are, however, certain conclusions that are evident:
>
> 1. Unemployment amounting to distress is in the main concentrated in twelve States. The authorities in the remaining thirty-six States indicate only normal seasonal unemployment, or that the minor abnormal unemployment is being rapidly absorbed.
>
> 2. The low point of business and employment was the latter part of December and early January. Since that time employment has been slowly increasing, and the situation is much better today than at that time.
>
> 3. Nation-wide response to the request for increased construction and improvement work by public authorities, railroads, utilities, and industries is having a most material effect. Construction contracts in these categories in January and February were from 40 per cent to 45 per cent higher than ever known in these months. The total construction work for 1930 seems assured to be larger than even 1929.
>
> 4. The undertakings to maintain wages have been held.
>
> 5. The amount of unemployment is, in proportion to the number of workers, considerably less than one-half (probably only one-third) of that which resulted from the crashes of 1907-8 and 1920-22, at this period of the situation.
>
> 6. Measures taken to ameliorate interest rates have resulted in continuous decrease since December, and money is available at lower rates for business and commercial purposes. One result is, an increasing volume of bond issues have been placed for public improvements. Available money for mortgage purposes of home-building and agriculture has lagged behind other forms of credit. But a decrease in demands of policy-holders for loans on the insurance companies and the action recently taken by the Federal Reserve System should result in increased supplies of credit, especially for residential building, which in turn has lagged behind other construction.
>
> 7. All the evidences indicate that the worst effects of the crash upon unemployment will have been passed during the next sixty days, with the amelioration of seasonal unemployment, the gaining strength of other forces, and the continued cooperation of the many agencies actively cooperating with the government to restore business and to relieve distress.

In the Driftway

Light verse in this country has never developed as it should have. Either it degenerates into sentimental doggerel which is very profitable—syndicates are paying fabulous sums weekly to professional rhymesters who, armed with a thesaurus and a poetic license, wil[illegible]ther in, no questions asked, in ten lines. Or it beco[illegible]s-minded, calls itself poetry, and goes out to be used a[illegible]filler in the "quality" magazines. Perhaps we are not at the exact stage in our civilization when good light verse is produced. Perhaps the philosophers have an explanation. Or can it be that we have not just the subjects we need?

* * * * *

Our versifiers, for instance, have not, as England has, an Epstein and his works to motivate their pens. We have many a public statue guaranteed to raise the hair on any head. And the famous battle that raged around Civic Virtue is evidence that we are not indifferent to the monstrosities that somehow get foisted upon our innocent streets. But as the Drifter remembers it, that battle was fought out with more anger than humor, more prose than rhyme. And the fact remains that we have nothing quite like Epstein.

* * * * *

The London populace does not like Epstein's works, neither the monument to W. H. Hudson, nor the decorations on the entrance to the Underground. The Drifter has unfortunately forgotten both name and location of the latest one, but that low groan you heard recently coming out of the east was London's greeting to the most recent Epstein contribution. And the light verse here appended, written by the perennial and always delightful Lucio for the *Manchester Guardian*, was probably motivated in part by the same event. The Drifter exhibits it both as a revealing comment on London and her sculptor, and as a model for any incipient light versifiers who may be hovering in the American offing. Its title, incidentally, would indicate that its author was not indifferent to the possibility of an American audience.

STEIN SONG

[With particular reference to reports that Relativity has been relegated to the second division of its author's affections, while the first place is now claimed by a revised theory called the "Unified Field."]

Two lads of noted power and pep
Were Albert Ein. and Jacob Ep.—
A pair of most distinguished Steins,
Pursuing widely famous lines.

But note, in spite of all their fame,
Those lines were not at all the same;
They were not, as a child could tell,
The sort described as parallel.

While Albert put a kink in space,
Jake uglified the human race;
While Ein. put Newton "on the spot,"
Ep. sculped the squalid and the squat.

'Twas Albert whose prodigious hand
The Universe itself replanned;
While Jacob's no less artful paw
Produced a prehistoric squaw.

But, lo! by all accounts 'twould seem
That Albert has revised his scheme:
So is there not a modest hope
That Jacob might extend his scope?

If one of these distinguished Steins
Can shoot right off on novel lines,
Well, why should not the other try
Some newer sources of supply?

Why should not artful Ep. compete
With something fluffy and petite?
Some fragile and less bulging type,
With hands less like large sheets of tripe?

Be of good cheer—a change may come
To strike the whole of Chelsea dumb.
If Brother Ein. can change his step,
Well, what about it, Master Ep.?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Insanity in Oregon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mike Kulikoff, eighteen-year-old Portland schoolboy, was arrested on November 7, 1930, for radical activity. At the time of his arrest he was reading Lenin's "State and Revolution" and "Imperialism" at the Washington High School, where he went for gymnasium and music during the noon recess. He was then doing probationary high-school work as a student at Buckman Grammar School.

The boy was first taken to the local immigration office, which is now engrossed in wholesale deportation of alien Communists. Questioned for hours concerning his radical literature, he persistently refused to answer. Finally, when it was learned that he had been born in Russia and was ineligible for deportation, the boy was handcuffed and taken to the local police station several blocks away. District attorney and police captain here debated the advisability of preferring State criminal-syndicalism charges against the boy. Several citizen Communists have been arrested under this law. But obviously it would be difficult to obtain a conviction carrying a maximum penitentiary sentence of ten years against a schoolboy who had never been in trouble before. The boy was photographed, finger-printed, and locked in a cell overnight.

At noon the next day, November 8, 1930, Kulikoff was taken before a circuit-court judge, where a hearing was held on his sanity. There were present the judge, a physician, and Mike Kulikoff. No lawyer was there in the boy's behalf; there were no witnesses. An order of commitment was summarily signed by the judge—the words "cause of such insanity" therein were followed by a blank line. The boy was again handcuffed and then rushed to the insane asylum fifty miles away. For three days he was kept in bed and thereafter put to work pushing blocks to wax the hallway floors. Two weeks later he was transferred to the main building and placed in a ward with about fifty insane men, who became of necessity his daily associates.

Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted for the boy's release. The district attorney, in cross-examination, asked him what I. W. W. literature he had read, whether he "disagreed with the laws of this country in any respect," whether he "feels they are fair," whether they should be changed, and questioned him concerning Lenin's "Imperialism." The district attorney assured the judge that the examination "reflects the mental condition of this boy." Testimony of both prosecution and defense conclusively showed that the boy had never been in any trouble before, never committed any acts of force or violence, always regularly attended school, and lived at home. Nevertheless, the institution's superintendent and assistant physician testified that the boy was insane and that it was unsafe for him to be at large. The main symptoms of his insanity, they stated, were that he was mentally resistive, refused to cooperate, made false statements, had a tendency to run or walk fast, and refused to eat all food served him. They testified that such conduct indicated insanity, although the boy had been committed against his will and until then had spent all his life with orthodox Russian parents, which explains his refusal to eat the food served at the asylum.

Pending appeal of the case to the Oregon Supreme Court, there is a weekly traveler from Portland to the insane asylum. It is the boy's mother, a small middle-aged woman whose broken English is unintelligible. Four hard-boiled eggs, nearly a loaf of home-made rye bread, some apples, and a container of coffee are in the basket on her arm. Mike eats, mother departs, and the boy awaits the lapse of seven days for another square meal when she returns again.

Should the Oregon Supreme Court uphold the boy's confinement in the asylum it will establish a dangerous precedent for dealing with those who because of their youth are beyond the reach of ordinary anti-radical legislation.

Portland, Ore., March 1 IRVIN GOODMAN

Books of Interest to "Nation" Readers

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Egrets

By MAX EASTMAN

How delicately they are wild,
On their proud wings how slender,
Or resting in the river mild,
Untamable yet tender.

And you, as delicate as they,
Seem like them in slim hauteur,
Seem gentle and yet far away
As wings upon wild water.

Give beauty when you give your heart,
Give tenderness a river,
Give love which is the giving art,
But give the wild will never.

Goethe and Dr. Johnson

Everybody's Boswell. Edited by F. V. Morley. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann. Edited by J. K. Moorhead. Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton and Company. 90 cents.

BY a pleasant coincidence these two great books, which tempt us from so many aspects to compare them with each other, now appear almost simultaneously in new although somewhat abridged editions. Paradoxically, though there can be no question that Goethe was a vastly greater man than Johnson, Boswell's volume remains more enthralling than Eckermann's. The result comes partly from the fact that Boswell is much the superior protraitist; his observation never misses the slightest minutia, and his candor is almost unparalleled. Boswell set down virtually everything; but one senses that Eckermann is often omitting or toning down any petty traits that may have appeared in Goethe; and as a result, though Goethe emerges as a nobler, a more Olympian figure than Johnson, he also emerges as a vaguer one. We never see his warts and wrinkles; what we get is a retouched photograph with a softened focus. Now there is a certain artistic justification for this procedure, as even a Fifth Avenue photographer could explain; for the camera that impartially photographs a blemish may make it seem more prominent than it really is; and the "psychographer," by the very act of mentioning a petty trait, selects it, and thereby inevitably emphasizes it. But in his ability to put in all the blemishes without this distortion, Boswell shows himself a Rembrandt, while Eckermann remains a mere Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Boswell, too, is a better dramatist, or perhaps it was merely that he had better opportunities. Virtually all the conversations Eckermann records are mere duologues between himself and Goethe, while Boswell is constantly showing his hero in company, which necessarily implies showing him in a wider variety of aspects and in more dramatic situations. Yet when Eckermann has these opportunities, he never takes full advantage of them. When Hegel comes to visit Goethe, for example, and Goethe banters him regarding dialectics, Eckermann gives what appears to be a mere summary of the conversation in only half a page. One could not imagine Boswell making so little of such a meeting. On another occasion, when the great philologist Wolf dines at Weimar, Eckermann merely records:

> The *bon mots* at table were too evanescent, and too much the result of the moment, to bear repetition. Wolf was very great in witty turns and repartees, but nevertheless it seemed to me that Goethe always maintained a certain superiority over him.

Knowing how worshipful the biographer's attitude is, the reader cannot help suspecting, when even the good Eckermann grants so slight a margin to his hero, that perhaps Goethe on this occasion got slightly the worse of the exchange. In any case we feel that Boswell would have told us everything brilliant that was said at such a meeting. Even Boswell, of course, is somewhat less than perfect in this respect. One wonders, at times, how impartially the repartee is recorded—when Johnson nearly always has the last word. And then there is the mysterious and almost exasperating omission of any real verbal exchange with Burke. "That fellow," Boswell reports Johnson as saying once when he was ill, "calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me." But we are never permitted to hear these two conversational Titans clash.

One further cause for the superiority of Boswell's book, again paradoxically enough, is the fact both that Johnson was a more limited man than Goethe and that Boswell was more of a fool than Eckermann. Boswell's questions, even before we get the doctor's answer, entertain us constantly for their sheer asininity; but though Eckermann's questions are sometimes naive, they are never absurd. Of course, in Boswell's asininity there was also a shrewdness amounting to genius: he knew that he must irritate his oyster to get pearls; or, rather, he was like a circus exhibitor who prods his lion so the public may hear him roar. Johnson, for the very reason that he was full of prejudices, biles, perversities, and eccentricities from which Goethe was free, put on a better show. He is not merely, like Goethe, a great literary man and sage; he is a great comic figure, comparable to Micawber and Falstaff. Goethe's judgments, both of great former writers and of his contemporaries, were nearly always remarkably just and sound. (We must except, of course, his amazing overestimation of Byron, whom he thought "the greatest genius of our century," ranking him in English literature second only to Shakespeare; while so far as any record in these "Conversations" goes, he was unaware even of the existence of Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth.) Johnson's judgments, on the other hand, were often grotesque; but that does not make them any less interesting to us now. It is delightful to hear him saying, across a century and a half: "Nothing odd will do long. 'Tristram Shandy' did not last."

But one must give Johnson credit for his real superiorities. He was a greater aphorist than Goethe; perhaps the greatest spontaneous aphorist that ever lived. Goethe's general views were wiser and broader; but in conversation he fell short of Johnson's compactness and pungency. And if in Boswell's picture Johnson seems a creature subject to a thousand irritations, a great mammoth constantly swishing and stamping on gadflies, while in Eckermann's picture Goethe seems serene and godlike, one must remember the great differences both in the painters and in the condition of the sittings. For Eckermann's friendship with Goethe, even more than Boswell's with Johnson, was possible only because he was willing to accept a definite status of inferiority; he could seldom venture to speak to Goethe as to an equal. Only once, when the poor fellow, after the most patient and careful observation, and with the greatest reluctance, brought himself to speak to Goethe of a slight difference of opinion with him about his "Theory of Colors," "Goethe's sublimely serene countenance became clouded over, and I saw but too clearly that he did not approve of my objections." Without giving Eckermann an opportunity to elaborate his objections and reasons, Goethe "could not help, with a half-laugh and a half-sneer, throwing in my teeth at the very doorway something about heretics and heresy."

Though Goethe's self-estimate was very high, and though he never troubled to conceal it, it was certainly not higher than the present-day critical estimate of him—he rated himself definitely below Shakespeare, for example. But like so many great men, he had a curious way of priding himself on the wrong thing. "As for what I have done as a poet," he would repeatedly say to Eckermann, "I take no pride whatever in it. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself; poets more excellent have lived before me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colors—of that, I say, I am not a little proud." But, alas, it is Goethe's theory of colors, based on majestic intuitions, that is now discredited, and the theories of the "stupid" Newtonians, based on experiment, that have triumphed. Yet Goethe confessed that he had spent "half a life" on his theory. And though much of his work in comparative anatomy was sound and useful, the fate of his study of colors throws a revealing light on the ideal of the "all-round," "universal," or "complete" mind, which still appeals so powerfully to us, and of which Goethe, with Leonardo da Vinci, stands as one of the two greatest exemplars. Goethe himself came to doubt the validity of that ideal. He constantly warned Eckermann not to enlarge prematurely the field of his interests. "I myself," he said one day, "have spent too much time on things that did not belong to my department. When I reflect what Lope de Vega accomplished, the number of my poetical productions seems very small. I should have kept more to my own trade."

HENRY HAZLITT

No Men Wanted

Unemployment: A Problem of Industry. By W. H. Beveridge. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

IN 1909 William (now Sir William) H. Beveridge published his great book on unemployment. It is the foundation on which every student of the subject has built from that day to this. Twenty years have passed, years filled with a rich but bitter experience on the part of Western countries in dealing with unemployment. During those years Beveridge has served as Director of Labor Exchanges for Great Britain, in various capacities in the Ministry of Munitions, the Board of Trade, and the Ministry of Food, as Director of the London School of Economics, and in other important positions both public and private. Out of his unrivaled experience and knowledge of fact, combined with his sound theoretical judgment and unfailing common sense, he has now added to the original work, which happily is reprinted unchanged as Part I of the present volume, a second part, substantially a new book, bringing the statement of facts and the theoretical analysis down to date. The work of 1909 stood in a class by itself; that of 1930, one is tempted to say, is worth all the other books on unemployment ever written. A veritable cyclopedia of all the relevant facts, an extraordinary piece of economic exposition, and a model of sound theory, it contains in addition passages of great literary beauty.

The new features of the British situation since the war have been the development of permanent unemployment on an unexampled scale—a jump from an average of some 4.5 per cent during 1860-1914 to about 12 per cent in 1921-29—and the substitution for unemployment insurance of unemployment relief (the dole), which is not insurance at all. The insurance experiment was inaugurated in 1911 in connection with the nation-wide system of labor exchanges established in 1909. It got into operation smoothly, and by August, 1914, had accumulated a tidy little surplus of £3,185,000. The war overburdened the exchanges and ultimately wrecked the insurance scheme. The calamitous post-war unemployment led in 1921 to the invention of "extended benefit," that is, benefit given those who had exhausted the regular insurance rights, but from the same fund and at the same rates. Relief was thus grafted on insurance, and promptly proceeded to swallow it up. Now there is essentially "a system of general unemployment relief financed mainly by a tax on employment." Yet both labor exchanges and insurance have proved themselves indispensable, and nobody in England wants to go back to the old system of haphazard provision, or none at all except poor relief, for men out of work. Furthermore, the present scheme, for all its faults, has enabled Britain's workers to live through an unparalleled depression without a fatal lowering of their living standards. In so doing, it may well have helped prevent revolution. As for the oft-repeated charges that it has demoralized the population by enabling men to live in idleness when they could get work, Beveridge flatly dismisses them as "idle and irresponsible talk."

What, then, are the real criticisms of the scheme, the points at which correction must be applied? First and fundamentally, the hopeless confusion of insurance and relief. Insurance can and ought to take care of the ordinary ups and downs of employment; but "a state which undertakes to relieve adequately and indefinitely from a bottomless purse all the unemployed will soon find itself subsidizing the manufacture of unemployment, unless it adopts counter-measures." Such counter-measures Beveridge points out. Second may be mentioned the lack of any relation between payments and benefits. Employers are given no financial incentive to stabilize employment. The eight top industries (from the point of view of stability) in 1929, with 1,305,000 workers, drew out only the same amount as "dock, harbor, river, and canal service" alone, with 171,000 workers, though they paid in ten times as much. The other industries simply subsidized unemployment on the docks. There is grave danger of "demoralizing government, employers, and trade unions so that they take less thought for the prevention of unemployment." Coal miners, for example, ought to be moved out of the dying coal industry; it is easier to pay them relief and let them stay where they are. Most interesting of all theoretically, Beveridge concludes that the operation of unemployment relief and other agencies maintaining and advancing real wages has kept up standards of living to a level higher than that warranted by the existing state of British industry, and that a part of the existing unemployment is due to wages too high for productivity. This is a hard saying for advocates of current high-wage doctrines, but it is supported by a body of evidence making it hard to controvert Beveridge's deduction that wages must come down or else productivity must go up. After all, the economists are not always wrong.

Unemployment remains, as Beveridge declared twenty years ago, a problem of industry, not an act of God. Now, as then, the primary essential in dealing with it is the organization of the labor market, and beyond that, of industry itself. In such organization, insurance can play a useful part in tiding workers over temporary periods of unemployment and making for greater rather than less mobility of labor. Neither insurance nor any other device can be used without disaster to provide adequate relief for permanent unemployment; such unemployment must be done away with. But as Beveridge pointed out two decades ago, "it is not practicable for a nation o get a mastery of unemployment without being prepared to ubmit to some changes of industrial methods and customs. . . It needs not money so much as thought and organiza-on." He concludes today:

> The repeated lesson of twenty-one years since those words were penned is how much more abundant is money than thought, how much harder it is, for the cure of social ills, to change men's habits and open their minds than to slit their purses—how much harder and how much more important.

'or such an opening of men's minds nothing could be more seful than a thoughtful perusal of this extraordinary book.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Study of Genius

avage Messiah. By H. S. Ede. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THIS book is really a study of genius; one seldom reads so intimate an account of the emotional intensity which, when genius is there, functions only for the furthering f that genius. The volume is made up very largely of the tters and diaries of two amazing lovers—Henri Gaudier, the ghteen-year-old French sculptor, and Sophie Brzeska, a thirty-ght-year-old Polish woman possessed of acute sensitivity and disorganized but sporadically brilliant mind. These two met Paris when both were very ill and very poor, and they fell love. They remained in love passionately, ascetically, stimu-ting and frustrating each other for five years, until Gaudier as forced to return from London to serve in the French army the beginning of the war. He was killed and Miss Brzeska ved seven long years in a kind of self-accusing madness before e died. It is one of the most curious love stories in literature, d H. S. Ede, the author and editor, does well to use his vn narrative merely as a medium for linking together the tters and the diaries of these two very articulate and exces-vely literary minds. The letters are for the most part audier's; the diaries are Sophie Brzeska's. These she was ychologically compelled to write, and at great length, although e could never organize her life well enough to find time to mpose her "Trilogy," the long novel which both she and r young lover believed would prove, even as have his statues, e work of genius.

Mr. Ede has given us only notes from and summaries of e diaries rather than the original texts. His interest is quite turally in Gaudier, and his emphasis is probably right. We ay feel curious concerning the diaries and note that the book it now stands presents a very much more complete portrait Gaudier and of his genius than of Miss Brzeska, but we ust also grant that her mind is not so interesting as that of e young sculptor, that she possessed no such power and rtainty of direction as he did.

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, as he called himself from the ne of their union, was perhaps the most brilliant member that curiously intense pre-war group of literary and artistic en living in London. Here he had fled to escape military ity and here he remained, very slowly making friends, until e war snatched him away. He had some tendencies toward e Messianic complex which motivated a number of these tists, notably of course D. H. Lawrence. This fact accounts r the title of the book. He wore, as did several of his quaintances, the Christlike beard, and he had always an plicit faith in his own prophecies. When any thwarting of genius was threatened he could be excessively cruel; at her times he had a kind of divine and self-sacrificing gentle-ss. After the horribly poverty-stricken and lonely years, when came at last to know others of the pre-war group—Katherine Mansfield, J. Middleton Murry, Epstein, and, as one of his best friends, Ezra Pound—he insisted on bringing Sophie along with him into every friendship. She did not always please; once with her morbid and intense asceticism she frightened Katherine Mansfield into an illness. Only a few of Gaudier's friends could appreciate Brzeska's sacrifices for "her son."

Aside from the fascination of so intimate an account of such minds and of such a group of people, the present book has the greater value of affording a direct study of the workings of the creative imagination. We see Gaudier maturing gradually as an artist, we know his influences, his reactions to various pieces of sculpturing and painting. We see his absorption in his own problems and learn of his solutions for them. We learn of his violent reactions to conventional dogma concerning art:

> The Victory is beautiful, not because its silhouette is abominably weak and monotonous, but because the masses of which it is composed have sufficient truth in their disposition to give the sensations of many rhythms: life, movement, wind, water, which are pleasing to the eye.

We watch him frantically modeling, while his nose streams blood in one of his frequent hemorrhages, stopping only to dash to a window to observe a dog fight. The dominating, sometimes seemingly half-mad purpose which controlled all he did is in sharp contrast to the dawdling indirection of Miss Brzeska's lesser mind.

When he was twenty-three he went into the trenches and there, quite undaunted, he continued carving—from the wood of German rifles. He was fascinated by the fighting and found he had models here entirely to his liking. But when he was killed, these last pieces of his, which would today be the collector's greatest joy, were thrown away and lost.

EDA LOU WALTON

Graves and Aldington Again

But It Still Goes On. By Robert Graves. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

Roads to Glory. By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MOST certainly two poets, Richard Aldington and Robert Graves, have turned tables on the Great War. They themselves would have been the last to dream of any possible advantage gained through four years of what seemed to them blind disaster. Neither was a professional writer in a commercial sense. Up to a little more than a year ago poetry had been their chosen means of expression, but upon the publication of "Good Bye to All That" and "Death of a Hero" the situation changed. Overnight their names were known to a public that had never heard of "Georgian Poetry" or the imagist anthologies. As a corollary to popular success, and possibly because "Good Bye to All That" and "Death of a Hero" are largely autobiographical, these poets are offering their public something in the way of a postscript.

Since Robert Graves evidently enjoys a controversy, it would be well to take him up at once. I, for one, am ready to dismiss Mr. Graves's explanation of the success of "Good Bye to All That" as a piece of cocksure self-rationalization. In the opening section of his new volume (which is, by the way, a miscellany of almost every possible form of writing except poetry and including a three-act play) Mr. Graves says: "That 'Good Bye to All That' is selling well does not surprise me, because I have been able to put into the book all the frank answers to all the inquisitive questions that people like to ask about other people's lives." He goes on to explain how he mentioned food and drink and murders to catch public attention. This is all very well, but I suspect Mr. Graves's

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by George Santayana

Mr. Santayana here defines the new humanism and puts it in its historical place. He also evaluates its intrinsic merit and defines the extent of its claim to consideration by intelligent people. $1.25

The World Crisis One-volume edition
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frankness. He has a bad habit of shouting that he's an hones fellow and looking straight at you with a hard-boiled, disillusioned eye. I am naive enough to believe that Mr. Graves assertions concerning his behavior, interesting as they may b are superficial and that "Good Bye to All That" is successfu because Mr. Graves had a great deal to say about his persona reaction to the war, and I believe that he felt, for the momen that he was telling the truth. In other words, quite withou deliberation he had learned the trick of exploiting his personality His conception of himself is that of a young man who ha seen everything and, now that the war is over, knows everything. Mr. Graves would have you believe that he is somewha dangerous and knows how to take revenge upon those wh offend him. Among his footnotes to the present volum he offers us a vague outline of his quarrel with his fathe Alfred Percival Graves. The elder Graves has written hi own autobiography in which he used a few letters that h had received from son Robert. Robert speaks of this actio on the part of his father as an infringement of copyright bu does not complain because he himself on occasion has playe the pirate. Mr. Graves is again making a fine show of frankness in which he tells us very little. In the play from whic this Graves miscellany takes its title I discern a rough, schoolboyish caricature of the elder Graves as the villain of th piece. The hero, again a frank, unashamed young man, play practical jokes upon his father, a mild, mid-Victorian man c letters and, of course, the evil genius of the play, which deal with problems of post-war homosexuality.

The father, jealous of his son's reputation as a poet an his ability to handle girls, inadvertently marries a frigid woma The play closes with the death of two homosexual character the suicide of the father, and an attractive girl walking int the arms of the outspoken young hero. The entire play seem as if it were written as part of the little-theater moveme that rose to a fine frenzy of amateur barnstorming som fifteen years ago in our own Middle West. Mr. Graves ha a way of making his family quarrels momentarily entertainin but not of the least importance. As a commentary upon w in general (and this seems to bear some relationship to h personal quarrels) Mr. Graves believes that fighting in man as ineradicable an instinct as love, and that the human desi for war could be made less harmful by a code that woul embody all that is best in savage, medieval, and early moder warfare and in modern sport. This belief, I think, shows u that Mr. Graves is by no means so hard-boiled and disillusione as the self-portrait that he offers for our inspection. He ha however, found a means by which he can attract a wide publi and if he were so inclined he could take advantage of his newl discovered talents by conducting a column of personal gossip i a daily newspaper.

Richard Aldington's collection of short stories in "Roa to Glory" is by no means so important as his semi-autobiographical novel "Death of a Hero," but it shows the gener direction that his creative ability has taken. He has discovere the art of writing attractive fiction. Any one of the thirtee stories contained in this volume could have aroused the intere of an editor in charge of a magazine with a public of mo than a million readers. Like Mr. Graves, Richard Aldingto is at his best in disclosing the character of a specific personality—the sensitive young Englishman of the professional clas usually an artist, confronted with the horrors of modern warfare. Mr. Aldington invariably uses his protagonist as a mouthpiece for anti-war propaganda. Here we see him in vario disguises, but most vividly as the young musician in A Bund of Letters. The young man, an officer, is temperamentally un for active trench warfare; the story of his failure to be removed from his post to a position behind the lines is give us very skilfully through the correspondence of the characte involved—the young man's mother, two commanding officers, and the young man himself. Unlike Mr. Graves, Richard Aldington is never aggressive; there are times when he lacks conviction and the power to drive home the central theme of his arguments. Despite a tendency to abuse his narrative gifts by a frequent use of poetic charm in his prose style, his work is seldom ineffective and, as I have already suggested, shows promise of popular success. HORACE GREGORY

Our Vanishing Liberties

This Land of Liberty. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Harper and Brothers. $3.

What Rights Are Left? By Henry Alan Johnston. The Macmillan Company. $2.

AMERICAN liberty is a strange animal. Here are two different views of it that leave the average conscientious reader confused as to whether liberty still lives in this country. According to Mr. Bates, it has been rather effectively done to death by mob justice and by the justice of our law courts. Mr. Johnston, dealing solely with prohibition, finds that personal or human rights still find some protection in the courts, but the citizen must know something of the esoteric ways of lawyers and judges in order to enjoy fully the so-called inalienable rights guaranteed him by the Constitution. An ignorant citizen, he suggests, will often unwittingly sacrifice this protection.

Mr. Bates has on the whole done a brilliant service for the cause of freedom. He has demonstrated in clear and concise fashion the various ways in which the average American has been deprived of liberty of action and liberty of thought. He cites case after case in support of his contention, his exposition ranging all the way from a discussion of the Sedition Act of 1798 and the manner in which it violated the First Amendment to lengthy and able comments upon the San Diego mobs, the Mooney and Billings case, the Centralia case, the Barcoski case, the Sacco and Vanzetti tragedy, the Gastonia trials, the third-degree methods of the police, prohibition, and imperialism. His work omits very little that has an important or concrete bearing upon the decline of individual liberty and human rights in the United States.

Despite the excellence of Mr. Bates's work one feels rather discouraged after reading it, not because of the book itself, but because there appears to be no way, without violating their own personal rights, of compelling the hundreds of thousands of legislators, police officers, school trustees, judges, and other petty members of the organized state to read it, and it is to these persons, rather than to the liberals and radicals, that the book should be addressed. MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Books in Brief

I'd Like to Do It Again. By Owen Davis. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

Mr. Davis, who as everyone knows is the author of 300 plays, most of which are melodramas, reveals in this entertaining if chaotic autobiography how nature simply made him that way. Life outside of the theater has always been intolerable to him; he thinks, drinks, and breathes plots; he is a born playwright if there ever was one. His story, whatever one may think of his plays, is impressive; and his understanding of the dramatist's art is really very sound. Any young playwright would do well to read the twelve rules which Mr. Davis has here written down for him.

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Selected Essays of William Hazlitt. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Random House. $3.50.

This centenary edition of Hazlitt's selected essays is uniform with the single-volume Nonesuch editions of Blake and Donne, which means that the printing and binding are wholly admirable. It contains more than 800 pages of Hazlitt's vigorous prose, selected with a fresh eye and a sure taste. In his able introduction Mr. Keynes reminds us that not since Alexander Ireland's selection in 1889 has the attempt been made to cover so large a field in one volume as in the present edition, though the range of Hazlitt's intellectual attainments is so wide that it would not be possible to do it justice in a volume of smaller compass.

The Quest for Literature. By Joseph T. Shipley. Richard R. Smith. $3.50.

Dr. Shipley's book seems to be the product of diligence rather than thoughtfulness and of wide rather than careful reading. It discusses the nature of criticism, traces the history of critical theory, and comments upon the various literary forms. The quotations from many authorities, the references to countless others, the elaborate notes, and the long bibliography bear witness to the author's labors, but neither they nor the rather pompous style conceal the essential emptiness of the book.

Life and Literature in the Roman Republic. By Tenney Frank. University of California Press. $3.50.

The high points of Professor Frank's subject matter are of course Ennius, Plautus, Terence, Livy, Cicero, and Lucretius. But in this case, Professor Frank being what he is, we have something more than a recital of literary glories. We have that too, and in a language more suitable to present critical needs than was the language of J. W. Mackail in his "Latin Literature"; but we have in addition an account—the fullest available—of the society in which and for which the literature under examination was produced. Professor Frank does not push his sociology too far; he does not pretend entirely to "explain" Lucretius, for instance; but by showing how these authors responded to their environment no less than to the challenge of their Greek models he emphasizes their originality.

White Nights. By Jessie Lemont. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. $2.

Jessie Lemont, whose translations of the poems of Rainer Maria Rilke were so skilfully done as to seem hardly translations at all, has in this volume given us a group of her own personal lyrics as well as a few new and very beautiful translations from Rilke. Miss Lemont has in her own verse been influenced in her choice of subjects by an acute sensitivity to the other arts. Some of the best poems are those describing paintings and sculpture. The lyrics are impersonal; the poet's language is rich with images, and her emotion is conveyed largely through the visual impression. One of the loveliest of the poems, Diana Remembers Actaeon, has in it something of the motion in repose of sculpture itself.

Unemployment Benefits in the United States. By Bryce M. Stewart in Collaboration with Jeanne C. Barber, Mary W. Gilson, and Margaret L. Stecker. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. $7.50.

That excellent research organization, Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., has been making a world-wide study of provisions against unemployment. This first volume of a projected series is a study of all the known unemployment-benefit plans in the United States, including trade-union, company, and joint schemes. Such plans in 1928-29 covered only about 107,000 workers, so the importance of the movement consists not in extent but in the lessons that can be derived from it. In e present work three valuable introductory chapters sketching e whole development of American thought and practice in ference to unemployment are followed by five others giving analysis and summary of the methods and results of all e plans in operation. In addition there are nearly five hun- ed pages giving each plan in detail, with abundant statistical d tabular material. The work is admirable in both plan d execution. It is to be followed by corresponding studies the chief European governmental schemes of unemployment ıurance, in connection with which it should contribute ma- ially, as Mr. Stewart hopes, "to careful planning and sound actice in this field."

ırdener of Evil. By Pierre Loving. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

Had Mr. Loving wholly relied in this biography of Baude- re on his very considerable knowledge of the poet and his ıes, "Gardener of Evil" would have been a useful and portant work. But he unfortunately succumbed to the lure novelizing his material. As a novelist Mr. Loving is con- ntional and not impressive. He has, certainly, the insight a sensitive and intelligent writer, an insight entirely sufficient a biographer dealing with facts. But for the novelist empting nothing less than the creation of the great and ficult figure of Baudelaire, it is not sufficient. It does not pport the claim to omniscience which Mr. Loving as a novelist kes and which as a "pure" biographer he would not have l to make. Within itself the book is plausible in explaining udelaire, but its terms are current psychological folklore and better clichés of modern novel-writing, and they explain udelaire so facilely that he is explained away.

Films

Nature and Artifice

THE time is probably not far off when television tours will be conducted through the most inaccessible parts of the world, and we shall be watching the life of the gle, the desert, and the deep sea as today with the help newspapers we watch the happenings in the capitals of rope. It is possible that we shall become so familiar with t life that we shall not even bother to watch it. Be that it may, and in spite of the numerous films that have already niliarized us with the habits and doings of the wild denizens Asia and Africa, there are few sights today so capable of ding a thrill up our spine as the spectacle of a lion or a er attacking its prey or engaging in mortal combat with ıe other powerful fighter. For that matter, jungle comedy ardly less fascinating than jungle drama, particularly when s provided by those star comedians of the animal world, the s and monkeys.

Mr. Schoedsack's "Rango" (Rivoli), the latest contribu- ı to the subject of jungle life, maintains a happy balance comedy and drama, and succeeds so well, with such direct- s and intimacy, in capturing the fun, the terror, and the vading watchful atmosphere of the jungle that it must un- itatingly be classed with the very best of its kind. It is e that it has not the sweep and action that distinguished its re ambitious predecessor "Chang" (made by the same Mr. oedsack in cooperation with Mr. Cooper), but it is superior the earlier picture in conveying the sense of lurking danger makes the jungle itself into a living thing. The film shows equally well in comparison with "Trader Horn." Though

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lacking the variety of the latter, it reveals a greater unity mood and theme, and moreover gains immeasurably in power of appeal by confining itself strictly to the facts nature, instead of encumbering itself, as "Trader Horn" dc with an inept love story.

It is the same fidelity to fact, the same document value of a record, that to me, in my ignorance of Germ seems to be the most important feature of the German w film "Comrades of 1918" (Cameo). Scenes of actual fight have perhaps been somewhat overdone on the screen, but in t film they still succeed in making one shudder at the horror the whole ghastly business. One realizes, however, that effect is achieved not so much by a few supremely reveal images, like those unforgettable scenes in "The End of Petersburg" or "The Fragments of an Empire," as by cruder method of piling up the purely physical horrors of cea less bombardment and brutal fighting. The story itself appe to be convincing enough, though in spite of Director Pab preoccupation with psychoanalysis it does not strike one as very subtle or profound study of human behavior.

Once again the primary material of the film—the facts life—proves to be the only relieving feature in an otherw banal and juvenile picture, "The Easiest Way" (Capitol). T struggle of a poor but of course beautiful girl in trying escape from the position of a kept woman and marry the m she loves is just regular Hollywood piffle; but the open scenes, showing the family life in a tenement house, dese praise for incisiveness and color.

No considerations of fidelity to life can enter into discussion of the screen opera "Pagliacci" (Central Par Here, by the very nature of the genre, everything is fra artifice, and from start to finish the characters and the act remain entirely conventional. The main question in a prod tion of this kind is the quality of the music and singing. the present instance all that need be said is that the rep duction of voices is only moderately successful. As a fi experiment the film is important. But a really satisfying scr opera is still in the limbo of the future.

ALEXANDER BAKSH

Drama

The Road Not Taken

IN a season which latterly has been very lean there was least the hope that Mr. Milne's new play, produced ei years ago in London as "Success," would be free fr clumsiness and manifest untruth. Here was an experien playwright, and though he might have little to say he mi reasonably be expected to say it with a certain grace. Wh ever he could not do he would not try to do; whatever did not know he would conceal beneath a disciplined dialog Then the play came with its new title—"Give Me Yesterd (Charles Hopkins Theater)—and Mr. Milne passed by. also, of all men, was clumsy.

"Give Me Yesterday" showed signs of being success with its first audience, and perhaps it will continue to succe If it is true, as I suppose it is, that every person has m at least one decision which he now sometimes regrets, has come to a place where he can turn and cast a glanc it should be a wistful one—at the road not taken, then M Milne has an audience potentially as vast as the human u verse. And if this audience does not care how the thing said for them, then "Give Me Yesterday" should run forev If it does care, however, it should have something to

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e Nacht Gehort Uns—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
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ne Treason Trial of the Industrial Party in Moscow—8th Street Playhouse—52 W. [illegible] St.
us Les Toits De Paris—5th Avenue Playhouse—66 5 Ave.

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grid Onegin, contralto, Town Hall, Sun. aft., Mar. 15.
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eethoven Association, Town Hall, Mon. eve., March 16 (Quatre Poèmes by Loeffler, for voice, viola and piano).
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ittle Theatre Opera Company, Brooklyn Little Theatre, Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," week of March 18.
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about Mr. Milne's second act, which I took as an outra upon all my finer feelings.

Mr. Milne obviously wanted to be gentle with tho feelings, even while he aimed directly at them. He tried h lightest touch. But somehow it was not light. Consider tl situation. A member of the British Cabinet once loved girl named Sally. But he was ambitious for a career, so l left her for London, a rich wife, and politics. The play ope with him at the height of his career, a gentleman in Cavendi Square who has quite forgotten his yesterdays. An old frie happens in, however, and reminds him; he departs for the sce of those good old days; he arrives, finds Sally, and is tempte to resume his love; yet in the end we see him once more i Cavendish Square, unable to resist the lure of a chancellorshi That is a good story, and the beginning and end of it are i Mr. Milne's best manner; they are adroitly written, and the are quite convincing. It is the interlude with Sally that found appalling. For what does the politician do, finding himself in Sally's house up there in Yorkshire, except lie down an dream a dream which has no relation either to the first act or t the third, but reminds us of "When We Were Very Young, "Peter Pan," and all that has ever been perpetrated in Londo under the name of Pantomime? The other acts are performe with an especial skill; this bumps along like a home theatrica with Junior in the leading role, and inevitably so, since it i written out of the childish part of Mr. Milne's mind. Th trees in the dream are just full of christopher-robins.

These delicate fellows like Mr. Milne are so often lik that—gross in their treatment of "the finer things." They insult our imaginations. We should so much prefer to drean our own dreams. Therefore, after recommending the firs and third acts of "Give Me Yesterday," I recommend that th second act be endured with the eyes closed. Louis Calhern a the M. P. and Sylvia Field as Sally perform their parts as perfectly as may be; so do Gladys Hanson, the M. P.'s terribl wife, and Eric Blore, the prime minister's secretary.

"A Woman Denied," adapted by Jean Bart from the Italian of Gennaro Mario Curci (Ritz Theater), is a dolorous melodrama about a painter who suffers in his mind from the fact that his inspiration comes too wholly from his model. The battle between the temperaments of these two is fought to the accompaniment of much intrigue by way of seduction, and the conclusion, which involves the strangling of the model, is as loud and lurid as a barrage. Mary Nash rather needlessly overemphasizes the viciousness of the model; McKay Morris does better as the painter. Indeed, his present performance, taken in conjunction with his recent one as Aaron Burr in "Colonel Satan," speaks very well for an actor who seems to possess an extraordinary energy in romantic parts, and who certainly should play Shakespeare more often than he does. One hopes, however, that he will master his mannerisms.

"Greater Love," by Bruce Spaulding and Anthony Baird (Liberty Theater), is a play which asks us to break our hearts over the devotion of a sister (Mary Hay) to her brother (Douglas Gillmore). It is not Miss Hay's fault that we decline to do so; it is the fault rather of a play which tries to accomplish too many climaxes in two hours. The heart is a stubborn thing. It must break at its own pace or never break at all.

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"Privilege Car" (Forty-eighth Street Theater), rather accurately described on the program as "a melodramatic comedy," concerns the goings-on in a circus troupe composed of dope fiends, adulterers, stool-pigeons, shoplifters, forgers, rapers, a murderer or two, and a hero and heroine who are pure as the driven snow. Though filled with stock types, it is rapidly paced and so crowded with sensation and event that it holds the interest by main force.

H. H.

International Relations Section

The Cuban Dictatorship

By MALWON KAUFMAN

THE abrogation of constitutional rights for an indefinite period in Cuba by President Machado, under a decree dated February 7, has received scant attention in the American press. Thus far, Machado's ability to keep the Cuban army in a complacent frame of mind has succeeded to some extent in allaying anxiety over America's investment of more than a billion and a half dollars in the island. General Machado was elected president of the Republic of Cuba in 1924 on a liberal platform of "water, roads, and schools." In addition to the pledges of this platform, he solemnly promised that he would incur no foreign indebtedness, lest it damage the integrity of the national sovereignty, and that he would oppose the Platt Amendment. He also pledged himself not to run for reelection, since every presidential reelection during the brief history of the republic has precipitated a revolution, in one case resulting in American intervention.

President Machado's record in the face of these pledges is as follows: A year prior to the expiration of his term, through his absolute control of a constitutional convention summoned for the purpose, he had the term of office of the president extended to six years and his reelection prohibited. But under a special provision he himself as the ruling president was empowered to run for a second term. Controlling the polls and the electoral college completely, President Machado succeeded in gaining a second term, which will not expire until 1935. In the matter of foreign debts, he has contracted loans in Wall Street in a total approaching $150,000,000, the total foreign debt today, according to Dr. Max Winkler, standing at $180,000,000. The Carretera Central, a highway which runs from San Antonio, at the western tip of the island, to Santiago de Cuba, at the other end, was undertaken at a cost of $75,680,000. More than $100,000,000 has already been spent on the project, which is still incomplete, and there are portions of the road, particularly in the province of Santa Clara, which have already broken down. Enormous increases in public taxes, suspension of constitutional guaranties—including the right of habeas corpus—the enforced closing of newspaper plants, and the incarceration of hundreds of members of the opposition are all developments of the Machado regime.

The first two years of Machado's government were perhaps the most promising years of Cuba's history, notwithstanding the reports that his trips to the United States were for the purpose of securing American loans, and the appearance before long of ample evidence that money had been obtained from Wall Street. In this way the republic was mortgaged to carry out a plan of public works which in view of the economic limitations of Cuba should have been accomplished not in four or five years, but in forty years. To cover the interest on the loans, import duties were increased and a tax of ten cents was placed on every gallon of gasoline.

In addition to the $100,000,000 roadway across the island, another $20,000,000 was spent in the completion of the national capitol. The existing edifice, partially built in the epoch of Menocal, was entirely demolished to make room for another with different specifications. This magnificent palace is so grand and costly, incidentally, that it is kept closed even during the congressional session because the government cannot afford to pay for its maintenance.

The President's maneuvers to secure a reelection began early. To prevent emergence of any other candidates he formed a coalition with the presidents and leaders of the three existing parties—Conservative, Liberal, and Popular—including Dr. Clemente Vasquez Bello, president of the Senate. This bloc was not difficult to form, as none of the political groups had any definite platform. The coalition, which became known as Cooperativism, announced that if the nation was to be saved from the economic crisis which was approaching, the ruling government must not be hampered by inter-party bickering.

A convention was called in Havana on May 9, 1928, to revise several articles of the constitution. Dr. Antonio Sánchez de Bustamante, member of the International Court of Justice of the Hague, who presided, subsequently declared in the press that the members of the convention had exceeded their functions. As stated in a previous paragraph, the reform established a presidential term of six years, with the president ineligible for reelection. The office of vice-president was abolished, succession devolving upon the secretary of state in case of the president's death or disability. The terms of congressmen were increased to six and nine years, and those of governors of provinces, mayors, and councilmen were also lengthened. President Machado was then reelected unopposed, and his second term, from 1929 to 1935, was inaugurated with a sumptuousness unique in the annals of Latin America. Some thirty-seven nations sent special ambassadors, and the ceremony, taking place in the new capitol, cost about half a million dollars.

Assured of power for another six years, the government saw no reason any longer to keep up appearances. It was soon discovered that the firm known as Mestre y Machado, as early as May, 1925, had received contracts for all food and supplies destined for hospitals, penitentiaries, the army and navy, and all dependencies of the state. Such monopolistic contracts, needless to say, are highly profitable. The same firm also has a monopoly on flour and bread, and has ruined numerous bakery companies. There are even rumors of a proposal to give the corporation a monopoly on newsprint.

The proximity of partial elections in 1930 brought forth a wave of protest. The Nationalist Party, animated by politicians of the opposition, who are the most important foes of the administration, attempted a meeting in Pinar del Rio on May 18, 1930, but it was broken up by the police with serious casualties. Another group, the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth, organized the college students and succeeded in getting expressions from Menocal and Zayas, both ex-presidents, and from former vice-presidents, declaring that they were opposed to the holding of elections because internal peace would be seriously threatened. The majority of the candidates, aside from those already in office, were relatives of President Machado and of Dr. Clemente Vasquez Bello, president of the Liberal Party. In fact, the election was such a family affair that *El Pais* published the names of the nominees eight months before the elections.

On September 30 last the students of the National University were to hold a meeting of protest. The night before, however, the dean sent word to President Machado, who ordered troops to the campus and hid a corps of artillery in the Chrysanthemum Garden. When the students found they could not meet at the university they tried to gather at the foot of a nearby hill. The army did not attack them, but the police fired off their guns, accidentally killing the vice-president of the alumni association and wounding a number of students.

Street disorders occurred frequently thereafter in spite of strict police supervision. A student manifesto was published in one of the opposition newspapers, *El Pais,* and a second one was drawn up by the Brotherhood of Cuban Youth. Menocal sought to bring about some kind of conciliation, but Machado remained unbending. On the very eve of elections the government was petitioned to suspend them, but the petition went unheeded. No more than 30 per cent of the citizens, according to competent private advices, appeared at the polls, though the communication of Ambassador Guggenheim to the American government placed the proportion at 90 per cent. The character of the election has already been sufficiently indicated.

A student strike followed in all high schools, normal schools, schools of commerce, and the university. Photographs of street disorders taken by reporters started censorship of all newspapers. The latter immediately protested by shutting down their presses for a period of over two weeks. On November 14, after an agitated night during which ex-President Zayas and the Mayor of Havana had been hailed as defenders of liberty, the republic found itself deprived of its constitutional guaranties for twenty days. Toward the close of this period the Student Council and the Brotherhood prepared a manifesto requesting the President to resign from office. The manifesto created a sensation. Aristocratic societies, labor unions, cultural and professional organizations—everybody backed up the petition, crowding the streets with mobs of demonstrators. Thereupon the President secured the passage of another law suspending the constitutional guaranties for sixty days.

On December 24 the government discovered an alleged plot. This discovery served as occasion for the detention of all unfriendly elements, the closing up of all newspapers, and the renewal of persecution in all forms. Student Council members of both the university and the high schools were imprisoned, the Brotherhood suffered the same fate, and a large number of patriots were compelled to flee from the country. Colonel Aurelio Hevia, who is accused of being the arch-conspirator, is imprisoned in the Cabaña fortress, and it is estimated that the number of persons detained for political reasons is about 800. Provoked by a one-day strike of workers in tobacco and cigarette factories, fishermen, bakers, milkmen, and printers, Machado during January secured the passage of another law permitting him to suspend all rights for an indefinite period whenever he chose. He took such action on February 7.

Throughout the island students have voiced their opposition to the Machado regime, sometimes descending to acts of vandalism. In some places they have organized parades and swooped down on public squares to demolish statues of Machado and others whom they oppose. They have repeatedly drawn the fire of the police, who on one occasion accidentally killed the sister-in-law of a powerful newspaper editor, and on another fatally wounded an American citizen.

There are other real forces that may develop into worthy opponents of the Machado administration. The manifesto requesting the President to resign revealed the fact that vast numbers of people are revolted by the tactics of a man who is molding their republic into a monument of his own dictatorial power. The Nationalists, who are unrecognized, have gained the promise of Menocal to join them in their fight against the government.

Machado's main support comes from the army, which has been regularly paid and feted whenever possible. The army continues with a budget of $16,000,000 annually, leaving the Department of Agriculture with a scant $700,000 and the Department of Public Education with a budget reduced more than $2,000,000. The salaries of all public servants, with the exception of the army, have been reduced 40 per cent.

To help the economic situation there has just been enacted a special economic emergency law increasing first-class postage from two to three cents, placing a 10 per cent tax on theater tickets, and imposing a tax on radios. Among the other items subject to a tax is Bacardi rum, on which the government is to collect eighty cents for every gallon exported. The Bacardi people have protested in vain that they will move their plant to Santo Domingo. One amusing schedule in the tax law may be mentioned. For some time it has been customary for Spaniards who have spent many years in the interior of Cuba as sugar planters to return to Spain for a short time, and with the aid of a small fee to receive a title of nobility at the court. Needless to say, their increased dignity is thoroughly despised by the Cubans. The new tax law reads that each time the word "count," "duke," or "marquis" is used before a man's name in a newspaper story, the man owes the government $10. This will probably reduce the number of bombastic interviews by Count this or Duke that, little sugar-plantation owners, rather than increase the nation's revenue.

Any day now, according to one of the Cuban newspapers which has resumed operations, the red-light district of Havana, known as the "zone of tolerance," will be reopened. This announcement is significant. At the time of the first inauguration of Machado the subject of "regeneration" was widely discussed, and in deference to it the new president ordered the zone of tolerance closed. The recent promise of the government to permit the reopening of the district is unquestionably a gesture to regain the favor of the lower classes, who have been antagonized by the newly imposed taxes.

As things now stand, whenever the government's foes find voice they are thrown into jail, censorship is clapped on the press, and martial law, under the provisions of an act dating back to 1871 and therefore completely unconstitutional, is established in the large cities. When the clamor dies down, a generous hand is outstretched. On Christmas Eve last the army was tendered a dinner by the President, each soldier receiving a dollar bill in wallet on which was engraved a picture of Machado. general amnesty of all political prisoners was promised r National Independence Day, February 24, but when that y came it was found unconstitutional to liberate prisoners arged with sedition. What all this will lead to is difficult say. American intervention seems remote. As long as achado manages to find money to pay soldiers and feed em, he will have them at his beck and call. The neral economic situation gives the government a temporary spite. The student bodies and the Nationalists have exusted every means of immediate protest at their disposal, d many active opponents have been forced to flee the untry. For the time being the opposition elements are at e end of their resources.

Contributors to This Issue

Mary Sumner Boyd, research expert and writer, was for several years editor of the *Birth Control Review*.

Gardner Jackson is an independent Washington journalist.

Max Eastman is the author of "The Enjoyment of Poetry."

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

Horace Gregory is the author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House."

Malwon Kaufman, for many years connected with business enterprises in Cuba, is now a New York newspaperman.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY CARL VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN MARK VAN DOREN
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* Absent in Europe.

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MR. HOOVER has decided to inspect some of our colonial possessions in the West Indies. It is well that he should do so, for there are many problems in this section, particularly in Porto Rico, which must be solved, and to which a President who has examined them at first hand might be expected to give more intelligent and sympathetic consideration. The Hoover Administration has already made a definite start in that direction. Its appointee, Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico, is reported by Ernest Gruening and other competent observers who lately have visited the territory to be making marked progress in winning the confidence of the people and in dealing with some of their problems. Mr. Hoover recently transferred the administration of the Virgin Islands from the Navy to the Interior Department, and he appointed not a politician but a liberal educator, Dr. Paul Pearson of Swarthmore College, to be governor of the islands. In connection with his tour of inspection it is said that Mr. Hoover is contemplating placing the administration of all the colonial possessions under one office, presumably to be created within the Interior Department. From the standpoint of efficiency there is no reason why some of these territories should be administered by the War Department, others by the Navy, and still others by the Interior Department. Grouping them together under a civilian bureau would remove them from military rule. We question the wisdom, however, of turning them over to the Interior Department, which has already more than it can possibly handle with care and efficiency, and which of late has been subjected to increasing criticism from advocates of good government.

CALVIN COOLIDGE has come to the defense of the Senate. In his daily column he declares that "it would be dangerous for the Senate to impair further its character as a deliberative body." He goes on:

> A good measure can stand discussion. A bad bill ought to be delayed. . . . While the nature of the Senate has been changed by the direct election of its members, it has still remained a citadel of liberty because it has always contained a body of strong men who were able and willing to expose dangerous measures by adequate debate.

This is sound common sense. We should doubtless disagree with Mr. Coolidge as to the specific occasions on which the power he mentions has been most usefully exercised, and we do not believe that the Senate's greatest service consists in blocking bad legislation. We are glad, however, to see Mr. Coolidge, who more than once had his own troubles with the Senate, call attention to the great value of our one remaining deliberative body. We commend his words to that great body of uninformed public opinion which has followed the present White House lead in depreciating the Senate in order to glorify the Presidency.

THE DIFFICULTIES of international cooperation for the control of private industry are plainly indicated in the criticisms of the Chadbourne plan of sugar marketing made by Earl D. Babst, chairman of the board of directors of the American Sugar Refining Company, which is heavily interested in Cuban sugar. Mr. Babst points out that the Chadbourne plan limits Cuban production in 1931 to 3,122,000 tons, against an output of 4,671,000 tons in 1930, 5,156,000 in 1929, and an average of about 4,800,000 tons over the past six years. Restrictions on Cuban exports to the United States under the plan will prevent Cuba from selling in its "normal" market in 1931 much more than half its average crop, and will mean, Mr. Babst maintains, a permanent loss of markets to Cuba, resulting in "a radical destruction of property rights." It is on just such difficulties as this that previous restriction schemes have broken down. "Nationalism everywhere," says Mr. Babst, "in its effort to save local high-cost producers is destroying the producer in low-cost fields, even in Cuba, whose soil and climate are ideal for sugar production." He urges a reestablishment of free marketing and the promotion of low production costs in order to put the Cuban industry again on a sound footing. The problems of international economic control are vastly more difficult than is generally realized, and their successful solution involves a far wider recognition than is yet common of the advantages of international division of labor. If the other countries do not want cheap Cuban sugar, no one can oblige them to take it, but Mr. Chadbourne and his associates certainly have their work cut out for them.

A RETURN TO SANITY is indicated in the airplane-manufacturing industry, which was expanded beyond all reason in the mad days of 1928 and 1929. After the Lindbergh flight to Paris in 1927 aviation went mad, and during the next two years every sort of publicity device known to the modern public-relations counsel helped make the public "air-minded," smoothing the way for the industrious salesman of aviation securities, good, bad, and indifferent. New plants multiplied, and there was wild talk of quantity production, as though the airplane was soon to become as common as the automobile. Of course, the bubble had to burst. In 1929 the principal aviation concerns turned out 6,034 machines—many more than could be sold; last year they produced 3,224 planes, of which 2,514 were for civil use. It is a good thing that the days of ballyhoo in this new industry are over for the time being, at least. The art of flying continues to make progress, though its most substantial achievements are not necessarily those which receive the most attention in the press. The manufacturing end of the business is gradually getting down to a reasonable industrial and financial basis, and there is reason to look for solid and substantial progress now that the industry not only has its wings in the air but has its feet on the ground.

THE DECREE of the District Court of St. Paul giving the government immediate possession of the St. Paul post office which was recently acquired by condemnation proceedings has been affirmed by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Kansas City, Judge Kimbrough Stone presiding. The government, it will be recalled, has been paying $120,000 a year on a long-term contract for a property appraised by a commission of disinterested viewers at $317,502, and awarded to the government at slightly more than that amount. Judge Stone in his opinion held that this "outrageous rental" gave the lessors every possible reason to delay the ultimate determination of the condemnation proceedings—a fact that would seem to be self-evident. The St. Paul lease has been the subject of prolonged inquiry by Senator Blaine's committee on post-office leases. In the course of the investigation Senator Blaine clashed sharply with former Postmaster General New, attempting to show that the latter had not exercised due diligence in purchasing the property after discovering the gross disproportion between rental and selling value, an allegation which Mr. New indignantly denied. The whole question of post-office leases greatly needs clarification, and we trust that the Blaine committee will do a thorough and impartial job.

MORE THAN 9,000,000 peasant families are already associated with Russia's collective and state farms, according to a report by Commissar of Agriculture Yakovlev to the All-Union Congress in Moscow, as reported by the Associated Press. With about 12,500,000 acres in state farms this year, and some 162,500,000 in collectives, the government's scheme of collectivization is going forward with astonishing speed, and the Commissar of Agriculture exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm that the problem of agriculture in the Soviet Union is solved, though there are many and serious difficulties ahead. In this connection Commissar Yakovlev presented to the congress for approval a proposal to introduce a piece-work system into the 85,000 collectives in order to overcome the difficulty that some of the families joining the collectives do as little as possible. Thus, the headlines again announce, the Russians are turning back to capitalist principles. It would not be the first retreat that Moscow has made in the face of practical difficulties, but the Soviet Government has displayed an astonishing ability to stick to its Communist principles in spite of these retreats, which over and over again have proved only temporary. It is a matter of no slight theoretical interest, however, just how far under communism it may prove necessary and desirable to go in payment in proportion to results—certainly not to the absurd lengths that characterize our system. The Russians have one advantage over us: when they find that one thing does not work, they can try another.

STANLEY BALDWIN'S repudiation of the Conservative diehards who would boycott the Irwin-Gandhi truce and solve the great problem of India's future by ignoring India's demands and insulting her leaders apparently has the support of the majority of his party—which insures Conservative participation in the second round-table conference and clears the air generally in England. In India complications are inevitably piling up and nothing is quite clear. The most important event on the horizon is the meeting at Karachi on March 26 of the Congress Party. Rumors of a "disgruntled Nehru," a party split, and the general confusion surrounding the meaning and use of the term "purna swaraj" can best be referred to that meeting, which should bring at least clarification. In the meantime, Gandhi seeks a basis for Hindu-Moslem unity just as the All-India Moslem League, in session in Delhi, makes his task more formidable by reasserting the Aga Khan's demand—put forward in no uncertain terms as the London conference closed—for separate electorates. One could wish that the safeguards projected by Great Britain "in the interests of India" might include a provision for joint electorates—the only sensible and permanent solution. Finally, the chamber of princes assembles in Delhi in all its autocratic splendor as Gandhi, who will join them at the next round-table conference, repeats his march to the sea in the sparse costume which Winston Churchill apparently regards as a mortal insult to the Empire and himself. Of such contrasts is the Indian picture composed.

READING THE RIOT ACT to France is about what the extraordinary speech of Wilhelm Gröner, Minister of Defense, to the Reichstag Committee of Ways and Means on March 9 seems to amount to. The obligation of Germany to disarm, Herr Gröner recalled, is founded upon the provision of the Versailles treaty which makes German disarmament a preliminary to general disarmament. Germany, he declared, has fulfilled its part of the undertaking, but has France? According to André Maginot, French Minister of War, whose recent remarks Herr Gröner recited, France has "taken account of its duty to disarm." It has reduced the number of its army divisions below that of 1913, maintains fewer men with the colors, and has substituted a one-year for a three-year service. As Herr Gröner sees it, however, all this is "only a form of rearmament that has taken account of war experience and the rapid development of war technique not to decrease but to increase the efficiency of the French army." Actually, the French army is nearly as large as it was in 1912, military training has been intensified, the staff is one and one-half times larger, and the budget has climbed steadily to a figure, for 1931, of 18,200,000,000 francs. "Do the thousands of tanks, airplanes, and cannon, the tens of thousands of machine-guns speak the language of disarmament?" Herr Gröner thinks not. His speech makes it clear that if armaments are to continue in spite of the peace treaty, Germany is entitled to an equality with France. It would seem that Great Britain, having exerted itself to bring France and Italy to an accord over their navies, has here a further opportunity for the exercise of its diplomacy.

THE BANK OF UNITED STATES investigation in New York drags its slow length along, apparently overshadowed in public interest, for the moment at least, by the shocking revelations of corruption in the municipal courts and the police force and by the multiplying accusations of neglect and inefficiency leveled against Mayor Walker. It will be a disgrace as well as a public calamity if the responsibility for the wrecking of the bank is not exposed down to the ground. Enough has already been unearthed to show that the trails of personal responsibility lead far and in many directions—so far and so wide, indeed, as to give an air of credibility to the reports that "powerful interests," financial and political, are exerting themselves to block the investigation or render it practically fruitless. The position of Joseph A. Broderick, superintendent of the State Banking Department, has become peculiarly unenviable as his connection with the bank has been shown up, and it will take a very clear body of evidence to convince the stockholders and depositors of the bank that he has not been grossly negligent in safeguarding their interests. In the present situation in New York it is out of the question to think of doing only one thing at a time. The same forces that are organizing the revolt against the mayor, the courts, and the police should see to it that the bank inquiry is not allowed to slacken.

THERE IS A CLASS of persons honestly convinced that most contemporary masterpieces were stolen by hook or crook from the disregarded efforts of their own pens. One cannot know, of course, whether or not to reckon among these Miss Georges Lewys, author of "The Temple of Pallas Athene," who is now bringing suit against Eugene O'Neill in the sum of $2,000,000 for plagiarism in the writing of "Strange Interlude." Miss Lewys quotes examples of verbatim similarity between the two works. These consist of lines like: "I must become a mother."—"You must become a mother." "He is a weakling."—"He is a weakling." "I have been sadly disillusioned."—"I would be disillusioned." "Old Fox."—"Old Fox." From the newspaper accounts it is impossible to determine which author wrote which line. Nor does it greatly matter. It is obvious to any simple person not engaged in conducting a lawsuit, and hence bound by certain rules, that these are similarities of the most trivial and meaningless sort. Alleged similarities of plot are shown to have been used in many other works—for example, in Mr. Philip Barry's play "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," plagiarized from the Bible and now playing unchallenged in New York. Mr. O'Neill deposes that he never saw a copy of Miss Lewys's work. But however the suit is decided, he will have had to spend considerable time and money in defending it. Meanwhile Miss Lewys and her book, which was perhaps not too widely known, is getting a handsome amount of free, full-column newspaper advertising. That being the case, let us confess that our sympathy is with Mr. O'Neill. And when we think how Miss Lewys could have cleaned up on the Bard of Avon, if she had been, by any chance, the author of all his stolen plots, we tremble for any author, the more in danger as he is eminent and admired.

WHEN JOSEPH POTTER COTTON, Undersecretary of State, died in Baltimore on March 10 the State Department lost not only a capable executive officer, but also a force for sanity and stability such as the department had not had for many years. Undersecretary Cotton was intellectually honest and genuinely liberal. He accepted none of the prevailing principles and policies of the State Department merely because they were based upon precedent or had functioned fairly effectively for a number of years. He insisted upon a reexamination of every problem that came before him and was further insistent that the solution of each problem must be based upon its individual merits. It is yet too early to measure or fully appreciate the extent of his influence upon American diplomacy; it must be considered that other persons had a hand in the recent liberalization of American policy in Haiti, Nicaragua, and elsewhere in the Caribbean area; nevertheless, his was the guiding hand in much of the work that the Hoover-Stimson Administration has been undertaking in that section. Moreover, his personal influence was felt throughout the State Department. Washington newspaper correspondents report that his personality worked as a leaven even in the ultra-conservative, tradition-bound Latin American Division of the department. Finally, critics of American foreign policy whose opinions were sound and facts substantial could always obtain a hearing from Joseph Cotton, although other officials were inclined to turn these critics away as cranks. Among other reasons, we regret that Mr. Cotton should have died before his influence could be brought to bear on the Russian question.

WE EXTEND A HEARTY WELCOME to Dr. Judah L. Magnes, chancellor of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. During the black years of the war this modern prophet made no compromise with the forces of falsehood and hatred, and the soul-searching days of the massacres of 1929 showed that his spirit is still incapable of entertaining any thought of malice or revenge. His abounding energy is now devoted to the task of building up a great Hebrew seat of learning at Jerusalem, to hold aloft the torch of Jewish culture and to serve as a center of better mutual understanding among the people of all races and religions in the little land whose history is so closely linked with East and West alike. "Are the Jews," asks Dr. Magnes, "with their rich background, to say something more in the course of their history? Have they any life left to them? Any intellectual strength? Has Jerusalem, the sacred city, any more to say?" To these questions his own thought and work are answer enough. He may be assured of a warm welcome in his native land on the part of every lover of learning and peace and understanding and good-will among men.

Progressivism Awakes

IN Washington the Progressives and their economic and social advisers have met, talked at great length, and adjourned. It is yet too early to measure the full value of their conference, or to take stock of all its potential results. It is too early to say that the Progressives have at last risen to the grave emergency confronting the country, but in any case the Washington conference did show clearly that they, alone among the various major political groups, are seriously concerned with the economic crisis, and are desirous that something shall be done, not only to relieve the present widespread suffering, but to repair the defects in our economic and social machinery that have brought about this suffering.

Although it was announced that only one question was to be considered at the conference, that of laying the groundwork for a legislative program to be undertaken at the next session of Congress, in fact two problems presented themselves to the Washington meeting. Of these, the legislative program was the lesser, notwithstanding it was undoubtedly of more immediate importance. But the larger problem sprang out of the need for arousing the public conscience against the shameless abandonment of the American people by its present political, industrial, and financial leadership, and out of the necessity for instilling in the vast inert masses of the people a greater degree of confidence than they have had in Progressive leadership and ideas. The conference achieved something, at least, toward these ends. Even if it had served no other purpose, it called the attention of the public sharply, if only for the brief space of a few days, to the scope and seriousness of the problems before the country, and indicated something of the willingness and capacity of the Progressives to deal with this situation. Whether the Progressive group can hold popular confidence, and whether they can answer the questions they themselves put before the people in the conference, only time will tell. If they fail, and if the depression continues much longer (and most of their expert advisers believed prosperity would be long in returning), the Progressives will unquestionably be swept aside and some stronger, and perhaps more radical, group will arise to challenge the present political and economic overlordship of the country.

However that may be, the Washington Progressives, at last stirred into action, have finally taken the step which should have been taken before the opening of the last session of Congress. Further, it must be conceded that the Washington meeting had an unusual significance. A major political conference has been held to deal, not with political problems as such, but with economic and social problems stripped of their political aspects. For the first time a body of political realists has frankly and unashamedly challenged, not the Republican and Democratic parties, but the system that these parties represent and defend. Speaker after speaker, whether politician or expert, radical or conservative, arose and defined the enemy by name; they said little or nothing of Republicans and Democrats; they concentrated their fire on the "system" and on "capitalism." Here is a portent for the immediate future that the Jim Watsons cannot dismiss with their sneers, and that the Herbert Hoovers cannot ignore with their superior silences. Had the conferees been Communists or theoretical Socialists, the Washington meeting might have deserved only passing attention, but they were not; they included practical politicians actually in office, well-known economists upon whom even the capitalists occasionally call for advice, university professors of substantial standing, social workers of international importance, conservative labor leaders who are finally beginning to realize the falsehood and futility of their alliance with the capitalist-entrepreneur class. Their challenge was born out of reality, and not out of vague doctrines. Their message in effect was a warning to the Hoovers, Mellons, Youngs, Schwabs, Insulls, and others that capitalism as at present constituted is being seriously questioned, that the Progressives are prepared to do what they can to rebuild the capitalist structure so that it may be of benefit to the people as a whole and not simply to a restricted few, and that the alternative to Progressive rule may easily be socialism or communism.

Ominous as it may appear at first glance, this was the real message of the Washington conference. The Progressives have not yet established their capacity to solve the problems they discussed. It was not to be expected that forceful leadership and a balanced program should spring at once out of this meeting. The next twelve months will determine whether the potential leadership shown in the conference is strong enough to exert itself effectively, and whether out of the present beginnings there can be developed a genuine and workable program. In the direction of a return to representative government and on the tariff and power questions the conference made some progress; the relatively radical proposals to stabilize industry and remedy unemployment were almost unanimously approved; but on the farm-relief question (and it must not be forgotten that this problem is no less important than the unemployment and power questions) the speakers for the most part came forward with the same old quack remedies. After hearing the present tariff system ably and justifiably denounced as a dole for industry, Senator Borah and others urged the adoption of the export-debenture plan and similar schemes on the ground that the farmers, too, should be subsidized. Other errors of omission and commission could be cited, but the detailed discussion and criticism of a legislative program is a task for the coming months—a task to which the Progressive leaders and their advisers, we assume, will be giving earnest attention. Let them, however, beware lest they go into the next Congress with a program that is nothing but a bundle of resolutions and good intentions. Their program must be put into the form of draft legislation; it must take the shape of definite measures to be introduced into the House or Senate, upon which they are all agreed in advance of the convening of Congress. If they can publicly unite, say at another conference to be held in the autumn, upon concrete bills ready for the Congressional hopper, they will go far toward fusing behind them the public opinion necessary to put their legislative program into effect.

New York's Shame

NEW YORK CITY, it appears at last, is not wholly dead to civic decency. In November, 1929, after four years' experience of the existing administration, it reelected James J. Walker as mayor by a plurality of half a million votes. In so doing the citizens of the metropolis gave their approval to a management of their affairs that has rarely been surpassed in its inefficiency and cynical disregard of the ordinary decencies of government. About the only interpretation that it was possible to put on their action was that they did not care. As the year 1930 passed, with its progressive revelations of rottenness in one branch of public administration after another, yet with no effective public protest, it seemed as though the city had lost all capacity for indignation at civic betrayal. The newspapers published sensational stories of the demoralization of courts, of police, of bureaus and offices throughout the city administration. All such charges the Mayor met with meaningless gestures. Nothing more seemed to be required in view of the indifference or the cynical amusement displayed by the ordinary citizen. Meanwhile the exigencies of partisan politics at Albany, the political needs of a governor anxious to be President and eager not to offend Tammany unduly, the maneuvers of a Republican organization no less corrupt than Tammany—all combined to prevent the initiation of any attack from up the river.

But at last the storm clouds of public wrath began gathering. The city began to be stirred by successive quick disclosures of court and police participation in the "framing" of women on charges of prostitution. Then came the brutal murder of Vivian Gordon to insure her silence—a crime that served to enkindle the indignation that a long train of offenses scarcely less flagitious had failed to arouse, and at last there is arising from important groups a strong demand for a sweeping investigation of the whole intolerable situation in the city government. The Governor has finally acted in one instance, appointing Justice Seabury to investigate charges made by the City Club against District Attorney Crain with a view to his removal. The Society for the Prevention of Crime has appealed to the Governor and the legislature to give Justice Seabury full power for a city-wide investigation, and specifically for an inquisition of Mayor Walker's office, but unfortunately it has not presented specific charges against the city's executive head. The New York City Congregational Church Association, the Presbyterian Union of New York, and the New York City Federation of Churches have all voiced a demand for a sweeping city-wide investigation, as have also the New York Board of Trade and the United Neighborhood Houses of New York. A Committee of One Thousand under the chairmanship of W. J. Schieffelin is forming to aid in pushing such an investigation. The City Affairs Committee, under the chairmanship of John Haynes Holmes, announces its purpose to formulate specific charges against the Mayor and compel the Governor to face the issue of instituting removal proceedings.

In the face of such a gathering storm, Mayor Walker, figuratively speaking, lights a Murad and lights out for California, declaring that he will be back shortly. A few days earlier he had summoned a group of social workers to the City Hall to help him get rid of vice and maintain New York's reputation "as being the cleanest, most moral city in the world"! Confessing himself "more or less shocked" at the stories of corruption in the courts and the police force, the Mayor characteristically left the meeting before anyone had a chance to suggest what to do. His present action in leaving the city at a time when he is actually threatened with formal charges is a fitting climax to a career of irresponsibility hard to match in the annals of New York. We regret it if the Mayor is ill, but his place today is in New York, where Norman Thomas is declaring: "His administration and his office have been incompetent, ineffective, and futile so far as concerns the needs of New York as opposed to the needs of Tammany and Tammany office-holders." There is the whole thing in a nutshell, and we cannot hope too strongly that the aroused conscience of New York will insist on the most rigid investigation of the official acts of its chief executive as well as of the gang of looters and bandits in office whom he has allowed to prey upon the city. If ever charges of neglect against a public officer demanded investigation, we believe they demand it today in the case of Mayor Walker. But any real investigation must plow deep; for it concerns not simply minor courts and policemen who prey on women, not merely subordinate officials in city bureaus, not merely the highest officers in borough and in city administration. It must extend to the political operations of the banks, the building industry, the important commercial concerns, the thousands of great business interests that profit from maintaining a government of the type that disgraces New York today. Let us have an investigation that will show the system in its exact operation. Honest business and honest government are entitled to vindication, and the whole existing growth of inefficiency and corruption must be rooted out.

The Naval Agreement

NOBODY except naval experts and a few government officials is likely to pay much attention to the statistical parts of the British memorandum in which the terms of the Franco-Italian naval agreement are set out. Figures of tonnage or gun caliber are of slight significance to the average man or woman, and even the experts do not always agree about what the figures mean. What most people will want to know is whether the agreement really puts an end to competitive naval building by France and Italy; whether, if it does, it also disposes of the disputed issue of parity between the navies of those two Powers, and whether it paves the way to the general reduction and limitation of armaments of all kinds which an international conference is scheduled to undertake in February, 1932.

The first of these questions may, with some qualification, be answered in the affirmative. It will be recalled that the refusal of France and Italy to accept the tonnage limitations of the London naval treaty because of their dispute about parity resulted in the inclusion in the treaty of a safeguarding provision which permitted either of the three signatory Powers—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan

—to increase its tonnage in case the Powers that did not sign increased theirs. The elaborate programs of competitive building which France and Italy have prosecuted made it reasonably certain that Great Britain, at least, would feel compelled to resort to this so-called escalator clause, and it is this danger that the accord recently concluded appears to have averted. France and Italy will continue to build, but the building will be according to a scale and not competitive. The scale, it must be admitted, is liberal, and the British Admiralty is reported as thinking that the tonnage balance will still dip unduly against Great Britain, but we have the government's word for it that the escalator clause will not be invoked.

The parity issue, on the other hand, has been only postponed, to come up again at the latest in 1936 when the London treaty will regularly be reconsidered, but quite probably in 1932 when the whole subject of disarmament is before the international conference. France, meantime, will enjoy the superiority of 150,000 tons more or less upon which it has insisted, the principal difference being that the distribution of tonnage among the various categories of vessels will be somewhat more to Italy's advantage. France can thus claim that it has surrendered nothing important, and Italy can profess satisfaction in the prospect of a fleet better adapted to its special needs, notwithstanding the continued inferiority in global tonnage. The fundamental issue, however, remains almost exactly where it was when Mr. Henderson and Mr. Alexander began their negotiations at Paris and Rome.

Has the outlook for the disarmament conference, then, been improved? In one important respect it has. If, when the conference met, France and Italy had been engaged in a competitive struggle, the former to maintain its naval superiority and the latter to achieve parity, the chances of agreement upon any plan of general naval reduction or limitation would have been appreciably dimmed, while if the navies proved unmanageable the land and air armaments could hardly have been dealt with at all. There is encouragement in the willingness of France and Italy to accept the British good offices and temporarily drop a controversy which was setting all Europe by the ears and affecting public opinion in the United States and Japan. The general subject can now be discussed without at the same time watching the progress of a race. The concession is by no means entirely satisfactory, and it does not, in and of itself, contribute in the slightest degree to the solution of the parity problem, but it nevertheless has the advantage of not complicating the matter by setting it in terms of out-and-out competition building.

The hope that Italy and France, having been helped to an accord at one point, may find a way of harmonizing their differences at another is probably the chief reason for the added interest that is being shown in the preparations for the conference next year. There is certainly need of all the cheerfulness that can be mustered. What with armies, navies, air forces, chemical warfare, budgetary control, parity, offensive and defensive alliances, and all the other issues that war involves, the conference may well turn out to be the most important international meeting since the peace conference at Paris, for the task before it is nothing less than a sweeping reorganization of world policy in one of the most important aspects of international relations.

The Advertiser's Art

As the advertising expert, with his "psychology," "science," and technical jargon, increases in prestige and affluence the outsider begins to wonder whether there has been any corresponding increase in the effectiveness of advertising itself. That it has made enormous advances in attractiveness could hardly be denied by anyone who reads such a magazine as the *Saturday Evening Post*, with its handsome color reproductions. But how about its effectiveness for its supposedly primary if not sole function of creating a demand for goods?

The truth seems to be that advertising is becoming less a direct device for "selling the stuff" and more and more a game played for its own sake. In the old paleolithic days of Carter's Little Liver Pills and Smith Brothers' Cough Drops, the product at least got the center of the stage; now it is being shoved farther and farther in the corner to make room for other things, chief of which is the pretty girl. A glance around a single subway car reveals twelve advertisements in each of which the main emphasis is on a pretty girl, with an entirely secondary emphasis on the article ostensibly advertised. Included in the posters is a cigarette advertisement in which a pretty girl gazes into a mirror and is neither carrying nor smoking a cigarette; a coffee advertisement in which the center of attraction is a pretty girl with part of her breast discreetly exposed; a shampoo advertisement in which the center of attraction is a pretty girl with a good deal more of her breast indiscreetly exposed; and an advertisement for a corn remover in which the emphasis is thrown on the colored photograph of a lady in step-ins that expose as much as the law allows.

Newspaper advertisements reveal the same situation ten times multiplied, though often with more reason. Two hundred women in various stages of dress and undress walk through the columns. Perhaps the most striking illustration is the series of advertisements being run for a well-known cigarette. They occupy about two-thirds of a page; the space is almost completely dominated by a pretty girl in a bathing suit cut very low in the back. At the top one learns the general truth that "Sunshine Mellows." An alert observer may discover at the bottom what is being advertised.

That such an advertisement does not sell cigarettes we do not contend. We do feel confident that if the same space were swept clean, and the simple name of the cigarette —and nothing else—printed in large type there, the advertisement would be five times as effective in reminding the consumer of the product and presumably getting him to buy it. But an advertising agency that used such a simple device could never convince its clients that it was using "psychology" and all the other arcana of its craft.

Advertising, in truth, seems to be going sex-mad. The pretty girl is emphasized always at the expense of the product; instead of drawing attention to it, she acts as a lightning rod, attracting and channeling attention away from it. What advertisers chiefly suggest is not that a certain cigarette or corn remover is desirable, but that a beautiful girl is. This ought to comfort those who think that America puts business before everything. Business now exists merely to glorify American Womanhood.

The Conference Must Succeed

By VISCOUNT CECIL

THE Disarmament Conference of February, 1932, already dominates the horizon of international politics. I make no apology for reverting to it. It is one of those crucial events in the history of the world that must either succeed or fail. It cannot just be a succession of long-drawn inconclusive discussions which are a matter of indifference to the life of nations. Indeed, I believe that the consequence of failure would be so catastrophic to all who read these lines that I beg them to join with me now in foreseeing them, and next in striving to prevent them.

Let us consider what failure means. First, the conference might break up without reaching any agreement. It is perhaps unlikely that human folly would go as far as this. It ought to be inconceivable that the representatives of sixty "civilized" nations should meet to settle the form of a treaty which they all professedly desire and should separate without even a partial agreement. But remembering the incredible follies of 1914 one must admit that internationally anything may happen.

Even if this supreme stupidity is avoided, there may still be failure. The conference might result in a mere codification of armaments at their present level. There are statesmen and writers, even in some of the most enlightened states, who calmly contemplate such a result as this. They continue to talk of the impossibility of reducing their present armaments, and glibly announce their intention of writing the existing figures for their armies, navies, air forces, and military budgets into the Disarmament Convention. That certainly means failure. Even if more were accomplished, if the mountain, having been in travail for months and months at Geneva with no advantage to anyone except the hotel-keepers, were to bring forth a mouse in the form of some negligible reduction on the part of the great military Powers, that would not meet the case.

Do not let us forget the main reason for disarmament. No doubt it is desirable on many grounds, economic, political, and social. But they are not much more urgent now than they have always been. If they stood alone, the issue might perhaps have been postponed. The consideration that forces us to definite and immediate action is "scrupulous respect for treaty obligations." The pledge originally given by M. Clemenceau on behalf of the Allied and Associated Powers, reinforced by Article 8 of the various treaties of peace, repeated in the final article of the Locarno treaties, and constantly reiterated in resolutions and declarations in the Assembly of the League of Nations, still awaits fulfilment. It is chiefly to give effect to those pledges that, after prolonged preparations, the conference of next February really has been called. If these pledges are to be treated as "scraps of paper," the whole basis on which the organization of peace rests will be undermined.

That is a result which none of us can contemplate with equanimity. Some special consequences will follow directly. We must expect that the demand to rearm by the defeated nations will become insistent. The protests of the present German government, a government of moderation, even the demands of the Nazis and the Stahlhelm are as nothing compared with the uprising of ordinary patriotic opinion in Germany in favor of a recovery of her military position which will occur if the Allies definitely fail to redeem their promises at the Geneva conference of 1932. The very least that can happen will be a renewal of the race in armaments under the worst possible conditions. I know I shall be told that legally the obligation to disarm will still bind the ex-enemy Powers. The point is arguable but not important. Such an obligation, even if it exists, could not in the circumstances be enforced without violence. It would lack sufficient moral validity to secure the support of general world opinion—the only alternative to material coercion; and material coercion means war, with the sympathies of other nations hopelessly divided. Nor is Germany the only country affected. There are Hungary, Austria, and Bulgaria also to be considered, with Russia ever on the watch to seize an opportunity to break up the system of "capitalist" civilization.

It is then no exaggeration to say that the most probable political consequences of an unsuccessful Disarmament Conference next year are that Europe will fall into two armed forces and that the competition in armaments will revive—competition not merely between individual states, but what is far worse, between two powerful groups of states maneuvering for superiority. It is only too likely that this most dangerous development will be accompanied by withdrawals from the League of Nations, a policy of despair of which we have quite recently had a forewarning. I do not believe for a moment that the League, once more tainted with partiality, and with its moral prestige ruined by failure to achieve one of the chief tasks for which it was created, would very long survive. Nothing but the fading reaction against the last war would then stand between Europe and another and far more terrible fratricide.

Let no one imagine from this baneful prophecy that I would encourage or condone any one of the national policies which I foresee as the logical consequence of a collapse of the Geneva conference. On the contrary, I believe that a policy of competition in armaments is always wicked and always mad; I believe that it would be of no real advantage to Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria to rearm. It would only mean increase in taxation, a waste of national resources, a turning aside of the thoughts of the manhood of the nation from the essential work of peaceful reconstruction, and a definite lessening of national safety owing to the rivalries which it would provoke. But national pride is still stronger than reason: it is with that dynamic force that we have to reckon in considering the urgent necessity of achieving disarmament.

Succeed we must. The alternative is too sinister for any man or woman of good sense and good-will to contemplate. And there is a way to succeed. Let those who share the convictions which I have expressed refuse to be sidetracked by expert objections about the technical value of this particular form of armament or that, and concentrate upon the one form of reduction of armaments which the ordinary citizen can understand and which comes within the scope of every parliament. Let them demand a definite cut in the total military expenditure of the Powers represented at the conference. I believe that it is perfectly reasonable and possible—with dogged perseverance—to achieve at the 1932 conference an all-round reduction of 25 per cent in the military budgets of those countries which did not have reductions imposed upon them by the treaties. This would be a first step—but a considerable step—toward that international equality which all serious students of European affairs foresee and accept. Further reduction would have to be considered after the first convention expires.

I do not suggest that by itself this will altogether meet the demands for equality put forward by Germany and other Powers. Nor have I forgotten the French case for security as a condition of disarmament. But I would venture to ask those who insist on this condition not to forget the history of the last four years. Not only has an immense advance been made in the moral safeguards of peace by the acceptance of the Optional Clause, the signatures of the General Act, and above all the universal ratification of the Pact of Paris, but much has been done in the direction of material security. There are the Locarno treaties by which the signatories bind themselves to guarantee with the whole of their national forces the settlements there set out. There is the Treaty of Financial Assistance which in return for disarmament sets up a special machinery to give financial assistance to a state attacked. There are the Assembly resolutions giving precision to the steps which may be taken to safeguard peace under Article 11 and the proposals now pending to give to those resolutions the authority of an international treaty. Finally, there are the suggested amendments to the Covenant designed to make the provisions of the Pact of Paris part of the League jurisprudence and thereby close the celebrated gap in Article 15.

Surely the cumulative effect of these international acts is considerably to strengthen the already wide obligations of the Covenant. Is it not time for the advocates of security to show their sincerity by making a real advance in the direction of disarmament? That certainly is the clear opinion of my country expressed by Mr. Henderson at the last Assembly, when he laid it down that we could undertake no further obligations for increasing security except in return for disarmament.

That then is the choice before us: failure of the conference and a return to European anarchy and chaos; success and a definite advance on the road which leads to international organization and peace.

Progressives Turn to the Left

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, March 13

ONE hundred and forty years ago the King of France was put to death by the Jacobins. He had outlived his usefulness and had lost his power. When the guillotine chopped off the head of the sixteenth Louis Capet on that day in January, 1793, more than a man died; with him went an entire system of government. Some days previously the radicals of Paris, sitting in convention, voted to confirm what everyone knew, that the system represented by Louis XVI was no longer of service to France. Later they arose one by one to decide whether the symbol of this system should be preserved or forever abolished; the majority elected death for the king. Here in Washington these last two days a group of some of the most intelligent men and women in the country have been sitting in judgment upon the politico-economic system that now dominates the United States. One by one these persons arose to explain what is apparent to all observant Americans, that our system has ceased to serve the people as a whole. They left the impression upon their hearers that unless something is soon done to overhaul or rebuild this system in effective fashion, another and more violently radical group would in the near future be found voting to put capitalism to death.

It has been characteristic of past periods of depression in the United States that labor leaders have temporarily abandoned their economic weapons in the hope of finding solutions for labor's problems in the political field. At the same time the intellectuals have invariably attempted to seize such opportunities for the purpose of forcing their socialistic or other panaceas upon both the working people and the politicians. Even in more recent years the various groups have refused to make the sacrifices necessary to successful cooperation. In the Progressive conferences of the immediate past, for example, politics and political views have dominated; more emphasis has been placed on potential ways and means of turning the major parties out of office than upon the economic and social problems awaiting solution.

In the conference which closed last night this situation was almost completely reversed. Politics for the sake of politics was entirely suppressed; utopianism and demagoguery raised but a feeble voice; the intellectuals got down to the bedrock of reality in putting forward their various proposals; the labor leaders confessed that they had more to gain by working in harness with other progressive and liberal groups than by continuing their *mésalliance* with capitalism, and the farm leaders finally acknowledged the close relationship between the interests of the farmers and those of the workers in the industrial centers. Summed up, the conference was the first ever held in this country that was political in form and yet wholly economic in content. It forsook the traditional American way of trying to apply political solutions to economic problems, and frankly adopted the Russian method of attempting to deal with such problems by applying purely economic standards and formulas. To this extent progressive thought in America as represented by the Washington conference has swung decidedly to the left, has become almost revolutionary.

Again and again this note was sounded by conference speakers. Although they spoke in the shadow of the White House (the conference hall being only a block away), very few of the thirty or forty persons who addressed the conference even so much as mentioned the Republican or Democratic parties or referred to Mr. Hoover in a political sense. Similarly, very few of them hesitated to denounce frankly and boldly the "capitalists" and the "present economic system." Senator Borah charged that the depression "has been accentuated and deepened by a coterie of capitalists who inaugurated the most vicious era of speculation and inflation of which the world gives any record." Senator Norris declared that "partisanship is one of the greatest evils of the democratic form of government." Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit demanded that the federal government awaken to its economic responsibilities in the present crisis. Robert P. Scripps, millionaire newspaper publisher, said he was opposed to socialism, but nevertheless demanded "a much wider distribution of wealth through wages or otherwise." Senator La Follette talked, not of the deficiencies in our party system, but of "the breakdown of industrial, financial, and political leadership."

Among the technical experts, of course, there was not even a suggestion of partisan politics. Leo Wolman, the economist, did not say that this or that political device, or this or that political party, offers the best hope of reducing and preventing unemployment; instead, he outlined the problem with clarity and precision, and was most firm in declaring that it can be solved only by compulsory legislation founded upon practical economics. Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and a man who has been described as the foremost labor statesman in the world today, told of his success in creating an unemployment-insurance plan in the clothing industry. In other industries, however, "the powerful leaders have shirked their duty," and, therefore, "it is now the task of the government to step in . . . to save the country from drifting into further chaos." Fred W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and North Western Railway, urged the adoption of a realizable farm program based upon "known economic laws." He suggested that to let the agricultural depression run along unchecked until the farmers "are starved out of business" would be "a cruel solution of the problem." Father John A. Ryan, the noted Catholic humanitarian, offered the not altogether new, but nevertheless radical, suggestion that the wealthier citizens be taxed to finance a program for the relief of the unemployed through adoption of a huge public-works program. Stuart Chase, asserting that "the times call for the boldest economic thinking this republic has ever done," suggested the creation of an economic general staff.

Thus it went all down the line. Charles A. Beard, the historian, Donald R. Richberg, the authority on public utilities, W. T. Rawleigh, the tariff expert, Rudolph Spreckels, of the famous sugar family, Fred Brenckman, of the National Grange, an outstanding farm leader, and the many others who addressed the meeting were almost unanimously agreed that the present struggle was above and beyond the strength of the currently dominant political organizations to cope with, that the question stood outside the range of partisan activities, and that the individualism of Mr. Hoover and his friends had utterly failed in the crisis. It was emphasized time and again that in the opinion of the men and women attending the conference the government, as distinguished from the politicians who make up the government, must be forced to take action in the economic field, which heretofore has been left for the most part to private initiative and control. They were, in brief, advocating a course of action that stops but little short of undisguised socialism. The legislative recommendations of three of the committees appointed by the conference followed, though less noticeably, the same tendency.

The conference did not adopt a definite and final program, but five committees were appointed to work at this task through the spring and summer. Senator La Follette's committee on unemployment and industrial stabilization was divided into six sections for the purposes of this study. Senator Costigan's committee on the tariff made a preliminary report to the conference, and is expected to draw up definite measures to submit to the next Congress. Senator Cutting's committee on representative government offered various recommendations to increase the control of Congress over policy and law-making, to democratize the election of Presidents, to simplify legislative procedure, and to liberalize the rules of the House of Representatives. Other committees which will work through the next several months in formulating a program include one on the power question, headed by Senator Norris, and one on agriculture, of which Senator Borah is to be the chairman. In order to coordinate the efforts of these five bodies an informal committee of political and lay Progressives will meet from time to time in Washington during the summer. In this sense it may be said that the Progressives have at last succeeded in setting up a continuing organization, although the organization may prove too loosely woven together to be effective. However, the Progressives adjourned with the feeling that in view of the deep inroads the recent decade of dazzling but deceptive prosperity had made into liberal strength and spirit they, the Progressives, should consider themselves fortunate to have been able to make as much progress as they did in the Washington conference.

One thing that the conference failed to bring out was a single forceful leader. Nevertheless, even here certain marked tendencies must be recorded. The meeting was almost entirely in the hands of a group of elder statesmen, and it was these men, politicians and heads of national organizations, who did most of the talking and who pleaded most earnestly for action. The younger men, including many of the technical experts, remained in the background, coming forward not with demands but with plans for action when they were called upon. Many of the older speakers recognized, Senator Norris openly and the others by inference, that they must soon retire in favor of youth, in favor of the Hillmans, Wolmans, Chases, and La Follettes, who know where they want to go and just how to get there. These men might be said to be already the leaders of the Progressive movement in that they are furnishing it with the ideas necessary to keep it moving forward. It was their suggestions and proposals and their frank discussions of the issues involved that lifted the conference out of politics and put it on a genuine and sincere economic plane. The conference was called to work out a legislative program for 1931-32, a task which can perhaps be most safely left to the older and more experienced politicians; but for the longer haul—and it must be admitted that the goal cannot be reached in a year or two—leadership must devolve upon the younger, more enthusiastic, and more energetic men. At the Washington conference these younger men revealed that they were preparing themselves for this task.

Wisconsin's Experimental College

By ELISEO VIVAS

Madison, Wisconsin, March 6

THIS is perhaps the most inauspicious moment to write on the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin. The day the editor of *The Nation* requested an article on it, its chairman, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, made a motion at a regular meeting of the faculty of the College of Letters and Science, of which the Experimental College is a part, proposing that no freshman class be admitted for the next academic year. It was further proposed that a committee assess the findings of the experiment with the end in view either of continuing it or so reforming it as to abandon entirely or in part the present scheme. The probable future of the college is the subject of wild guessing in the university and throughout the State; but the opinion of the majority seems to be that the experiment will be abandoned. If Dr. Meiklejohn's motion is the first step toward discontinuing the college, one of the most important and challenging educational experiments of recent years hereby comes to an end.

The Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin, created by recommendation of the faculty of letters and science and action of the regents of the university, admitted its first freshman class in the fall of 1927. At its head was placed a man widely known for his courage and high-minded devotion to the cause of higher education in America. Dr. Meiklejohn had been highly successful as dean of Brown University for about ten years, and later had been forced to resign from the presidency of Amherst College, where he had attempted to carry out a radical educational reform.

Dr. Meiklejohn's dissatisfaction with the current practice in education springs from his belief that its aims are superficial and inadequate, that it is contented with merely imparting information to the student in a passive fashion if the student is unwilling to go himself in search of education. Students come to college to carry away information "like a load of mental furniture for the adorning and equipping of the mental chambers of their minds." Educational procedure as a rule fails to attempt a reconstruction of the individual in which imparted information fuses with his character and effects a radical change in his whole personality. Dr. Meiklejohn does not believe that intellectual improvement, scholarship, or erudition for its own sake should be the final end of education. Education must create wise and intelligent men, not merely well-informed men. For Dr. Meiklejohn is keenly conscious of the urgent need of creating an intellectual democratic leadership, and the consciousness of this need determines his values and the direction of his educational activity. He is one of that dwindling minority who still retain a genuine and effective faith in the possibilities of democracy. Therefore, contrary to current practice, which unconsciously conceives the aim of education to be the shaping of men to achieve supine conformity—adaptation is the euphemism used for the process—he sees the need of building citizens capable of accomplishing the mutual process of reshaping themselves and the environment, a process which alone can make for intelligent and successful living in a democracy. In education, he says:

> . . . our primary task is that of taking all types of young people and discovering of what they are capable. Our scheme of government, our scheme of morals, our scheme of social relations are built upon the view that all normal persons are capable of understanding. The schools of such a social scheme are pledged to develop that understanding if it can be done. A democracy has a right to make that demand upon its teachers, and if teachers give up the task without attempting it, a democracy has a right to condemn them as untrue to their responsibilities.

Two things must be noted in passing. The first is that this faith is for Dr. Meiklejohn not the expression of a rhetorical fancy, but a living, driving force, for which he has already shown himself willing to sacrifice his own personal advantage. The second is that some of the criticisms leveled at the experiment, and at the University of Wisconsin for starting it, spring from the fact that the critics are troubled by a conception of education so deep-going that it appears to the standpatter to contain tendencies subversive of the status quo. It is fitting, however, that the University of the State of Wisconsin should fearlessly foster and give every opportunity, as it has done, to such an experiment, reaffirming once again the spirit of enlightenment and academic progressivism which has always informed it.

Imbedded in his philosophy of education we find, in Dr. Meiklejohn's utterances on the subject, criticisms of the methods of teaching now in operation in American colleges. Therefore his experiment must be said to embody two aims which for the purposes of analysis must be clearly distinguished. Officially the experiment aims to project a tentative direction along which educational reforms can take place. But involved in it will be found implicit Dr. Meiklejohn's conception of the function of a liberal education—the most important aspect of the whole venture, it seems to me. It is possible to disagree with that conception and with the philosophy of life from which it grows, as the trustees of Amherst did when Dr. Meiklejohn attempted to actualize it there. And if one altogether rejects it, very little discussion of the plan is possible. On the other hand, it is possible to agree with his philosophy and to sympathize with the vision of life in which it takes roots and yet to disagree regarding the instrumentalities which Dr. Meiklejohn has devised to realize his vision. It may perhaps be contended that these instrumentalities and these aims necessarily involve each other if properly conceived; and in some cases they patently do. Criticisms of the experiment are often heard which involve the confusion of these two aims.

Purely as an experiment, "the principle by which the college is attempting to adjust the relations of teachers and pupils is that the student must do his own learning"; and some malicious wits have remarked that that has been the radical trouble with the venture. Three features the college was instructed to investigate: the methods of teaching, the content of study, and the determining conditions of undergraduate life. But no brief account can give an adequate idea of all the important aspects of the scheme. Emphasis is put on the individual character of the relations between teachers and pupils. There are no classes or recitations; instruction takes the form of discussion in personal conference. There are lectures, but these consist for the most part of an introduction in which a point of view is presented by the lecturer, followed by a general discussion among the students. And this contrasts with the accent put on "group life" at the college. The scheme was devised with the aim of awakening the students by placing upon them as a group the responsibility for intellectual effort, by making the group conscious of itself as an intellectual unity (a thing which in many instances has justifiably annoyed the rest of the university), and by putting the emphasis of the college years on cooperative activity.

No novelty is claimed for some of the features of the scheme. The conference method of teaching at once recalls the Oxford system of tutorials. "Group living," which is deemed an important aspect of the experiment, was to be found in most American colleges before they grew to their present monstrous size, and may still be found in some small college communities. The innovation here consists only in this—that cooperative activity along cultural lines has been more stimulated and given greater opportunity to flower than if it had sprung spontaneously and unaided from the needs of the students themselves. Another aspect, the prescribed common course of study, is still to be found in our professional schools and was found in all American colleges before the elective system came into favor. In some important respects, however, the experiment involves entirely new departures, among which the most important are the content of the curriculum for the first and second years—the study of Greek and American civilization respectively—and the teaching by non-specialists.

The question then arises of how far, considering its years of operation, the experiment can be said to have succeeded, what positive or negative results can be recorded. Regarding this question there is a wide conflict of opinion, which in some cases amounts to passionate partisanship. Hence, before a judgment of its results can be hazarded by a member of the university, two qualifications must be made. The first involves the freedom of judgment: some simple-minded liberals have taken exception to all criticism of the validity of the experiment on the ground that a judgment which does not please them is an attack on the principles of liberalism. Their attitude can be traced to the confusion between the conception of education involved in the experiment and the means adopted to secure it. The second qualification involves the kind of validity to be attached to any analysis of experiments of this sort. It must be clearly noted that such a judgment cannot claim any objective validity or comprehensiveness. So far as the writer knows, there is no satisfactory "scientific" way of determining the fruits of an educational process, especially of one which has as deep an aim as this one. The only possible way to arrive at a judgment of the experiment must be through a reflective, but none the less impressionistic observation. The writer claims to have made it. The following remarks, which only express his opinions, are the product of reflection and as far as possible of comparison of the opinions of a number of members of the faculty and of the students.

Whatever success may be claimed for the experiment from a deeper view, I believe a majority at Wisconsin and some members of the staff of the college will admit dissatisfaction with the results as an educational experiment—in the instrumental and pedagogical, not the philosophic, sense of education. The chief fault, to which all other faults it seems to me can be traced, takes rise from a divorce, if not in theory certainly in practice, between the emphasis put on vision and stimulation on the one hand and on the other—what no educational plan can afford to neglect—the business of imparting sound information and well-grounded habits of industry, thoroughness, and devotion to work. It is understood throughout the university—and I have my own personal reasons for agreeing with that impression—that during the four years of operation not enough emphasis has been put on scholastic discipline. Life at the college has been too easy for the average student, for whom the personal magnetism of its leader, undeniably great, and that of a select faculty group has not been sufficient as an incentive to work.

Interest in intellectual matters there has been; but the writer has information which confirms the wide suspicion that this interest was one which never hid successfully its dilettante temper. It is then obvious that the end in mind has not been quite accomplished. There can be no wisdom without knowledge, nor can adequate understanding of any civilization come from inadequately informed discussion. At the college too much emphasis has been put on discussion, on stimulation, and relatively to the rest of the university the student cannot be said to have made a solid gain. Now, the average student, coming from an average high school where no work habits have been inculcated in him, needs other incentives to work besides stimulation. The college has abandoned the regular form of examinations and has substituted for these a general information test and, in the form of teachers' reports drawn up at the end of the year, a subjective evaluation of the work done; it has thereby given up the only material means—whatever its defects may be—known to educators for making average students work. The student has been given full freedom and in too many cases, if he has not acquired new bad habits, has carried on those he brought from high school. Officially the claim is made that the staff knows more of the students' personal idiosyncrasies than it could know under the regular system. But if one is in close contact with the college one is led to doubt this. In personal conference as in discussion groups it is all too easy for men who place the emphasis on understanding and minimize the importance of information to deviate from the assigned topic, deriving from the discussion no small measure of pleasure, no doubt, and stimulation of a kind, but also no small measure of confusion, superficiality, and inconclusion. A clever yet lazy or uninterested student does not need to work too hard to make a good impression in discussion.

Dr. Meiklejohn has steadfastly refused to compromise with the current educational procedure. He seems to have unqualified faith in human nature. He wishes to place the responsibility altogether upon the student and stands on his principle that the only way to make him work in a really valuable way is to interest him in some task "which is so important that everybody is going to throw himself heart and soul into the doing of it." In some cases, it will be gladly admitted, he has been eminently successful. His personality, that magnetism and deep appeal of his to the more reflective minds, has done for some students what no number of threatening "flunks" could have done, and perhaps done it better. But even some members of the staff of the college have felt that in a larger number of cases the freedom granted has worked toward a scattered picking up of smatterings of facts and, what is worse, toward fostering intellectual cocksureness in the students—the last thing Dr. Meiklejohn would wish!

Closely allied with this issue is another which I hesitate to broach because it involves a radical break between two attitudes toward life and is therefore too complex to be properly treated in the space of a paragraph—the conflict between the claims of the individual and those of society. The philosophy guiding the experiment has been interpreted to involve a conflict between the specialized pursuits of the individual in terms of culture and learning for its own sake, and desirable social ends. An identification of scholarship with the unimaginative grind that often goes by that name has led to a definite bias against the claims of true learning. This disjunction is here mentioned because it has practical consequences in the quality and matter of the education sought for. As Professor Morris Cohen has recently suggested, to abandon altogether the cultivation of "the inward landscape" (in Santayana's phrase) is to create Spartans, men poor in the fruits of the spirit; it is to abandon satisfactions and high consolations, ineffable sources of happiness, which in a period of religious disintegration are almost all that a great educated majority has to fall back on. Contemplation is one of the intensest forms of living and the vistas a man may find inwardly very often more than make up for the pleasures of activity. There is, besides, an anchorite side to the most extroverted among us. To allow it to flower rationally that we may be complete men must be one of the ends of education. Starve it by turning men into social workers, and it will satisfy itself with either inanities or mysticism, both of which are socially dangerous.

Hardly to be distinguished from this issue is the third question which I wish to discuss. It involves primarily a criticism of one of the instrumentalities devised for the experiment, although in a deeper sense it can be traced to the divorce already mentioned between learning and wisdom. The curriculum calls for the teaching of one civilization for a year, and the teaching is done by "advisers" who have in their charge rotating groups of students with whom they discuss the whole content of the civilization under study, Greek or American. The aim in view is to form "a community of learning" wherein students and teachers work shoulder to shoulder toward a common objective. As a result, the teacher has to teach either Greek or American politics, history, literature, and philosophy, and something of the history of art and science of each civilization. In the case of American civilization, the matter is made more difficult by virtue of the more technical nature of the subjects taught. The result is hardly satisfactory. The obvious weakness of the plan is that it conduces even further toward the acquisition by the student of superficial information. There are few teachers anywhere who can command the exact and encyclopedic knowledge necessary for so large an undertaking. The intellectual capacity of the staff of the Experimental College is not here in question, for it was carefully selected for the difficult task it had before itself. But, on the other hand, the college depends upon a number of younger men who, although eminently able, are not as yet specialists even in any one field. The teaching, then, has been handicapped by the fact that the "advisers" could hardly be expected to master the wide field that they were called upon to teach. Add to this that the time given to each subject is so short—three weeks to Greek philosophy in the first year and as many to science in the second—and one wonders what kind of idea the student will acquire about the civilization he is supposed to be penetrating. I must make it perfectly clear that the advisers have worked tremendously hard in an effort to acquire the competence demanded by their task, but this they have done at the cost of applying an unsparing amount of energy to it. Were it not for Dr. Meiklejohn's magic capacity of drawing devotion and religious loyalty from his associates, the scheme would have failed in this respect altogether. The upshot of all this is that the venture cannot be considered a successful experiment, for even if its results were to be deemed extraordinarily satisfactory, and this is very doubtful, the scheme could not be generally applied. It depends on intangible elements of personal leadership hard to duplicate.

Now the reason for this daring innovation of teaching by non-specialists is that one of the evils which Dr. Meiklejohn wishes to correct in American education is the widely acknowledged tendency toward overspecialization. On account of this tendency the plan has been drawn up to apply only to the first two years of college. Dr. Meiklejohn believes that these years should be dedicated to instruction of a strictly elementary character, in which the student should be confronted with the duty of acquiring a general and broad foundation. Distrusting the specialist's ability to present his subject from a broadly human point of view, and conceiving that the integration of knowledge or at least of the subject matter of education can best be accomplished by a group of men acquainted and interested in a wide field, in close intellectual communion with one another such as is not usually enjoyed by specialists, Dr. Meiklejohn has attempted a remedy that many consider more harmful than the disease it is applied to cure. To escape the evil of overspecialization and narrow scholarship which can appeal only to students of deeply determined interests and aims, he has courted the danger of superficiality. For, of course, the elementary character of the instruction of the first two years is in no way incompatible with thoroughness, exactitude, discipline, and that close-knit thinking based on sufficient facts which is demanded in every field of activity and which must be one of the fundamental aims of a plan for a liberal education.

There are many other important aspects of the Wisconsin experiment which lack of space prevents us from considering. But this article does not pretend to thoroughness, any more than to scientific objectivity and finality. The opinions here presented must be taken for what they are worth. This paper will perhaps create in some readers the impression that the results of the experiment are to be considered negative, but this is not the desired aim. Some unfavorable judgments have been recorded, mainly in respect to instrumentalities. But in any case, on the eve of its assessment and possible discontinuance in its present form, the Experimental College is generally admitted by the university to have been an eminently worth-while venture. Even if the investigating committee should find that its methods are not altogether applicable to the university at large, for the reasons already mentioned and others—such as the prohibitive cost which its operation on a large scale would involve—in no way could an experiment which has raised such tremendously important issues be called a failure. The college fanned into greater activity the interest—at no time dead in Wisconsin, as the inception of the college itself shows—for experiment and salutary reform. It suggested fresh points of view and has given the university added courage to try new ventures.

Rejoinder

By ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

WHATEVER else may be said of the article by Mr. Vivas, no one connected with the Experimental College can question his first sentence. "This is," he says, "perhaps the most inauspicious moment to write on he Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin." The advisers have just been directed by the general faculty to prepare a report on their experiences and findings. While that report is being prepared we lack the authority and the nformation which are needed for the making of public statements about our venture. What, then, shall one do in the face of a story which seems essentially inaccurate as to facts and superficial in its analysis of problems? The situation is a very awkward one.

Under these circumstances it is evident that this brief rejoinder cannot be in the fullest sense a reply to Mr. Vivas. It cannot be in any sense a summary or an estimate of what the Experimental College is doing. Many minds must work hard and work together before those results can be achieved. However, as I read over again the advance copy which Mr. Vivas has kindly sent me, it becomes clear that one can answer him without either describing or estimating the work of the college. This statement implies, of course, that Mr. Vivas has in his argument failed to come into vital contact with either the principles or the practices which the college has followed. He has not really dealt with our problem at all. All that I shall attempt in this rejoinder is the substantiation and explanation of that statement.

Before proceeding to the argument I must express my appreciation of the personal friendliness of attitude which Mr. Vivas shows. I appreciate that attitude and reciprocate it. I must also thank him for trying to "philosophize" the experiment, for calling attention so sharply to the distinction between beliefs and values on the one hand and educational machinery on the other. The suggestion that our venture really has a philosophy is so gratifying that one can almost forgive the failure of Mr. Vivas to understand what philosophy it has. But there is one point at which his dealing with us is harder to accept. It seems to me that he is not accurately informed as to what our actual procedure is, how our teaching is done. I wish that he might have succeeded in providing for his argument a more solid basis of fact.

There are two points on which I should like to rest my contention. Both have to do with the discussion of instrumentalities. The first deals with the inaccuracy just mentioned. The second concerns the failure to understand a problem.

First, Mr. Vivas describes the teaching procedure of the college as one of giving vision and stimulation by means of discussion. And in his account of the process one looks in vain to see what is being discussed. "Emphasis is put," he tells us, "on the individual character of the relations between teachers and pupils. There are no classes or recitations; instruction takes the form of discussion in personal conference. There are lectures, but these consist for the most part of an introduction in which a point of view is presented by the lecturer, followed by general discussion by the students." Neither here nor elsewhere is there any reference to the fact that the course of study is defined by lists of books which are assigned to the student for reading. We are not told that the students are expected to write frequent, usually weekly, papers on their reading. It is not mentioned that the "conferences" between advisers and students are primarily concerned with these written papers and the reading on which they are based. Nor are we told that the "lectures" are attempts at helping and guiding the students in their reading and in their reactions to it. In a word, Mr. Vivas gives us the impression that discussion is conducted in a vacuum. And the suggestion is such as to strike horror into any breast which cares for reality and relevance. But as matter of fact, the whole teaching procedure has a solid basis in reading. It rests upon the reading of books which are great and significant. Our major task in both years of the course has been the selection and organization of this body of reading. About these books all the instruction has centered. Mr. Vivas speaks only of discussions and lectures. When one adds to these the reading of assigned books, the writing of papers, and the teaching criticism of both, one sees how inadequate and misleading the "discussion-stimulation" description is.

But the second point is even more serious than the first. For it seems to me that in his account of the college Mr. Vivas has not really discovered what the problem of the advisers is, has not entered into the thinking which we have tried to do. Three charges he brings against our teaching procedure. First, the students do not get accurate information nor do they develop habits of accurate work. Second, they are not taught by specialists who have mastery of the material. Third, they are not driven by examinations and other compulsions to do work which they would not otherwise do. Now these are serious charges, and they are in large measure valid. But they are also very obvious and very commonly made. Why, then, have not the advisers been influenced by them? Is it assumed by Mr. Vivas that we have been oblivious of difficulties which have been the common talk of campus conversation? Let us apply the question to the study of the Athenian civilization. If we had defined our aim simply as the development of industry and the teaching of facts as such, we could easily have used for this purpose a good, routine, well-organized textbook on Greek history. Why have we not done it? Surely we know both of the existence of textbooks and of the values of accurate information. So, too, we might have used only specialists in Greek culture and history to do the teaching. Why were other men chosen as well? Why did we take men from many different fields of study? And again, we as teachers are not unacquainted with examinations and like devices. Why have we not used them? Now I am not arguing here that the methods which we have followed are better than those which we have discarded. What I am saying is that Mr. Vivas does not seem to have faced the question why we have kept the one set of methods and discarded the other. In fact, he seems to have no sense of that problem at all. He is keenly aware of what we have failed to do, as I trust we are too. But he has, so far as I can judge, no apprehension of what we have been trying to do. Our vigorous and even furious differences of opinion he seizes upon as if they were forms of apostasy from high religion. Apparently he interprets us as having dogmatically tried to demonstrate the virtues of one selected method of teaching. We are for him advocates of a system rather than students of a problem. But as against this I insist that there is a problem with regard to the teaching of the first two college years—a perplexing and bewildering problem of the utmost significance. But in the article here criticized I find no account of it. Does this mean that we have imagined a problem where none exists? Whether or not this is true must, I presume, be left for determination when our reports tell what, if anything, has been going on in our minds. If it should then appear that we have not a problem but only a dogma, Mr. Vivas will be justified. If, on the other hand, we have been doing some thinking about our methods, I am sure that Mr. Vivas gives no adequate account of it. I do not think that he has told his readers what the Experimental College has been trying to do. In this situation it is somewhat idle to inquire whether or not we have succeeded in doing it.

In conclusion may I again remind my reader that this statement is not a reply but only a hurried rejoinder. I have not discussed an argument but have only tried to show why it cannot be discussed just now.

Political Prostitution

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 14

THE pulling and hauling, the temptation and exhortation, the bribery and admonition which will determine whether Miss Democracy is to embark on a career of open prostitution or cling to the outer garments of respectability are now in full swing. And to make it more edifying, they are in full view. Chairman Raskob rang up the curtain last week when he commended to the National Committee an economic platform calculated to make Joe Grundy look like a Communist. It was an invitation to step in and take possession of the purple boudoir occupied for the last ten years by that now haggard and unhappy female whose lingerie bears the initials G. O. P. It is not likely that Mr. Raskob intended to be so frank in this particular matter. Indeed, seldom has anyone attained such heights of astuteness and such depths of ineptitude in one political speech. His plan to precipitate the inevitable prohibition fracas early enough for the drys to become resigned before the national convention was shrewdly conceived and may succeed. His attempt to make the party solid with big business and sew up the Presidential nomination for Owen D. Young was horribly crude, and has done more to enhance the prospects of Governor Roosevelt than anything else that has happened this year. Mr. Raskob took in too much territory at one time. He should have confined himself to prohibition and party finances. His allusion to power companies "charging 15 cents a kilowatt for current that they should supply for 10 or 12 cents" promises to be one of the classic howlers of the pre-convention campaign. The average domestic rate in the first twenty-five cities of the country is less than 8 cents, and where plants are publicly owned and operated it ranges from 1.6 to 4.5 cents. His proposal to suspend the anti-trust laws to permit more mergers and greater monopolies—made at a time like this—was an exhibition of political naivete and moral obtuseness.

BEING a captain of finance, Mr. Raskob doubtless confines his reading to the market pages of the newspapers. Otherwise he would have known the Progressives were to stage a conference here this week, and he might have realized that his economic pronouncements would provide them with the perfect setting. Or he might not. The mental processes of captains of industry, like those of the three-toed sloth, are mostly inscrutable. At any rate, Bob La Follette and Uncle George Norris read the Raskobian manifesto in favor of twelve-cent power and bigger trusts, and went about their plans like men inspired. The basic theory underlying the conference, of course, was that both the political parties are hopelessly reactionary at the top. In the case of the Republicans, any denial of this charge would have been useless and silly, but up to the time Mr. Raskob exposed himself the Democrats might have been inclined to protest in their own behalf. He made it possible for Borah to plead for "a political party—or if not a political party, then political voices—that will do some worrying about the 96 per cent of the people who own only 20 per cent of the national wealth." He made it logical for Norris to declare that "an attempt is being made to turn the Democratic Party over to the interests that already own the Republican Party." In short, he presented the Progressives with a perfect opportunity to serve notice on the Democrats to adopt a decent platform and forget about Young if they wish to receive any assistance from the enlightened elements of the country in the 1932 campaign. Naturally, they didn't overlook it.

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LET no serious person suppose, however, that the effort to rescue Miss Democracy from a harlot's fate was either the major aim or the major accomplishment of the Progressive conference. Such suppositions may be left to political Weisenheimers and to the kindergarten mentalities which take their morning romp in such places as the editorial page of the New York *Times*. The main objects and achievements of the conference were: to formulate a broad and definite legislative program for which the Progressive members of both parties can work and fight in Congress; to fortify that program with a massive volume of expert scientific knowledge; to expose the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of the men who now control the politics, industry, and finance of the country; to demonstrate that the only constructive leadership which exists in the nation, either actively or latently, resides in the Progressives who are on the firing line in Congress and in the trained and practical men behind the lines who are supplying them with ammunition. These were the objects which certainly were achieved. Another, the ultimate success of which can hardly be foretold now, was to impress on the public the fact that industrial calamity and political chaos of the sort which have swamped the country in the past two years may be avoided through honest, efficient government and intelligent planning, and that their prevalence now is due to the greed and stupidity of business, and to cowardice, favoritism, and incompetence in the government. Whether that will get over to the country, God only knows. If it does, it will be a triumph of popular intelligence over journalistic fogginess and superficiality—with the customary honorable exceptions.

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IT is difficult to contemplate the plight of Herbert Hoover without a pang of pity. Unhappy Herbert! Two years in the White House and two more to go before the misery ends! I cannot remember one instance where a great reputation has faded so quickly, and it is a poignant coincidence that he should fail most conspicuously and disastrously in the particular fields where his fame was greatest. Thus the man who fed starving Europe made an issue against feeding starving America. The Great Administrator, the unfailing judge of men, surrounded himself with a pack of adventurers and political hacks whom Coolidge would not have tolerated. The Great Humanitarian bestowed a veto on the Wagner unemployment bill, and concurred in the clammy Wilbur's attempt to destroy the Children's Bureau. The Great Engineer was saved by his opponents from wrecking the Boulder Dam project, and then wrote a veto message on Muscle Shoals filled with pathetic miscalculations and glaring technical misstatements. Heralded as an economist, he signed and defended a tariff which was the product of the most brazen log-rolling and political trading in history, and huddled helpless and trembling in the White House through the economic disaster which followed. Welcomed as the President who would be above politics, he exhibited all the ethics of a ward politician without the ability. The thing has all the elements of classic tragedy. The fates that made him also ruined him. Incidentally, Secretary Mellon made another prediction not long ago. He predicted that if the veterans'-loan bill were passed, the Treasury would be handicapped in the refinancing operation which impended. The bill was passed and last week the Treasury undertook the operation by making a large offer of low-interest bonds. Immediately the issue was oversubscribed four times! It really is time that some close friend or relative spoke to him about this predicting habit. The consequences are becoming too ridiculous to be mentioned even in *The Nation*.

In the Driftway

NO one seems to care that the ex-Kaiser is seventy-two. To the world he is only another of the unemployed. Ex-royalties are no more interesting than ex-presidents, to the Drifter's way of thinking, and sawing wood is much the same thing at Doorn and in the *Herald Tribune*. But a good upstanding king of democratic tastes is a fine thing now and then, and a far pleasanter thing than a loud speaker exalted to a dictatorship. A good upstanding king of democratic tastes is Gustav of Sweden. "The sportsman king" the illustrated supplements label him. Why? Because he plays tennis, tennis, tennis, and has played it for forty, fifty, who knows how many years.

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WHEN the Drifter was a boy, one of his daily pleasures during an extended stay in Stockholm was to see old King Oscar and his sons Gustav and Karl walking through the town. The three tallest men in the kingdom they were said to be. And that was the only way you knew they were royalty, that and the friendly way in which they lifted their hats to everyone. How they enjoyed the riotous folk-dance the Drifter and some students once did for them in an open meadow! The Drifter is reminded as he looks back now of the old marching carol in which the French children roll their r's so deliciously, "Tr-r-rois gr-r-rands r-r-rois." And every afternoon at three the Drifter would look out the window of the old gymnasium where he took fencing lessons to see if Crown Prince Gustav had come. There he was, always on time, looking up at the window, waiting by the tennis court for the Drifter's fencing master to play with him. Some of the young officers were a bit shy about meeting him; either they feared it might be unmannerly if they should beat him, or he kept them at it too long. But the Drifter's fencing master was as thoroughgoing and as democratic as the Crown Prince, and gave no games to anyone. He was even better at fencing than at tennis. "Fencing?" he used to say; "I'm a mere beginner. I've only been at it eleven years, and can't give more than five hours a day to practice—what can you expect then?" As he made a leisurely change to tennis togs the Drifter would vainly try to hurry him: "Do be quick, old man, the Crown Prince has been walking up and down for ten minutes." "To be sure," was the reply, "he has more time than I. He doesn't have to give lessons—he won't mind waiting."

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NO spectators were invited; this was not a demonstration, it was tennis. But the Drifter kept his solitary post at the window as the game began. Or was it a religious service? Apparently Gustav did not play for fun, or for exercise, or for pastime, or because it was the thing to do; to him it was as serious and absorbing, and demanded his best efforts as much as his approaching kingship. If an Englishman's harshest judgment is that a thing is "not cricket," it would surely be equivalent to a death sentence if King Gustav pronounced an act "not tennis."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Reply from the Professor of Books

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 18 Benjamin Stolberg contributes an extended review of Dr. Abraham Flexner's "Universities—American, English, and German," in which he regrets that Dr. Flexner did not devote more space to "the so-called experimental college." Mr. Stolberg honestly seems to believe that the work of these colleges is based on "a sort of diaphanous self-expression on the part of the student," and he cites as "the most fantastic expression of this sort of education, Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, where President Hamilton Holt has hired a professor of books . . ."

Since I am that professor of books, may I comment briefly on Mr. Stolberg's and Dr. Flexner's strictures? Dr. Flexner's criticism of my title "professor of books" was based on its 'novelty" and, as he supposed, the "ad-hoc-ness" of the courses offered. Nothing could be farther from their purpose. The three courses offered—one in Recreational Reading, one on the History of the Book, and one on Literary Personalities—are purely cultural courses. They are not in any sense training or vocational courses. Yet Dr. Flexner classifies them and condemns them with courses in "poultry-raising" and "clog-dancing for men" offered at Columbia University and a course in "police administration" which is offered by the University of Chicago.

Dr. Flexner is not quite fair in saying that "the Minneapolis *Journal*, alive to this absurdity [a professor of books], gravely suggests that one lecture at least should be devoted to the noble art of returning borrowed books." As a matter of fact, the editorial referred to gave extended and serious approval of the idea of a professor of books, and only in the closing sentence humorously, not gravely, remarked that a course on returning books borrowed from friends would be appropriate. The label "this absurdity" was Dr. Flexner's, not the editor's.

The idea of a professor of books is not new, having been first proposed exactly seventy-five years ago by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said in 1856 that "no chair was so much wanted." In 1876 Frederick Beecher Perkins, then director of the Boston Public Library, and Professor William Matthews, of Chicago University, wrote extended pleas for the immediate establishment of professorships of books in the colleges of the country in order to help develop a love of reading and raise the cultural standards of college students. Both these pleas were given indorsement by the United States Department of Education and were published at government expense, but completely ignored by our colleges.

Rollins, more than any other college I know of, meets Mr. Stolberg's standard: "When he [the teacher] is free, his students will also be free to learn what he knows and to think what they want." Rollins is not concerned with "diaphanous self-expression" on the part of its students. It is greatly concerned with freedom of teaching on the part of its faculty, and with cultural growth, development of self-reliance, and independent thinking on the part of its students. That it is succeeding in its purpose to a remarkable degree will, I believe, be evident to anyone who is open-minded and who will spend a week with the faculty and students on the Rollins College campus.

Winter Park, Fla., February 23 Edwin D. Grover

Those Greek Gerunds

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Dr. Stolberg's interesting and stimulating article in *The Nation* of February 18, entitled Ballyhoo and the Higher Learning, I find the following: "One can attack a professor grinding Greek gerunds with quotations from Plato's Republic." Either Dr. Stolberg knows no Greek or he has slipped badly. The Greek language has no gerunds.

Again, in two places Dr. Stolberg uses the word "trivia" apparently in the sense of "trivialities." There would seem to be no English or Latin authority for such use.

Cincinnati, February 24 Ed. F. Alexander

Still Without Trial

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* of February 11, in a letter signed by Dr. Leland H. Jenks referring to rights in Cuba, an editorial note was inserted to the effect that Colonel Aurelio Hevia had at last been charged for trial. This report is not true. Today, February 20, fifty-six days after the arrest of Colonel Hevia, he has not yet been presented for trial or indicted by any judge.

Probably this mistake was made because in October, 1929, Colonel Mendieta, Dr. Torriene, Sr. J. G. Gomez, Sr. Aurelio Alvarez, Dr. Mendez Peñate, and Colonel Hevia issued a manifesto duly signed and distributed on loose sheets since no newspaper would publish it for fear of the government. Machado ordered action against the signers, following his policy of preventing the publication of criticism of his government. In October, 1929, all of them were indicted and have been out on bail ever since. This case has never been brought to trial because the government knows that the defendants would be acquitted; but being under bail they must present themselves at court every fifteen days.

Since my father's arrest the case has been set for trial several times. One such date was February 2, but the trial did not take place because the military authorities refused to present Colonel Hevia.

Havana, February 20 Manuel G. Hevia

Answers to Questions

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two of your editorials in two recent issues end with a question mark, and assuming that you wish to hear from your circle of readers I herewith submit my attempt at answering.

America's Follies, in your issue of March 4, ends with the question: "Will the people listen?" If the passage of the Simmer bill by the Iowa legislature, authorizing the establishment of municipally owned utility plants and payment for these plants out of future earnings, is an acceptable criterion the answer would be in the affirmative. And in view of the fact that the public, because of mergers and other reasons, is practically hand-fed by the press on the viciousness of such a rank violation of "rugged individualism" and very rarely treated to such items as, for instance, the fact that the municipally owned and managed utilities at Ames, Iowa, turned $32,000 into the city treasury last year, the passage of this bill deserves perhaps to be considered as an indication of the turning of the tide.

Heard Across the World, in the issue of February 25, likewise ends with a question: "Shall we have a Catholic revival?" For the sake of expediency permit me to divide the probable answers into three groups: (1) The Catholics may fairly generally have been pleased and heartened because they believed that the pontiff's message, being addressed to all and sundry, would contribute to a better understanding with non-Catholics; (2) Protestants would not be Protestants if they did not resent the Pope's invitation to return to the fold like strayed sheep; (3) Laodiceans who admire the beauty of the church and revere her age will be inclined to question the wisdom of the leader of a venerable institution, reared upon a foundation of assumed first principles and established by deductive reasoning, succumbing to such modernism as the radio; to them the introduction of modern inventions into the Vatican appears about as advisable as the sudden admittance of fresh air into the tomb of an Egyptian king—which causes the treasures to crumble to dust.

Clinton, Iowa, March 6 J. C. MENZEL

Reply to the Dirt Farmer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The apparent contradiction between the production policies of the Farm Board and the United States Department of Agriculture expressed in Mr. Glenn W. Birkett's article in *The Nation* of March 4 is, I think, due to a misunderstanding of the position of the United States Department of Agriculture. Both organizations have been working together in the formulation of the recommendations for curtailing the production of certain crops contained in the "Agricultural Outlook for 1931." The United States Department of Agriculture, through the Extension Service, has been urging farmers to increase the efficiency of their production (yield per acre or per animal) but not the total output, except in a very few special cases. The aim has been to produce a volume sufficient for consumption from a smaller acreage and fewer animals, thus giving the farmer time to improve his standard of living through the production of more garden and home products.

The Extension Service in Virginia, which cooperates with the United States Department of Agriculture, has four main points in its extension program: (1) Increase the efficiency of farm production; (2) adjust the volume and quality of farm products to consumptive demand; (3) increase the efficiency of marketing through cooperative associations; (4) increase the efficiency of purchasing for farmers through cooperative associations. Increased efficiency should provide the farmer with more money and more leisure but need not increase his total output, as I have said above.

I am personally adding a fifth: Develop national planning of economic activity and fit agricultural production into this plan.

Blacksburg, Va., March 5 GORDON H. WARD

Right You Are!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article True Stories de Luxe, Milton St. John states, "I know of no ambassador who gets anything like $17,000 per annum from our government."

I should like to state that the salary of our ambassadors is $17,500 per annum.

RUPERT KOENINGER

Columbia Falls, Montana, March 10

Why Bother?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not know Mr. J. B. Priestley. I have no interest in defending him. My interest is in the self-respect of Americans.

Why such organs of American intelligence as *The Nation* and the *New Republic* should find it needful to reply (with a definite touch of spleen, of botheredness, of emotional *need* to justify Us) to the remarks of foreign visitors about American ways, I cannot fathom. If foreigners have no impressions before arrival, they are ill-read. If they get none when here, they are fools. If their impressions make any difference to us, merely because of the name of the person who has the impression (rather than because of the light the impression gives) it is we who are fools, and bad readers.

Why it is conceived to be a self-respecting answer to criticism—which with a traveling foreigner must of necessity be suggestive at best—to quarrel with the foreigner's basis of judgment, or to sneer at the manners of him or his informants, I also fail to fathom. If his impression sheds light, let us reexamine the facts—*we* know the facts, whether he does or not—in the light of it. If it does not shed light, why the bother?

Why a foreigner should be criticized for answering questions the reporters ask him to answer is again a mystery. They are our reporters, not his. He is entitled to assume that we are interested in his impressions, as impressions. Indeed, in this case, the interest is demonstrated. What is not demonstrated is that the organs of American intelligence have balance and self-confidence enough to shrug benignantly at ill-advised criticism of American intelligence in action.

Which, in view of the level of that intelligence on so many other matters, is worth regretting.

New York, March 4 K. N. LLEWELLYN

Material on Gorki

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I appeal through your pages for documentary and personal material in connection with Maxim Gorki's sojourn in New York in 1906? I am particularly anxious to clarify the role of the Russian embassy at Washington in the anti-Gorki campaign. A confession by a former official of the embassy was published somewhere, but I have not been able to trace it.

Berkeley, Cal., January 27 ALEXANDER KAUN

Stephen A. Douglas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is my expectation shortly to embark upon the writing of a biography of Stephen A. Douglas, with especial emphasis upon the decade from 1850 through 1860. I would be particularly gratified if any of your readers who happen to be in possession of manuscripts, letters, diaries, or other unused source material concerning Douglas, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Jefferson Davis in the fifties, or other of the great figures of that period would intrust them to me for copying and return. I will assure them prompt reading and safe return.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 1 GEORGE F. MILTON

Books, Music, Drama

When the Snow Goes

By DAVID MORTON

The white dream of virginity is over,
And earth awakens to remember, now,
Her womanhood and motherhood, her lover
And all that followed on the thrusting plow;
For yet a little while these early days,
She finds the blue sky grown a tender thing,
As distant and adoring as the gaze
We give to girls across the careless spring.

Almost—almost—it seems, she might forget,
So virginal and inviolate the airs
That blow above her for a little, yet,
Unmindful of the fiery seed she bears
Whose hidden labors, flowering out of pain,
Are heavy fruit and sharp and shining grain.

The Cult of Chaos

The Melody of Chaos. By Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THIS book has a dual and perhaps a divided aim; it would be easy to attack it with what Mr. Peterson himself calls "brutal 'either-or'" methods. In his preface he refers to it as a "study in complexity and chaos, with the poetry of Conrad Aiken as my point of departure and principal theme." Considered as a study in complexity and chaos, it surely leans on Aiken with utter disproportion as compared with original and powerful writers like Joyce, Proust, Dostoevski, and Melville, or even as compared with such other American poets as Eliot, Pound, Stevens, and MacLeish. Considered as a critical study of Aiken, it contains too much both about other writers and about certain problems of psychology and philosophy.

But let us grant the author his twofold purpose. As there are many "horizontal studies" of contemporary psychological chaos, Mr. Peterson thinks "it may be illuminating for a change to consider as *symptom* and *symbol* the work of one author who is peculiarly typical of the age." But why should that be Conrad Aiken? Because:

> He has embraced his predicament. He has celebrated chaos, faced it frankly, with affection, and consequently his report is more searching than that of those who are trying so desperately to escape, by way of the primitive, the occult, or the Catholic. . . . He has gone as far as possible in the direction of spiritual disorder, without plunging into madness. He has made the case for sensitive living today as bad as possible. His disillusion is fearful and complete, his melancholy incurable.

"The Melody of Chaos," as one may gather from this, is a sort of supplement both to "The Modern Temper" of Mr. Krutch and the recent study of the symbolists by Mr. Wilson. It is adroitly and persuasively argued, and remarkably learned. In the single chapter on the vicissitudes in the conception of the ego, for example, Mr. Peterson ranges through Socrates, St. Paul, Prudentius, Montaigne, Charron, Shakespeare, Burton, Bacon, Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, Richardson, Sterne, Kant, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Benjamin Constant, Stendhal, La Rochefoucauld, Poe, Melville, Baudelaire, Darwin, Dostoevski, Nietzsche, Strindberg, Charcot, Janet, Dujardin, Mallarmé, Flaubert, Tolstoy, William James, Freud, Bergson, Henry James, Proust, Gide, Joyce, Russell, McDougall, and F. H. Bradley. And this is no mere roll call of great names, but authors actually read and quoted to the point. Mr. Peterson's erudition never becomes pedantry or clogs the flow of his zestful sentences.

But with all his ingratiating exposition he never convinces us that Mr. Aiken is quite as important as he makes him out to be. Mr. Aiken is unquestionably a distinguished poet, and has given perhaps even more promise as a critic and a novelist; he is sincere, sensitive, and acute; his verse is smooth, melodious, technically often admirable. It is remarkably lucid—too lucid, in fact, to be quite the most impressive literary symbol of modern disintegration and chaos. It is even a little facile; there are too many poetic clichés in it, too many familiar images, rhythms, and rhymes. In brief, it lacks the intensity of great poetry, and Mr. Peterson does Mr. Aiken a poor service when he links his name with that of Donne or Webster.

Nor do I find myself able to accept the cult of chaos, disillusion, and skepticism that Mr. Aiken reflects and Mr. Peterson champions. Mr. Aiken, we are told, has reached the "final skepticism" because he "discusses the loss of the ego itself"; he rejects "that which presupposes everything else, . . . that which has rejected everything else." Well, we have seen the ego rejected before, but that does not seem to me the final skepticism. The man who rejects the ego may be putting too much faith in the dubious processes of analysis by which he rejects it. We never hear, indeed, from the complete skeptics at all; final skepticism, as Anatole France reminded us, implies absolute silence. And even a reasonably thorough skeptic will at least sometimes be skeptical of his own skepticism, will sometimes tremble on the verge of belief. It seems to me that a good deal of the skepticism now abroad is much too dogmatic. As for chaos, there is no doubt a great deal of it; but to say that the world is completely chaotic is meaningless: the very notion of chaos could not exist without the notion of order: the terms are correlative. Those who talk so much of chaos, moreover, are usually telling us more about themselves than about nature. "When we are perplexed," remarked the late C. H. Cooley, "we project the disorder of our minds in a belief that the world is anarchical."

Historic perspective as well as psychology should help us to see that the contemporary cult of chaos, with its attendant skepticism and disillusion, has a close kinship with that romantic melancholy which the humanists have traced maliciously from Rousseau through Byron. Indeed, in one paragraph toward the end of the book, Mr. Peterson himself almost gives away the whole show. "In enjoying these darker moods now, we unconsciously and inevitably feel that we are sensitive and delicate, part of a sensitive and delicate tradition, ennobled by such distinguished figures as Hamlet, Byron, Châteaubriand, and Baudelaire." It is fashionable now to be confused about the world; it at least proves that one is not a bond salesman or a Babbitt; and so an increasing number of intellectuals are pretending to be considerably more muddled, more disillusioned, and more unhappy than they are. They tell us that their soul is immensely complex, that their apparently simple personality is really a great seething madhouse of conflicting personalities, that they do not know which impulse will gain control of them next. This self-view is flattering, for to feel immensely complex is to feel somehow important, but when we look at these people from the outside, from the standpoint of crowd psychology or of behaviorism, we usually do not find it difficult to predict what their response will be to a given situation.

These new skeptics, as I have already said, seem to me to make a surprising number of very dogmatic declarations. Defending Mr. Aiken's peculiar propensity for twilight, for example, Mr. Peterson writes:

> Intellectually, philosophically, one may feel most at home in twilight as the *essential* time of day, when vagueness reigns, when sharp lines disappear and apparent differences merge together. The bright sun of noonday brings out only harsh contrasts, as does the conventional moralist with his terrible antitheses, the old-fashioned logician with his emphasis on contradictory propositions, the brutal "either-or" thinker with his passion for cardinal colors, whereas a more tender mind will achieve a rich synthesis on a higher level or find solutions for his problems in the realm of pastel shades. As Renan once remarked, truth lies in the nuance. Life leads through a murky no-man's-land, through a perpetual twilight amid opposing forces which the tragic poet describes most adequately.

All this is obviously mere *reactive* thinking. If the Victorians saw sharp contrasts where there were only nuances, Mr. Peterson seems to say, then let us see merely nuances where there are really sharp contrasts; if our fathers saw only blacks and whites, let us see only grays. This will prove that we are much more subtle and sensitive than they were. But will it? *Does* life lead through a *perpetual* twilight? Obviously it does nothing of the kind. Like the concept of chaos, the concept of twilight is correlative; it has no meaning except in relation to sunlight and night. The intellectual, like the physical world, is clearly made up of all three. The world will always need its twilight thinkers, but we are beginning to have an embarrassing number. When they have called the current tune—or discord—long enough, someone will go mad and scream for a Macaulay.

HENRY HAZLITT

American Literature Exposed

A Literary History of the American People. Volume I: From 1607 to the Beginning of the Revolutionary Period; Volume II: from 1750 to 1815. By Charles Angoff. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

MR. ANGOFF'S first two volumes deal with the part of American history which is the least interesting from a literary point of view. He has in preparation two more volumes which will complete the tale to the present time. So far he has made the tale entertaining, fluent, continuous. His physical plan is conventional—the regular divisions in time, geographical sections, types of literature, individuals. His treatment is not conventional, and he is rather lustily aware of it; at least he is not a conformist with respect to most critical and historical books written before our present irreverent age, though he makes abundant use of his predecessors, with full acknowledgments in notes and quotations. In appearance, and largely in substance, his work is quite in the proper scholarly manner. In tone and phrasing it is jaunty, up-to-the-minute, vivacious, sometimes amusing and original, sometimes journalistic and a bit cheap.

It is refreshing—and it would have been more refreshing in the days before the anti-superstitious attitude became a superstition, a ritual, with Mr. Mencken as high priest—it is refreshing to read a man who goes straight to the sources and the accepted interpretations of those sources, takes a look for himself, and reports what he finds. The older critics and historians, mostly inhabitants of the Atlantic States and their Western disciples, liked the colonial and revolutionary writers and showed them up to the best advantage, sometimes letting enthusiasm run away with judgment, and discovering merits which were simply not there. Mr. Angoff takes the other course. He does not like many of the people he deals with in these two volumes, concedes their virtues with evident reluctance, and displays their faults and follies with an air of triumphant satisfaction. He devotes—wastefully, I think—many pages to quotations of poor verse and poor prose, for the sake of showing how poor it is. This is not to say that he does not select many of the best prose passages. But he takes pleasure in crossing out the A's and B's that the older professors have awarded their ancestors and marking them down to D's and E's, with a few C's-minus.

Specifically, he hates Puritanism (and does not understand it), not because he has anything against dead men, but because he holds them responsible for the alleged "puritanism" that oppresses us today. "That the prevailing culture of America is still Puritan at heart is due almost wholly to the writings of the early Calvinistic divines of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and, to a lesser degree, of Rhode Island." Yet he says that when "Jonathan Edwards was buried in the old graveyard at Princeton, Puritanism went with him." How reconcile those statements? Mr. Angoff even attacks Calvinism as if he were a theological pamphleteer. "There is no more devastating argument against Calvinism and all it means than the life and deeds of Jonathan Edwards." It is not the business of criticism and history to find devastating arguments, but to find out what happened, what Calvinism was, and how it was expressed. The game of knocking the steeple hats off the Puritans is as tiresomely played out as the older gesture of taking one's own hat off to them too reverentially. Some recent historians, acutely critical and not weighted by ancient pieties, have given us a moderate and balanced view of the colonists; notably Professor S. E. Morison, to whose admirable "Builders of the Bay Colony" Mr. Angoff makes only one reference in a footnote, to cite Morison's "exaggerated opinion of Anne Bradstreet" as an example of "a deplorable practice among historians" not to "keep clear of literary criticism."

Since Mr. Angoff so often accuses other critics and historians of exaggeration and overstatement, it is fair to take a page from his own book—not the wisest page—and point out that his reversed theological zeal leads him to overemphasis. Calvinism "ruined completely the brilliancy and logical cogency" of Edwards's essay on "Freedom of the Will." At worst, Calvinism weakened the concluding part of the essay, but did not ruin it. The narrow attitude of Massachusetts "nullified all possible good that could have been derived from her educational system." No, not nullified, only diminished it. Some statements are not exaggerated but untrue. With the decline of its authority, the Puritan oligarchy "was impelled to incite the witchcraft madness in order to bolster up the waning allegiance of the public." There is no hint of such a motive in those dead-in-earnest, self-righteous men. The Virginians "tortured quite as many witches as the Salem fanatics." Professor Edward Channing says ("History of the United States," II, 458) that "in Virginia the belief in witchcraft was widespread and sincere, but there were no executions." Perhaps historians should keep clear of literary criticism; literary historians should be wary when they deal with non-literary aspects of history, especially when the literary historian is in an aggressive, challenging, disputative frame of mind.

Mr. Angoff values "Bacon's Epitaph, Made by His Man" ("His Man" cannot mean, as Mr. Angoff suggests, "a menial, a servant, po' white trash," but one of Bacon's followers in the rebellion, as we say "Cromwell's man," "the King's man"). He appreciates Thomas Morton of Merry Mount and Roger Williams and John Wise, because they were rebels. When he gets out of the shadow of Puritanism into the vigorous thought of the Revolution he is on surer ground; his second volume is an alert and judicious appraisal of the orators, pamphleteers, statesmen, and the few merely literary men of the time, from James Otis to Philip Freneau. If he withholds his full approval from some of the admittedly good and great, he lapses into a strangely uncritical use of "great" in the last line of the volume, in which he calls Bryant's "Thanatopsis" "the first great poem in our annals."

It is pleasant to see him stress Jonathan Mayhew and insist on the importance of Madison as thinker and writer; Madison is usually placed in a secondary position, too subordinate to Jefferson and Hamilton. Mr. Angoff falls foul of Franklin in a very unfortunate way. "He had a cheap and shabby soul." "It would be more accurate to call Franklin the father of all the Kiwanians." "Franklin represented the least praiseworthy qualities of the inhabitants of the New World: miserliness, fanatical practicality, and lack of interest in what are usually known as spiritual things. Babbittry was not a new thing in America, but he made a religion of it, and by his tremendous success with it he grafted it upon the American people so securely that the national genius is still suffering from it." "The vulgarity he spread is still with us." (Earlier Mr. Angoff says that Samuel Sewell is "in short, a sort of *Ur*-Babbitt.") Well, just where does the vulgarity lie? In the writers criticized or in the manner of the criticism? The younger adventurers in the era of Mencken and Sinclair Lewis still have time to ask themselves such delicately critical questions.

JOHN MACY

Candor About Painters

Modern American Painters. By Samuel M. Kootz. Brewer and Warren. $5.

MR. KOOTZ'S book on modern American art has provoked considerable controversy because of certain aggressive generalizations about our art, and because of the picturesque and brusque manner in which he disposes of most of the favorite painters. As our critics have for years been nurturing an American renaissance, and in this task have been hailing every year several embryonic geniuses, they have quite naturally been perturbed. But in their haste to defend the artists Kootz dislikes they have failed to appreciate the penetrating way he has analyzed the painters he does believe in. His essays on Dove, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Sterne, and Weber should be models of perception and prose style for most professional critics. One need not agree with Mr. Kootz, but it is a pleasure to see so intelligent a man looking at paintings, explaining and balancing and thus evoking their qualities.

His tirade also seems to me healthy. What he is trying to do is to establish a standard. One hesitates at this word because it has been used so captiously by aesthetes. But we have real, if somewhat shifting, standards of other than our own present art which have developed through controversy, and the standard which this book is helping to erect is one which will come the same way. We know now that Eakens, Ryder, and Homer were the best American painters of their time. We did not know then. Many of the important men have faded out despite all the good said of them. If a hundred educated persons were to make a list of the six most important contemporary painters of Europe, there would probably be substantial agreement among them. It is certainly likely that Picasso and Matisse would be on every list. These definite feelings have come about through argument. There is plenty of argument about modern American art in private, but there is little in criticism. Most of our critics in an effort to be fair have at one time or another patted everyone on the back. Their zeal to be amiable has sometimes been so extreme that the owners of the galleries have been amazed themselves at the virtues found in their artists. Candid but intelligent criticism is something everyone agrees we need. Mr. Kootz is candid, and to my mind he is also intelligent.

WALTER GUTMAN

A Charming Autobiography

The Grass Roof. By Younghill Kang. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

YOUNGHILL KANG'S autobiographical novel owes its unusual charm not only to its material—the life of a Korean child born just before the time of the Japanese invasion, educated in Korean and Japanese schools, and, when the book closes, en route to a great American college—but also to that beauty of style which is the result probably of the perfect adaptation of language to sentiment—the sentiment here being that idyllic and childlike clarity of perception and recollection which requires an economical and simple poetry in prose. Each scene is exactly visualized and its significance is directly translated as it was felt and beheld by the child himself. To translate one culture into the terms of another is a difficult task, but it is a task which Mr. Kang has accomplished perfectly. One wonders, indeed, how much of the particular kind of naive and lucid beauty which his language commands is the result of a perfect mingling of Oriental and Occidental education. Mr. Kang never allows, as do some interpreters of other cultures, one point of view to cheapen or tarnish another. His contrasts are made with such sympathy and understanding of both Oriental and Occidental life that he points and heightens the charm of both.

This novel swings from one exquisite narrative sketch, like an idyll, to another, but the strand of each sketch is carried forward, and the character of the boy himself and of the members of his family and his friends gradually develops against the background, first, of the small village—

> On the right bank of the river, bordered and interspersed by pine and weeping-willow trees, was the village, and behind it, somewhat lower, the rice fields. On the left bank grew the millet and other grains, and farther over, against the opposite mountain, were to be found the deer, the hawks, the tiger cats, and the fabulous dragons. I can remember in the mornings when the sun was getting up how its beams trembled on dew-drunk foliage of the mountain, then poured down like sparkling bits of glass over the water in the valley—especially when the rice seeds were ripening in the fields. At such a time the whole world seemed to dance and glisten, for the color of the ripe rice was tawny, and lay rippling like a golden fleece under the eye.

And, later, against the revolutionary background of the Japanese invasion, when the boy, realizing the necessity for an education, walks his journey of one thousand *lis* to enter a Japanese government school. Twice he suffers imprisonment at the hands of the Japanese:

> For the last two weeks I was given the unofficial torture daily: beatings, suspension by thumbs, and questions in between times. It was dreadfully painful, and from one torture to another I could hardly keep my mind on the books I was allowed to study, such as "Hamlet" and the Bible (which I read from Genesis to Revelation for the first time). Taken back to my cell, I was fed exclusively on beans and water, three times a day. Thus arose my prejudice against beans.

When the book closes, the author is on his way to America under the protection of an American missionary. On shipboard he finds peace:

> It is like a revelation into the kingdom of eternity, this night of stars and clear wind in a world apart from other

worlds. Above and around on every side move sea-gulls, following the motion of the waves, leading on from mystery to mystery.

The whole of this novel is interspersed, very rightly, with translations (made by the author with Frances Keely) from Korean poetry, and the book as a whole has much the quality of that poetry—simple, symbolic, and delightful.

EDA LOU WALTON

The History of Intelligence

Rational Evolution. By Robert Briffault. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS is another outline of history, starting with prehistoric man and ending with a preachment for the present. Since we have started with H. G. Wells and allowed ourselves to be taken for a ride with Oswald Spengler, it may be just as well that there are others to see us through. In the end we may have a fairly exhaustive array of possible doctrines and biases, and we shall learn to recognize them even when they are dressed up with the gadgets of scholarship. We may even learn to debunk the debunkers and trust our own judgments and affections. It appears at present that far from presenting synthetic pictures of history Mr. Wells and his successors are showing us how to take history to pieces and see how it works. The outliners are increasingly willing to let us see behind the scenes, and even to point out the particular set of strings they like to pull. We in turn are less easily shocked by bias and happy to take the spectacle for what it has to show us. This book takes orthodox history apart and shows us several very interesting novelties. It states its hypothesis in an early chapter, and that in turn is merely an explication of the title. Then it subsumes very select and very illuminating facts to illustrate the abstraction.

The thesis, or hypothesis, states that there has been very considerable progress in historical times in two respects: first, in material culture, and, second, in social justice. The basis of this progress has been an intellectual honesty which the author chooses to call rationalism. This rationalism is said to be Greek because it first came to light in Greek culture, but it turns out to be the sort of thing we associate with Voltaire or Tom Paine, although the author mentions neither of these as outstanding heroes. I mention them because they serve to point out which aspect of Greek culture he makes his standard.

The Oriental forbears of our civilization could not achieve intellectual honesty because they had priests who made and preserved various cults of irrationalism. The Greeks were never priest-ridden, so they gathered and examined the wisdoms of their neighbors freely and continually, but they made the mistake of ignoring facts, and thus remained pre-scientific in their rationalism. But even then they had the fruitful principles of it, which the Romans used to straighten out European law. The Romans finally fell for irrationalism in the form of an Oriental religion, Christianity, and this made them a prey to barbarism. Hence the Dark Ages. The Arabs preserved the vital principles of Greek rationalism and added an interest in fact. Moslem civilization was the birthplace of modern science and the Moslems were the rebuilders of European civilization. The modern period really begins with the Middle Ages, and the best we have in intellectual and moral culture, even to our ideal of a gentleman, is a legacy from Mohammedanism. This is the great novelty in the book. The rationalism of the Arabs passed into Christian thought and finally dispelled its dogmas, to replace them with the methods and cultural outlook of modern science. We have not yet seen the end of the process, but the vital rational principle is still at work in both our theoretical and practical life. It is to be seen in the scientific basis of industry and in the steady refinements of our social conscience. It is perhaps best seen in our recent shift from good intentions to intelligent opinion as the standard for moral judgments. We are still too tolerant of sincerity which is not expressed in intellect, but since rationalism is the principle of adaptation, we may expect to see any society based on soft liberalism eliminated in the next stages of the course of evolution.

The thesis is not new, nor in itself very interesting, but the use it has been put to in emphasizing the part played by the Moslems in European thought and manners fully justifies it as a historian's prejudice. This is particularly relevant for any students of the history of science who are sophisticated enough to doubt the orthodox nonsense that historians repeat about the relations of theology and science, and the freedom of thought in the Renaissance as compared with the Middle Ages. The minimum credence we can give to the evidence in this book would still make it necessary for historians of science and modern thought in general to look for more than they have seen in medieval theology. It becomes extremely questionable for anyone to conclude anything about the function or even the methods of science if he has not felt some peculiar gap, or, as this author says, some conspiracy of silence, in the account of the Middle Ages that we are asked to accept from the modern historian and student of the modern mind.

This book has many of the obvious faults of outlines of history. It oversimplifies and it preaches, but it also manages to throw light where light has been too long absent. It at least adds to our knowledge of our ignorance.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

Books in Brief

The Golden Grove: Selected Passages from the Sermons and Writings of Jeremy Taylor. Edited by Pearsall Smith. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The cultural burden that posterity is obliged to carry becomes heavier each year: as a result, when we have decided that it is no longer incumbent upon us to read a given writer, or when the pleasure yielded by him is no longer sufficiently intense or sustained, we tend to neglect him altogether; the weight of his inferior work submerges with it all that is good. This process can be arrested only by critics and editors who can give us compact but discriminating selections. Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith has here performed that service admirably for the seventeenth-century prelate and controversial writer, once called the "Shakespeare of divines," Jeremy Taylor. In Taylor's case this service was peculiarly necessary. Mr. Smith writes in his fine introduction:

> All his works are old cabinets . . . full of trifles, but containing also much that is curious and of value; and if they are to be read at all, they must be read in selected passages and pages. For more than thirty years my eyes have been haunted by the glow of some of these jewels; in my ears have echoed, like the sound of far-off bells, the music of certain of his phrases, and I have long intended to make a selection from his writings.

A Jew in Love. By Ben Hecht. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Many legends have grown up about Ben Hecht, not all of them to his good as a writer. One of them is that he has an extraordinarily facile pen. In late years his facility has carried him out of the field of serious writing to a large extent, and for a period his product was, in his own words, "peculiar swill" for the movies. With "A Jew in Love" he returns to serious fiction. At least one supposes that the book is a novel even though it is an insecurely constructed performance. It is difficult to be severe with Hecht if one has any taste at all for brilliant phrasing and excoriating analysis. In his study of the lecherous Jo Boshere both of these qualities are to the fore. Unfortunately, one can endure only so much analysis in a novel without becoming a bit bored, especially when analysis is entirely external. Boshere is literally picked to pieces in long analytical passages which slow up the story. The story itself is slight: the sordid love affairs of an egoist who lives in constant hell because he fears that his ladyloves either do not love him or only endure him by thinking of more desirable men. His fear drives him insanely to pry into their minds with all the viciousness of a small boy pulling the legs from flies. Hecht's attitude toward this despicable man seems to the reviewer to be one of hatred and fascination. At any rate he brings all his resources to bear upon his presentation to the reader, whose reaction must be "How brilliant Hecht is! How disgusting Boshere is!" There are remarkable isolated passages in the book, particularly a description of a minor character, Gabe Solomon, which comes nearer to epitomizing the Broadway type than Walter Winchell's column or Skolsky's tintypes.

The Child's Conception of Physical Causality. By Jean Piaget. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

This is the last of a series of three volumes by the same author in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. The first volume was entitled "The Language and Thought of the Child" and the second "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child." They are remarkable studies of linguistic habits which we all have in various degrees of elaboration, observed as they first appear and analyzed in such a way that we could use them as we use Freud, to classify and recognize our friends. Their unique quality is due to the fact that the author is a psychologist who has achieved a certain degree of philosophical sophistication and has stated his problems in terms of the system of mathematical idealism developed by the French philosopher Brunschvicg. This means that his facts are arranged under an interpretative hypothesis which is clearly enough stated to allow his readers to criticize and reinterpret the results with some degree of precision. This is a new experience in reading psychology, perhaps worth passing on to friends who have been too often disappointed in psychology.

The Inferno of Dante. Translated into English Terza Rima Verse. With Introduction and Notes. By Lacy Lockert. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

The only trouble with this new translation of Dante into terza rima verse is that the translator has no feeling for verse. No advance has been made upon the several nineteenth-century versions in terza rima; and certainly there is no improvement upon the more recent one by Melville Best Anderson, which the present translator justly praises. The verse is halting and stiff, and the division by lines seems usually quite arbitrary. All in all, Norton's prose translation still gives the best impression that the original was the work of a great poet.

Undiplomatic Memories. By William Franklin Sands. The McGraw-Hill Company. $3.

President Cleveland appointed a stripling of twenty named William Franklin Sands to be second secretary of the American legation in Tokio. Thus was founded the diplomatic service of today, Sands becoming the first of our "career diplomats." His book deals in a wandering and highly personal fashion with the author's adventures in the Far East, his years as adviser to the Emperor of Korea, and his efforts to avert the Russo-Japanese war. His account makes excellent, often absorbing, reading.

Music

A Neglected Composer

It is only to be expected that partisans of neglected composers should exaggerate their virtues and gloss over their faults. So it is only natural that on a first hearing the Bruckner Seventh Symphony seemed a less blinding revelation than we had been led by some to expect. I spoke with an Austrian musician recently who told me that for him the three B's of music were Bach, Beethoven, and Bruckner. But I think even a first hearing of this Seventh Symphony makes it fairly clear that we are not likely to make groupings of this sort.

The most surprising thing about this work is that it was written in the 1880's—later, that is, than the most advanced works of Wagner, whom its composer adored—although, except in orchestration, it contains hardly a trace of his influence. Written, too, years after the symphonies of Schumann and the First of Brahms. Written, finally, eighty years after the Beethoven "Eroica," which, in its chordal first theme, in its solemn, elegiac *adagio*, in its *scherzo* in typical Beethoven rhythm, it at times recalls. It is surprising because harmonically, rhythmically, contrapuntally it seems considerably less advanced than any of these works.

In preparatory thumbing of a score most of us can take in only the more prominent parts in the orchestral texture. We assume rhythmic and contrapuntal complications that we have not time to explore. This tendency is the stronger in the case of Bruckner because to the eye the pages of his score bear a certain resemblance to those of Brahms, and one takes for granted a somewhat Brahmsian texture. It is a disappointment to find that in performance one hears hardly any more than one saw. There are themes in works of men like Mozart, Schubert, and Chopin that are nearly complete in themselves: the accompaniment may supplement them, but they need no complement. In Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms the force of an idea lies more often than not largely in its contrast with other ideas. Bruckner seems to give Schubert treatment to Brahms and Beethoven themes.

It is contrast, chiefly, that is lacking—contrast of one theme with another, contrast of the rhythm of one voice with another, contrast of harmonic and orchestral coloring. When two voices move symmetrically in contrary directions the contrapuntal result is never offensive; but this is a device that can be overused, and Bruckner never tires of it. He makes it his chief means of thematic development: the top voice carries the theme in its original version; the bottom carries its melodic converse, or vice versa. The result is lamentably lacking in rhythmic variety and opposition, and as a consequence, the effect of the whole work is somewhat flat. It is oversimplified, so that essentials as well as non-essentials are omitted.

This rhythmic and contrapuntal flatness contrasts strangely with Bruckner's sonorous Wagnerian orchestration. There are periodic unison outbursts of the entire orchestra—great, resounding statements of ideas essentially lacking in the importance that would warrant such expression. A great, long, sonorous tonic chord, with Bayreuth tubas, trombones, horns, and trumpets blowing fanfares, as at the end of the first movement, can be effective only if there has been something very different from the tonic chord in what has preceded. In this case there has been, unfortunately, nothing of the sort. So that the grandiose orchestration sounds merely inflated.

Great works have often been pronounced platitudinous on first hearing, of course. Many of Brahms's works, and notably the last works of Beethoven, have meant little to many until they were known intimately. It may be that Bruckner's music is, as Josh Billings said of Wagner's, better than it sounds. It may be that the Mass which is said to be slated for performance next year will reveal a significance greater than that of the Seventh Symphony. Bruckner is, in any case—this much is clear from a single performance—not a man to be completely neglected, as he has been hitherto. Like Fauré and Elgar, he has had recognition almost exclusively in his own country, and it may well be that neglect of his works has been due to our shortcomings more than to his. It is to be hoped that the apathy with which the Bruckner work was greeted will not discourage Mr. Toscanini from further exploration in neglected fields. ARTHUR MENDEL

Architecture

In the Cause of a Noble Bridge

SIX hundred feet high, on the tower of the new Hudson Bridge, you can have some experience of the majesty of steel. The openness makes it seem higher than a thousand feet of solid skyscraper. The breeze wafts up from below; and through the lattice work of the great steel members the water shines, far underneath, with a flat rippling dazzle.

I was there on a storm-threatening August day. The sound was the whir and grind of the great cable-drums, and the *tsish, tsish, zing* of that incredible traveling wire: a wire so hard that you seek in vain to bend a small piece of it in your hand. No friendly ticktack of masons, or mortar smell, but in your nostrils the mixture of metal and warm oil. The Palisades opposite stood clear in the gathering gloom, but the city below was all in haze, and up the Hudson it was already black, and distant booms of thunder mingled with the whispering *tsish, tsish,* as if to remind you of the eternal grimness of bridges. Of John Roebling killed, his son Washington paralyzed, and scores of workmen lost.

So out on the catwalk under the great cable I found myself struck with awe before a heroic past, much as Rousseau was as he walked the three dizzy levels of the Roman Pont du Gard at Nîmes: "I felt lost like an insect in the immensity of the work. I felt, along with the sense of my own littleness, something nevertheless that seemed to elevate my soul; I said to myself with a sigh: 'Oh, that I had been born a Roman!'" Dream on, Rousseau, of your Mediterranean antiquity: but it's the tide of the great Atlantic we are straddling here; we are Americans; and it was weakness of Rome to require eleven ponderous steps for a distance of 850 feet—less than a sixth of a mile—when this cable before me clears 3,500 feet—two-thirds of a mile—at a single perfect throw.

To every age its own monuments, and its own material. In Rome, the Pantheon and the famous Roman cement. In medieval France, Chartres and Amiens, as last words in stone and glass. In modern America, bridges and steel.

For structural steel as well as modern engineering was born on bridges; the skyscrapers are merely the children; the structural shapes for all of them are still fabricated in the bridge shop. Among bridges the most beautiful are those of the modern suspension type, which are also the special pride of America, having been invented by James Finley in 1796, established by Roebling once for all fifty years ago, and now brought by such men as Modjeski and Amman to their present high perfection. And here, too, is steel in its finest promise: the cable—steel in tension. Twenty times stronger than the girder, the cable may yet liberate and expand all the construction of the twentieth century as the girder did that of the nineteenth.

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Yet the perfection of a fine bridge does not flow automatically—as has too often been inferred—from the logic of pure engineering. Something deeper is required. In fifty years we have acquired but one masterpiece: the superb suspension bridge at Camden, of which the architect was Paul Cret. That the new Hudson Bridge should be nearly as fine, just as it stands; that people seeing it should be surprised at their own surprise—all this is one of those rare miracles when arrangement and proportion seem suddenly to strike on a full chord, so that the idea which was implicit comes forth as a revelation, and justifies a century of labor and sacrifice.

The consulting architect of the bridge is Mr. Cass Gilbert. Being a medievalist, he has somewhat of a stone eye. But let us hope he can be persuaded to let his bridge stand impressive and complete as it is. A stone veneer now can do nothing but kill the idea for the sake of a remote dream. Indeed, the genuine stone of the Palisades looks affectionately today at the water of the river, the wood of the trees, and the steel of the cable and towers—for what is steel but earth that has tasted the fierce modern fire?

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Barrie's Problem Play

THE revival of "The Admirable Crichton" by Walter Hampden, Fay Bainter, and an all-star supporting cast (New Amsterdam Theater) is no occasion for discussing the merits of this play. So far as I can see, it never had any beyond the very considerable ones of clarity, symmetry, and a sort of sensible grace. Add that with the passage of a generation the clarity has become transparency, the symmetry has become neatness, and the grace has become innocence, and it will be plain that no one should expect to find himself excited either by the form or by the meaning of the piece as it now makes itself known. A generation of novels and plays which have shown society standing upside down might be thought a preparation for this return of "The Admirable Crichton," wherein Barrie once flirted with the notion of an equivalent upheaval. But he suffers by the preparation, and by the comparison. Lady Mary's speech at the close—"So much the worse for England!"—might once have sounded important, even a trifle daring. It is now the merest whisper after a storm. No, one may go to see Mr. Hampden and his cast with complete assurance that one's mind and heart will suffer no assault. Every situation, almost every speech, will be anticipated long before it arrives, and when it arrives, it will make only the meagerest demands upon one's powers of attention.

To say as much is to say, in fact, that "The Admirable Crichton" is perfectly suited for an all-star revival. On such an occasion it is obviously the acting that we go to see; and it will be well if we do not have to think or feel too strenuously, if in other words we do not have to become absorbed in the play itself. So was it a few years ago when John Drew, Pauline Lord, and a dozen others performed "Trelawney of the Wells." So is it now. I could sit through a long performance the other night and never for a moment wish it shorter. The pace was leisurely and deliberate. Each member of the cast was given all the time he wished for making this gesture, for raising that eyebrow, for intoning some phrase or other. Every actor was good; therefore he had the confidence of the audience from the beginning; therefore he could endlessly indulge his love of the miming art. It was as if a group of experts had gathered themselves privately together for the purpose

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

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Wien Die Stadt Der Lieder—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Transport of Fire—8th Street Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave.
Tabu—Central Park—59 St. and 7 Ave.
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MUSIC

Little Theatre Opera Company, Brooklyn Little Theatre, Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," week of March 18.
Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, Carnegie Hall, Fri. eve., March 20.
Paul Robeson, baritone, Carnegie Hall, Sun. eve., March 22.

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS

Against a Background of Social Change—The Individual, The State and the Law. Saturday, March 21, 12:45, Hotel Woodstock—L. I. D. Luncheon-Discussion.
Is the Program Presented by the Fish Committee Practical?—Hamilton Fish, Jr. vs. Norman Thomas, Cooper Union, Thursday, March 26, at 8:15.
The Art of Writing a Novel, Konrad Bercovici—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St., Tues., Mar. 24, at 8:30.
The Future of the Talkies, Gilbert Seldes—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St., Sun., Mar. 22, 4:30.

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of giving pleasure to connoisseurs. The connoisseurs could lean back through a slow evening, sipping the various excellences as they were carried on. I have rarely been so much delighted in the theater. Mr. Hampden was at his best as Crichton, and I think his best is very good. He has been accused of solemnity in the part. But the part is solemn. And I should like to know who else could have made the exits that Mr. Hampden made from the reception room of Lord Loam—the back of his head expressing something different every time, and expressing it with a wonderful skill. Miss Bainter as Lady Mary was proud and scornful in exactly the proper degree. Hubert Druce as Lord Loam was always a joy to behold. And Effie Shannon as Lady Brocklehurst injected just the amount of electricity into the fourth act that the fourth act needed.

The new comedy by Rachel Crothers, "As Husbands Go" (John Golden Theater), will undoubtedly have the success that Miss Crothers usually has. It is full of clever lines, nice people, clear sentiments, and intelligent perceptions. But I fancy that it will go the way of its predecessors—out of the memory. Somehow or other the works of this gifted playwright are more ephemeral than they ought to be—or than they ought apparently to be, for the laws of forgetfulness are probably as just as they are inexorable. Pressed for a reason in the present case, I should perhaps say that Miss Crothers has everything a comic writer ought to have except a dash of madness in her laughter. She is too simply wise. She knows as much at the beginning of a play as she does at the end, and so the impression at the end is that she has done no more than work out certain details of truth. Her situation here is rich in possibilities, and it is easy to imagine a vulgar writer doing awful things with it. Two ladies of Iowa return from a summer in Paris during which they have fallen in love not only with Paris but with two European gentlemen. The gentlemen follow them home, and we are treated to the spectacle of Europe and America looking at each other. It i easy, as I have said, to imagine a vulgar writer taking sides Miss Crothers does not take sides. But in the very levelnes with which she scrutinizes the scene there is a lack of tha passion which is quite as necessary in comedy as it is in tragedy and which makes the best comedy one of the best things in th human world.

Ed Wynn has returned to the Majestic Theater with hi fine piece of utter foolishness, "Simple Simon," and at th New Yorker Theater there has opened a rather dull myster play called "Gray Shadow," by Roger Wheeler.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

VISCOUNT CECIL, one of the most distinguished of British statesmen, is known throughout the world for his work in behalf of disarmament by international agreement.

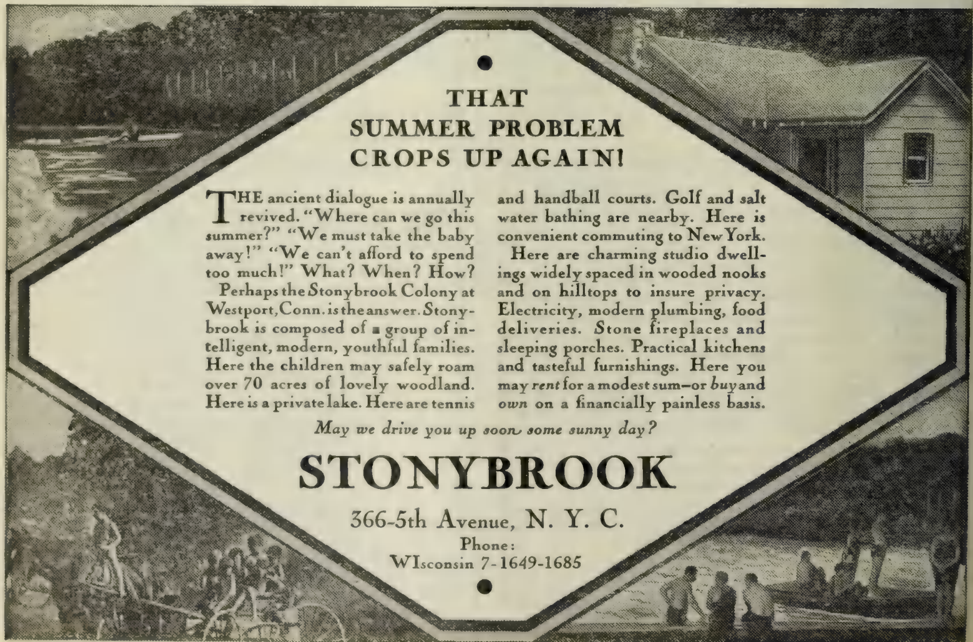
ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin who has been intimately connected with the work of the Experimental College.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN, one of the best-known educators in the United States and former president of Amherst College, is head of the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin.

JOHN MACY is the author of "The Spirit of American Literature."

WALTER GUTMAN is on the staff of *Creative Art*.

SCOTT BUCHANAN, author of "Poetry and Mathematics," is associate professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia.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THE NEW YORK SENATE, by a strictly party vote of twenty-six to twenty-four, has passed a resolution for a sweeping investigation, by a legislative committee, of the government of New York City. A Republican majority in the Assembly makes the investigation seem assured, with Justice Samuel Seabury as counsel. Never was a thorough-going and non-partisan inquiry worse needed. The authorizing of this investigation may well save Governor Roosevelt from serious embarrassment. When charges were presented to him recently asking the removal of District Attorney Crain from office, he acted within a day by appointing Mr. Seabury commissioner to investigate the charges, having had the advantage in the meanwhile, however, of a conference with Mr. Crain and John F. Curry, leader of Tammany. When the City Affairs Committee, however, presented charges against Mayor Walker similar in substance and even in language, the matter was more serious, and after some days the Governor sent a copy of the charges to the Mayor in California, asking him to make such reply as he chose promptly on his return to New York, which was expected in about ten days. The unexpected passage of the resolution for a legislative inquiry may make it unnecessary for the Governor to take action on the Walker charges, which result would doubtless not be entirely unwelcome to the leading contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Notwithstanding the great power of Tammany, however, the Governor, if he hopes for progressive support in his national political ambitions, would be well advised to free himself of all suspicion of alliance with that organization.

IT IS GOOD NEWS that the Farm Board will not speculate in the 1931 wheat crop. In making this announcement the board declares that "it cannot follow a regular policy of buying at prices above the market, paying heavy storage charges, and selling below cost"—a conclusion which it might have reached eighteen months ago. So it urges farmers to reduce wheat acreage by 20 per cent in order to cut output to domestic requirements and make it possible with the aid of the tariff to keep American above world prices—another unsound policy. The board contends that its emergency "stabilization" operations have made millions of dollars for the wheat-growers by keeping American prices from twenty to thirty-five cents above the world market; but it does not tell what will happen to prices and the supposed gains of the farmer when it unloads its holdings of possibly 200,000,000 bushels. It does not and cannot tell us what its losses on those holdings are going to be, but we do learn that it does not intend to sell wheat in a way that would adversely affect the market. If so, it is likely to hold it a long time. Even the announcement of the new policy made prices drop. Farm Board speculation has been an inevitable and disastrous failure, and has not even fooled the farmer. We shall be glad to see it brought to an end.

MR. HOOVER has more than once been guilty of shabbiness, but never more so than in his treatment of Senator Wagner, Democrat, of New York. The Senator is one of the few men in the upper house who has made a serious study of unemployment. He is the author of the unemployment bills first introduced in the Senate three years ago and reintroduced in 1930. Mr. Hoover found it necessary to veto these bills, in a statement whose facts were contradicted by a number of responsible and well-informed persons, among them Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins, Mary Van Kleeck, Paul U. Kellogg, and John B. Andrews. But he had finally come to the conclusion that something should be done about unemployment—or employment, as the Administration prefers to call it. He favored an investigation. To this end he appointed John J. Leary, formerly labor reporter on the New York *World,* to study conditions in Europe, except Russia; and for the Senate committee proposed to survey the problem in this country we see as chairman Senator Hebert of Rhode Island and as second Republican member Senator Glenn of Illinois, both of whom have shown themselves to be hostile to Senator Wagner's ideas concerning unemployment insurance. Oh, yes; the minority member is to be Senator Wagner, Democrat, of New York.

WHILE EUROPE has been debating the possibilities of a general customs union and apparently concluding that the thing won't work, Germany and Austria have quietly arranged a customs agreement of their own and are holding it up to their neighbors as an example. The plan, in its main features at least, seems extremely simple. Both import and export duties up to 90 per cent of the trade between the two countries are to be abolished, and the remaining 10 per cent are to disappear within three years. Each country, meantime, will continue to collect tariff duties on other imports, but the net proceeds, after making provision for the service of the Dawes Plan loan and the League of Nations loan to Austria, will constitute a common fund and be divided between the two countries on some plan to be agreed upon. The right of each country to conclude trade treaties with other countries is reserved, as long as the Austro-German agreement is unimpaired. If other nations want to join, they will be welcomed. France, of course, sees the tariff agreement as a long step toward the forbidden union of Germany and Austria, and the documents will be attentively studied to see if anything should be done about it, but it seems a safe guess that the agreement will stand. It is rather hard on M. Briand and the League, however, to have the Central Powers step out briskly before the rest of Europe has even got into line.

THE TREASURY SITUATION is causing concern in Washington. In the budget message the President, on the basis of Treasury figures, estimated the probable deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30 next at $180,000,000. The Treasury some time ago raised this figure to $500,000,000, and latest indications are that it may reach $700,000,000 or more. Mr. Mellon has little better luck in figuring deficits than he had in estimating surpluses in the good old days of Coolidge prosperity. Income-tax collections due March 15, as thus far reported, have proved highly disappointing. Customs receipts during the fiscal year up to March 19 were only $278,000,000, leaving a long way to go to reach Secretary Mellon's estimate of $502,000,000 for the year. The situation clearly suggests the need for an increase of taxes, but with a Presidential campaign casting its shadow before, the Republicans will strain every nerve to avoid it. The suggestion is already being considered of reducing sinking-fund payments on the public debt, despite the opposition to such action expressed by the President in his budget message. It is an unsound procedure that ought not to be adopted. If the needed tax revision should actually be undertaken, the legislators ought not to overlook the large measure of success that has attended Mr. Mellon's years of work in taking income and inheritance taxes off the wealthier citizens.

THE NATIONAL WEALTH of the United States in 1929, according to the estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board, was $361,800,000,000, or $2,977 per capita, and the income $84,000,000,000, or $692 per capita. The board's income figure for 1928 was $78,000,000,000, compared with an estimate of $89,000,000,000 by the National Bureau of Economic Research. Such figures vary widely according to different methods of estimation, yet they are useful as giving some suggestion of the possible level of economic well-being. Assuming that all income were available for consumption, which it is not, the Conference Board's figures would give us less than $700 each to live on in the year of peak prosperity. This figure makes the 504 incomes of $1,000,000 and upward reported in that year appear a bit high by comparison. The way to get the most out of wealth, however, is not to try to divide it up with crude equality, but to take a steadily growing proportion of the national income to make adequate communal provision for all our universal needs, such as health and education, for example. We need to get rid of our absurd idea of the utility of the enormous incomes with which we overpay a few people, and begin to tax such incomes out of existence, if we are not ingenious enough to make them otherwise impossible. At the same time, we must realize that we are rich enough to meet adequately and regularly the fundamental needs of all our people, provided we are prepared to organize our economic and social scheme to that end. But we shall have to do some hard thinking first.

A FREE SPAIN, as far at least as participation in the municipal elections scheduled for April 12 is concerned, should be the result of King Alfonso's London decree, provided, of course, the King does not change his mind and again clamp on a censorship. In eleven words the decree reestablished constitutional guaranties in all the provinces of Spain. Freedom of the press and of public meeting and discussion had already been granted in the last days of the Berenguer Government, but the search of domiciles without a warrant remained, and that has now been abolished. The restoration of constitutional privileges probably means that all parties will take part in the elections. Whether they will all take part in the later national election will depend, apparently, upon the result of the voting on April 12. If the municipal vote shows a strong Republican trend, it is to be feared that the King, naturally averse to jeopardizing his throne, may again impose a censorship, in which case the Socialists and Republicans would undoubtedly persist in their decision to boycott the national elections. On the other hand, a distinct monarchist trend in the municipal elections would increase the influence of the Constitutionalists, a center party moderately favorable to the Crown, insistent upon constitutional procedure, and unfriendly to republicanism. The events of the next two weeks may decide whether the London decree is to stand, or is only to mark an interlude in a long course of political repression.

IN THE CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN of *The Nation* for March 18 was published a letter from Portland, Oregon, telling of the confinement in an insane asylum of an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, Mike Kulikoff, as punishment for having been caught reading two of Lenin's works. Since then, we are informed by the International Labor Defense, a strong campaign for his release resulted in having him placed in the custody of the Portland attorney for this organization. After a few brief hours of freedom, the boy was recommitted to the insane asylum. It appears that the Kulikoff case is but one example of the excesses to which Oregon officials are resorting in the new red scare sweeping that State. According to the International Labor Defense, numerous persons known to be or suspected of being Communists have been arrested in recent weeks; seventeen of these persons are now awaiting deportation; thirteen others are being tried under the criminal-syndicalism law. One man, Ben Boloff, has already been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Another, Fred Walker, organizer for the Young Communist League, was acquitted. The Oregon newspapers are said to be supporting the drive against the Communists with a strong editorial campaign denouncing "convict labor" in Russia.

A "MYSTERIOUS PEACE," according to the Federated Press, has been effected between the outlaw miners of Illinois headed by Alexander Howat and the United Mine Workers of America headed by John L. Lewis. Under the terms of the truce, so far as they have been disclosed, it appears that the Illinois organization has been turned over to the rebel officials, with the exception of Howat, and this group is to rejoin the international union upon the understanding that Lewis is to remain the international president. In other words, the two-year fight to break down the reactionary control of the United Mine Workers has failed. Lewis has surrendered the Illinois district, which is to remain under the control of the rebel officials, with the exception of Howat, in return for increased security as the head of the larger organization. The Illinois organization as a separate group has been broken up by its officials, John H. Walker and Harry Fishwick, who have asked the rank and file of the miners of that district to renew their allegiance to the international union as represented by Lewis. They have at the same time abandoned their efforts to establish a rival international, doing so on the ground that such a course could lead only to the destruction of the mine workers' solidarity in this country. It may be noted, however, that the peace was arranged without Howat, who was the real leader of the movement to break up the Lewis machine by creating a rival union. That he will feel encouraged to go on with his fight, in the face of his desertion by his strongest supporters, the Illinois miners, is questionable.

THE KNOWLEDGE that an operation of the most complicated sort could be had for not more than $253.50, including the surgeon's bill, thirteen days of hospital care in a private room, and operating and anaesthesia fees, would do much to remove the financial dread of hospitals and illness that now exists in every middle-class mind. The Baker Memorial Hospital, newest addition to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, guarantees just that; and in practice it offers even more favorable economic terms to that great majority of people who desire and are able to pay a reasonable price for medical service—those who do not want charity and cannot afford the fancy prices that at present make a surgical operation seem like nothing so much as grand larceny, except that it is the victim who receives the punishment. The Baker Memorial, with a capacity of 330 beds, provides ward care for from $4 to $5.50 a day; a private room costs $6.50. But the most interesting point about this new haven for "white-collar" patients is the fact that no doctor is allowed to charge more than $150, no matter what operation he performs—and since practice in the Baker Memorial is restricted to the staff of the Massachusetts General, good care is assured. The maximum figure of $253.30 is arrived at on the basis of a fee of $150. As a matter of fact, the average cost for each of the 1,973 patients cared for during the hospital's first ten months was $158.94, divided into averages of $94.49 for hospital charges for thirteen days and $55.71 for professional fees. To those out of range of the Baker Memorial the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that, although well endowed, it plans to be self-supporting.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES, in approving, through a majority of the members of its Committee on Marriage and the Home, the use of contraceptives, is bringing the Protestant church into line with the prevailing modern thought. For it is idle to deny that whatever they publicly profess, the majority of intelligent and informed men and women do contravene the law against the use of contraceptives. The Catholic church, almost single-handed, persists in denouncing any form of birth control short of complete continence. The Federal Council of Churches committee was composed of twenty-eight persons, of whom all but six subscribed to the majority view, as follows:

> Whatever the final conclusion may be, the committee is strongly of the opinion that the church should not seek to impose its point of view as to the use of contraceptives upon the public by legislation or any other form of coercion; and especially should not seek to prohibit physicians from imparting such information to those who in the judgment of the medical profession are entitled to receive it.

This is temperate, sensible, enlightened. Many thousands of persons believe it already. Of these, a number will undoubtedly be grateful for sanction by the church of a course of conduct that economic or other necessity prescribes. They will agree also with the committee's answer to the time-honored objection that a widespread knowledge of contraceptives will result in promiscuous relations. The committee feels that such relations will not be indulged in by most people. They might have added that not only the Catholic church but the whole face of society is set against promiscuity; that irregular relations antedate contraceptives and will postdate them; and that the good afforded to the many by the proper knowledge of their use will wipe out the "illicit pleasure" they will afford to a few.

THE DEATH ON MARCH 20 of Hermann Müller, twice Chancellor of the German Republic and for many years chairman of the Social Democratic Party of that country, has removed from the German scene another moderate leader whose services Germany so badly needs in these difficult times. Less brilliant and less capable than Gustav Stresemann, Müller nevertheless greatly resembled the late Foreign Minister in his endeavors to bring peace and stability to his country. Stresemann came from the conservative right to counsel moderation in the foreign field; Müller came from the radical left to follow a similar course in domestic politics. The son of an industrialist, Hermann Müller turned to socialism early in his youth. As Foreign Minister in the Bauer Cabinet in 1919, however, he tempered his radicalism sufficiently to permit him to sign the Versailles treaty for Germany. Nine months later, at the time of the abortive Kapp Putsch, he was named Chancellor, and again he took a discreetly moderate stand. The Socialists resorted to a general strike to defeat the purpose of the monarchist coup, a move that a confirmed Socialist leader such as Müller could well have used to turn Germany into a Socialist state. Instead, he restored the republican government to an even keel, and then resigned. In 1928 Müller again became Chancellor. He was not equal to the economic crisis that developed in the following year, however, and in March, 1930, he resigned. From that time until his death he threw the support of his party to the Brüning Government.

The Unemployment Disaster

AT least seven million persons in the United States who want to work cannot get work. The Census Bureau at the end of the week gave out the results of its enumeration of unemployed workers in January, indicating a total for the country at large of 6,050,000 persons wholly without work, to whom at least another million must be added from other categories of the unemployed. The nineteen cities in which this special unemployment census was taken reported at the time of the regular census last April a trifle less than one-third of the total number of unemployed persons counted in the whole country, so there will be little question of the adequacy of the sample on which the present estimate is based. The enumerators found in these nineteen cities in January last a total of 1,930,666 persons in the so-called Class A, consisting of "persons out of a job, able to work, and looking for work." On this basis the corresponding number for the whole country is put by the Census Bureau at 6,050,000. But in addition there were counted in the nineteen cities 368,149 persons in Class B (persons having jobs, but on lay-off without pay). These included those part-time workers who were not employed on the day preceding the enumeration (evidently only part of the total number of part-time workers) and workers on temporary lay-off. For the country as a whole, then, there must be added three times that number, or at least another 1,100,000 workers, involuntarily idle at the time of the special census. We thus reach the appalling total of more than 7,000,000 persons wanting to work and unable to get work on the day of the count. This, be it noted, is a rock-bottom figure, resting on the Census Bureau's enumeration covering nearly a third of the workers. On the most favorable interpretation it indicates that out of all the persons in any way gainfully employed in the United States, one in six was vainly trying to get work last January. The actual situation in the industrial districts, of course, is distinctly worse than this. Detailed comparisons are given for sixteen of the nineteen cities, Boston, New York, and Chicago being omitted. Of the sixteen, only three show as small a proportion as one-sixth of their gainful workers "out of a job, able to work, and looking for work," while nine show a fifth or more of their gainful workers in that category, the proportion in Detroit and Cleveland, indeed, running above one-fourth. If the numbers out of work because of short time or lay-offs be added, six of the cities show a full quarter of the people without work. We prefer to use these minimum figures, resting on the sober count and calculation of the Census Bureau, rather than the larger ones put forward with a good deal of credibility in responsible quarters.

Even more striking than the absolute figures are the comparative numbers of April, 1930, and January, 1931. The Administration's handling of the Census Bureau's unemployment returns of April last, it will be remembered, was severely and justifiably criticized as tending to minimize the actual numbers out of work. No such criticism can lie against the actual comparison of returns at the two periods, and they show the startling result of an increase of unemployment during the nine intervening months of no less than 149 per cent. There were two and a half times as many people out of work in January last as in the preceding April, disastrous as was the situation at that time. No attempt is made in giving out the figures, as indeed none could be made, to gloss over or break the force of this stark comparison, although Secretary Lamont, as usual, cheerfully gives us reasons for thinking that January marked the actual bottom of the depression.

These, then, are the stubborn facts to be set off against the talk about the results of conferences with business leaders, promises of the return of prosperity, of enormous public-works programs, and all the rest of the uninterrupted ballyhoo with which a do-nothing Administration has sought to divert the public attention, to quiet the public mind, and thus to prevent direct federal action either for the relief of distress or for measures of future prevention. The Administration and the business leaders in whom it pathetically reposes its trust have had eighteen months in which to make their remedies work, and this is the result. Today they can do nothing better than defend themselves with talk of "world-wide business depression," which is a plain confession of failure. They have abdicated their proud position of years past as makers and dispensers of prosperity to the rest of us humble folk who know nothing better than to work for a living, and now that they cannot even give us a chance to do that, they acknowledge themselves helpless in the presence of world-wide forces too strong for them. Accordingly they profess themselves in no way responsible for our present plight. But if they and their system are not responsible for our disaster, neither were they responsible for the prosperity it is claimed that they created. In truth, our gods have tumbled themselves off their throne. If the American people exercise any intelligence, those gods will not be set up again. One need not be a Communist to feel a profound significance in the present intense and widespread interest in Russia in all parts of this country. Great numbers of Americans are wondering whether it is impossible to plan and organize our economic life so as to meet the fundamental needs of all the people and not simply to give profits to the few. Let the President and his supporters give heed before it is too late.

We have repeatedly and sharply criticized President Hoover and his associates for an unrealistic, unsound, inadequate, and, as it seemed to us, dishonest handling of the situation in respect to depression and unemployment. In view of the present census revelations we again ask in all seriousness what is to be hoped for from the man who as late as December in his annual message was still crying down the notorious facts of unemployment, who incontinently vetoed the carefully devised Wagner employment-exchange bill, who has stubbornly resisted every move toward assumption of any federal responsibility for citizens now plunged into distress by the operation of the economic system to which his whole fealty is pledged, and who has yet not brought forward a single idea containing real promise of making that system work better for the common man.

Labor or a Coalition

IN a letter tendering his resignation as Minister of Education in the MacDonald Government on March 2 Sir Charles Trevelyan said: "In the present disastrous condition of trade it seems to me that the crisis requires big Socialist measures as the only hope rather than painful and ineffective economies." It was possible, he added, that such a policy might mean a short life for the Government because of the failure of Liberal support, but since it was clear from the fate of the education bill that all the Government measures would "have short shrift" in the Lords, he was more than ever of the opinion "that we ought to be occupied in demonstrating to the country the alternative to economy and protection. Our value as a Government today should be to make people realize that socialism is that alternative. But as time goes on and the situation gets worse we show less and less intention to rely on socialism for the salvation of the country."

Sir Charles doubtless expressed the opinion of the Labor radicals. Mr. MacDonald, to be sure, calls himself a Socialist, but he is quite content to await the coming of socialism in some remote future, whereas the Labor radicals want a definite approach to socialism in their own day. Yet it is difficult to see how Mr. MacDonald, as the leader of a minority party, could have continued in office without compromise and makeshift. To win in the House of Commons on any major issue by the votes of his own party alone is out of the question. His Government must legislate, if it is to legislate at all, with the aid of Conservatives or Liberals, and since the Conservatives are least likely to sympathize with a Socialist policy, it is upon the Liberals that he has had mainly to rely.

The dependence has been the greater because the Labor Party itself has been disintegrating. The obligations of party discipline appear to be less and less regarded in the Labor ranks. On March 16, when the Government was defeated on the electoral-reform bill, two Labor members voted against the Government and sixteen were absent without being paired. When, in a party conference the next day, Mr. MacDonald took his followers to task, he is reported to have been told bluntly that he was not giving the party "the right kind of leadership" and that he would "get loyal teamwork as soon as he adopted the socialistic policies to which the party was pledged, and not before."

Now, apparently, his Liberal support is threatened, for the Liberals, like Labor, are menaced by a split. Notwithstanding an agreement by the party to support the electoral-reform bill—a bill which was brought forward as a sop to the Liberals and from which they were most obviously to benefit—when the clause abolishing university representation came to be voted on only nineteen of the fifty-eight Liberal members sided with the Government, ten voted against it, and six more were paired in opposition. The chief Liberal whip, Sir Archibald Sinclair, resigned his office in disgust, and Mr. Lloyd George, with his leadership hanging in balance, ventured nothing more than an announcement that resolutions defining the future course of the party would shortly be presented.

The suggestion that matters may be straightened out by reconstructing the MacDonald Ministry, with Mr. Lloyd George as Lord Privy Seal to look after unemployment, seems fantastic when the political careers of Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George are recalled. Moreover, such a coalition would be of no value to Mr. MacDonald unless it enabled him to count more surely than at present upon Liberal aid; and with the existing state of feeling among the Liberals it seems improbable that the party would allow Mr. Lloyd George or anyone else to deliver its vote bodily unless it knew pretty clearly in advance what policies it was expected to support. No more among Liberals than among Conservatives is there fundamental sympathy for socialism, and if the Labor radicals are dissatisfied with Mr. MacDonald now for his compromising and shifting, he could hardly hope for greater loyalty if he trimmed his sails further to catch a Liberal breeze.

Stranger things might happen, however, than that Mr. MacDonald should do just that and take the chances. He loves high office and is in no haste to relinquish it. He knows that the Conservatives, however vigorously they may attack him, are not really anxious to turn him out and take over his job. If he could count with certainty upon forty Liberal votes he might with some assurance let the Labor radicals go their way, confident that the Conservatives, at least, would not get their help and that the remaining Liberals would not long persist in remaining out in the cold. We may yet see a Labor-Liberal coalition in which the voice will be that of Ramsay MacDonald but the hand that of Lloyd George. It would not be necessary to take Mr. Lloyd George into the Cabinet. All that would be needed would be to make a few more compromises.

A Model Prison

THE new prison at Stateville, Illinois, an adjunct of and a reproach to Joliet Penitentiary, four miles away, is a "model" prison. Instead of the old cell block, where the corridors only were exposed to sunlight and air, Stateville consists of a series of circular buildings in which every cell receives the sun. The cells themselves are commodious, equipped with toilet facilities and electric light; even chairs with arm rests are provided to afford comfort to the prisoners. The food at Stateville is reported to be good, as prison food goes. In view of these facts, it is all the more unfortunate to have to report that the prisoners at Stateville, unappreciative of their little luxuries, set fire to the prison on March 18 with a resulting damage of some half a million dollars.

Must we, then, attribute the latest Illinois prison riot to the innate depravity of man, and particularly of men convicted of crime? Must we offer as remedy the proposal of Warden Hill of Joliet, who announced, after the latest riot had been subdued, that every prisoner in both penitentiaries would be deprived indefinitely of all privileges; that there would be no shows, no radios, no good-conduct marks; and of course that every prisoner even remotely considered an instigator of the disorder would be kept in solitary confinement at the Warden's pleasure? In deciding how to deal with the Joliet disturbance it might be illuminating to recapitulate events at Joliet since the first of the year. A few weeks ago three convicts, unarmed, were shot and killed by guards with machine-guns as they were attempting to scale the walls and make their escape. On March 8 Joseph Coakley, a prisoner who had been handcuffed to his cell in solitary confinement as punishment for his outspoken resentment against the above killing, died from a heart lesion. It is reported that Coakley was just recovering from a severe attack of influenza, but the authorities were sure that the heart weakness and not the handcuffing was the cause of death. On March 17 three convicts tried to start a riot in the mess hall, but were stopped and thrown into solitary before the disturbance became general. The next day the successful riot took place, during which prisoners, unarmed, set fire to various buildings, destroyed what equipment they could, and received the gunfire of the guards, with the death of one of the rioters. We submit that in the face of these difficulties the Warden's promise of more force, more machine-guns, more solitary confinement, more bread and water seems somehow not quite to meet the situation. A model prison cannot keep prisoners from rebellion; evidently more severe treatment cannot do so. What can?

What do the prisoners at Joliet complain of? During the latest riot they shouted, "Give us a new parole board!" All over the country there has been manifest an attitude which prisoners resent in Illinois. First, the imposition of the maximum sentence for a given crime—and in the United States, sentences, crime for crime, are several times more severe than in England or Germany, for example; second, a refusal of parole boards to allow time off for good behavior, to release prisoners after the minimum number of years of an indeterminate sentence has been served. The prisoner on entering prison has only one thought—that of the day when he will be released. Precedent has taught him that he may expect to serve a certain length of time for a certain offense. When the parole board disregards that precedent, as more and more is becoming the case, he is rendered desperate. Not comforts in prison but liberty are what concerns him. When liberty seems impossible, he will defy all force to express his desperation, his revolt.

There will be more prison riots. There will undoubtedly be more at Joliet. The prison is overcrowded by about 100 per cent. The model prison at Stateville is built, with all its comforts, to accommodate 2,500 men, when every intelligent penologist in the country has for years insisted that no prison group with more than 1,000 men in it is workable, can be either managed in prison or cured of its antisocial bias. The warden at Joliet is not very different from most prison wardens. If force fails him he will try more force. If that fails, as inevitably it must, he will try it yet again. The public at large will applaud him for refusing to "coddle" the inmates; judges will continue to impose heavy sentences, ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, with small hope of earlier release. And men in prison, deprived of that vital hope, will still be driven to desperate revolt. It is estimated that in a little over a year prison riots have resulted not only in the death of thirty men, but in the destruction of more than a million dollars' worth of property. It is barely possible that if property damage becomes great enough, we shall be forced to some drastic reconsideration of our national prison policy, to a realization that it is not to society's best interest to keep men in prison without hope. Otherwise the outlook is not encouraging.

The Harvard Memorial

THE Harvard *Crimson* has made a sharp protest against the proposal of the corporation to build a great new chapel as a war memorial. The New York *Times* ridicules the protest, saying: "Some of the children are bawling in the college papers"; "So the infants bleat"; and more to the same effect. One of the editors of the *Harkness Hoot,* in a letter to the Yale *Daily News*, strongly supports the *Crimson*. The honors, in our judgment, rest with the younger generation. The grounds of objection to the proposed memorial actually set forth by both the editors and the contributors of the *Crimson* seem to us evidence of a sound and serious concern with a question of real educational interest, and we congratulate them on their protest. The letter of Selden Rodman to the Yale *Daily News* supporting the stand of the *Crimson* raises at least three questions deserving of serious thought. He objects to the assumption of most of our war memorials that we were right and our enemies were wrong; he questions incidentally the right of universities to spend vast sums in unnecessary building; and, most striking of all, he declares: "The very gesture of sinking a million dollars in a Protestant chapel when the validity of Protestantism (and Christianity in general as a solution for contemporary problems) is being questioned must, to the unprejudiced observer, appear at least extravagant."

Now these protesting young men, if we understand them, are not objecting to religion as such, however much they may be questioning some of its current manifestations. They do seem to object, however, to the assumption that God is Nordic, Protestant, capitalistic, and pro-Ally. And they do not believe that the universities have the right to use the millions they can so easily command for the uncritical propagation of accepted ideas and beliefs. The students seem to be doing honest and genuine thinking, and in their thought we see far more of hope both for the universities and for the religion of the future than we can see in the action of a corporation that would build an unneeded chapel in the midst of a living university, or in the ideas of a great newspaper that finds it possible to defend such a waste provided only that the proposed building is "beautiful."

The controversy brings up another question that cries out for answer. Is it not full time to stop setting up religious war memorials of any kind? The churches, with a few honorable exceptions, blessed the last war, just as they have blessed every preceding one—and just as they will bless the next one, we are tempted to add. But during the past few years some of our prominent religious leaders have professed repentance, and have declared that they will be on the side of peace next time even when the drums beat. If their professions mean anything, they ought to fight every attempt to associate religion and war, even in retrospect. Let us build memorials, if we must, to our war dead, and let them express our grief at our folly and wickedness in sending these young men to death; but let us not help prepare another war by sanctifying the last one through associating its losses and sacrifices with the service of God instead of the devil.

The New Drive Against Russia

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, February 27

NOT a day passes but there is fresh evidence of a new drive against Russia. Indeed, it is impossible to pick up a copy of the London *Times* without finding from one to three items dealing with the menace of the Soviets. Thus we learn that no less than two leagues have been formed, with the usual complement of titled gentlemen, admirals, and generals, to protect the English public and English industry from the contamination of slave-made goods. It is declared that practically all Russian labor is enslaved by Stalin, and therefore everything that comes out of Russia should be boycotted. The action of the United States government in shutting out timber and pulpwood from northern Russia unless the importer can prove that it was not produced by convict labor and the complete boycott proclaimed by Canada are heartily acclaimed in London and elsewhere. The intense British anti-Russians wish and demand that the MacDonald Government take the same course. They rejoiced to learn that the recent visit of Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, to Washington was exclusively concerned with the question of joint action of Canada and the United States against Russian imports.

This campaign against Russian exports comes at a welcome moment. The excitement over the anti-religious attitude of the Soviets which reached such great heights about a year ago is dying down. None the less, the Christian Protest Movement formed in England in December, 1929, under the chairmanship of Prebendary Gough, Vicar of Brompton, has just reported that during its first year it held some 270 meetings in London and elsewhere, and that it has cooperated with similar protest movements in twelve Continental countries. It declares that its effort has been to keep its campaign entirely within religious lines. Nevertheless, if resentment can be aroused against Russia on the trade side, it will not hurt this other movement; on the contrary, it will help to keep it alive. The Catholic Women's League of England is not so careful to separate politics from religion, for it has sent a resolution to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Henderson, to the effect that the league, representing the organized body of Catholic women of England, "in view of the pitiless cruelty of the present rulers of Soviet Russia toward the workers employed in their timber industry, as revealed by the sworn statements of escaped nationals now resident in England, . . . calls upon His Majesty's government to denounce these inhuman practices and to use every resource available to procure an alleviation of sufferings unjustly inflicted on helpless victims."

In the recent by-election in Fareham this vital question of Russian slave labor naturally came to the front, since Fareham is a glove-making center. The successful Conservative candidate reported that his audiences were "increasingly interested" in the dumping of timber, gloves, and other goods produced by slaves and forced laborers in Russia. It is, of course, too good an issue for Winston Churchill to neglect, and in his long speech of February 19 in Parliament he not only declared that the Five-Year Plan in Russia "would succeed in so far as it made for the economic ill-usage of other people," although it would fail to help the economic welfare of the Russians, but he asserted the "impossibility of standing against exportation by a state irrespective of profit and cost of production" to be a clear reason why England should turn from free trade to protection. Even more significant was his statement that "the government ought to take counsel with every friendly Power" to "try to concert joint action against the uneconomic exportations which were in increasing measure to be apprehended from Russia." Despite his break with Baldwin on the Indian question, there is no doubt that Churchill here voiced the prevailing sentiment in the Conservative Party. When it comes into power again it may be relied upon to take the lead against Russia.

The French are already at work. Not only are the conservative and reactionary forces in France taking exactly the same position; two important officials are touring Central Europe with a view to seeing how far the various countries, such as Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and others, will go toward an international action against Russia along economic lines. There is plenty of evidence elsewhere that there is a systematic effort on foot to bring about an international economic boycott. One of the vice-presidents of the International Chamber of Commerce has been circulating widely a rather lengthy document urging business men to get behind such a boycott. I need not rehearse here to the readers of *The Nation* what has been suggested in Congress this winter, but I look within a year for the organization of American anti-Russian societies like those in England, and I expect soon to hear the cry raised that no more American engineers or workers be allowed to go to Moscow to aid in building up the system which is so hostile to the capitalist world. We shall hear more and more of Russian dumping as time passes. Louis Fischer dealt admirably with that subject in *The Nation* of December 17. I cannot add to what he has said or do else than stress the humor of the situation. Whereas until recently all the wiseacres of the capitalist world in politics and industry were certain that Russia could be ignored because the Five-Year Plan would fail and communism, as Mr. Hoover has so often assured us, was totally unworkable, they have now all suddenly discovered that the Five-Year Plan is to be such a howling success as to menace the very existence of capitalist society. Needless to say, these gentlemen would be just as excited about the Russian menace if the convict-labor issue had never arisen at all. Incidentally, they are quite oblivious of the fact, especially in the United States, that if times get worse in Germany and that country is to continue to pay reparations, it will have to dump harder to get any income from abroad, and that that dumping will be far more serious than the comparatively little which Russia is undertaking to do.

Please do not underestimate the seriousness of this move for a united economic boycott of Russia. It would unquestionably block effectively the development of Russia all along the line. That country would undoubtedly be able to carry on, precisely as it found itself able to get ahead slowly without the aid of foreign capital after its efforts to borrow abroad were effectively scotched. But it would take years to industrialize Russia, and the cost would be infinite.

There are, of course, certain obstacles to be overcome before there will be a united circle of impassable walls erected against Russia—an economic circle this time rather than the cordon of bayonets which was drawn around her, with the approval of the Allies and of America, at the time of the making of the Treaty of Versailles. Communists with whom I have talked here share the belief prevalent in Russia that any economic boycott will be a prelude to a united military attack upon the Soviets. The suggestion is absurd today. With Germany in the hole in which it is industrially, agriculturally, and financially, a war is utterly out of the question. You not only could not enlist Englishmen for such an armed attack upon Russia, but I have pretty good evidence that the present British government does not intend to allow itself to be led into an economic boycott or to the voicing of protests of the kind that the Catholic women have just asked for, despite its intense feeling of opposition to the Bolshevists. The industry of Europe, moreover, is collapsing, and more than one state will refuse to give up its Russian business which it needs so badly this year. In Germany the labor leaders will oppose a boycott if only because they are being driven to believe that for a long time to come about 3,000,000 Germans will be normally idle.

It is an interesting fact that six of the most prominent German big-business men left for Russia yesterday at the invitation of the Soviet Government to study conditions in Russia and see what plums can be picked up there to keep German factories at work. There is plenty of other evidence that in the existing emergency Germany is more and more turning to Russia and is looking with jealous eyes upon the huge contracts given out in Moscow to American engineering firms and engineers.

On the other hand, I find many sincere and honest people of Socialist leanings who are not ill-disposed toward Russia but who think Germany has troubles enough without being bothered by Russian propaganda. They are perfectly willing that Russia shall do within her own borders whatever she sees fit, but they are growing very uneasy about the influence that Russia may have over Germany's fate in the years to come. For example, I have just talked with a prominent business man who feels that his whole future and that of his family and his country are jeopardized by the Russian industrial menace. He is much less worried by the dumping today than by his fear of what Russia will be doing to the world ten or fifteen years from now, and he feels that there is justification for any and every economic action against Russia. He admits, however, that so far as he knows it has not yet been possible to bring about an agreement on any one policy to be pursued. But he says that sentiment is crystallizing to the effect that no special favors should be shown to the Russians in the way of special or long-term credits. The drift is to treat Russia in this respect precisely like any other country. None the less, the nearer we come to the end of the Five-Year Plan, now compressed to four years, the greater will be the alarm in Europe.

In Berlin one has many chances to get first-hand reports from Russia, for Americans are coming in and out all the time and passing through Berlin, and so are Englishmen and Germans. The situation as portrayed by these travelers, some of whom have lived in Russia for many years, can be summed up as follows: There is no doubt that the plan is going through and that it will be acclaimed by the Russian government as a triumphant success, no matter in what degree it succeeds. It is, of course, unthinkable that Stalin and his associates will admit failure, and as the preparation of figures of their "achievement" is in their hands they can do what they like with them. Since they have repeatedly changed the plan since its inception, it remains to be seen what they will decide to have been their real objective. What will happen after the program is "finished" is an entirely different question. The American engineers with whom I have talked, who are now working in Russia, believe that the experience of the Stalingrad tractor factory is typical of what will take place. It was well and quickly built by Americans, but the Russians to whom it was turned over could do nothing with it, so that a hurried call had to be sent for some thirty-five American mechanics and engineers to come and run it. It is reported that they have not yet been able to get the production up to maximum. A German manufacturer who is supplying Russia with a large amount of machinery was being condoled with by a friend on the ground that he would lose his present prosperity in two years more, when the Five-Year Plan would be complete. The German laughed and said, "Don't worry. The Russians are wearing out and using up my machines within two or three years after their installation." These instances could be multiplied indefinitely. The hasty summoning of American railroad men to take hold of the railroads is further proof of the point I am making. A German who has lived ten years in Russia showed a group of persons within a week what purported to be official figures recording that there had been 13,000 accidents, large and small, on the railroads within twelve months. An engineer who handles enormous quantities of raw material in Russia spoke of the unending delays and difficulties he had with his shipments. He was, by the way, quite certain that if the Soviet leaders had allowed themselves ten years to do the job they are trying to put through in four years, they would have made a tremendous success of it at much less expense and without having put their people to the torture of undernourishment and general misery in the meantime.

There is no variance in the descriptions of the suffering of the people. As to food supplies, there can be no question that the situation has grown much worse since the summer of 1929 when I made my visit there. Bread alone seems to be adequately supplied. The allowance of milk for a child in Moscow is twenty-four glasses a month. A letter has just been received from an American woman who returned to Moscow in January after a vacation in Europe. She writes that she can hardly stand residence in Moscow, so tremendous are the appeals to her sympathy and to her indignation. The requests for help are unending.

If this is the correct picture it certainly does not portray a triumphant Russia so successful at home as to have money, time, and energy left for propaganda abroad on a large scale. As every intelligent person knows, the Russian government is not dumping because it wants to or because of any malign plan to wreck European capitalism. They are ruthlessly depriving their people of what we should consider absolute necessities of life in an attempt to obtain foreign moneys. It is quite possible that in two years more they will be dumping much less in the effort to make good their promises to their own people to supply them by that time with adequate clothing, shoes, furniture, bedding, and food. This possibility will not weigh with those who are engineering the new drive against Russia. Nor will the fact that any obstacle put in the way of the free movement of trade from one country to another is certain to come back as a boomerang upon those who created it. Witness the effect of the reparations payments upon the American people; witness our enhanced tariffs which are checking our imports and exports and decreasing the purchasing power of Europe in the markets of the United States.

Is California Civilized?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

La Crescenta, California, March 14

IT will be forty-three years in August of this year since I first saw California, after a long ride through the desert. If heaven is as satisfying to me as was my initial experience of Southern California's fertility and beauty and unspeakable comfort, I shall have no complaint against the dreams of the delectable country which our fathers and mothers dreamed of old. Nor did San Francisco disappoint me when I waked to its coolness and invigorating sea winds the next morning; nor yet shall I ever forget the wonderful weeks which followed in the Santa Clara Valley. For more than four decades I have been privileged to live in one of the fairest and kindliest of all the regions of the earth. California is, indeed, a marvelous land, beyond anything the passing tourist can ever know, and many of its people are among the choicest fruits of human evolution.

All this only accentuates the bewilderment and bitter disappointment which must be felt by any thinking man at the social barbarism of California, provided he has any knowledge beyond what the pitiful public press gives of our ignorance, our intolerance, and above all our complacent social inertia. It is, I think, no accident that an American author here of international reputation, himself well acquainted with all other sections of the land, and American in his ancestry for many generations, confessed in public print some years ago: "It is my deliberate conviction that the American people are the most ignorant, and the most complacently ignorant people in the world." Nor is it strange that a prominent California editor admitted his assent to the indictment when I quoted the words to him.

California's reaction to the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus, and the Filipinos is a fourfold story of prejudice, ill-governed and lawless passion, class provincialism, and domination of the supposedly intellectual and moral leaders of our society by mob spirit and mercenary interests. It is hardly to be matched anywhere in America, if anywhere in the world. It is not, however, without fairly obvious explanation in certain features of our economic life which are peculiar to this semi-tropical land, just as the long continuance of slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line was due to economic conditions peculiar to that region. In both instances the exploitation of imported labor from lower levels of economic life abroad, that is, from Africa and Asia, and the consequent conflict induced by the defense development of more typically Western industrialism explain in large part the overriding of that idealism and legalism which we like to think our special claims to the consideration of mankind. What we have called the race problem is in both instances really a labor problem, as will be quite widely admitted now. What will be much more reluctantly admitted in California is that the dominant people here are affected with the same disposition that black slavery induced in the South, and for similar reasons, and that labor here has something of the same inferiority complex which operated among the Southern whites who were in competition with slave labor. On the higher levels of wealth control the Californian is willing to have the Asiatic here, and to fatten on him economically with slight regard for either the imported or the native article of human brawn and blood. On the lower levels of economic control American labor in California reacts to the foreigner from Asia, or for that matter from Mexico, with something of the same hatred, born of fear and injury, which white labor in the South had toward the exploited black man. California's race problem is a reflex in its major features of the older and more obvious race problem of the South.

California's brutality and respectable lawlessness toward the I. W. W. and later toward the Communists are of the same character in the main. It is the dependence of the State upon migratory labor and occasional service of a semi-servile character which makes this Pacific paradise so ruthless in overriding decency and justice and all considerations of civilization in its dealings with unskilled labor and with those who challenge the exploitation of such labor. More than a hundred members of the I. W. W. have been sent to the California penitentiaries for considerable terms of wholly unjustifiable imprisonment, without so much as any charge of actual violence, or even of personal advocacy of violence, being registered against them. In Oakland, over a period of several years, Anita Whitney, a real Jane Addams in the dignity and beauty of her character and in the distinguished social service which she has done, was allowed to be hounded by sleuths and officials not worthy to black her shoes. Others whose names were spared the publicity which hers drew, but who in character and social spirit and service were her peers, were thrown into jail, subjected to all manner of legal and official persecution, and finally sent to the penitentiary unless they were saved from that fate by their own extraordinary skill in defense. Anita Whitney escaped partly because of the tradition of her high social connections and imagined wealth. Besides, certain very powerful individuals had been drawn to her aid, despite her refusal to seek their intervention for herself, by the vast unselfishness with which she had served the cause of Irish freedom, for instance, and other neglected but not economically disreputable issues. But on the whole the public attitude toward her was not so different from that toward the persons who were jailed in Oakland for having actively interceded in behalf of the exploited workers around San Francisco Bay. Oakland was a little more tolerant toward them than South Carolina would have been toward William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-Abolitionists, but felt very much as respectable Boston felt toward those New England agitators a hundred years ago, and for substantially the same reasons. California is, industrially, a sort of seasonal slave State, and whoever touches upon this situation so as to imperil the "institution" will be railroaded to the penitentiary by any possible means. And whoever dares say anything about it risks his living, if not his life.

Los Angeles, accordingly, is undisturbed when a cordon of police break into a privately owned hall where a banquet has been prepared for William Z. Foster, recently candidate of the Workers' Party of America for the Presidency of the United States. Not only do they drive out the guests and hosts with gas fumes, but they proceed to wreck tables, to smash chairs into fragments, to destroy the piano and other valuable furnishings, and to tear the very light fixtures from the ceiling, in such a fury of lawlessness that even the Communists, accustomed to official disregard of law and Constitution, are abashed at the frenzy which they behold. Not a church mentions the incident, so far as I have heard or read, unless it be that certain respectable Jews have protested against this invasion of a neighborhood wherein their kindred abound. Our Christian mayor is apparently unconcerned.

Worse than the Mooney-Billings case, which belongs in the same category, is the more recent but as yet unadvertised case of Frank Spector and his fellows, sent to the San Quentin Penitentiary a few months ago for terms of from three to forty-two years for having attempted the industrial organization of the exploited labor of the Imperial Valley. The case has not stirred a breath of protest among the churches or in respectable circles generally. The exploitation of field labor in California in 1931 is accepted as casually and deliberately as ever African slavery was in the South; when attacked, it is as virulently and as tyrannically defended. At Christmas of last year I stood in a cotton field near Brawley and watched men, women, and young children picking cotton under conditions that would be incredible to most of the American people. The manager himself volunteered to show me the hardships of the work, and informed me, with evidently honest sympathy, that it took eight hours of hard labor to pick a hundred pounds of cotton, and that the work was paid for at the rate of seventy-five cents a hundred pounds. Frank Spector I know personally, and Garrison himself was not a more unselfish, devoted, or heroic man. The trial was on a level with the meanest manifestations of legalized mobbery of the anti-slavery agitators of a century ago. Yet the "best people" of the Imperial Valley, as I know by more than one season of sojourning among them, are charming people, as charming as the aristocracy of the South ever was.

Yes, California is civilized. That is what is the matter with it; its civilization, economically considered, is the legal, political, and disciplinary ascendancy of a ruling class which lives by the exploitation of labor, and especially of unskilled labor. It shows plainly how amiable and charming in personal relations the ruling class may be in a civilization like this, which yet rests upon conditions of labor exploitation that cannot be changed without serious disturbance of the established order. However inhuman those conditions, then, no one may say anything about them without paying a price—a price which in this Lenten season our most cultivated and companionable church people are celebrating in a pleasantly vicarious way.

How to Control Public Utilities

By GUIDO H. MARX

THERE is no other field of public interest in which there is so complete, effective, and continuously operating machinery for the dissemination of misinformation and silencing of opposition as in the domain of the public utilities. Despite the revelations of the Federal Trade Commission's investigation, the public mind on many crucial points is ill-informed and confused. This is noticeably true in regard to the question of federal control versus State regulation. That there are honest advocates of State regulation, particularly among those who hold to an unquestioning States'-rights doctrine, it would be folly to deny. But what is more to the point is that this policy is advocated also by all those whose purpose it is to defeat genuine efforts at adequate regulation, and this precisely because they recognize the demonstrated inability of the individual States to cope with the problem.

A glance at the scope of the jurisdiction of State regulatory commissions over privately owned electric light and power companies will disclose the chaotic condition. One State, Delaware, has no commission. State regulation cannot apply to the District of Columbia, the territories, or what we politely term our dependencies. According to Mosher's standard book on "Electric Utilities," twenty-two of the State commissions have no jurisdiction over capitalization and issue of securities; seven have none over valuation for rate-making; seven, none over rates and rate schedules; fourteen, none over accounting; eleven, none over annual reports; seven, none over service; and so it goes. There is no need of elaborating the confusion. The possibility of getting uniform State codes of law and procedure, and in addition effective ones, may be set down as zero. Nothing in the past history of regulatory legislation justifies belief that those who profit by this situation of confusion and twilight zones would, without a bitter, prolonged, and adroit fight, permit the adoption of any measures to rectify it.

But even assuming that uniformly adequate powers were won, State regulatory bodies would still have no jurisdiction over companies engaged in interstate transmission (a matter of continually increasing importance in these days of developing super-power systems), and no effective control over those with financial affiliations (operating, management, or holding corporations) of an interstate or extrastate character. In brief, there would be left to them for exercise of their regulative powers only strictly local enterprises. It does not take a vivid imagination to picture how many of these there would be in a field where they are already a disappearing factor.

We have also a whole series of other elements tending to limit or defeat the protection of the rights and interests of the general public. As a rule the State commissions have inadequate funds and staffs to make the necessary and thorough investigations of accounts and physical properties. This may be one of the reasons for a growing tendency on their part to refuse to initiate proceedings and to confine themselves to an exercise of judicial functions, thus helping to bring about the very condition they were created to correct and placing the effort and cost of extensive case preparation and presentation on private individuals or municipalities. Court decisions—particularly in the matter of valuations based on reproduction cost, new, less depreciation—in a world of continuing fluctuation of prices have also set the stage for an endless series of entanglements.

Next we have a very great likelihood of the control of these minor commissioners by the very utilities they are supposed to regulate, and this whether they hold office by appointment or by election. The salaries in all but a very few cases, as New York and Pennsylvania, are not such as to attract outstanding men, nor can the large group of appointees be subjected to such public scrutiny as might be given to the few members of a single federal body. There have been, and are, many able and devoted men serving at considerable sacrifice on these State commissions, and the present writer would not have these paragraphs reflect in any manner upon them. Some of the commissions have outstanding records, but even a State which has been able to boast of an Eshelman and a Seavey has had others less conspicuous. It has not been outside the range of experience in some States that governors have felt obligated to appoint commissioners at the behest of utilities in return for financed campaign deficits. Separate local bodies of limited jurisdiction, staff, and financial resources are more easily dealt with by great national organizations. In brief, the advocates of State regulation are not unacquainted with the merits of separating your faggots.

The policies of the national organization of State utility commissioners have scarcely been such as to inspire one with great respect for their zeal for the general public interest. To quote Mosher: "It cannot be denied that the association has great potential value, but to date its social usefulness has been limited." "In reading the annual reports one is struck with the lack of discernment in passing judgment on defects and limitations of the existing methods of control." What living interest in the public welfare is to be expected from an organization which has no keener sense of the proprieties than to accept financial support, according to the Federal Trade Commission hearings, from the National Electric Light Association, one of the chief propaganda instruments of the utilities to be regulated? (In passing, it might be stated that the national societies of both the electrical and the mechanical engineers appear to be dominated by large corporate and utility groups and not to be as sensitive to the interests of their membership at large as could be wished. Engineers should throw off this pall of fear and intimidation.)

Even such a brief summary as the foregoing, which could be indefinitely expanded and documented, shows conclusively why those who do *not* want adequate regulation are all for "State regulation."

There is nothing of more widespread importance to a modern industrial nation than energy, commonly spoken of as power, whether it be derived from coal, oil, gas, water, oil shale, or peat. Whoever controls the energy resources, economically controls the nation. The problem of energy supply in our country is rapidly becoming one of interlocking super-power systems using both water and fuel sources. This is a national problem which can and must be handled nationally as a unified problem. Matters of valuation and rate regulation, vitally important to general welfare as they are, are only some of its elements. A national planning system must be devised for national resources irrespective of artificial political barriers such as State lines. But the first step would be to make all physically or financially interlocked groups directly and strictly amenable to federal control, and to broaden the powers and enlarge the staff of the Federal Power Commission to enable it to handle this large task as well as those already placed on its shoulders by present laws. The utmost vigilance should be exercised in scrutinizing the men nominated to perform so important a function, to insure that they be men of capacity and social vision, dominated by zeal for the general welfare, and absolutely free from all purpose to sabotage the laws they are set to enforce. "Put all your eggs in one basket," said Andrew Carnegie, *"and watch the basket."* Advocates of States' rights, sincere and insincere alike, can be counted upon to fight this plan to the last ditch. The plan, if adopted, would work only if there were on the part of the utilities an honest and sincere acceptance of effective regulation. Otherwise it would work until the utilities, twenty-four hours on the job each day, either captured the regulators, wore down their morale, or adroitly devised other means of beating the game. From our national experience with anti-trust legislation, the latter course is what is more reasonably to be expected, and this for two reasons. The first is that the temptations of the opportunities of exploitation that lie in the domain of private ownership of natural monopolies are too strong for men of business enterprise to resist. The second may be stated in the form of a question: Can one man *really* regulate another man's business? Such a question, to be sure, completely overlooks the fact that the public-utility business is really a partnership between capital and the public—a partnership to which the public makes contributions of the most essential and valuable character, in return for which it demands, with entire justice, complete knowledge of all the facts of the business together with full protection of its interests. In many cases it may be said with practical truth that it furnishes the capital as well. But these are facts which the so-called private owners wish to have forgotten, and it is probably unkind to mention them.

Federal regulation and national planning are undoubtedly the next steps, but I have no belief that they offer anything like a stable solution. Rather I would say: The right of eminent domain and the taxing power, to which it is closely related, are both distinctive features of government. Human history has taught us that these powers can never safely be alienated from the state and transferred into private hands. The farming-out of taxes, direct or disguised, has always led to oppression and disaster.

There are certain enterprises which by their very nature require the right of eminent domain, using that term in a broad sense—enterprises such as highways, bridges, railways, and those whose systems of pipes, cables, or wires require continuity over broad areas and, in especial, right of way under, in, or over the publicly owned roadways. All such enterprises require a concession of some of the sovereign functions of government, many of them necessarily exclusive and monopolistic. Such concessions once granted, call them franchises or what you will, are an alienation of sovereignty and carry with them indirectly but inevitably the taxing power. This is a power which should never pass out of the hands of government—even with the specious but deceptive check of regulation. All those enterprises which, dealing with essentials of modern existence, require the more or less exclusive use of the public property for their operation, and are thereby naturally sovereign in character, should be publicly owned and operated. And this because all other means of economic control for the general welfare exercised by legislatures, courts, or commissions have proved inadequate to protect the public at large—in brief the state sovereign—against the evasions, exactions, and anti-social actions of highly organized, controlling groups operating under the dominant motive of private profit.

Literature and the Reds

By CHARLES J. FINGER

NOT so long ago a certain silly man whose folly must leave him nameless—why use the public trumpets to herald stupidity?—delivered himself of a speech at a certain university, and told those who listened, or pretended to listen, or were too polite to show their impatience, that it was a good sign for young people to keep their eyes on the main chance, and not fill their heads with revolutionary stuff. There was much more of it, all nonsense.

I say that it was all nonsense, advisedly, talking from experience. For I, as I told the readers of the *American Mercury* recently, was of that happy crowd which had lived in the Age of Literary Appreciation in the latter 1880's, what time we interested ourselves in Home Rule; and in the Haymarket affair; and in Socialism with and under the leadership of William Morris, and Prince Kropotkin, and G. B. Shaw, and H. M. Hyndman; and in much more. We were hail-fellow-well-met with many—Annie Besant, Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston and "Liberty," Carpenter of "Toward Democracy," Henry George of "Progress and Poverty," Lawrence Gronlund, and many more besides. So we were busy, and if anyone had asked our opinion of Money, let us say, he might have received for an answer some saying from Thoreau relative to the ways of money-making leading directly downwards. Our heroes were Thoreau, who had written "Civil Disobedience"; and Walt Whitman, of "There the Great City Stands"; and Washington, who had said something about the possibility of government being a dangerous servant and a fearful master; and Jefferson, who had referred to a bloody watering of the tree of liberty; and Shelley, who had written incandescent pamphlets, distributing them by throwing them from windows at "likely-looking persons."

Now many are the professors who will tell you that the revolutionary Shelley is not the real Shelley, and that to follow the one is to miss the other, and much more; but I know otherwise. True it is, it may seem a far cry from the burning poem which begins

> . . . wherefore plow
> For the lords that lay ye low?
> Wherefore weave, with toil and care
> The rich robes your tyrants wear?

to "Prometheus Unbound," with all its subtle beauty and grandeur, a poem that rolls on like the finest orchestral music. But "one step upwards lowers the Andes," say the Chileans. Many of us, burning with enthusiasm for a new and a better society, took the step in those days of literary appreciation. True, we had not read Aeschylus, but what matter? We knew, as we knew patches of Homer, that Prometheus stood as friend of man and opponent of tyranny; that Zeus had chained him to a rock for his daring. So we were prepared for the allegory, and could follow much, identifying ourselves with Demogorgon, and determining to do that which might be done to dethrone the tyrant. We could, and did, set "Queen Mab" on a higher plane than critics said it should be set, and we did so because we found it a handy weapon to use against the enthroned tyrant of privilege. Because we revolted against things as they were, we read, and also understood, "The Revolt of Islam." And there is this: Shelley awoke in us the emotion he had experienced when he wrote; because of the reading of his poetry we were stirred to thought; because of an appetite awakened we opened vast volumes which we would certainly not otherwise have opened. And therein, I hold, lies at least part of the mission of great poetry.

The course lay clear then to Byron's "Childe Harold," to his "Corsair," to his "Cain," and to his iconoclastic "Don Juan." We rejoiced because Byron had left England for Greece to head the revolutionary forces there and we were glad when we read that he had visited the robber chieftain, Ali Pasha. To Southey, too, we went; and to Coleridge by consequence, because of their social enthusiasm—then, coming to "The Ancient Mariner" and to "Kubla Khan," we entered freely and simply into the land of fantasy, nor could ever after forget "caverns measureless to man," or ice that came floating by "as green as emerald." For we had come to discern beauty, as one discerns beauty in the sunrise, with no thought of the labor that the day would bring, but nevertheless fortified for that labor.

From revolution to literature! It reads queerly to bat-blind respectables, but such was the path for many. Because George Washington had said, "Government is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force. Like fire it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master; never for a moment should it be left to irresponsible action"; and because Jefferson had said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants"; therefore we were revolutionists at heart. And because we were revolutionists, we thrilled at William Morris's line, "We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise," and searching farther came to his "Defense of Guinevere" and his "Life and Death of Jason." Because William Wordsworth touched us with his sonnets to Toussaint L'Ouverture and to Andreas Hofer, both of whom had played a part in the unbinding of Prometheus and the dethroning of Zeus in the shape of Napoleon, therefore, by what may seem devious ways, we came to the "Ode to Immortality," and to "Tintern Abbey." William Cullen Bryant caught our hearts with his sonnet "William Tell" and thereby won us to "Thanatopsis," and to other graceful poems born of his love of quiet. As for Robert Burns, so close was he to us that it was as if we might meet him at the next corner. Then there was Keats, with his passionate poem written to Leigh Hunt on the occasion of Hunt's release from prison; and there was Hunt himself, turbulent and gloriously disrespectful of intrenched authority; and Walt Whitman, trumpet voiced; and Joaquin Miller, with his white-hot poem to the Czar, and his "Riel, the Rebel," glowing with divine hate; and Edward Carpenter, whom we knew, and whose "Toward Democracy" we knew and loved; and the Australian, Francis Adams, whose "Songs of the Army of the Night" was like a host with banners.

Singers of democracy they all were, and into strange lands and noble they led us. For it does not serve any wise purpose to frown upon the revolutionary spirit in youth. That spirit is hope, and hope is a herald. It is a spirit that means magnanimity, and single-mindedness, and enthusiasm, and watchfulness. It means a lively taste for ideas. It is significant of an ideal that is life. It means all things that make for manhood, good-will, sympathy, education, strength. It means the possession and cultivation of those virtues which make true patriots. It means a very life-current of interest in affairs, an interest in national behavior, a proper assimilation of that nourishment which is the sustenance of a live people who would achieve order and resist invasion and build character. It means the development of noblest faculties.

Turn youth from these aspirations which are bound up with the revolutionary spirit and you have a sullen people, a people with its heart set upon that basest of human desires—mere acquisition. You will have a people that is a mass of apathy and indifference, whose government shall become, indeed, a dangerous servant and a fearful master.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter knew, when he admitted, even by implication, that he trafficked with safety razors, that from some corner of the world would come a cry of outrage, scorn, or pity. It has come.

> I have been in the advertising business, employed in it rather, for about five years, attempting to harness an education really Pegasus-like to the dirty business of destroying words, good words, the blessed English words of Carlyle and Ruskin and Meredith—doing exactly what you so heartily inveigh against. Of course, I agree with you. Good Lord, how I agree with you! It is not only that the words die on the paper; the decay must commence in the minds of the poor unfortunates who give birth to them.
>
> That, however, is not my point—you know as much as I do about that. What made me feel concerned, sufficiently so to sit down and write this letter, is the thought that you, of all people, should stoop to shave yourself with a safety razor, a makeshift tool designed originally for the use of women, as if you were a man of no classical background whatsoever. Can you remember your father shaving, or any man whom as a boy you admired? Do you recall, in Conrad's stories, the fine, hard, close-shaven men who kept their pairs of English razors like rapiers in a case, their faithful companions through life?
>
> No gentleman should, no man of character ever would, rise each morning to go about a dull and slavish scraping of his face with the cheap little knick-knack known as a "safety razor." There is only one excuse, so far as it can go, and that is ignorance—ignorance of what our fathers took the trouble to find out for us about shaving. Did you, sir, ever try to shave with a *razor,* a shining blade of the finest, purest steel that with patient search a man is able to buy, even in this day of Hoover? Have you ever seen one used?
>
> You have been too busy or too careless, possibly too Bohemian, to learn and to help perpetuate one of the heritages of man's civilization, one in imminent danger of being lost, like our words, at the hands of the advertising cutthroat. Let me be the one to call your attention to your fault. Go to a good old-fashioned barber; get him to talk about razors, about real Nizhni leather strops—spend fifteen or twenty dollars for the very best. Then, if your nerves are steady enough mornings—if not, you had better wait until you can get them so—begin a higher philosophy, a sterner discipline, of shaving. Within a year you will be a new man for the first ten minutes of each of your allotted days. You will learn that it is still possible for a man to love and cherish a piece of steel. And from that you may, as I did, pass on to discoveries similar—that there are girls still at large in the world whose mothers taught them to bake bread. And once a week will bake it.
>
> Our personal existence must become more and more a struggle against the destroyers of steel, of bread, and of words. One can only organize one's own life, after the first surrender, as completely as possible in opposition. We must do more than exercise mere discrimination. If a man is to live as either a philosopher or a gentleman, he must show his scorn for the imitation. What could be better than an Anti-Safety-Razor League, for example, with a program including use of advertisements—well, not necessarily advertisements? At any rate, I hope that you are going to consider this letter very carefully.

* * * * *

CERTAINLY no safety razor ever invaded the domain of the mighty blade that the Drifter's father used. The Drifter can offer, in fact, no excuse for his defection, unless he might plead previous conditions of youth and innocence and the glamor of a new gadget. And since he has no excuse, either, for continuing his evil days, he is trembling on the verge of a resolve to eschew the safety razor forever. If his nerves were found wanting he could grow a beard—and he has been for years in search of a good excuse for growing a beard. But before he embarks upon an undecided future he wishes to acknowledge another letter which may be of comfort and assistance to those who persist in safety razors—those timid ones who lack the Drifter's anonymous courage.

May a late fellow-sufferer assure you that you have no need to live in bondage to the American safety-razor blade? You *can* get steel blades in this country. True, they are made in England, Germany, or Sweden—backward lands that have never accepted the gospel of mass production with its corollary of obsolescence by deterioration in quality—and the protective tariff compels you to pay twice as much for them as you pay for blades of domestic manufacture, assuming that you are so old-fashioned as to buy your blades instead of getting them as a bonus with a package of cigarettes or a remaindered book. But they last three times as long as American blades, so you can afford the extra price.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Milk Monopoly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A beautiful example of how sensitive prices are to the revered laws of supply and demand is afforded by the milk situation in New York City.

Late last summer the drought—which incidentally did not visit the legally restricted area from which the city must draw its supply—served as the pretext for boosting the retail price of milk one cent a quart. Yet only a few weeks previously the heads of two great milk companies, when called upon by a deputy attorney general to explain why prices were higher in New York than anywhere else in the United States, and why the abnormally low rates paid to the dairy farmer were not being reflected in a corresponding reduction to the consumer, testily insisted that the cost of raw milk had little bearing on retail prices, that the expense of distribution was the controlling factor. Unfortunately for this hypothesis the price of milk products continued to decline so greatly that the one-cent increase was reluctantly rescinded.

Butter is now selling in New York at pre-war prices, but bottled milk clings to its lofty perch. Grade A milk, which costs eighteen cents a quart—twenty cents for some occult reason on Long Island—brings fifteen cents in Jersey City just across the river, thirteen cents in Philadelphia and Chicago, twelve cents in St. Louis, and ten cents in Milwaukee. One might naively assume that density of population had some relation to cost of distribution, that delivery would be cheaper in the Bronx where a driver leaves more bottles in a single apartment building than he could in five blocks in Milwaukee.

Exploitation of basic food products—that of milk is but a flagrant example—is not confined to New York City. But citizens of the metropolis are politically more helpless to contend against this condition. Reformers complain that it is difficult to arouse people against corruption and glaring social evils because these are intangibles which the common man cannot conceive as having more than a remote effect on his welfare. But the price of milk or bread so plainly touches his purse that every inquiry has evoked immediate and sustained support from the public. Yet each such attack, launched with a great ballyhoo, has either pounded itself to pieces, been strangely silenced, or been deflected into the prosecution of some minor racketeer. Small wonder that thinking people, hopeless of any change as long as the sale of milk remains an uncontrolled monopoly, are beginning to talk either of its regulation as a public utility or of outright distribution by the State itself as the last remaining form of relief.

Freeport, N. Y., February 14 L. M. RACHOFSKY

Or Your Money Back

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently, on the back cover of *The Nation,* a publishing house with high traditions advertised a course in mastery of good English. In less than two inches of the advertisement I found these sentences:

> All who heard them couldn't help feeling that they were not accustomed to associating with people of culture and refinement. . . . You use them first to check and correct your present mistakes and then for handy reference—showing you always, to meet all situations, the correct thing to say and how to say it! . . . Then see how quickly and easily you can master *this way* every phase of written and spoken English.

Will the advertised volumes teach me to use that kind of English?

Ballard Vale, Mass., March 1 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Higher Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The official Calendar of the University of California for the week of February 16, 1931, contained the subjoined items. Do you think the question of the second is answered by the others? Or is this merely a malicious sampling of our admirably varied modern educational menu?

> MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16
>
> 1 p. m. Meeting of the Home Club at the home of Mrs. E. O. Essig, 910 Hilldale. Luncheon will be served and the afternoon will be spent in sewing.
>
> TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17
>
> [illegible] p. m. Debate on the question, Is Modern Education a Failure? between Dr. Frederic P. Woellner of the University of California at Los Angeles and Professor Graham Allen Laing of the California Institute of Technology. Wheeler Auditorium. Admission 50 cents.
>
> THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19
>
> 11 a. m. University Meeting. Harmon Gymnasium. William B. Stout, President of the Stout Air Service, Inc., Air Division of the Ford Motor Company; and Knute Rockne, Professor of Physical Education and Football Coach at the University of Notre Dame, will speak. All other university exercises will be suspended at this hour. *The faculty is cordially invited to make use of the chairs on the platform.*

Berkeley, Cal., March 1 ONE WHO USED A CHAIR

Hunger in Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On January 15 the Census Bureau, under the direction of the President's Commission on Unemployment, started a check on the number out of work in twenty cities of the country. The survey was supposed to be finished by February 15, and the results were to be made public by March 1. To date not one result has reached the public.

Meanwhile, Acting Police Commissioner Alcock in explaining the big increase of burglaries and stick-ups is reported by the press to have said: "With 400,000 men out of work and walking the streets, some increase in crime is to be expected." Chicago's male working population is slightly over 800,000. Today, United Charities of Chicago sent 25,000 requests to patrons for more funds. Each week sees more requests for aid, and the treasury is almost empty. Two months ago the presence of women and children in bread lines was cause for comment. Last Sunday one church organization reported 350 women and children among its 5,000 applicants for bread and soup.

I did not see Chicago mentioned in your country-wide survey of unemployment published in the issue of March 11. The policy of the press in this city of famine and destitution is one of discreet silence in regard to unemployment. I hope your correspondent here makes a survey of the situation. *The Nation* is about all we can depend upon for the facts of the disaster.

Chicago, March 12 ROBERT W. SHOEMAKER

The French Loan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have never been able to understand *The Nation's* attitude toward the money question and the role the bankers are playing. When, sometime ago, *The Nation* patted the bankers on the back for their evident desire to keep the peace of the world by opposing international trade barriers, I became convinced that *The Nation* apparently does not see straight. Now, again, you see a favorable sign in the French loan to Germany, because it "seems to suggest that German credit is believed to be good and that serious political difficulties between the two countries are not expected."

The true state of affairs between France and Germany, and also between America and Germany, is unfortunately of a totally different nature. For by French and American loans Germany is to be enslaved and crippled permanently. This is not a war cry, but a cold fact. As you know very well, Germany had to surrender part of her ownership in the national railroads to a mixed concern of foreigners, largely American. The city of Berlin had to surrender quite recently part of its public utilities to a group of Allied bankers. These money transactions simply mean the replacement of public stewardship by the private exploiter. The war which ended not with the war, Anglo-Saxon exploitation against German administration, is just beginning. The World War merely made the victim helpless.

Palo Alto, Cal., March 1 F. WERTGEN

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT WHITAKER is a liberal clergyman long resident in California.

GUIDO H. MARX is professor of machine design at Stanford University.

CHARLES J. FINGER is the author of many books of adventure, of which the most recent is "Adventure Under Sapphire Skies."

NORMAN MACLEOD is the author of "German Lyric Poetry" and is at present on the staff of the *New Masses.*

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation,* now editor of the Portland *Evening News,* has recently returned from a trip to the West Indies.

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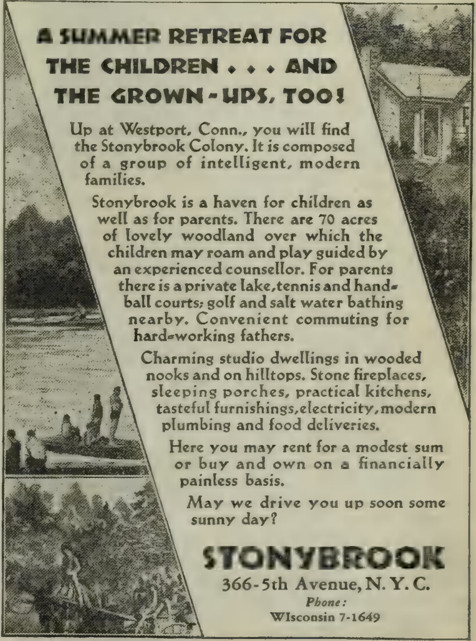

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Books, Films, Drama

Inquest

By NORMAN MACLEOD

In the cup of earth shelved by the pyramids of mountains
the *penitente* towns are quiet, immovable,
dark in the pale of distant sunlight,
shadows thrown into the pit of living darkness.
The thought of villages that cycle seasons
until the cry of Easter is a welt upon the body
and the land. Time goes over with the song of sadness
and against the incontrovertible years
the adobes hold the color of sun within the walls
until the wine of life evaporates and the heart is still
and the cactus creeps upon the sand
and flowers redder than any lash
upon the breast of a forest fire.

How Novels Get Bad Marx

IN the last ten pages of a pamphlet called "American Literature at the Crossroads,"* Mr. V. F. Calverton does me the honor of replying at length to my criticism of Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder. As Mr. Calverton so astonishingly misinterprets my position and hence (though I am sure unintentionally) so profoundly misrepresents it, and as the critical issues involved, moreover, seem to me of central importance, I am permitting myself a few remarks in rejoinder.

The article that Mr. Calverton replies to appeared in *The Nation* of November 26. In the first paragraph of that article I remarked:

> Hardly have we emerged from a wave of humanist criticism, which rated a work of fiction low or high in direct ratio to the amount of will-to-refrain exhibited by its hero, than we are hit by a wave of Communist criticism, which hoots or hails a work of art in proportion as it seems to oppose, ignore, or support the opinions of a German economist who died in 1883.

In the last paragraph I concluded:

> The economic standards of the Communists fail disastrously in criticism for the same reason that the conventionally moral standards of the new humanists fail. Literary values are too comprehensive, too delicate, too complex, too profound, to be tested by such narrow and too, too simple standards.

Returning to the subject in an article called Standards (Loud Cheers) in *The Nation* of December 3, I wrote:

> If [the critic] assumes that there are in literature rules, standards, or canons arbitrarily set off in a special compartment from the rest of life he will make the mistake of pedants and mandarins. . . . All his experience, all his reading, all his knowledge of art, science, society, will enter into his judgment of a book as it enters into his judgment of a man. His standards in literature, in brief, will not be essentially different from his standards in life.

Surely it would have been difficult for me to state more clearly that I did not believe in what is called "pure" literature, or "pure" art; surely this was an obvious acknowledgment—even insistence—that art and literature have, among other things, a "social significance." Yet in the teeth of all this, Mr. Calverton, along with the *New Masses* of last January, persists in regarding me as an art-for-art's-saker. Mr. Calverton even writes, as if he were *answering* me: "Art then must be conceived of as a part of life, a living part of it and not an embroidered excrescence." My objection to Michael Gold's type of criticism, he remarks, springs from the fact that I am "primarily an aesthetic critic." Now so far am I from being an aesthetic critic in the sense Mr. Calverton implies, that I cannot even imagine—except possibly as applied to abstract decoration or a piece of music, and even these exceptions are dubious—what a purely "aesthetic" judgment means. It is Mr. Calverton who in this sense is the "aesthetic" critic, as I shall presently show.

I may point out here that so far from dismissing my main criticism of Mr. Gold's Wilder review Mr. Calverton ends by indorsing it. "[Mr. Gold's] review as it now stands," he writes, "reads more like a moral indictment than a critical attack. It is an indictment of Wilder's philosophy but not a criticism of Wilder's work. In other words, the literary qualities involved in Wilder's novels are scarcely touched upon at all." This is pretty close to the point I was making; I added that it was the application of the same sort of standard that led Mr. Gold not only to denounce Mr. Wilder's work but into such extravagances as that of hailing a novel called "Strike!" as "a burning and imperishable epic."

Mr. Calverton, though more or less Communist in spirit and doctrine, knows better than to apply such a standard when he criticizes a book himself. He is not carried off his feet by the propagandistic novels of Upton Sinclair because he recognizes, to put it bluntly, that most of Mr. Sinclair's characters are wax dummies. The novels of Mr. Gold and Mr. Dos Passos are far better from this standpoint; and it would be absurd to deny their value because they are "proletarian" in spirit: the fact even adds to their interest, though it does not raise them from good novels to masterpieces.

Mr. Calverton thinks he has hit upon the justification for his own sensible critical practice in a neat division which he finds in literary work between "social significance" and "craftsmanship." This division he takes from an article in the *New Republic* (which, though unsigned, I assume to have come from the hand of Edmund Wilson) also commenting on Mr. Gold's review: "When we consider a work of art," the article declared, "we must consider it not only from the point of view of its social significance, but also from the point of view of its craft. A Communist critic who, in reviewing a book, ignores the author's status as a craftsman is really denying the dignity of human work for purposes of political propaganda." Now there is only one reason why I cannot accept this neat division: it is altogether too simple, too tidy. It would be valid only if "social significance" meant one definite thing, and "craftsmanship" meant *everything else* that one could find in a novel: not only its structure, its "style"—with all that implies—but its character delineation, its psychological insight or profundity, its knowledge of special subjects, countries, regions, its knowledge of the world, its entire outlook on life, its humor, intensity, originality, flavor, force. Long before one can stretch the word "craftsmanship" to cover all these meanings it has snapped. "Craftsmanship," as commonly used, implies a mere technical or structural excellence—as when we speak of the craftsmanship of Pope's verse or Ibsen's plays —and it scarcely promotes clarity of thought to strain the word out of this common meaning. That Mr. Calverton unconsciously does use "craftsmanship" in this narrower sense—and thereby unintentionally reveals its inadequacy as a comprehensive literary standard—is shown by the following remark:

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* University of Washington Chapbooks.

> While [the critic] may regret much that [the older classical authors] have written in scorn of the masses—Shakespeare for instance—he cannot but admire their genius as craftsmen in their art. The revolutionary critic, however, does not want to turn back to the ideas of these men for his inspiration. He is perfectly willing to learn from them as craftsmen, building upon the additions that they made to the writing craft in order to perfect his own contribution, but he is not willing to adopt their philosophy.

Mr. Calverton, in other words, imagines that he can draw a line through a great writer and put his "ideas" on the right and his "craftsmanship" on the left. To see just how naive this assumption is, let us give it an application quite concrete. I hope I may be forgiven if I take for this purpose Macbeth's almost too familiar:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

What part of this, would Mr. Calverton say, is "craftsmanship" (which the revolutionary critic would accept) and what part "ideas" (which he would reject)? Has the first any important meaning except in relation to the second? What becomes of the tidy bifurcation?

A work of art, in brief, is a unit; the critic's judgment of it must be based, not on any single quality, but on all its qualities taken together. For convenience of discussion the critic may sometimes emphasize this or that aspect almost as if it existed in isolation—provided he remembers constantly that it really does nothing of the kind. And though, in a work of imaginative literature, whether play or poem or novel, the special political or economic views expressed or implied are not strictly speaking irrelevant, we come back to the fact that they are in the end of very little importance in their bearing on that play's or poem's or novel's ultimate literary value. No intelligent critic really gives a tinker's dam today whether or not Shakespeare was sound on democracy. No one of sense withholds his estimate of Joyce as novelist until he learns his ideas on socially necessary labor time or the Five-Year Plan. Such standards would not only be narrow; they would be in the strictest sense fanatical.

Henry Hazlitt

O Pioneers!

Jonathan Gentry. By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

WITH the interest in our American tradition and in the significance of American history has come a revival of narrative poetry, the only modern form for summing up the meaning of a people. For the older epic came always at a turning-point in the history of a race or a religion, and our American history is but begun. Moreover, we are today psychologically incapable of looking upon human beings as akin to the gods or as men of heroic proportions, and the machinery of the epic, therefore, is inapt. Allegory too is largely a lost art; any meaningful allegory of the present, for one thing, would be far too complex to follow. Straightforward narrative remains, and story-telling in verse allows for a heightening of the subject not permissible to prose—for more lyricism and more intensity. It is this medium that Mark Van Doren has chosen in his romantic account of the pattern through which which the American pioneer and his sons and grandsons move.

"Jonathan Gentry" is a narrative poem which treats of five generations of the same family on this continent: the first Jonathan pioneered in the days of the settlements and explorations of the Ohio River valley in 1800, escaped from a dead past to a living present; the third Jonathan fought through the Civil War, not so much to free the slaves as because it was his own Civil War, threatening, as it did, his land and the deep peace of his land; the fifth Jonathan engages this very day in the struggle of the farm against the encroachment of the city.

Mr. Van Doren has given his story a unity by keeping within the history of a single family; he is enabled thus to indicate the strain which differentiates this family from other pioneers, for these are gentle and thoughtful men who love their land with a somber and convincing passion. The poet has chosen to present his materials lyrically and reflectively rather than dramatically. In his work, as in the work of most lyric poets who turn to the longer narrative forms, we find the employment of lyrical devices—devices which heighten the meaning of the narrative: a symbolic interpretation of the story is introduced, and the Ohio River becomes the river of life flowing into death; the monologue is employed here and again that we may know the innermost thoughts of the characters. Jonathan the first, watching the sea-gulls wheeling overhead, speaks:

Shore-birds,
Dwellers upon the dead edge,
Criers above the white line of salt and beaten sand around
the world,
Wing Watchers
Sick of the old sameness—
Gulls it is not you I sailed to see.
Lead me to the land again and go again
Ruefully rising, rising,
Desolate up and up forever behind me.
Birds of an old world,
My eyes are shaped for newness, and for wings
Of Paradise above an inland river.

And when the fifth generation comes on and the last Jonathan watches his Love drift past him toward the magnet of the City, his emotion, too, is a lyrical emotion.

Other technical lyric devices are employed; the poem as a whole is written in free verse curving naturally to the curve of the feeling, swinging now and then into the exactly patterned lyric:

No answer; but the sun upon the full unconscious river
Spread a sudden purple; then the empty west.
The people move away now and dumbly toward the cabin
As sheep before a shepherd, driven into rest.

No whisper told him, tall by the low bow,
What his mind desired; nor could he hope to hear.
All he had was silence, slipping up the river,
All he had was night, lapping from the rear.

The old fiddler on the Ohio River sings songs about the new life to be explored; the soldiers marching keep step to crude tunes expressive of their own simple feelings, and the half-witted hired man of the last Jonathan Gentry interprets the distortion of life under the modern influences of jazz and the city when he bursts into irresponsible and crazy rhymes. Thus, although the poet never speaks save through a character, these devices serve to give his interpretation of the men he portrays and to shape the poem to an emotional unity. Gradually the story grows more dramatic as we move out of the past into the present, the poet evidently identifying himself more and more with the emotions expressed. The last portion of the book is, therefore, dramatically at highest pitch and certainly the most exciting chapter of the narrative.

Mr. Van Doren understands his form and its limitations; he prefers subjective intensity to objective melodrama. His characters think and feel far more than they act, and we come to understand them rather through their minds than through their deeds. In this Mr. Van Doren differs sharply from Jeffers and is rather in agreement with Robinson.

It is not at all unlikely that the poem "Jonathan Gentry" came to Mr. Van Doren as an offshoot from his work on "An Autobiography of America." Everywhere today there is this interest in our own background: critics like Constance Rourke have turned to explore it; poets like MacLeish have come to acknowledge the necessity of having roots. The spirit of Whitman seems to be abroad again, now that we have proceeded far enough to take some account of the road over which we have traveled, and for the future history of American thought and literature this is very important. This poem of Mr. Van Doren's proceeds from and marks a new feeling for America.

Eda Lou Walton

Walter de la Mare

On the Edge. By Walter de la Mare. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ALTHOUGH his talent is not of the kind that demands critical evaluation, by this time we have had the opportunity to form an opinion of Walter de la Mare. We know the obvious things: his fantastic vein, his interest in the supernatural, his love of children. We also know that his work is not of the kind that is called major, that it is inclined to be bookish, to address itself to the literary connoisseur, to indulge in a questionable persiflage, and to wander far from the simple, important emotions. If we have read him with any love we know further that in spite of his limitations he is a genuine artist, that his sense of people and places is not bookish but real, that to exceptional narrative and verbal gifts he has joined a most scrupulous integrity, that his work is truly finished, each word being the product of both sensibility and imagination. He is thus able to provide us with a definite and enjoyable experience, which might be described as an adventure in good manners. And for this adventure we are indebted to a peculiar inward struggle, to a duel between two conflicting forces in his soul: between an exquisite romanticism on one hand, which would give carte blanche to his heart, and between a British sense of propriety on the other hand, which requires his heart to justify every beat.

Most of his old interests are to be found once more in this collection of eight new short stories. The supernatural, for instance, plays its part in three of them; literature, in two. One has for its hero a child. One is a sentimental fantasy recalling "Memoirs of a Midget." Only one, so far as I am aware, is new in type. That is The Orgy: An Idyll, which is a slowly unbuttoning farce with an idea that I at least have never before encountered. As a whole the collection seems up to his standard. I doubt, in fact, if any other stories of comparable workmanship have been published this season.

Since space is limited, let us confine ourselves to the story entitled At First Sight, which falls into the class of sentimental fantasy and recalls "Memoirs of a Midget." This is the longest story in the volume and reveals most clearly the creative drama which takes place within Mr. de la Mare. It is the story of a young man who at first sight appears to be blind, because of a green silk shade that he wears, but in reality is merely unable to lift his eyes off the ground. Thus, of course—as we might expect from Mr. de la Mare—he becomes "a connoisseur of horses' hoofs, boots and shoes, socks and laces, of the nether portion of trouser legs, and of feminine skirts, shoes, and ankles." Though closely guarded by his "Grummumma," he manages to meet a shopgirl (with the sensibilities of a princess) and falls in love with her. It would be impossible to find a better example of Mr. de la Mare's method. The design of his story is to be affecting. And affecting it is: we feel the pain in our own skull when poor Cecil tries to lift his eyes; we weep for his friendlessness; we are enraged by his Grummumma—"like an immense well-fed cat at a mouse's hole"—as she tries to frustrate his first shy move toward happiness; and we hope bitterly that he will get the girl. But we know from the start that he never will. We know that he is fighting a losing battle—and not against fate or his Grummumma, but against a mighty and unfair force (unfair because it exists not in himself or in the situation but in the soul of his creator), the mighty force, in fact, of British propriety. For the truth is that Mr. de la Mare would never have been able to lift *his* eyes if he had permitted Cecil to get the girl. He is a sentimentalist and—such is the weight of convention upon him—he is ashamed of his sentimentality. His method, therefore, is to begin with a sentimental idea and thereafter to justify it by systematically defeating it. (We find this principle at work not only in the general scheme of his story but in every page, every paragraph.)

This is the drama that takes place within Mr. de la Mare. We respect it since it has produced such exquisite art, such exquisite good manners. At the same time we regret that convention has been allowed to intrude in these matters. We think of another sentimentalist, Sterne, at a time when the British sense of propriety was not so strong, who did not consume so much of his energy in defeating his own genius, and produced a body of work that is lasting and universal.

Gerald Sykes

The Hope of Equality

Equality. By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

DESPITE the broad sweep of current economic and political reaction, Mr. Tawney remains an absolutely unterrified, even if thoroughly reasonable, equalitarian. He is in favor of getting, just as fast as we can, just as large a measure as possible of equality, in order to give just as wide scope as can be attained to those innate human differences which are often alleged as a defense of inequality. Our grossly unequal distribution of wealth and income depends largely on our institutions, which are determined, "not by immutable economic laws, but by the values, preferences, interests, and ideals which rule at any moment in a given society." Who disagrees with Mr. Tawney, let him look at Russia. We have inequality because most people believe economic, if not political, inequality a good thing. But Mr. Tawney would get rid of it so far as possible, as the only means of letting individual differences between people flower, and of setting up the relations between classes that are essential to a happy and civilized community. As it stands today, riches tyrannize over the poor because the poor revere riches; wealth does open the doors of opportunity, and poverty closes them. The only way of getting rid of that fatal reverence for riches is to make impossible "the existence of a class which is important merely because it is rich." Not in a long time has there been as keen an attack as this on inequality, supported with as great a weight of artillery.

When political equality entered modern life, the liberal movement that brought it in sanctified the inequalities of wealth and power that rested on economic differences, assuming that under the new political conditions wealth and property would be distributed in accordance with human deserts. The present equalitarian movement rightly denies that assumption. It undertakes to make the material conditions of culture and civilization available to all people, not simply to a minority; and it is determined to base industrial government on consent, not on the will of property-owners and their agents. Not only does Mr. Tawney give the movement his blessing, but he holds it possible for us to attain the ends it sets forth, if we really want to. His common-sense hopefulness is a welcome contrast to the bleak economic determination of the apostles of inevitable class struggle, and his hope is not without ground.

How are we to move toward equality? The Communists have one way, which most of us do not like. Mr. Tawney rightly counters the silly statement that equal division of present income would simply leave everyone poor, by pointing out that nobody outside a Communist state, or indeed in it, attempts or contemplates such a method. The line of progress outside communism lies in providing, by progressive taxation, out of the social surplus the essential conditions of health, education, and civilization for all members of society "irrespective of their income, occupation, or social position." Society has got to make collective provision because the citizen individually, even with generous income, cannot do it himself. The history of such provision has given the lie to the predictions of disaster that have preceded every extension of social services.

Having carried his argument to this point, Mr. Tawney takes up the notion that such social services ruin industry by necessitating heavy taxes. His discussion may be commended to those timid souls, many of them highly placed in government and industry, who fear to see American industry destroyed and the American spirit enfeebled by any policy which contemplates putting at the disposal of every member of the community by public action the material essentials of good living. His argument is animated by courage and common sense.

Even such communal provision of necessaries, Mr. Tawney points out, will not take us far on the road to equality unless economic power is to be shifted from its present holders—those who happen to own—to a group who will exercise it with social responsibility. Economic government must become a public matter. Mr. Tawney looks forward to a time when final authority on organization and policy in the industries will rest in the hands of groups nominated by the state, by organizations of consumers, and by the workers of all grades. In view of recent revelations in coal and cotton, he points out very effectively that "the pretense that the capitalist is the heaven-inspired guardian of economic efficiency is a bluff too unplausible even to be entertaining." Recognizing the advantages of nationalization in the necessary processes of reorganization, Mr. Tawney is ready to provide for a wide variety of plans of organization and control, but he is insistent on driving forward with the process of socializing—that is, organizing in behalf of the general welfare, not the profits of investors—the key industries, banking, transport, power, coal, and land and agriculture.

The purpose of the attempt to equalize the externals of life is not "to pamper the gross bodily appetites of the envious multitude, but to free the spirit of all." The argument is a keen one. The chief enemy of the life of the spirit "is itself a religion . . . the idolatry of wealth, with . . . its strong sense of the sanctity of possessions and weak sense of the dignity of human beings, and its consequent emphasis, not on the common interests which unite men, but on the accidents of property and circumstance and economic condition which divide them." To destroy that faith we must make haste toward the equality of wealth, not because wealth intrinsically is highly important, for it is not; but because under our present organization its possession means opportunity and its lack denial of opportunity, and because equalization offers our only practicable means of changing that stubborn fact. Mr. Tawney's equalitarianism rests on a firm spiritual foundation.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Books in Brief

Revolt in the Arts. By Oliver M. Sayler. With Contributions by Thirty-six Representative Authorities. Brentano's. $3.50.

Of the two almost equal parts that make up this book, one, the work of Mr. Sayler, gives a general review of the subject, and the other represents a symposium by a number of "authorities" dealing with their respective arts. There is not much evidence of revolt in these shorter contributions, with the exception, perhaps, of the characteristically iconoclastic proclamation by Frank Lloyd Wright. Nor is it to be wondered at, seeing that the aesthetic revolt has definitely subsided in most of the arts and that we are now passing through a period of stock-taking. Even in the wider sense in which Mr. Sayler uses the term—the sense of a revolution in the conditions of art work due to the growing prominence of machine-made art—the essays of the symposium reveal no particular state of disturbance except in the fields of the theater and concert music, where the talking picture and the radio have made important conquests. But there can be no question of the importance of the problem itself. In fact, there are two problems here: that of the influence of the machine on the creative processes of art, and that of the commercial methods of "selling" art to the masses. While it is theoretically possible for the artist to become the master of the machine, it is extremely doubtful that under the present economic system he will ever succeed in imposing his will on the business organizations engaged in large-scale manufacture and distribution of art. Mr. Sayler's optimism in this respect is incredibly naive. Not only does he welcome the growing influence of the machine-made art, but he even hopes to see the "hand-made" art saved for the American public by generous endowments to be provided, "with no strings attached to them," by the self-same big business that cultivates Hollywood atrocities and advertisers' programs on the radio.

Francis Dana. By W. P. Cresson. The Dial Press. $5.

A somewhat reactionary, moderately able, high-minded man, Francis Dana served his country in several offices of contemporary importance from 1780 until his death. Chief among his services were those as diplomatic representative of the Continental Congress at the Russian court, and as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts after independence was won. In this somewhat discursive biography by Mr. Cresson, who has himself been a diplomat, it is the Russian mission which looms largest. The results of that mission were, happily for us, of a purely negative sort, and Dana displayed a "masterful inactivity." This first full-length biography of him is based upon a considerable amount of manuscript sources, though some important ones known to have existed at one time have been lost. A careful study of the Russian negotiations, based on the sources and by a trained scholar and diplomatist, makes an excellent footnote to history, though the abortive mission was never of the first importance. Dana, however, as a public servant and as a personality, cannot be considered as entitled to a 400-page biography. Both his modest achievements and his somewhat colorless mind and character have to be spread too thin. American mental standardization seems to require that a biography to be serious or salable has to be of octavo size and one and a half inches thick. This is not Mr. Cresson's fault, and the remark is not intended to discredit his book, which contains some new and interesting material. Dana, his work, and the new material, however, would all stand out more clearly in a book half the size and better proportioned to the subject.

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A Year on the Great Barrier Reef. By C. M. Yonge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

Not the least remarkable natural feature of Australia is the great coral reef which parallels the coast of Queensland for hundreds of miles. The first description of it we have is that in Cook's "Voyages." Cook got inside the reef, much to the complication of his navigation problems in unknown seas. The problem of coral formations has engaged the attention of many minds, but the really fruitful study of the subject seems to have been started by Charles Darwin, whose observations and speculations began during the voyage of the Beagle. The present book is the popular account of the Great Barrier Reef expedition of 1928-29, sent out from England by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The scientific reports are in the process of being printed elsewhere. Mr. Yonge, the leader of the expedition, has written his book with two ideas in mind: first, to tell what corals really are and something about the reefs and islands they have built, and, second, to describe the Great Barrier Reef. In both purposes he has succeeded admirably, for his book is an excellent mixture of a popular account of a scientific expedition and a statement of what the reef is and what it looks like, in terms the layman can follow. Without pretending to be a finished literary document, the book is clearly written. Mr. Yonge does not stop at the narrow bounds of his subject, but ventures into the economic significance of the reef and makes short excursions into such subjects as the pearling industry which centers at Thursday Island in the Torres Strait. Altogether this is one of the very best books of its kind and a distinct contribution to Australiana.

Discords Mingled. By Carl Engel. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

A scholar and a wit are companionate in the person of the chief of the music division of the Library of Congress. Both speak in these fifteen essays, which range from occasional papers on the Schubert and Beethoven centenaries to discussions of Schönberg, Antheil, and our omnipresent *enfant terrible*—jazz. As an advocate Mr. Engel is most persuasive—witness his argument leading to the conclusion that good jazz is "chaos in order—orchestral technique of master-craftsmen—music that is recklessly fantastic, joyously grotesque." How formidable an opponent he can be stands patent in his skilful demolition of Ernest Newman's "The Unconscious Beethoven."

Federal India. By Colonel K. N. Haksar, C.I.E., and K. M. Panikkar. London: Martin Hopkinson. 10s. 6d.

An important problem in reorganizing the government of India is that of the semi-independent Indian states, which are not within the purview of direct British administration although they are scattered throughout the country like the colored sections of variegated marble. No plan for India will be feasible that does not include them, and the Round Table Conference in London aimed to arrive at an understanding between them and British India. In this book is presented to those interested a description of the federal form of government that would satisfy these states, which asks many safeguards for the rights of the states and offers the surrender of few prerogatives.

Firebird and Other Poems. By Herbert J. Seligmann. Privately Printed. $2.

It is a pity that Mr. Seligmann has not yet mastered a verse form for his severe, sensitive, and personal poetry. His individuality is not to be questioned, but while the matter is interesting the form is not. Its rhythms are shapeless and indecisive. One reads heavily through them. The carelessness for form extends to the punctuation. Several of the poems have none at all. The effect, intended perhaps to simplify meaning and structure, succeeds only in dulling both.

The Quest of Pan. By Chard Powers Smith. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

This book, the beginning of a trilogy on evolution, attempts he epic style and for the most part fails to achieve it. Pan s made symbol of the body of man and its progress toward erfection. We meet the god first as a furry, animal-like baby-;od formed in the image of the monkey tribe. He grows in tature and experience, and comes at last into the realization of eauty. Through this beauty, which, psychologically, is the lesire to return to the source, the womb of life, the first ;reat step toward man's physical greatness is achieved. The deas of this epic, however, and the symbolism are often a bit 'ague; and the poetry, although at times rather vaguely majestic, s often very dull.

Three Thousand Years of Rome. By Dunbar von Kalckreuth. Translated from the German by Caroline Frederick. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

Their eminences Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Emil Ludvig, and Viscount Lord Haldane praise this book excessively. t has no more than a novelty of method to recommend it. The ovelty is to summon up contemporaries in all the successive eriods to show the reader around the town and discuss current ffairs. The method gives immediacy to the pages, and renders solid book readable. Its style, however, is insensitively hetorical; its apostrophes to the Eternal City are both hysteri-:al and trite; and its history depends too heavily on allusion .

Films

With Benefit of Music

SINCE its earliest days the moving picture has always appeared before the public arm in arm with music. There has never been a satisfactory explanation of this alliance, lthough, on the face of it, it has often seemed not a little ncongruous. Why should a silent film need music at all? Clearly, a film that finds its complete expression in visual mages can gain nothing through the addition of musical ac-:ompaniment. More likely it will even suffer from such intru-ion of a foreign medium, for music will be either repeating what is already present in the film, or adding something of its wn to what in itself is a complete and perfectly balanced :omposition. To see a silent film "cold," that is, unaccom-anied by music, has been the recognized test of its success r failure in standing on its own feet. Needless to say, the vast majority of silent films never passed this test. Denied he support of music, they appeared emaciated, bloodless, lack-ng in emotional appeal and dramatic accent. It was to cover hese sins of artistic incompetence that music was dragged in as a ready dispenser of emotional stimuli.

But if music supplied poor films with what they lacked—and apart from realistic sound effects, the thing they lacked nost was intrinsic dramatic rhythm—it seemed natural to con-lude that better music would add further to the appeal of the ilm. To be sure, the musical exercises of the movie orchestras, ot to mention the young ladies who earned their livelihood by strumming the movie pianos, could stand a great deal of im-provement. A more intelligent selection, arrangement, and synchronization of the musical material would have been a lecided step forward. Paradoxically enough, it has been the much-maligned talking picture that has accomplished this im-provement, even if it has been far from perfect in its repro-luction of sound. But this still left much to be desired in the eyes, or rather ears, of the devotees of music. The younger

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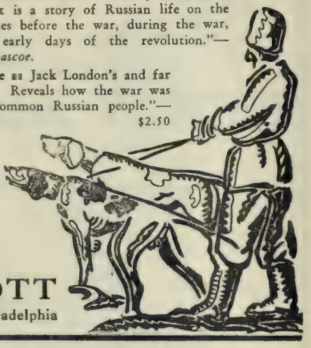

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*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
*Miracle of Verdun—Beck—45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*The Admirable Crichton—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—49 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
‡The New Yorkers—Broadway—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

*** Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.**

Films

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—55 St. Playhouse——E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Cimarron—Globe—B'way and 46 St.
City Lights—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way and 43 St.
Wien Du Stadt Der Lieder—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Transport of Fire—8th Street Playhouse—52 W. [illegible] St.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave.
Tabu—Central Park—59 St. and 7 Ave.
Ingagi—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Le Petit Cafe—5 Ave Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

Music

Philharmonic Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Thurs. eve., Mar. 26; Fri eve., Mar. 27; Sat. eve., Mar. 28. Program includes Elgar, Introduction and Allegro, Ravel, Daphnis and Chloe.
League of Composers—Metropolitan Opera House—Tues. eve., April 21—Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex and Prokofieff's Le Pas d'Acier.
Jose Iturbi—Carnegie Hall—Tues. eve., Apr. 7.

Lectures and Discussions

Unemployment and Civic Corruption—Citizens' Protest Meeting—Carnegie Hall—Mon. eve., Mar. 30 at 8:30.
The Menace of Censorship—Luncheon Discussion—American Civil Liberties Union—Hotel Woodstock, Sat., Mar. 28 at 12:30 P. M.
Tomorrow and Social Aspects of Birth Control, Margaret Sanger—Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St., Tues. eve., Mar. 31 at 8:30.
Some Favorite Novelists, John Galsworthy—Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lafayette Ave. and St. Felix St., Mon. eve., Apr. 6 at 8:30.

composers of the more advanced school have been attracted by the problem, and at the recent Copland-Sessions concert at the Broadhurst Theater the public was given the opportunity to appraise some of their efforts in this direction.

It is not for me to pass an opinion on the music that accompanied the showing of the five films on that occasion. The fact that was more important than the quality of the music was its utter irrelevancy to the films shown. It was almost incredible. Here were three composers obviously appreciative of their own medium—one of them, Darius Milhaud, already enjoying a world-wide fame—deciding to lend their talents to the creation of a composite form of art, the musical film. And how did they go about it? First, they chose films that were the least suitable for musical treatment (and in the case of Milhaud, unworthy of any attention at all); and, secondly, having chosen the films, they proceeded to ignore the very foundation of the moving picture as a medium, its inner dynamics, its rhythm. In the face of this obvious blindness to the inner structure of the film, one can only wonder why they ever bothered to try their hand at something so far from their special interests and comprehension as the art of the film.

The pity of it all is that three of the films shown, the works of Mr. Ralph Steiner, deserved better consideration. Mr. Steiner has not yet developed into a cinematic artist. He is still essentially a photographer of still subjects. He has an excellent eye for the graphic form and pattern, but has not yet learned the importance of dynamic organization of the raw material of the camera. In "H_2O," his first picture, the variety of patterns was so amazingly effective that it made up for the lack of dynamic unity in the picture as a whole. His two other little pictures, "Surf and Seaweed" and "Mechanical Principles," were less interesting in their material and even more spineless in their cinematic structure. The accompanying music only emphasized their shortcomings.

Alexander Bakshy

Drama

Great-Heart in West Hills

"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL," Channing Pollock's new play at the Apollo Theater, tells a story which any retelling would make ridiculous. Yet I must retell it. Archibald, a timid and commonplace young bond salesman, marries Jennifer, a good and beautiful and earnest maiden, in the first year of the twentieth century. Looking for a home to grow up and old in, they are persuaded by a real-estate agent to buy and build in the wilderness of West Hills, New Jersey. They do so; a few friends do likewise; thirty years pass; and in the end we are aware that another suburb exists, with trains, pavements, drug-stores, and a mayor. Meanwhile, Archibald and Jennifer have lived and died like heroes. Archibald, without losing his commonplaceness, keeps a kind of sheeplike honesty which prevents him from getting ahead very far in the world. His less scrupulous friends prosper by deeds which he will not do—such, for instance, as selling questionable bonds. He hardly ever takes a drink, and he is a perfectly faithful husband. So is Jennifer a perfectly faithful wife; she refuses even to run in for matinees with her rather flighty neighbor, Mrs. Baxter; charged with indifference to romance, she replies that it is romantic to keep her little home safe and beautiful for her good husband and her good son—for in time there is a son. She performs the further function of reassuring Archibald at those moments when he doubts that he has done right by being a good man; of course he has—holding his hand; as a matter of fact, he is the salt of the earth, a great as well as a good man, a knight in shining armor. He remarks that if he is a great man, then there are millions of great men in the world. She says that is true. And she is wonderful at the crisis of his life, which is the climax of the play. He is mayor of West Hills now, and must fight a proposal to repeal the zoning law according to which houses worth less than $8,000 cannot be built in West Hills. Guy Stayton, the villain of the piece and Archibald's employer, proposes to kill the law and start building houses worth $4,000. Archibald, who has been elected on an anti-repeal platform, holds out; Stayton discharges him; and shortly he fades away in Jennifer's arms. But she makes it clear to him as he dies that he has fought a good fight. A few years later she joins him in the death he has so honorably earned, and the son carries on the battle against $4,000 homes.

Ridiculous, yes; and I can imagine that a reading of the text would make it seem equally so. Yet in the theater the other night I was curiously interested and moved. This glorification of all the virtues we have been taught in our best literature to despise, this sentimentalization of all that is average and dull—well, in spite of everything I found myself rather respectful. I had been assured that it would be a *Ladies' Home Journal* play, but it turned out to be better than that. It was a "Pilgrim's Progress" play. For Mr. Pollock seems to have been possessed with more than the mere idea, which anyone else might have had, of defending the average American against our satirists; he has been possessed with a passion for the material he treats, and with a vision of it which can scarcely fail to give it some sort of importance. He has been humorous, too, which helps. But above all he has had the courage of his sentimentality, he has gone the whole way; and I cannot help respecting such a gesture. He owes much, it should be said, to the performance he got; Jo Mielziner's sets were convincing as well as ingenious; the acting of Mary Phillips as Jennifer and of James Bell as Archibald was heroically complete; and the little interpolated moments of darkness when at the back of the stage, somewhere in the clouds, we saw ramparts with knights on them (these being the visions of Jennifer) and heard trumpets calling to battle against the repeal of zoning laws—well, absurd as they were, I liked them. I do not say that "The House Beautiful" is an important play; I simply say that it would be silly to dismiss it in the terms that almost automatically, our best literature being what it is, spring to one's lips.

It is vastly more interesting than "Miracle at Verdun," the stunt which the Theater Guild has imported from the German of Hans Chlumberg (Martin Beck Theater). This, with all its technique of triple projections and synchronized sounds, with all its brilliantly massed scenes in the Chamber of Deputies and elsewhere, leaves me deathly cold. The idea of the play, for one thing, seems to have nothing in it. Thirteen million dead men rise from their graves in France and march home—to find that the world is none the better for their sacrifice. But we knew that, and I cannot see that anything is added by having thirteen million men find it out. The irony is superfluous and excessive. At least the play adds nothing to our knowledge of past or present; and so I sat unmoved. I could of course take a certain interest in the elaborate and probably costly technique; but I could not feel that it had been worth while, or even applied with imagination.

"Napi," a comedy by Brian Marlow from the German of Julius Berstl (Longacre Theater), is the thinnest of farces about a little shopkeeper in 1805 who looked so much like Napoleon that he substituted for him in the bed of La George of the Comédie Française. Its only excuse is that it furnishes a vehicle for the acting of Ernest Truex; but even that wore thin.

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Haiti Marches Toward Freedom

By ERNEST GRUENING

TEN and a half years ago, in the early fall of 1920, three Haitians came to the United States to plead their country's cause. It was their first opportunity after five years of military rule and still-continuing martial law. For the first time word of what had happened had passed the strict naval censorship, and *The Nation,* with the articles of Herbert J. Seligmann and James Weldon Johnson, had in the preceding summer made the facts concerning our crudest imperialistic venture known to the world. Presidential Candidate Warren G. Harding, whose attention had been called to *The Nation's* articles and to Major General Barnett's criticism of "indiscriminate killings" in Haiti, made the matter a campaign issue and denounced the "jamming" of a constitution made in the United States "down the throats . . . of helpless neighbors in the West Indies . . . at the points of bayonets borne by the United States marines." A Senatorial inquiry was pending. It was the psychological moment to present the Haitian case.

The three representatives of the Union Patriotique d'Haïti delegated with this important mission came to the offices of *The Nation* filled with the cumulative injustices, brutalities, and killings of the military occupation. Scarcely a year before, the uprising brought about by the ruthless application of the *corvée*—the forced road labor—had been bloodily put down by marine airplanes and machine-guns, with the death of some 2,500 Haitians, including women and children. "Bandits," the Occupation called them.

The three Haitian delegates were Sténio Vincent, Pauléus Sannon, and Perceval Thoby. Sannon was one of the two Cabinet members immortalized, though anonymously, in Admiral Caperton's famous message of September 8, 1915:

> Successful negotiation of treaty is predominant part of present mission. After encountering many difficulties, treaty situation at present looks more favorable than usual. This has been effected by the exercising of military pressure at propitious moments in negotiations. Yesterday two members of Cabinet who had blocked negotiations resigned. . . .

Sannon was one of the two who refused to assent to the signing away of their country's independence. Since his resignation fifteen years ago, he has steadfastly declined to countenance by word or deed the invasion and conquest of his country or to cooperate with the invaders—in consequence suffering personal privation and hardship which only an unflinching devotion to principle and a rare patriotism would have endured.

Last spring, given the first opportunity to register their will—in the first free and honest election in fifteen years—the Haitians elected Sténio Vincent President of Haiti. Pauléus Sannon is Secretary of Foreign Relations, back in the post which he so honorably quit fifteen years ago, and now charged with the pleasant, important, and delicate task of negotiating with United States Minister Dana Munro the "disoccupation" of Haiti by the Americans. Perceval Thoby is likewise in the Cabinet—as Secretary of Financ The Congressional elections were a clean sweep for thos who had never ceased to protest against the illicit imposition of a treaty and constitution on their country by *forc majeure.* In the new Senate are Price-Mars, the distinguished littérateur; David Jeannot and Léon Nau of th executive committee of the Union Patriotique; Fouchar Martineau, who as a senator in 1915 steadfastly voted agains the "pressure treaty"; Antoine Telemaque, imprisoned fo his convictions; and Pierre Hudicourt, who, following th return of the Union Patriotique delegates, came to th United States, addressed public meetings, told Haiti's stor to Senators like Borah, Norris, King, and the elder La Follette, and in 1923 journeyed to Santiago de Chile to the Fift Pan-American Conference, where with Manuel Morillo o the Dominican Republic he called aloud for justice for thos two small countries—an unscheduled interruption in th smoothly functioning palaver of official Pan-Americanism.

Finally, the president of the Chamber of Deputies i none other than Joseph Jolibois, fils, most-imprisoned o Haitian journalists—and indeed of all Haitians—whose unceasing protests have netted him seventeen jail terms totaling four years and seven months. Like William Lloyd Garrison, he would not compromise, he would not equivocate and he would be heard. When I saw Jolibois ten years ag in Haiti, it was through iron bars. My fellow-journalis wore stripes. In a few weeks he will preside, gavel i hand, in the lower house, when the Congress of Haiti reconvenes for the first time in thirteen years since it was dissolved by General Cole for refusing to vote a constitutio which gave foreigners the right to own land and placed th courts martial of the U. S. M. C. above the Haitian courts It has been said that republics are ungrateful, but no suc ingratitude has been in evidence since the Hoover Commission put an end to the collusive dictatorship of Russell an Borno.

I had expected to find universal satisfaction among th Haitians that the evacuation had been definitely set for 1936 and that the realization of the "Haiti joyeuse" of whic Dantes Bellegarde has written so eloquently was not far off But I found public sentiment among the elite curiousl apprehensive and tense. Would the Occupation really ge out? Could American promises be trusted after so man betrayals? And suppose Mr. Hoover should not be reelecte in 1932, might not his successor reverse his policy? T which it seemed obvious to reply, as a personal convictio firmly held, that the United States had publicly promised t retire from Haiti in the course of the next five years, an that likewise the trend of present United States policy, a shown by events in Mexico, the announcement of withdrawa of the marines from Nicaragua, and recent declarations b Secretary Stimson, was all away from coercion and towar friendliness and arbitration.

Why, then, it was asked, did "Haitianization"—th turning over of the so-called treaty services to a Haitia

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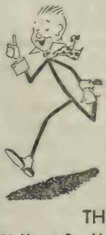

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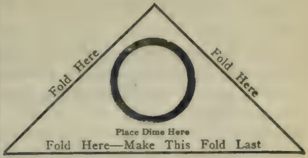

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personnel—not proceed more rapidly? Mr. Dana Munro, the American Minister, had been there three months, and nothing had happened. Moreover, why, if the Hoover Administration really wished to change things, had it not removed some of the objectionable (to the Haitians) officials and substituted others with a new outlook? Why had Washington sent Mr. Munro, "un nourrisson du département d'état"—a nursling of the State Department—a former assistant chief of the Latin American Division, an official brought up and steeped in the ways of Caribbean imperialism? As was to be expected, he was getting his viewpoint from the Occupation officials. Why had President Hoover not sent Monsieur William Allen White, for instance, who had so rapidly won the Haitians' affection and esteem, and seemed to understand their point of view?

To which the obvious answer was to repeat that the "disoccupation" policy had been pledged; that the Forbes Commission might easily have been loaded with members favorable to continued occupation; that, finally, President Hoover would not have needed to accept its recommendations. Likewise, that three months was too short a time to expect material progress in turning over a complicated administrative structure that for fifteen years had been directed by Americans. Why not be a little patient?

The fact is that a state of psychic tension exists among the Haitians. It is easily understandable after what they have endured for fifteen years. The bloodshed of a year ago last December, arising from the students' strike in the vocational schools, was an ominous warning that the repression could not be endured much longer. The Forbes Commission found a highly inflamed state of public mind. Had it not acted with promptness and effectiveness there would unquestionably have been a widespread uprising with a reckless disregard of fatal consequences. And despite the break in that intolerable tension and the great relief brought about by the elimination of the "puppet President," Borno, the abolition of the High Commissionership with the withdrawal of General Russell, and the restoration of Haitian self-government to the extent of a free election of legislature and president, the tension continues. The passage from Rostand's "L'Aiglon" in which Dietrichstein, the preceptor of Napoleon's son at the Austrian court, declares "Le prince n'est pas prisonnier, mais . . ." is bandied about as descriptive of Haiti's plight today. "Haiti is free—but . . ." And indeed the Haitian state of mind resembles that of a man long imprisoned who a few weeks before the end of his term risks all by making a break for liberty.

The official American point of view is that the United States has an obligation to the people of Haiti which it must discharge, that the continuation of "efficient and stable government" must be insured before withdrawal in 1936. In the words of one important United States official: "We want to be sure once we go out that we don't have to come back." From this follows logically the assumption that the United States through its representatives in Haiti shall determine when and how—within the next five years—the "Haitianization" of the treaty services shall take place. There, precisely, lies the arena of existing tension and disagreement.

The Haitians are unanimous in their desire to have the "Haitianization" completed at the earliest moment. Addressing the members of the "First Seminar in the Caribbean," President Vincent declared his belief that the Haitian who during the last fifteen years had been employed in th treaty services had sufficiently mastered their routine an were prepared to assume full responsibilities. In the opinio of his government the Department of Public Works and th Collector Receiver General's department ought to be turne over in not less than a year, and the Public Health Servic and agricultural schools in not less than two years, whil various services not formally comprehended in the treat should be transferred at once. (These had been graduall taken over by the Americans with the connivance of Borno. A counter-proposal which fixes limits less definitely and i apparently dependent on the speed with which Haitian qualify—in the opinion of the American authorities—embodies the official United States attitude.

Unofficially Haitians express the view that with th whole Occupation based on a treaty and constitution impose by force and fraud, the treaty should be annulled and, i necessary, a new treaty negotiated. Indeed, from the American standpoint, such would seem to be the proper and honorable course. It will be recalled, and is pertinent, that i 1922 twenty-four eminent American lawyers, including th late Moorfield Storey, Louis Marshall, and Adelbert Moot as well as Charles C. Burlingham, Raymond B. Fosdick Charles P. Howland, George W. Kirchwey, Tyrrell Williams, and Zechariah Chafee, Jr., issued a brief which, afte reviewing the circumstances of the United States' entry int Haiti, came to the following conclusion:

> We declare without qualification that the honor and good name of the United States, the preservation of the sovereignty and the cherished liberty of Haiti and her right to fair dealing on the part of the United States, as well as the possibility of assuring the continuance in the future of honorable and amicable relations between our country and Latin America based on trust and confidence, all require:
>
> (a) The immediate abrogation by the United States of the treaty of 1915, unconditionally and without qualification.
>
> (b) The holding of elections of representatives to the legislative bodies of Haiti and of a president by the free will of the people at an early day.
>
> (c) The negotiation of a new treaty with a new Haitian administration for friendly cooperation between the United States and Haiti upon such terms as shall be mutually satisfactory to both countries and by the methods that obtain between free and independent sovereign states.

The second of these three recommendations has bee carried out. Whether it is possible for a government virtually to confess error, as abrogation of the treaty would implicitly do, is another question. Governments, unfortunately seldom act that way. In my judgment the recommendation of the twenty-four lawyers are as valid today as nine year ago. It is probable that the very tension and misunderstanding in Haiti might be relieved by negotiating with th Haitians from this day forward as with a sovereign an equal nation. Certainly Haiti now has a truly representative and popular government with which we could deal And it is possible that once it was freely "up to" the Haitian to decide in what manner and how fast their public service should be "Haitianized," their tempo would be a little slowe than that which they now seem to require. In thus reaffirming an attitude which unbiased and disinterested American of standing have publicly proclaimed, I desire, first, to dis-

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claim any desire to cast any monkey-wrench into the somewhat delicate processes of adjustment now under way in Haiti, for which certainly everyone, American or Haitian, of every shade of opinion should earnestly desire success; and, second, I wish to reemphasize the fact that I am viewing such abrogation of the treaty exclusively from the standpoint of the United States—the standpoint of our honor, repute, and good name. As far as Haiti is concerned, the question is, I believe, now largely academic, since we are on our way out, since five years is a very short time in the history of a country, since with their own President and Congress the Occupation will weigh less heavily henceforth, and since, moreover, whatever may be the convictions of Haitians of their ability to take over all the "treaty" services in short order, the process is not quite so simple.

The present differences between official Haiti and official United States derive from a divergent psychological approach. We have the tutelary complex. The Haitians resent it. Privately Americans will tell you that "Haiti is bound to relapse the minute we take our hands off." To which the Haitians reply in substance: (a) Nothing of the kind; or (b) well, if things go wrong it's because the Americans don't want us to succeed and will sabotage on the way out; or (c) that's our own lookout; it's our country.

The suspicion of a lack of sincerity in the carrying out of the evacuation is an unfortunate and inevitable product of the past. The Americans assert, on the other hand, that as soon as they get out the Haitian government will discharge all trained Haitians—on the spoils theory that these will have had good jobs for years and that it is time for others who have been "out" for a corresponding period to connect with the pay roll. Both these suspicions I hope and firmly believe are unfounded.

Typical of the absence of understanding, and the chief bone of contention just now, is "l'affaire Colvin." Carl Colvin was nominated by President Hoover last July to head the Service Technique, the system of vocational schools which the Haitians have objected to so bitterly. Their opposition has been due not so much to lack of appreciation of the need of agricultural and vocational training as to the Occupation's overemphasis and overexpenditure upon this service at the expense of the school system on the French model to which the Haitians had been accustomed. It was, from the Haitian standpoint, an importation, an imposition. Personally, I think it has much to commend it. But dictatorship makes inevitably for lack of understanding and lack of cooperation from those dictated to. The strike of December, 1929, broke out as a cumulative protest against certain changes in the school program and against the director, Dr. Freeman. After the riot and bloodshed the Collège de Damien, the normal school of the Service Technique, remained without pupils. Dr. Freeman resigned and left the island. Colvin, his immediate subordinate, was appointed to take his place. From the American standpoint the appointment was excellent. Colvin had been in Haiti eight years. He had acquired complete familiarity with his work and with the needs of vocational and agricultural education there. But the Haitians declared him to be the man "behind" the unpopular Freeman policies. The pupils have remained on strike. Actually Mr. Colvin supported his superior's policies as any subordinate should. He differed with Dr. Freeman on some important issues, particularly those which offended the Haitians. But the situation had become psychological. Nearly three hundred prospective teachers have received no training for over a year. The school stands empty. The American government insists that it would be a gross personal injustice to Mr. Colvin to withdraw him, and the impasse continues. How much better to have sounded out Haitian opinion before making the appointment! And how absurd to hold up the education of a people because of a single individual! It *is* unfair and unfortunate for Mr. Colvin. He is the victim not so much of Haitian misunderstanding, as of a state of mind which the Occupation created fifteen years ago and for which he vicariously, suffers.

Considerable philosophic implications underlie the struggle to insure "efficiency" before we leave. The Haitian may not—undoubtedly will not—be quite so "efficient" in the conduct of certain of the services. "Efficiency," "mass production," and various other technological improvement are our specialties. It remains to be seen whether they make the world or ourselves any happier. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that they make *us* happier, which is disputable, it is even more dubious whether they would make the Haitians happier. It is highly pertinent that the highways buil by the Occupation, invariably pointed to as an achievemen and the justification of our invasion, have ruined the smal Haitian cane grower and the small Haitian distiller. Both these represented a considerable industry, indigenous, responsive to the Haitians' needs. The cane was brought by the small growers on the backs of donkeys following long existing trails to local distilleries scattered throughout th country. Highways have enabled the three great sugar- and rum-producing companies, the largest of which is th American-owned Haitian-American Sugar Company, by th use of automobiles, to put the little fellows—natives—out of business. It was not so intended. But it happened.

And so—apart from the fundamental fact that we neve had right in Haiti except that which might confers—possibly the strongest argument against our whole Haitian venture from start to finish, including our now really well intentioned efforts to "do it for their good," is, I believe, to be found in the assurance of the most convinced interventionists that the Haitians will "relapse after we get out."

To which I am tempted to ask in reply: What do you mean by "relapse"? If they are happier with us out, i won't be a relapse.

I am sure they will be happier.

Likewise, fifteen years of American occupation suppor convincingly the truth uttered a generation ago, when American imperialism was in its infancy, by Thomas Bracket Reed: "The best government of which a people is capabl is a government which they establish for themselves. Wit all its imperfections, with all its shortcomings, it is alway better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men."

And are we even "wiser men"? We might have though so—in 1928. But today! Seven million unemployed with no effective measures for relief; crime rampant—our larger cities helpless before the violence and corruption of gangster and racketeer; our "justice" exemplified on the Atlantic coast b the Tammany magistracy, on the Pacific by the Californi Supreme Court . . . and the rest. How capable are we in the management of even our own affairs?

The Nation

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HOW DO WE JUDGE the value of our colonial possessions? There are doubtless several different ways, and of these President Hoover has given voice to one. After hurried visits to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands he issued a statement setting forth his observations. Porto Rico he found to have been making "magnificent progress" both in government and in business. Moreover, he learned that the demand for independence had dwindled down to a feeble cry. Hence it was essential that the federal government cooperate with Porto Rico in such matters as education, health, agriculture, "and expansion of industry and markets." Thus is obedient democracy in our colonies to be rewarded, but presumably only when these colonies have industry and markets worth expanding. From this point of view the Virgin Islands find themselves in a rather unhappy position. Said Mr. Hoover: "When we paid $25,000,000 for them, we acquired an effective poorhouse, comprising 90 per cent of the population. The people cannot be self-supporting either in living or government without the discovery of new methods and resources." Clearly, we struck a bad bargain here—particularly when we remember that while Porto Rico was part of the booty of war, we had to pay hard cash for the Virgin Islands. At any rate Mr. Hoover considered it "unfortunate that we ever acquired these islands." He said we must, of course, "do our best to assist the inhabitants," but it was plain from his statement that he was not of a mind to extend to these islands that munificent measure of cooperation he promised Porto Rico. Obviously, there is little that the United States can ever hope to get out of the Virgin Islands, and therefore it is hardly worth our while to shower them with a great deal of attention either in the way of financial cooperation or sympathy.

DANIEL WILLARD delivered a notable address at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance of the University of Pennsylvania. Matters which in his youth were held as fixed beyond question, he declared, such as the superiority of our form of government, the authority of religion, and the soundness of the capitalistic system, are now all under criticism, and the process of questioning will certainly result in modification. The capitalistic system Mr. Willard believes to be the best economic scheme yet devised and tested by man; nevertheless he admits that its critics "may be as honest and well-meaning in their intentions as I think I am; even so I believe they are mistaken." This rare tolerance is coupled with a candid admission that a system which makes it possible for 6,000,000 workers to be unemployed has failed in at least one important particular. Of course, the press picked up Mr. Willard's frank statement that if unemployed he would steal rather than starve—a doctrine reminiscent of St. Thomas Aquinas; but it commonly failed to note the revolutionary social implications of such a theory.

THE DROP IN THE NET PROFITS of the Cunard Steamship Company from $4,048,195 in 1929 to $93,005 in 1930 and the fall in the gross earnings of the two great German companies from $27,000,000 in 1929 to $19,000,000 in 1930 are striking indications of the effect of the business depression on world shipping. The annual report of the German lines was especially interesting as embodying the results of the first year's joint operation of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd companies. Of course the maximum gains could not be attained in the first year, but certain advantages of the merger are reflected. The heavy loss of income due to the falling off of freight handled by the Hamburg-American lines was offset in some measure by the passenger earnings of the North German Lloyd fleet, notably its new fliers, the Europa and the Bremen. Speed and luxury apparently bring business despite the depression—a fact that helps explain continued new construction. On the other hand, the Cunard line reports a continued increase in the demand for tourist third-cabin accommodations. The sharp reduction in earnings led the Cunard directors to reduce salaries and to pass the ordinary dividend, which had been paid at the rate of 7½ per cent during the past three years. The ability of the German lines to pay a 6 per cent dividend was due partly to the payment during the year by the United States to the North

German Lloyd Company of nearly $4,000,000 out of the $27,249,000 awarded by the arbitrator for ships confiscated during the war. In view of the success thus far obtained by the German unification, we may yet hear renewed discussion of the possibility of British combinations.

WHEAT IS FRONT-PAGE NEWS these days, even if the price to the American farmer does not represent much more than a month's subscription to a two-cent daily. The Department of Agriculture, after forecasting on March 26 a reduction in spring-wheat acreage of from 12 to 24 per cent according to the kind of grain—a prediction which caused Secretary Hyde to emit an exclamation of delight and declare that the Administration program of a 20 per cent reduction may actually be achieved—had to admit on March 28 that if the winter wheat already planted were allowed for, the reduction would be only about 3 per cent. At Rome, a conference attended by representatives of forty-six nations or colonies has been considering the world wheat situation, and the opposing forces of reduced production and increased consumption are trying to find common ground. Premier Mussolini, who congratulated the conference on meeting "in the calm political atmosphere of the moment," is for increasing consumption, being, apparently, much moved by the number of people in the world who are "poverty-stricken and grievously distressed." The great fight is over the question of preferential tariffs against overseas wheat in favor of wheat grown in the Danubian countries, the Rumanian Minister of Agriculture going so far as to predict that unless the overseas producing countries waive their most-favored-nation privilege, there will be a European union which will effectually exclude overseas wheat from European markets. The union scheme is so logical a corollary of high protection and discriminating tariffs that the United States and Argentina, both of which produce more wheat than they need for themselves, can hardly in decency object if Europe tries a protective device.

FOUR OF THE FRENCH POLITICIANS involved in the Oustric financial scandal of last autumn have been cited for trial before the Senate sitting as a high court of justice. It is doubtful, however, whether the Senate will agree to try the four men—Raoul Péret, former Minister of Justice; René Besnard, former Ambassador to Italy; and Gaston Vidal and Albert Favre, former Undersecretaries of State. The present government of France is adverse to pressing the charges at this time, while the Senate majority has shown itself out of sympathy with the opposition in the latter's efforts to bring the men to trial. Albert Oustric, a banker, had acquired control of several industrial undertakings, and upon these he pyramided a number of holding companies whose financial foundations were anything but secure. He succeeded none the less in getting the shares of these companies listed on the Paris stock exchange. When the pyramid collapsed six months ago it threw all these companies into bankruptcy, brought the conservative and venerable Banque Adam down with it, and came close to precipitating a financial crisis in France. Only the intervention of the government averted a panic. Subsequent inquiry revealed that two of the accused men had at one time been associated with Oustric, and it was charged that they later used their official positions to promote his interests within the government and in the financial community. The othe two men were said to have been instrumental in getting th shares of an Italian rayon firm, in which Oustric was heavil interested and which failed soon after the Oustric crash listed on the Paris exchange, which for years has barre trading in all foreign stocks except those of a few carefull selected companies.

THE LABOR-LIBERAL SCHISM not only continue but appears to have been aggravated by Mr. Lloy George's efforts to heal it. The Liberal leader is for wha he calls "a policy of cooperation, not frustration," while respectable minority of the party, led by Sir John Simon will have no more of cooperation and are for turning ou the MacDonald Government at the first opportunity. Th seven-point policy which the members were prevailed upon to indorse, calling for greater effort to master unemployment, the promotion of general disarmament, financia economy, an Indian settlement on the lines of the Londo Round Table Conference, the continuance of free trad the passage of the electoral-reform bill, and the developmen of agriculture and land settlement, reads like a counsel o perfection when one remembers that only thirty-three Liberal or slightly more than half the party membership in th Commons, voted for it. The dissent of Sir John Simon an his followers means that Mr. MacDonald can no longe count certainly upon the forty Liberal votes that he need to enable him to go on, but if the Liberals really want t put an end to such importance as their party still possesse a party split is a first-rate way to do it. The Labor Government, meantime, has been granted a further lease of lif until April 14, at which time Parliament will reconven after the Easter holidays.

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG has decided, a the request of the Brüning Cabinet, to rule German until the Reichstag meets again next October, under a emergency decree that gives him sweeping dictatorial power The decree is based upon the so-called "dictatorship clause in Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution. Under th measure local police authorities have been empowered t suppress public or private mass-meetings, assemblies, parade demonstrations, speeches, and publications whenever in the opinion any of these threaten public order and safety. On can readily understand, if not directly sympathize with, th motive behind Hindenburg's decree, particularly when on recalls the great number of disturbances, street fights, an political assassinations that lately have attended the econom unrest in Germany. A recent estimate placed the numbe of deaths due to street fighting and political murders i the past year at more than 300. If it were allowed to continue unchecked, this state of affairs might conceivably lea to open civil warfare. Persons arrested under the decre may, if they feel they have been unjustly dealt with, appea to the courts for redress. Thus the Hindenburg dictatorship will be considerably qualified. Moreover, the Germa President's action is directed against the extremists and to ward the preservation of government by the moderates, an to this extent differs from the usual European dictatorship Nevertheless, the assumption by one man of the power t control or suppress constitutional rights of free speech, fre press, and free assembly is a dangerous thing. Hindenbur will be a strong man indeed if he succeeds in using this new authority without impairing such democratic institutions as now exist in Germany.

CITIZENS OF CHICAGO may vote for Republicans, Democrats, or even Communists at the municipal elections to be held April 7, but they will not be allowed to vote for Socialists or for the candidates of three other minor parties. Interpreting the Illinois election law in their own way, the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners, after a perfunctory hearing, ruled the Socialists off the ticket. The Socialists contended that the law specifically provides for nomination by caucus, but counsel for the board replied that the legislature in passing the law did not mean it that way. They declared that minor-party candidates must also present petitions signed by a prescribed number of voters, and this the Socialist candidates had failed to do. At the moment the leaders of the Socialist Party, which has been legally recognized in Chicago and Illinois for thirty years, are fighting in the courts to have their candidates restored to the ticket. Incidentally, the action of the Election Board for one reason or another got no publicity whatever in the daily press of the country.

IN COMMENTING LAST WEEK on the "mysterious peace" patched up between the outlaw miners in Illinois and the United Mine Workers of America, *The Nation* said it was questionable whether Alexander Howat, who had led the campaign of the Illinois and other miners seeking to reorganize the international union and to oust John L. Lewis from his present dominant position, would "feel encouraged to go on with his fight." Since then Howat has issued a call, signed among others by Powers Hapgood, Frank Keeney, and William Stevenson, for a mine workers' convention to be held in St. Louis on April 15. The call, signed by hundreds of rank-and-file miners, declared that "the most outrageous factor in the whole situation is that the miners who made the Reorganized Movement were never consulted as to whether they desired it to be dissolved, and wished to 'go back to Lewis.' A small group of officials have totally and absolutely dissolved the Reorganized U. M. W. A. . . . without even showing common courtesy to the membership." The letter adds that as a result of the unexpected peace agreement "the miners are overwhelmed with confusion and disgust, and thousands of them have already stopped paying dues to any organization until this situation is cleared up."

FOR DIVERSION read the New York *Times*—preferably the front page. We say this not in jest but in sober earnest; or rather in pious appreciation of life at its dramatic best. Consider the *Times* front page on Saturday, March 28. Among the headlines were: "Elinor Smith Falls Five Miles Unhurt"; "Jewish Merchant to Be Vatican Librarian; Hebrew Scholar Will Have Kosher Kitchen"; "$886,360 Race Prize Won by Buffalo Man"; "Gandhi Triumphant at Indian Congress"; "Finds Mother Love Dies as Manganese Is Lost from Diet." In addition to these there were the usual stories about cleaning up Tammany Hall and finding a new chairman for the Republican National Committee, but we pass from these to the *Times* of a day later—again the front page: "Five Children Perish in Bus in Colorado Snowdrift"; "Bank's Siren Scares Off Midday Bandits"; "S O S Viewed as Hoax or Rum-Runner Ruse"; "Von Hindenburg to Rule; Puts Curb on Civil Rights"; and "Robber's Confession Will Save Innocent Man from Going to Prison for Twenty Years." If this is not drama and romance we miss our guess. And surely this is a fitting answer to those critics of Mr. Ochs's estimable sheet who urge a feature page or a comic section or something else to make the paper more lively and more readable. All the *Times* needs to do, apparently, is to print what happens to people; if it could at the same time get over the bad habit of telling every story three times it would be even more of a blessing to mankind than it now is.

HOPE HAS FINALLY been abandoned for the twenty-six men not yet found after the explosion and burning of the sealer Viking on March 15. The ship was anchored off Newfoundland, several miles off shore and surrounded by slushy ice cakes; the stories of the bewildered survivors agree that the disaster was somehow due to the explosion of powder stored in the after hull; but they were hurled out on the ice without warning and those who were alive could only stand by helplessly and watch the ship blaze up and sink. Irony is contributed to the story by the tragic death of Varick Frissell and A. E. Penrod of New York, who were on board with their cameras to take scenes for "White Thunder," Mr. Frissell's talking picture of the sealing industry. They were anxious for dramatic shots, vivid pictures of the dangerous life of the seal catcher. They themselves were part of the drama—but the pictures will never be shown. Hope for young Frissell—himself a splendid Viking type and a youth of great industry and eagerness—was held out long because of the rescue of three of his companions who were picked up by a rescue ship as they floated on an ice floe. But careful search has brought no sight or news of the missing.

ARNOLD BENNETT, who died in London on March 27 at the age of sixty-three, was novelist, critic, journalist, man of affairs. He was born a comparatively poor boy in the Five Towns district of England which he later made famous; and he was furiously motivated by the double desire not to be idle and not to be poor. The result, as Horatio Alger would have predicted, was that he died both famous and rich, richer than any living author, probably, unless it is Mr. Shaw, and assured of a high place in English letters. He was a prolific author, noting in his diary for the last day of December, 1899, that he had in the year just ended written 335,340 words, or nearly 1,000 a day. His career was a blinding contradiction of the theory that it is necessary to have leisure to "write." For Mr. Bennett was, at the same time that he was writing so many novels, stories, and articles, also editor of a woman's magazine and a constant reviewer of contemporary literature. His industry brought him a suite in one of the grand hotels he always admired, a yacht, all the comforts he could buy—and it brought the world "The Old Wives' Tale" and the four novels of the "Clayhanger" series, which are hardly surpassed by any English novel of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries. It is the greatest pity that when he was hardly past middle life and still writing steadily, Arnold Bennett should have had to depart from the literary scene.

Cleaning Up New York

WE cannot share the indifference with which some sophisticated observers profess to view present attempts to clean up the government of New York City. It is true that corruption and inefficiency in New York are nothing new; nor is New York's position in that respect unique. The conditions that in recent weeks have been brought forcibly to public attention have existed with brief interruptions for generations, and the New York situation can be duplicated in essentials in almost every other important American city. Municipal government in the United States today is scarcely less a failure than it was when James Bryce called attention to the shame of our cities more than forty years ago. The same forces are at work today that were at work then, and they are producing the same results. It is just these facts that give something more than local and temporary interest to the present struggle in New York.

As is always the case, local, State, and national politics are all inextricably intertwined in the situation. The rapacious appetite of the district leaders of Tammany, to an extent curbed during the years of Alfred E. Smith's dominance, has been given free rein once more in these later days of Curry-McCooey-Walker control. Public thievery has been widespread, and local political and municipal leadership has been utterly irresponsible. A Republican legislature and a Democratic governor, the latter betraying in every move his eagerness to attain a yet higher office, have played against each other, and as there has been no effective threat of interference from Albany, the local organizations have had their way pretty much unchecked. The people of New York have been indifferent and cynical; not only have they failed hitherto to make any real protest against the present misgovernment, but in the election less than a year and a half ago they gave it overwhelming approval.

The present uprising has grown out of a series of revelations culminating in the exposure of shocking conditions in the courts and among the police. Charges against District Attorney Crain were lodged by the City Club with the Governor, who under the law has entire power to remove that official on charges. Within twenty-four hours, after a conference with Mr. Crain and John F. Curry, leader of Tammany, Governor Roosevelt appointed Justice Samuel Seabury to investigate the charges. Ten days later the City Affairs Committee presented to the Governor similar charges against Mayor Walker, asking for his removal under powers vested in the governor by the city charter. As the Walker charges were aimed at the center of the Tammany administration of the city, the Governor faced a difficult political problem. Instead of acting immediately, as in the Crain case, he held the charges for some days and then sent them to the Mayor in California, asking him to reply promptly on his return to the city, but giving no indication of his own intended course. Giving the Governor full credit for good intentions, how is his differing treatment of the two cases to be explained on other than political grounds? It is not unfriendly critics alone who are pointing out that his undoubted concern for good government in New York City has not operated in entire isolation from his own ambitions.

Herein lies one of the dangers of that summary power of removing the mayor of New York City, as well as certain county officers throughout the State, which is vested in the governor of New York. The governor's power to remove without appeal local elective officials responsible to a local electorate is a doubtful power at best, violating the principle of home rule. Very possibly it would be better to let the local community—in this case the city—stew in its own juice if it chooses to elect and support an inefficient or corrupt official, but that aside, such a power, as is indicated in New York today, is likely to be complicated even in the case of a conscientious governor by his political prospects. The tenure of office of District Attorney Crain and of Mayor Walker certainly ought not to depend in any way on the Presidential ambitions of Governor Roosevelt.

In the present case the legislature has changed the whole situation by passing a resolution for a sweeping investigation of the entire government of New York, with the understanding that Justice Seabury is to act as counsel to the legislative investigating committee. The Governor has announced that such action will not affect his consideration of the charges already lodged with him against Mayor Walker, but nevertheless he may ultimately find it advisable to turn over to the legislative committee the investigation of such charges. In any case, it is imperative that the Mayor's place in the scheme of organized corruption that constitutes Tammany government in New York today be made clear, and we trust that the legislative investigation will be specially searching in all that concerns the City Hall and the man who has played so prominent a part in bringing the present government into contempt. If the Governor, faced with the responsibility that is actually imposed on him by the charter, should decline to act on the Walker charges as he has already acted on the Crain charges, he must make it perfectly clear that the ground of his refusal lies in actual differences between the two cases or else in the possibility of new and better action opened to him by the initiation of the legislative inquiry. He cannot evade responsibility.

It is not a question simply of turning a few rascals out. The important thing is to make clear to everyone the actual meaning of present-day Tammany rule. For in New York, as in every other city, corruption flourishes because of the ignorance and indifference of the body of the people themselves. The people of New York today are getting just exactly what they deserve, for they reelected James J. Walker mayor by a half-million plurality on the basis of four years' experience of the very kind of government they are now enjoying, and it is far from certain that the popularity of that government has ended even today. But it is also a fair question whether that popularity could survive a genuine public understanding of the methods and meaning of the present system. It is a system of organized public plunder for the benefit of favored business groups and their political agents. While that system continues, there is nothing for it but to wage eternal war on it by turning the light constantly on its operations.

Pan-Europe on Trial

BY their decision to set up a customs union which later would be expanded to embrace other European states wishing to join, Germany and Austria have issued a challenge to the rest of the Continent that will have far-reaching consequences. Whether their action leads to a period of strained international relations such as Europe has not seen since the World War or proves to be the necessary first step toward the creation of an economically united Europe appears to depend very largely on the attitude of France and her satellites. If France continues hostile, there is every likelihood that the new customs union will either be smothered a-borning or will bind the two German nations into a joint defiance of the rest of Europe, whatever the results of that defiance might be. If France, on the other hand, should modify her position and agree to the customs union in so far as her own economic and domestic interests are not encroached upon, her action might very well prove the beginning of genuine European cooperation.

The significance of the Berlin-Vienna move may be better understood in the light of recent European developments. Even to politicians it has become more and more evident in the last ten years that Europe must cooperate, if not unite, in order to maintain its position in the increasingly intensified world economic struggle. Two years ago the growing strength of this opinion prompted Foreign Minister Briand to launch his campaign for the organization of a United States of Europe. The Pan-Europe plan was to be based first upon economic cooperation, and was intended later to bring about some sort of political confederation. The movement also took other forms, as was indicated by the series of conferences held in the Balkans and Eastern Europe during the summer and autumn of 1930, all of which were convened with a view to increased cooperation among the agrarian states of those regions. Lastly, there have been efforts made under the auspices of the League of Nations to deal cooperatively with various special economic problems, one of these being the tariff truce that now has admittedly collapsed. Thus far none of these moves has produced anything concrete in the way of international cooperation, and this failure, though it may be only temporary, has come at a time when Europe is in the depths of a depression that has more clearly than ever before shown the need of such cooperation.

Briand can, of course, attack the projected German-Austrian customs union on political grounds, but whether he is wise in so doing is another question. There is no good reason to suppose from their published statements that Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Schober are insincere in declaring the proposed union wholly economic in character. Europe may recall that a somewhat similar customs federation preceded the formation of the German Empire in 1871, but the political situation today is very different from that of two generations ago. Then France was relatively a weak country, and the German states were not defeated and disarmed but had just come through two successful wars, and in uniting had established themselves as one of the strongest political units on the Continent. No rational observer believes that a union of disarmed Germany and dismembered Austria could be much of a threat to any other group of Powers in Europe today. By shifting the emphasis from the economic to the political aspects of the proposed customs union, however, Briand might indeed force Germany and Austria as a matter of political defense into the arms of other dissatisfied Powers, including Russia, and then he would have created that opposition bloc of states which France and the Little Entente so greatly fear.

Nor can France question the union on economic grounds. This would suggest that there were other motives behind Briand's Pan-Europe scheme than the commonly accepted one of an unselfish desire on the part of France to help Europe on the way to economic stability and sanity; for what Germany and Austria have started out to do in their small way is precisely what Briand proposed to do on a Continent-wide scale. Lastly, Western Europe must realize before it is too late that the European economic structure cannot remain healthy and sound unless the heart of the Continent—Central Europe—is also healthy and sound. It would behoove M. Briand and his colleagues to examine the projected customs union in this light rather than to spend their time casting suspicion upon the motives of Germany and Austria. Surely if these two so closely related Powers are not to be permitted to work together in peace, there cannot be much real hope of getting all the other nations, with their marked racial and cultural differences, to unite in any Pan-European scheme.

A Library Experiment

THOSE persons with comfortably filled bookshelves of their own, or those to whom the public library around the corner is a source of profit and satisfaction, rarely give a thought to many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of others in the United States who have literally no acquaintance or contact with books. In 1925 the Carnegie Corporation offered $50,000 to the League of Library Commissions to see how much could be done with a comparatively small sum in a libraryless community. After considerable cogitation, Louisiana was chosen as the field of experiment. And for five years Louisiana has been in process of being exposed to books.

The rate of literacy in Louisiana is low. It is not surprising that library facilities are correspondingly meager. The preliminary survey undertaken by the group chosen to make the experiment showed that except in New Orleans and Baton Rouge there were but three free public libraries in the State; that no city in the State outside New Orleans could boast a bookstore; that in New Orleans there were possibly five librarians with either a summer course or longer training; and that in the State at large only one State institutional library had a librarian with a year's training.

This, then, was at least a field that wanted working. Whether or not it was fertile, time would show. After five years of work, the Library Commission is enthusiastically convinced that it is. The total sum of money expended was $92,000, $17,000 of which was given by the State. Three parish or county libraries were established and are flourishing, partly supported by local funds; half a dozen others are projected. A traveling library covered many hundreds of miles and reached thousands of people. Illiteracy courses for adults drew 109,000 applicants, who were supplied with a special list of books that they learned to read. Everywhere response to the work was eager, spontaneous, numerically amazing. One woman who at first protested her hatred of books was won over when she discovered that all books were not about gasoline engines—the reading matter of her garage-mechanic husband. A little boy who professed a passion for books although he could barely read or write was found to cherish an ambition to be the letter-writer for his completely illiterate family. The third year of the experiment was the terrible flood year of 1927. It was difficult to talk about books to a man whose fields were under water; yet even with these setbacks the work went steadily on. More persons asking for loans; more sums obtainable from local public funds. The people wanted books—not belles-lettres, not modern fiction or poetry, to be sure. Books about accounting, floriculture, finance, interior decoration, public speaking, workers' education, tick eradication, broom manufacture, Louisiana history. But still unmistakably books. Among the Negroes the response was as gratifying as among the whites.

We submit that this book adventure is one of the most interesting educational experiments we have heard of lately. There seems to be no question that the work so generously stimulated will go on. We offer congratulations all around: to the Carnegie Corporation for furnishing the funds; to the citizens of Louisiana who so ably spent them; to the other citizens who for the first time fell into the way of reading or thinking about books. For them the world is widening; once it starts to widen, who can say where it will stop?

The Triumph of Gandhi

GANDHI has won even the left wing of his party to his truce with Lord Irwin as a basis for future negotiations. As a result, Gandhi will attend the second round-table conference as chief representative of the Congress Party. This is excellent news. It is particularly gratifying in the face of most recent events in India. The execution of Bhagat Singh and two other Indians for the murder, in 1928, of a British police officer, and the consequent attacks by the young radicals on Gandhi, who apparently did not feel justified in interceding in behalf of the three men, seemed likely for a time to upset the good work of Gandhi and Lord Irwin. It is to the great credit of the working committee which drew up the Congress resolutions that its members by a bold and intelligent stroke turned what was certainly a tactical blunder on the part of the government into a convincing argument against violence of any sort—against the original violence of Bhagat Singh and the final violence of the king's executioners.

The resolutions with which the Congress delegation faces the round-table conference are at once far-reaching and conciliatory. The most important is the first, which ratifies the Gandhi-Irwin truce and authorizes Congress participation in the conference. It declares that complete independence as the Congress goal remains intact, but that Congress delegates "will be free to accept such adjustments [i. e., safeguards] as may be demonstrably necessary in the interests of India." The resolution is, in fact, a carte blanche issued to Mahatma Gandhi and his fellow-delegates. What he will be able to achieve in London remains to be seen. That he will achieve more than any other Indian could is obvious. As for Britain, it is to be hoped that Tory and Laborite alike will read very carefully a speech made by Lord Irwin recently at New Delhi, which runs in part as follows:

> There are those who see in the present stirring of thought in India merely a movement engineered by a negligible minority which ought never to have been allowed to attain its present importance because much of it is frankly seditious and could readily have been suppressed by a firm government. . . . That diagnosis I believe to be superficial and distorted and wholly divorced from reality. Nobody will deny that there is sedition. It is also true that the numbers who are politically minded are a fractional minority of the whole, but these things are not the whole or most important part of the picture. . . .
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> Great Britain will delude herself if she does not recognize that beneath all distinctions of community, class, and social circumstances, there is a growing intellectual consciousness, or more truly self-consciousness, which is very closely akin to what we generally term nationalism.

This would seem to indicate the "change of heart" Gandhi has so often asked for. Assured of that change of heart, Gandhi will submit even to safeguards, though it is certain that the safeguards projected at the first round-table conference will have to be greatly modified to win his approval; just as it is also certain that he will stand firm against granting to the princes and to the landlords the power they would have if the recommendations of the Sankey report were strictly followed.

The test in London, however, will be preceded by another test at home. The recent riots at Cawnpore point up tragically the importance of the Hindu-Moslem problem which Gandhi has pledged himself to solve. He has said truly that it would be a humiliation if India, demanding independence, were forced at the same time to ask Great Britain to settle such a purely internal question. Despite these communal riots, however, and in view of what has happened within the past few weeks, it seems certain that India is moving steadily toward self-government. That this recent progress represents a personal triumph for Gandhi cannot be denied. The triumph reached its climax at Karachi, where Gandhi, in a speech lasting an hour, so stated his position that Subhas Chandra Bose, leader of the Youth League, immediately afterward announced his allegiance to Gandhi and the truce, and where 50,000 delegates, a day later, demonstrated how complete and secure his leadership has become. But this personal triumph is the least significant aspect of the meeting at Karachi. It is much more significant that India, even despite communal difficulties, is at present united as it has never been before; it is united, moreover, behind a man whose power is no greater than his integrity and whose most sacred principle is his belief in non-violence. If one-sixth of the world's population succeeds in achieving self-government without resort to violence, force as a technique may be recognized for the obsolete futility it has in fact become.

Secretary Wilbur and the Cancer Cure

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

SOME months ago the American medical profession was aroused by the announcement that a cancer cure, or at least an improved method of cancer treatment, had been discovered by two San Francisco surgeons, Dr. Walter B. Coffey, chief surgeon for the Southern Pacific Railway, and Dr. John D. Humber. The genuineness of the discovery was indicated by the grant to Drs. Coffey and Humber of a patent, Number 1,771,976, covering the invention of a "therapeutic substance and method of preparing the same." The inventors established a clinic in California. Several hundred cancer sufferers, more than could be handled, applied for treatment.

Meanwhile, the medical profession as a whole reserved its judgment as to the value of the discovery. Cancer experts and other research students throughout the country likewise withheld their indorsement. Eager to welcome any definite and authentic advance in the fight against cancer, but at the same time alert to guard unfortunate cancer victims against exploitation by inventors or discoverers of alleged cures and treatments of unproved worth, these scientific authorities turned to the task of investigating the Coffey-Humber "cure." Today they have reached the virtually unanimous agreement that the Coffey-Humber discovery is neither novel nor effective. Conservative experts have rejected the evidence put forward by the two California surgeons as invalid or unscientific, and have announced that they are still awaiting acceptable proof that the treatment can cure or check cancerous growths. Other authorities have declared that the Coffey-Humber method actually is embarrassing the real fight against cancer, while still others have publicly denounced the Coffey-Humber patent and the claims upon which it was based as "preposterous" and "astounding." Nowhere, except perhaps in the case of the California Medical Association, has the new treatment been accepted as a genuine or valuable contribution to the campaign against cancer. It was an examiner in the United States Patent Office who first exposed the weakness of the Coffey-Humber claims, and he did so in devastating fashion. In the Patent Office records may be found an eleven-page document wherein this examiner, F. M. Hopkins, refuted, point by point, the various claims of the two surgeons. Upon the strength of his findings he refused to approve the granting of a patent. Farther down in the records one may find that notwithstanding this masterly report on the extremely dubious worth of the Coffey-Humber discovery, a patent was afterwards issued. When an amended application was submitted a month or two later it was handled, not by Examiner Hopkins, but by a new examiner, P. M. Nash by name, who somehow or other found himself able to recommend a patent within less than twenty-four hours after the new application had been received. Most significant among the items on record, however, is one showing that Ray Lyman Wilbur, Doctor of Medicine, President of Leland Stanford University, and Secretary of the Interior, acted as official sponsor for the inventors of this new method of cancer treatment. In a letter addressed to the Commissioner of Patents (which is printed on the next page) Dr. Wilbur stands revealed as having thrown the full weight of his official position behind the petition for a patent.

Byrnes, Townsend, and Potter, leading Washington patent attorneys, represented Drs. Coffey and Humber. The original application prepared by this firm was received by Division 43 of the Patent Office on March 19, 1930, and was referred to Examiner Hopkins for action. It began with a declaration that "our invention relates to a therapeutic substance having the property of stabilizing tissue growth and which by virtue of this property is capable of controlling and/or destroying carcinoma, sarcoma, and other malignancies, and to a method of preparing the same." Carcinoma and sarcoma are, of course, technical names for cancer, and the statement that the substance mentioned will control "and/or destroy" such malignancies can only mean that the discoverers were claiming for their invention the property of curing cancer. All medical authorities the present writer has consulted are in agreement on this point notwithstanding that the two surgeons have denied that their treatment is a "cure" as commonly understood. No documentary or other proof that the reaction does take place as described, or that the injection of the therapeutic substance referred to has any permanent effect upon cancerous growths, was offered in the original application.

On April 29 the patent lawyers received the Hopkins report rejecting the application in toto. Mr. Hopkins cited twenty-six published books or papers, the work of prominent authorities on the cancer problem, which had anticipated all the various major phases of the Coffey-Humber method. Moreover, he called attention to the existence of six prior patents covering many, if not all, of the points involved in the Coffey-Humber invention. Lastly, he declared the claims rejected "for lack of utility, as there appears to be no convincing basis for the allegations set forth in the specification that applicants' preparation stabilizes tissue growth, controls and destroys carcinoma, sarcoma, and other malignancies." In other words, the extract Drs. Coffey and Humber were seeking to have patented did not accomplish its avowed purpose, that of curing or checking cancer.

Following personal conversations with officials of the Patent Office, the lawyers submitted an amended application, which was received by Division 43 on July 1, and referred to Examiner Nash. The new specifications challenged some of the citations included in the Hopkins report, and made certain changes in the phrasing of statements in the original application, but apparently set forth no fundamental change in the method of preparing the extract in question. However, there were appended to the new application the affidavits of nine persons, purporting to establish the utility of the process and product, and also the case history of one of these persons, Roy W. Buick. The record of the Buick case showed that a sarcoma had been removed by surgery and that thereafter the patient was given regular doses of the Coffey-Humber extracts. The record further showed that the cancer did not return, but it failed to make clear whether the surgical operation or the extract was responsible. An affidavit submitted by the two surgeons likewise was appended. This document consisted of the replies of 672 anonymous patients to questions addressed to them during treatment for cancer. The replies revealed that in 71.5 per cent of the cases the Coffey-Humber extract had "greatly or entirely relieved pain"; that in 88.9 per cent of the cases general improvement had been noted without regard to pain; and that in 10.9 per cent there was either no improvement or doubt as to improvement. No information of what other treatment was given, whether surgical or by radium, no indications as to the diagnostic method or results, and no clinical indications whatever were contained in this affidavit. In short, there was nothing to show that the Coffey-Humber treatment was responsible for the improvement noted. Nevertheless, with this additional information—it can hardly be called proof—Examiner Nash was able to decide within a few hours that the Coffey-Humber substance and method were patentable.

Completing the record, there is Secretary Wilbur's letter, which runs, in full, as follows:

> *April 5, 1930*
>
> My dear Mr. Commissioner:
>
> Because of the interest of this department in medical and health matters through the administration of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Howard University, Freedmen's Hospital, and our medical and health work among the Indians of this country and the Alaska natives, I wish to express my extreme interest in the application for patent filed by Drs. W. R. Coffey and John D. Humber on March 12, 1930, on their treatment for cancer. Their treatment is also of widespread public interest.
>
> I should be glad if you could make their application special under Rule 63 of the Rules of Practice in the United States Patent Office, so that consideration of their application may be expedited and that they may receive the benefit of the protection afforded by a patent at the earliest possible moment that they are successful in prosecuting their claim before your office.
>
> I designate Mr. E. C. Finney, solicitor of this department, to represent me before the Commissioner in order to prevent the improper issuance of a patent.
>
> [Signed] Ray Lyman Wilbur

The record, therefore, is clear that Secretary Wilbur officially interceded on behalf of Drs. Coffey and Humber in their efforts to obtain the approval of the Patent Office for their invention.

But what, one may ask, is the verdict of the known cancer experts and the medical profession in general with respect to the merits of the new method of cancer treatment? All but one of the medical associations that have expressed themselves have questioned the value of the Coffey-Humber treatment, the California Medical Association being the only organization of its kind that has indorsed this method—and even its indorsement is highly qualified. On November 1, 1930, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* said of the Coffey-Humber method that it "is in no sense of the word a 'cure' and even its efficiency in treatment is exceedingly doubtful. . . . In the period of six months during which the treatment has been used, 13.5 per cent of the patients have died, about as many as would have died without the treatment." The *Journal* also questioned the validity of the proofs offered by Drs. Coffey and Humber, saying that "the evidence might be better controlled." Less reserved was the resolution adopted by the New York Academy of Medicine last January. This statement in part said:

> The announcement in California that they [Drs. Coffey and Humber] would treat cancer led to much suffering. Many hopelessly sick persons spent much or all of their money to get to the clinic of Drs. Coffey and Humber, and yet were not much benefited by the treatment. In fact, many died in a short time. In addition, people abandoned treatments which are known to be beneficial, such as X-ray, radium, or surgery, which they were taking under the care of their own physicians. This is in accordance with the well-known fact that a cancer patient will grasp at any straw, and will often go to any expense or trouble in order to obtain some hoped-for benefit.

In another place the same resolution said:

> Some thousands of patients were treated in California during the past two years, but no claims have been made by Drs. Coffey and Humber that any of these patients were really cured. The only claim which has been made was to the effect that certain patients had less pain and that occasionally ulcerating surfaces cleared up, and in some instances healed.

Numerous other physicians and societies could be quoted in the same way. So much for the general profession. The cancer experts have been far more outspoken in their criticism of the Coffey-Humber discovery. Dr. Francis Carter Wood, editor of the *American Journal of Cancer*, official organ of the American Association for Cancer Research and of the American Society for Control of Cancer, and himself head of the Institute for Cancer Research at Columbia University, declared that he was "unalterably opposed to experimentation on human beings as planned by Drs. Coffey and Humber," and further that these men "have not given any proof that they have a 'potent' extract." (In the patent the substance these men claim to have invented is described as "a potent extract.") Dr. Ellice McDonald, Director of Cancer Research at the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicine, has written:

> Dr. Coffey has repeatedly stated in the public press that he and Dr. Humber make no claim for a cure, yet in the United States patent Number 1,771,976, signed by Walter B. Coffey and John D. Humber, there is the following opening statement: "Our invention relates to a therapeutic substance having the property of stabilizing tissue growth and which by virtue of this property is capable of controlling and/or destroying carcinoma, sarcoma, and other malignancies." Obviously these two statements are contradictory.
>
> This patent claims that the Coffey-Humber extract is an adrenal-cortex extract, stabilizing growth, and that it controls or destroys cancer. These claims may be easily proved untrue . . . time unfortunately is telling us that it is not "capable of controlling and/or destroying carcinoma, sarcoma, and other malignancies." How such a patent was ever allowed by the United States Patent Office is a matter of astonishment. It is a very dangerous precedent, if such casual, pseudo-scientific, unproved claims to so-called cancer cures are allowed by the Patent Office. . . . How any medical man could advise the Coffey-Humber treatment after reading this patent staggers my imagination.

Dr. John M. Rehfisch, radiologist and assistant professor of clinical medicine at Stanford University (of which Dr. Wilbur is president in absentia and Herbert Hoover a trustee), suggests that Dr. McDonald look up the record in the case, saying he would find that in April, 1930, the Patent Office

> . . . had refused to grant the patent in a masterly report on Coffey's preposterous claims, which were annihilated one by one by a patent examiner who dealt with them in a truly scientific fashion. He will also see (and it may surprise and shock him as it did me) that Ray Lyman Wilbur wrote the Patent Office requesting specially expeditious handling of the matter on account of his responsibility for the medical care of the American Indian and the Alaskan Eskimos. His next interesting discovery will be that Dr. Coffey's claims were resubmitted, July 1, 1930, and the patent granted on July 2—an example of speed and efficiency which is a true tribute to the Great Engineer and his strong, silent way of getting things done.

That Dr. Rehfisch would thus dare to court dismissal from the faculty of Stanford University gives some indication of the feeling of the cancer and medical experts toward the Coffey-Humber invention. A layman might be excused on the grounds of ignorance for intercession upon behalf of this widely repudiated method of cancer treatment. But Secretary Wilbur is a doctor of medicine (Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, 1899); he was for seven years professor of medicine at Stanford University, and for five of these years dean of its Medical College; he is a member and former president of the California Academy of Medicine; he is chairman of the medical council of the United States Veterans' Bureau; he is a member and former president of the American Association of Medical Colleges; he is a former president of the American Medical Association and at present chairman of its council on medical education and hospitals; he is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation; and, lastly, he is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Surely a man of Secretary Wilbur's high standing in the medical profession can hardly afford to identify himself with a questionable cancer cure, let alone act as official sponsor for the inventors of that specific.

The Vanishing Job

By H. O. ROGERS

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most significant industrial developments of the post-war decade has been the marked reduction in the number of workers engaged in the so-called "basic" industries. In mining, manufactures, rail transportation, and agriculture there has been an absolute and outright loss in the number of persons gainfully employed. The shrinkage in the demand for farm labor and the drift cityward have, of course, long been evident. But as far as American experience is concerned, it is an entirely new development in the other major branches of industry, and involves problems of the utmost importance.

Particularly striking has been the decline in the number of wage-earners employed in manufacturing industry. Prior to 1920 year after year witnessed a sharp rise in the demand for factory labor. Although for the most part the increase in factory employment has lagged somewhat behind the growth in the physical volume of production, during certain years of rapid industrial expansion the increase in the average number of wage-earners not only kept pace with advancing output but even exceeded it. Thus, between 1909 and 1914 both the index of physical production and the average number of factory workers showed an increase of 16.4 per cent, while between 1914 and 1919 the number of wage-earners increased even more rapidly than the volume of production. The upward movement in the demand for factory labor that had characterized the pre-war years came to an abrupt end in 1920. Since then the trend has been unmistakably downward.

This sudden shift has been due primarily to the world-wide process of industrial readjustment that has lately been labeled by Continental economists as rationalization. In this country, as elsewhere, rationalization has meant, simply, reduced production costs. Various methods have been adopted to accomplish this end, but in the United States it has been achieved principally by reducing the quantity of labor required per unit of product. The success of this movement in manufacturing may be judged from statistics recently released by the Bureau of the Census.

The census figures show that in 1929 there were 8,742,761 wage-earners engaged in manufacturing industry. In comparison with 1919, this is a *net* reduction of 296,410 workers. But every close observer of industrial trends is aware that the output of fabricated products mounted steadily during the intervening period, culminating in the high-water mark of 1929. Just how great the increase has been is a matter of considerable speculation, but probably the best measurement at hand is the index constructed by E. E. Day and Woodlief Thomas, covering the period 1899-1925, and carried forward through 1929 by the Federal Reserve Board. If this is accepted as a trustworthy indicator of the growth, then the volume of output increased nearly 45 per cent between 1919 and 1929. Thus, in 1929, with a labor force reduced by 3.2 per cent, nearly half again as large a quantity of manufactured goods was produced as ten years before.

Another factor to be kept clearly in mind in considering the census figures is that, in spite of the collapse of Hoover prosperity in late October, the year 1929 marked the peak of the post-war prosperity era. With industry moving at high speed, factory managers were inclined to be much less economical with respect to labor than in times of stringency. The figures for 1929, therefore, show employment in the most favorable light. In years of ordinary industrial activity, to say nothing of years of acute depression such as 1930, one would find the working force at much lower levels.

By far the most spectacular reduction in man power has occurred in the transportation-equipment industry. This is a group of violent contrasts. It includes, on the one hand, industries such as automobile and aircraft manufacture, which have shown phenomenal expansion, and, on the other, industries such as shipbuilding and wagon- and carriage-making, which have declined almost to the vanishing-point. As far as employment is concerned, the gains in the automotive field have failed to offset the losses sustained by other branches and the industry group as a whole shows a decrease of 285,000 workers since 1919.

Other industry groups that show a decline in employment since 1919 are the leather, rubber, and chemical industries, the railroad repair shops, and the group manufacturing miscellaneous products not elsewhere classified. Of these, the greatest reduction is reported by the railroad repair shops, where employment fell off 23 per cent as compared with 1919.

The next largest decline occurred in the miscellaneous group, which shows a reduction of 19 per cent in the number of employees. This item is particularly surprising because in this group are included such products as phonographs, photographic equipment and supplies (including motion pictures), cigarettes and cigars, soda-water apparatus, sporting and athletic goods, musical instruments, and many other so-called luxury goods, whose sales have been sky-rocketing in recent years. That the chemical industry reports a decline of 17 per cent in employment in spite of the enormous increase in the use of rayon and nearly all other chemical products is due chiefly to the prohibition amendment, which has thrown out of work large numbers who were formerly employed in the production of distilled, fermented, and vinous liquors. Substantial reductions in the number of wage-earners are also shown by the leather and rubber industries. In the leather industry the decline is largely explained by the severe depression in the boot and shoe industry, but the rubber industry has been booming along with the automotive industry, and its reduced pay rolls represent almost exclusively technological advances in replacing hand labor with mechanical methods of production. In all, about 320,000 workers have been displaced in these industries—a reduction which, when added to the number released in the transportation-equipment industry, brings the total to 605,000.

The losses in these branches of manufacturing, however, were partly offset by increases elsewhere. In the printing and publishing industries, thanks to the public's voracious appetite for literature in the form of tabloids and confession magazines and also to the prolific typewriters of our current crop of popular novelists, some 84,000 new jobs have been created during the last ten years. Closely related to the gain in the publishing business has been the concomitant increase in the number of wage-earners employed by manufacturers of paper and paper products. In this industry employment has increased from 208,518 workers in 1919 to 225,820 in 1929.

Employment has also increased in industries manufacturing what is known as producers' goods, that is, materials to be used for further production. The manufacturing groups producing such materials fall under the following census classifications: iron and steel and their products, not including machinery; products of petroleum and coal; machinery, not including transportation equipment; non-ferrous metals and their products. Each of these groups shows substantial increases in the number of wage-earners employed. But the expansion of these industries goes a long way toward explaining the decline in employment in other branches, as their products are the materials used in the process of mechanization. Moreover, employment in these industries increased at a much more moderate pace than the growth in the physical volume of output, and the four groups combined added only 131,000 workers to their pay rolls.

Small gains in employment have been registered in the food, textile, and lumber industries also. Of these the largest is shown by the manufacturers of textiles, whose pay rolls have been increased by 2.4 per cent during the past decade. This increase has taken place in spite of the serious depression that has prevailed in the textile industry throughout most of the period. It may be partly explained, however, by the migration of the industry toward sources of cheap labor supply. In the manufacture of food and kindred products employment has increased slightly less than 1 per cent, while in the depressed lumber industry employment has barely held its own.

To summarize, the manufacturing industries reporting an increase in employment have absorbed about 305,000 new workers, but this falls considerably short of balancing the 605,000 workers displaced in other branches of manufacturing. Thus, for manufacturing industry as a whole the total firing rate has been approximately double the total hiring rate. Meanwhile, the working population of the country has been increasing at the rate of almost a million a year.

The optimistic school of economists have been inclined to discount the importance of this displacement and have held that the "newer" industries that have recently made their appearance have not only been able to absorb the workers that have been discharged by the factories, mines, and railroads but have also been able to provide employment for a large part of the increase in the population of working ages. Dr. E. Dana Durand, statistical assistant to the Secretary of Commerce and former director of the United States Bureau of the Census, in his "American Industry and Commerce," just from the press, makes the following statement:

> The major explanation of the decline in workers in factories is simply that the United States, first among nations to reach that position, has now become so efficient in the production of goods that it can afford to cut down the number who make them for the sake of increasing the number who render incorporeal services.

Again in the same opus a little farther on:

> It is obvious, however, that save for the short-lived depression that followed the immediate post-war boom, the cutting down of the numbers in agriculture, manufactures, and transportation during recent years cannot have resulted in any widespread lack of employment. The best evidence is the fact that the steadily swelling volume of output of commodities has, after all, found a market, and the great bulk of it a market within the country itself. A man out of a job is not a good buyer.

It is, of course, true that large numbers have been absorbed in the domestic and personal-service industries, such as hotels, restaurants, beauty parlors, and roadside "hot-dog" stands. There has likewise been a tremendous increase in sales forces and professional workers to provide for the needs of the mounting population, but just how many workers the service industries have absorbed nobody knows. The fact that unemployment is with us now and was with us also even back in the halcyon days of the prosperity epoch seems to indicate conclusively that the absorptive capacity of the service industries is definitely limited, and the demand for labor in the existing body of industries is likely to decline still farther in proportion to the population in the future. To deny the existence of the unemployment problem simply because goods are being produced and sold in increasing volume and because the man without a job makes a poor customer presents a process of faulty reasoning that even the statistical assistant to the Secretary of Commerce might be expected to detect. Even if it were merely a problem of transfer from production to service industries, as Dr. Durand suggests, the process has resulted in considerable friction that calls for intelligent action. For this reason the complete census returns on employment in other major branches of industry in 1929 are anxiously awaited in order to determine just what has taken place during the past decade.

Going Through the Rye

Germany's Food Tariffs

By HERBERT KLEIN

Berlin, March 12

THE choice between low foodstuff prices, in a time when they are needed as never before, and preferential protection for the benefit of habitually pampered interests disguised as needy German agriculture may well become a Waterloo for the Brüning Government. The situation at the moment of writing is a serious one; it is crucial in the sense that it supplies a touchstone to test the contention of extreme left elements that the present regime is basically reactionary in its aims, and also to determine whether the Social Democratic Party has turned its back completely on the principles which once distinguished it.

From the same Reichstag rostrum from which Chancellor Brüning had not long before announced his intention of securing reduced prices for all necessities of life, Minister of Agriculture and Foodstuffs Schiele made his eagerly awaited speech outlining the government's proposed "tariff dictatorship" and other measures on the program of agricultural relief that he and the Cabinet as a whole had threshed out and were prepared to push through the Reichstag. That speech may properly be connected with the sittings of the Reichstag commission which is undertaking to investigate the causes and circumstances of the collapse of the *Roggenpreis Stützungsaktion* (measure for maintaining prices for rye) last September. And it is thereby linked with the habitually distressed state of German agriculture—an agriculture almost unbelievably inefficient, backward, and disorganized and—and with the almost equally habitual attempts to relieve the distress by patching up the tottering, out-dated old system and making life easier for the big landowners, the Junkers, who still wield an influence out of all proportion to their numbers or their needs. These attempts have been made at the general expense through (1) desperately high tariffs on food products produced in Germany; (2) loans, subventions, and tax reductions designed to reduce farmer indebtedness; and (3) price maintenance—or "stabilization"—by direct purchases on the market, along the lines of the recent activity of the American Farm Board in wheat and cotton. The Roggenpreis action was of this last category; the current investigation has shown that between the middle of last summer and a few days after the Reichstag elections of September 14, $5,000,000 was lost. The scheme, born of the active mind of Herr Fritz Baade, prominent agricultural theorist and member of the Social Democratic Party, and godfathered by Minister Schiele, may be said to have been still born. Herr Baade lays all the blame on Russian dumping of rye. The pity of it all is that the money which was lost would have served agriculture and the nation so much better if it had been used in assisting one-crop, grain-growing farmers to change over to the so-called "Greenland plan" (dairying with blooded stock, egg production with pedigreed fowl, and diversified vegetable production), which is rightly being hailed in progressive quarters as the one logical "way out" for the farmers.

The other two methods of propping German agriculture have been carried on at a cost to a hungering people which makes the $5,000,000 seem paltry. With practically five million unemployed, plus their dependents, in the country, it is the bitter truth that at least one person out of every four has less to eat than he requires — because he hasn't enough money to pay for more. At such a time a metric ton (2,205 pounds) of wheat costs in the neighborhood of $73 in Germany, while the same amount could be purchased in Holland or England for $27.50! The tariff here is $62.50 per ton. In spite of the fact that Germany is one of the few nations raising more rye than it can normally consume—the others are Poland and Russia—a metric ton of that grain costs $45 in Berlin; the tariff amounts to $37.50. Rye can be bought, delivered, in a Scandinavian port for $16 to $17. Germany's industrial competitors can feed their people much more cheaply than can Germany. The result of the tariff policy has been, as Dr. Baade is compelled to admit in his book "Deutsche Roggenpolitik," that "Germany must pay double or even treble as much for bread as some of her neighbor nations." Small wonder when rye and oats are the only grains whose production exceeds needs. Every man, woman, and child in the land who still has enough pfennigs to buy bread is paying a subvention to the farmers who sell bread-making grains, a tribute from the great majority of the population for the benefit of a minority class. Tariffs have boosted food prices—or anchored them, which has the same result in a time of sinking world prices—so that a sum far greater than the annual reparations tribute is extorted from the masses. Between eight hundred million and a billion of dollars is one estimate that seems to check with statistics.

Who gets the benefit of this? To answer, one must examine the ownership of agricultural land in Germany. There are, roughly, 64,000,000 acres of productive land in the Reich (approximately one acre for each German citizen) and some 5,000,000 farms. More than three-quarters of these are of 12½-acre size or smaller; about a fifth are between 12½ and 50 acres; 4 per cent of all farms are of 50 to 450 acres; and a mere one-tenth of 1 per cent are larger than 450 acres. More than 46 per cent of the total cultivated area is in the hands of the last two classes of owners. These, numbering just 4.1 per cent of all the farmers in Germany, are the big landowners. The other 95.9 per cent of the farmers divide the remaining land between them. More than that, the three-quarters of all farmers who have the smallest farms have well under one-fifth of the total acreage to call their own. More than nineteen out of every twenty farmers who live from the soil have so little land that it is out of the question for them to raise grain in sufficient quantities to bring it to the market. What little they have is fed to their cattle, pigs, or poultry—or is consumed by themselves. Actually, a great many of the small farmers have to buy grain over and above what they raise to keep their animals alive, just as they have to buy bread.

Keeping in mind the distribution of land, let us examine the other kind of agricultural aid, namely, direct subvention. More than $650,000,000 of public money has been poured into this seemingly bottomless hole since the end of the inflation period. It would be quite safe to say that the most impoverished and needy nine-tenths of the farm population have never got the benefit of a tenth of it, and they would do no better in the case of the new $213,750,000 "East-help" bill which Schiele and the present administration of the state of Prussia are working for. In 1927 $15,000,000 "East help" was voted for exactly similar purposes in Prussia. Only a tenth of this money found its way to farms of 45 acres or less, while estates of 450 to 1,250 acres got almost a third, and a good 15 per cent went to "ranches" of still greater expanse. Such is the summary of 577 cases. There is not the slightest reason for assuming that the benefits of the new subventions and long-term, interest-free credits would be differently divided—unless legislation were specially shaped to that end. Moreover, while this money, extracted painfully from almost-depleted treasuries, is finding its way safely to the hands of Count von This, Prince That, and other Junker landowners to enable them to perpetuate inefficient agricultural practice on an almost feudal basis, the neediest class of all, the agricultural worker-slaves of East Prussia, Silesia, and adjacent regions, continue to get wages of between one and one-quarter and five cents an hour, if indeed they find work at all.

How the Junkers maintain their favored position is another subject. But it will not be entirely incomprehensible to those Americans who know something of how their government has learned to nurse its perpetually "infant" industries by means of a tariff from which there is no retreat. The Junkers, through the million-membered Reichslandbund which they dominate, and the money which they (not the peasants!) are able to lay out, have a terrific political influence. Their hold in Prussia and in the nation did not end with the war. Their habits are unchanged. George Ihering, a young German journalist, once delved into old files and emerged with typical quotations for every year of the last quarter-century in which big landowners or their representatives announced the imminent ruin of the entire system of German agriculture unless something were done for it at once. That something has never been enough. The Junkers, unlike Oliver Twist, do not even say "Please, sir" when asking for more; they demand it, and at the present time they are greatly dissatisfied with Schiele, former president of the Reichslandbund and thoroughgoing Junker, because he has not yet managed to secure enough.

This might seem ungrateful, were it taken with utter seriousness, because Schiele has gone the whole way in his new measures and demands nothing less than an unchecked dictatorship by the Cabinet as a whole over all food tariffs for at least a year to come. Nor does he seem to quail before the consequences which would almost certainly ensue from his plan to raise rates on eggs, dairy products, fruits, meats, wheat, barley, and other products which Germany imports to the value of more than three-quarters of a billion dollars annually, even in these times of reduced consumption. Those foods which were named specifically in the preceding sentence account for more than half this total; they are just the ones on which the greatest tariff increases would fall. Germany is a consumer nation. Industrialized and densely populated, she is obliged to import an important percentage of all her foodstuffs. A rational change to "Greenland" agriculture, following in the sensible footsteps of Holland, whose climate and soil are no better than Germany's, would eventually make possible a Germany which would supply itself with all the eggs, beef, butter, cheese, and milk consumed, in place of a Germany which has an excess of rye and oats almost every year and deficiencies in other products. Such a rational change would of course require technical and credit aid from government, but in order to merit the term "rational" it ought not to be produced by the method of high protective tariffs. Tariffs such as Schiele seeks to empower the Cabinet to impose would, unchecked, raise food prices in Germany cruelly. They would, moreover, do tremendous, perhaps irreparable, damage to Germany's export trade and commercial relations with neighboring nations, and very probably further increase unemployment.

It is all quite simple and inevitable. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway between them purchase three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of German machinery each year—fully a quarter of a million dollars more than the value of the butter and meat they send to Germany. (Incidentally, this butter and meat are of better quality than farms in the Reich yet produce, because the Scandinavians have intelligently rationalized their dairying and cattle-raising through exclusive use of blooded stock, scientifically fed. The Teutons have not yet done this, any more than they have learned, as Holland has learned, that the right sort of hen with the right sort of feeding will lay 130 good eggs a year, instead of the scant 75 nondescripts which the average hen lays in the Reich—precisely the difference between profitable poultrying and haphazard, hit-or-miss hen-keeping.) If the three Scandinavian countries are hit by the proposed Schiele tariffs they will answer with retaliatory tariffs on German manufactures, which is almost certain to mean another few hundred thousand men attempting to exist on the fifteen-odd dollars a month which unemployment insurance yields. It is no secret that the nations which have been exporting foodstuffs to Germany and, in return, have been buying German machinery and manufactured goods are ready with retaliatory tariff measures which would strike sharp blows at German industry. Among these nations are

Holland, Latvia, Finland, and Italy, in addition to the three already named. The Polish government has suspended all action toward ratifying the recently framed commercial treaty with Germany, waiting to see what is going to happen. Spain, as well as Italy, would be seriously affected by the government monopoly of southern fruits which Schiele would like to introduce, even at the cost of having to abrogate the existing commercial treaty with Italy. So the situation stands. Small wonder that the Reich's industrialists have been protesting so bitterly against the proposed moves.

But the most sinister note in the entire situation—sinister because it suggests an utter blindness to facts coupled with a willingness to sacrifice human beings for purely vindictive ends—is the suggestion which comes from circles very close to both Schiele and Finance Minister Dietrich (himself a former Minister of Agriculture and Foodstuffs) that the real aim of the Cabinet-controlled tariffs would be so to develop German agriculture that it could become a weapon for forcing cancelation of reparations demands. The idea is that if the growth of agriculture in Germany can be forced, that country will become so poor a customer for the food products of foreign nations that the exporters of those nations will turn to their governments with the despairing plea that German markets be somehow opened to them again, even though reparations have to go by the board. A fantastic idea, surely, and one which seems as short-sighted as it is unlikely of success. It is an unhealthy growth from the unhealthy soil of an unhealthy farm situation.

With the Hitlerite delegates out of the Reichstag and agitating in all corners of the republic, the Social Democrats plus the Communists have a majority. The Communists hate the very sight of Schiele; they call him "Hunger Minister" and "Underfeeding Minister" and heckle him unmercifully, and they will vote and filibuster against his every proposal. Everything depends on the Social Democrats, for the parties of the center are on the whole back of Schiele. The more radical Social Democrats have already protested against the Schiele program, which they find neither social nor democratic. Can the party which is responsible for unemployment insurance and the other social legislation of Germany bring itself to support negations of its principles, even to avoid the change of government which might result were the Cabinet to decide that it would not brook defeat on that issue? It remains to be seen.

Post Office Censorship Again

By LAWRENCE ROGIN

POLITICAL censorship of the press has received much attention in the United States ever since the Federalist government, trying by every possible means to keep power, passed the Alien and Sedition Acts. While Congressional interference with the freedom of the press would seem to be prevented by the First Amendment to the Constitution, Congress has in fact established a political censorship through its power over the mails.

Congress, under its power to establish post offices and post roads, has done two things that seriously affect the press. First of all, it has classified the mails and provided for lower rates, in class two, for regularly published periodicals, such rates being only one-seventh to one-fifteenth the ordinary rates for printed matter. The rates are said to be about one-seventh of the cost of carrying. Furthermore, Congress has made certain classes of matter unmailable, including lotteries, obscene matter, contraceptive information, and, what is most important, anything inciting sedition or treason. The hysteria accompanying the late war was responsible for the inclusion of the last-named.

The responsibility for carrying out the provisions of the law is delegated to the Postmaster General. And the courts have so interpreted the law as to give the Postmaster General a good deal of discretion in his administrative rulings and have decided that his decisions shall not be reversed unless they are clearly wrong. As a result, an extensive power of censorship has been placed in the hands of the Post Office Department. This censorship operates in two ways: (1) The Post Office can refuse to admit to the mails any issue of a publication it deems objectionable; (2) it can revoke the second-class mailing privileges of any publication on the ground that that publication has previously printed objectionable material and may do so again in the future. The courts upheld both methods in *Masses vs.* Patten and in the case of the Milwaukee *Leader*.

The first extensive use of Post Office censorship occurred during the World War. According to figures prepared by Roger Baldwin for the "American Labor Year Book," twenty-six newspapers had their second-class mailing privileges revoked, including the New York *Call* and the Milwaukee *Leader*, two Socialist and labor dailies with comparatively large circulations; sixteen papers had one or more issues held; four papers were entirely barred from the mails; seven were cited by the Post Office Department for revocation of the second-class mailing privilege; and seventeen other papers were interfered with in some manner or other.

These persecutions can be understood if not forgiven on the ground of war hysteria. In the past year, however, the persecution of the radical press has been started again, in a manner not so spectacular, perhaps, but quite as thorough. During this period at least five publications have either had their second-class mailing privilege revoked or have been refused it altogether, and one paper can mail only those issues which are specifically approved. These publications are *Revolutionary Age*, weekly organ of an opposition Communist group; the *Young Worker*, organ of the Young Workers League, a Communist youth organization; the *Young Pioneer*, organ of the Young Pioneers, also Communist; *Sport and Play*, organ of the Labor Sports Union of America; and *Vida Obrera*, a Spanish Communist weekly. A brief history of two of the cases will show just how the postal censorship operates.

Revolutionary Age was established in November, 1929, by a group which split off from the official Communist Party. The paper applied for second-class mailing privileges, and provisional rights were given until the case should be decided.

Some months after issue number six had been published the Post Office notified the publishers that second-class rights would be denied because that issue had contained seditious material and had been non-mailable, although the publishers claim that the issue had gone through the mails. At any rate, that very issue was republished as part of issue number seventeen, dated July 15, 1930, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to send it through the mails. Thereupon the publishers went to court, with the aid of the American Civil Liberties Union. The case was tried before Judge Wolsey of the Southern New York District. He did what precedent required and upheld the Post Office, on the ground that he could not reverse the department unless it was clearly wrong, and in this case he could not find it wrong. At present the case is on appeal.

In the meantime the paper was being mailed as third-class matter, at a much higher rate, but issues of it were being held up regularly for examination by the Post Office before being sent out. In its issue of February 21 of this year the paper protested against this treatment by the Post Office. This issue was held up almost a week and finally declared unmailable, and the publishers were notified that in the future the paper would be admitted to the mails only after the solicitor of the Post Office at Washington had approved of the contents of each issue. The paper is a national weekly published in New York City and at least 75 per cent of its circulation goes through the mails. The additional cost entailed by the postal censorship could not be estimated.

The case of the *Young Worker* is somewhat different. The paper has had second-class mailing rights ever since its establishment some eight years ago. On March 3, 1930, its office of publication was moved from New York City to Worcester, Massachusetts. A transfer of mailing rights was asked for. The paper had moved several times before and had had no trouble in transferring its second-class rights. This time, however, the paper was notified that its second-class mailing rights had been revoked because of objectionable matter in its issues of May 1, May 19, and June 2, 1930. The Post Office did not specify just what was wrong with those issues of the paper and up to date neither the publishers nor their counsel have been able to find out. They are represented by the American Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense. The *Young Worker* is a national weekly published, now, in New York. About 80 per cent of its circulation goes through the mails. The paper has requested a hearing in its attempt to regain its second-class rights.

Unquestionably, the Post Office has been within its legal rights in all its acts, with the possible exception that it should have notified the *Young Worker* in what particulars it was violating the law. In other words, the faults of postal censorship as it now exists are not due to any perversion of the law by the Post Office, but rather to the law itself, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. The remedy for the situation lies in the repeal by Congress of Section 344 of the criminal code of the United States, that section which ostensibly prohibits the sending of treasonable and seditious matter through the mails.

Political censorship of any sort in a democracy is an anomaly. To vest the power of such censorship in one official whose decisions, for all practical purposes, are final, is to introduce autocracy in extreme form. Obviously, the Postmaster General can make or break the radical press. Through the power to refuse second-class mailing privileges the Post Office can so raise the cost of publication as to make it impossible for a paper to continue its existence, and it must be remembered that the type of paper most often affected by the censorship is not the paper published for profit, but rather propagandist organs which are usually supported by donations from those who have but little to contribute.

The further power of the Post Office to bar the paper from the mails entirely is a more serious evil. The judicial mind may satisfy itself with such phrases as those uttered by Judge Wolsey in his decision in respect to the ***Revolutionary Age***, that ". . . the freedom of the press is not interfered with except by the suppression of a newspaper before publication," but anyone with an open mind must recognize that freedom to publish means nothing unless it is joined with the freedom to circulate. The value of the press is not that it puts down on paper certain facts and opinions to form a record, but that people read these facts and opinions. Any procedure which hinders the latter process must be considered in fact an infringement on the freedom of the press.

In the Driftway

F. J. SCHLINK, indefatigable discriminator and technical director of Consumers' Research, is hurt because the Drifter failed to mention that admirable and going concern when he held forth recently upon the shortcomings of razor blades and the complete breakdown of the staff of life. Mr. Schlink is hurt and the Drifter is sorry. In apology the Drifter will now turn the column over to Mr. Schlink, whose letter reads as follows:

> We were disappointed to discover from your column of February 25 that you are clearly unaware of the existence of Consumers' Research. I trust we may be pardoned for our disappointment that a magazine like ***The Nation,*** which should be among the first to know about an effective cooperative activity of 14,000 ultimate consumers in educating themselves to cope with the complexities of the modern market, should have been out of touch with this development, which is well known to a rather large proportion of your readers, since our subscribers and your readers come from pretty much the same social and intellectual classes.
>
> It would be hard to quarrel with your caustic criticism of customary goods, but it is nevertheless true that if you wish to know where good razor blades are made and by whom sold, you can do so with very little trouble. Even on coffee we can give you an array of numerical measures of quality that really mean something, and in regard to which not a single manufacturer has ventured to offer a criticism or correction. It is, of course, only an accident, but it turns out that we have useful and available information upon every item which you mention in your article with the exception of bread, and even on that a little can be done. If you very much want good bread and can arrange to have it baked to order, you can do so by availing yourself of some quite definite and critical data on the flour from which it might best be made. The last paragraph of your column might well be rewritten thus:
>
> > As for weapons in his crusade, the Drifter knows of only one effective blade — discrimination—and that is

> wielded by but a single organization—Consumers' Research. Unfortunately, critical judgment by consumers has been so deeply buried in this democracy of ours under the weight of snob advertising that a long period of testing and encouragement will be required before the fight is on anything like even terms. Consumers' Research has rescued discrimination—long known in some of its forms as sales resistance and considered subtly unpatriotic—and set it to work. Given time and a sufficient number of consumers who care a tinker's dam about what they eat and wear and use, we may have bread instead of paper pulp, and steel instead of advertising copy in our razor blades.

* * * * *

THE Drifter accepts the emendations. He does more. He urges every disciple of discrimination to subscribe to the publications of Consumers' Research. (The address is 340 West Twenty-third Street, New York.) Its monthly broadsides are not only useful for their information; as literature they have the output of any book club backed off the library table. They mention names without fear or favor. Opposite each the truth is set down in cold print. And it is strange but true that the "lowdown" on the products which occupy the highest-priced space in our most fashionable magazines can be just as exciting as the "inside dope" on the celebrity of the moment. Only the other day the Drifter met a friend of his, a tired intellectual, whose eyes were shining as they had not shone since "Ulysses" was published. "What is it?" asked the Drifter, expecting nothing less than the news of a new literary genius. "Have you seen," questioned the tired intellectual, "have you ever seen the booklet of Consumers' Research?"

The DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Also Became Librarians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent contributor in I Became a Librarian gives us something of the wistful wonder that we feel in reading—if we still can—"St. Elmo" or "Elsie Dinsmore." So much of the gentility that during its earlier years hovered over librarianship came through the easy entrance into libraries of those who, like your contributor, were "casting about rather aimlessly for a career." In her enjoyment of literary delicacies, she declares, she lacked all desire "to dish them up to others." Fortunately, better organization of libraries, more thorough training, and spirited personnel officers have almost prevented the admission of the drooping genteel female who seeks a supposedly easy berth because she has always been "such a bookworm."

Lutie E. Stearns was about that time rampaging up and down the State of Wisconsin in her famous bearskin coat, storming at legislators until they made some provision for books for farm wives. It may have been a bit later that Anne Wallace was building up the Atlanta Public Library with an unquenchable vivacity and a perseverance that brought her to New York to besiege Mr. Andrew Carnegie until he succumbed and gave Atlanta a proper library. Sarah Askew was and is still giving books and a good time to New Jersey and refusing to regard the "Silence" sign that town boards like to hoist when library budgets are insisted upon. Eliza Willard was putting her rare gifts of learning, humor, and exquisite understanding at the service of all the eager and awkward young men and women of Pittsburgh who sought her out. Anne Carroll Moore in New York was brushing out with a relentless broom the musty remains of Sunday School libraries that had been good enough for children until Miss Hewins of Hartford insisted in no still, small voice that cast-off books and colorless women would not do. Mary E. Plummer was developing a library school in Brooklyn to train men and women for a broadening and changing profession.

Your contributor's experience was evidently entirely with women, so that she had no contact with some of the scholarly and charming, and even practical, men in the profession. But how unfortunate that Miss Auer seems not to have encountered a single one of the vivid women who refused to accept libraries as they found them.

New York, February 26 ESTHER JOHNSTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read the article I Became a Librarian with considerable surprise and amusement: surprise that only partially true observations evidently made a number of years ago should be accepted as fact today; and amusement that anyone should believe that the lot of the librarian is as pathetic as it is there pictured.

Thanks to the work of the American Library Association and the efforts of individual librarians, library salaries have been, or are on the way to being, raised to meet increasingly high standards of training for librarianship. The day is past when "a love of books" qualifies its possessor for a position in a library. The beginning librarian today is a college graduate, frequently further qualified by graduate study in a library school, and her salary indicates a recognition of her qualifications.

She is not oppressed by a maze of detail and routine tasks, for in the modern library details have been reduced to a minimum and routine has been lightened by the adoption of practically all of the mechanical devices known to business, with the addition of others, such as the charging machine, designed especially to meet the needs of libraries.

Nor is she a slow-paced worker inured to boredom in a convent-like atmosphere. The public library is a busy place these days. It is a vital part of the community and reflects the heightened tempo of the age. It is an educational institution supplementary to the public-school system, and continuing beyond it into the field of adult education. Its crowded lobbies and special rooms are no place for the quiet personality who shrinks from the public gaze. The modern librarian is one of the most observed of public servants, and is known to a large proportion of her community, not only through her contacts with them inside the library, where as readers' adviser she helps those who rely upon her expert knowledge, but outside the walls as well, for she frequently appears before civic and literary groups as a speaker.

She is no more bound by rules and tradition than are doctors, lawyers, ministers, or teachers. Exceptions are as freely honored in the library as elsewhere. As for the responsibility of using her judgment, she is under the necessity of making instant decisions many times a day, and if they lead her to consult more mature experience and authority the fact is no reflection on her judgment or the power given her for its use.

She is under no restrictions as to the expression of her opinion. Most libraries conduct some form of staff assembly which is an open forum for the exchange of ideas. Originality counts here as elsewhere, and few really able junior librarians remain an unreasonably long time in subordinate positions.

To say that librarians read less than any other professional group is to make a broad statement not well founded. Admittedly the librarian is "a lover of books." In nine cases out of ten she comes from a home and school environment where the reading of the classics and the best of current literature is a matter of course. She cannot continue long in her chosen work without a pretty intimate knowledge of the tools of her profession—books. If she does not read because she wants to, she reads because she has to. At any rate she reads—and her reading often includes *The Nation.*

Mathilde D. Williams

Washington, D. C., February 28

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The members of the staff of our library have been both amused and irritated by the article in your issue of February 25, I Became a Librarian. We are amused by the picture of the foibles of the librarian who is now as obsolete as the country doctor who carried his potions in saddle bags as he went from patient to patient. And we are irritated to find *The Nation* printing so false and out-of-date an article.

She who became a librarian because it seemed the line of least resistance seems quite uninformed as to what has happened in the library profession in "the length of years which lie between the library and myself." No longer are "quiet, quiescence, and acquiescence . . . the triune principle of the library order." Rather, we find alert sympathy with the needs of the readers, resourcefulness to meet these needs, and joy (frequent merry laughs) in the service.

If you are skeptical of this picture of the librarian of today, we invite you to drop into *our* library almost any day.

The Staff of the Kalamazoo Public Library

Kalamazoo, Mich., March 1

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Whatever the gay nineties were gay in, it was not libraries, if we are to judge from Miss Auer's article in *The Nation* of February 25. Since, to use her own words, "only the length of years which lie between the library and myself gives me the temerity to speak of the librarian," she should be enlightened. The library of today is no more like the one in the nineties than the lines of a modern skyscraper are like those of one of that period. In the first place, the library does not want and will not take a person who applies for a position merely because she has no other resources to fall back on. She must be fully trained for her job.

No librarian has time to sit down for a "heart-to-heart talk" about the Dewey System of Classification with green young things who have been shunted to her from other fields of activity. A would-be assistant must learn the trade before she goes into it. As Miss Auer admitted toward the end of her article, educational qualifications have advanced.

There are plodders in every profession. There are still some in the library. But the race is thinning out. There is routine. In every efficient business there is routine. And there are details. A modern librarian acknowledges all of them, masters them, and uses them automatically as her library technique. She knows also that a ship at sea would flounder without rules. Likewise in a library, with perhaps fifteen assistants dealing with a public several thousand strong, there would be chaos without rules.

The modern librarian has evidently made strides in her reading habits. In Miss Auer's time her aim was "to read the reviews of books, rather than the books themselves." Today it is to read the reviews of books, certainly, but also to read the books. Many librarians require intelligent book reviews at *each* staff meeting. A glance at a list of books read by the staff members in their own time shows—besides fiction—travel, literature, sociology, history, art. Many of the assistants are taking courses after hours. A casual questioning in a New York library the other day found one assistant studying etching at the Art Students' League. Another was taking Robert Frost's poetry course at the New School for Social Research. Another was studying political science at Columbia. Still another was planning to study sculpture at the De Medici school on the East River. Most of them go to the theater and many to opera. An astounding number spend their vacations in Europe.

I assure you, the librarian of today has little in common with the "subdued, toned-down" sister of the gay nineties. And she resents, with all due respect to Miss Auer, being classed with her.

New York, March 6 Lois Clarke

"Black No More"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since Mr. Schuyler is abroad, I feel that I should reply to some of the statements made by Dorothy Van Doren in her review of "Black No More" in your issue of February 25. Mr. Schuyler did not, contrary to Mrs. Van Doren's opinion, write "Black No More" to show how his people had "betrayed their race," and he does not consider the average Negro any more primitive than the average white, but thinks them both equally childish, superstitious, and full of fantastic prejudices. "Black No More" was an attempt to expose the ridiculous, confused, and almost insane ramifications of the American color problem.

Mrs. Van Doren calls the book "white satire" and this apparently is intended to condemn the book and its author. It is rather surprising that well-read people still assume that there is such a thing as a distinct Negro literature. There is not, and never has been, such a thing as "racial" literature; there is only national or sectional literature. Skin coloring, hair, or features do not mold either character or thought, which are the products of environment. Otherwise, the Turk, the Armenian, and the Jew, all of the Semitic race, would worship and think alike. It is noteworthy that Disraeli acted like an Englishman, Karl Marx like a German, Trotzky like a Russian, and Rabbi Wise certainly thinks and acts like an American. Yet the Jew has a distinct language and religion, which the American Negro has not, to aid him in remaining differentiated. Dumas, of Negro extraction, wrote as a Frenchman; Pushkin as a Russian. Why expect the American Negro not to write like an American? The sooner the white liberal accepts the Negro for what he is, just a dark-skinned, more exploited American, and not for a simple, primitive, exotic being to be alternately pitied and patronized, the sooner the American color problem will be solved.

New York, March 19 Josephine Schuyler

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Hour of the Lizard

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Now is the hour when yellow eyes relax
Their watchfulness and lizards bask unseen,
Wearing the color of dust upon their backs,
While a hawk sentinels the dry ravine.
The pulse of noonday pauses on a beat
Of panting somnolence, unroused by one
Poor ghost of shade that fled on burning feet—
Only the sky, the sagebrush, and the sun.

And if the lizard find another use
For this implacable, consuming hour,
Giving, for all his mask of sleep, no truce
To any midge below the cactus flower,
How can we think the desert sand would be
Less treacherous, less vigilant than he?

Is Folklore Literature?

Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany. University of Oklahoma Press. $5.

THE first issue of the regional yearbook "Folk-Say" appeared in 1929. It ran approximately 150 pages, numbered among its contributors Stanley Vestal, J. Frank Dobie, George Milburn, Paul Horgan, and Maurice Kelley, and contained a significant essay on The New Regionalism by its editor, B. A. Botkin. Familiarity with this essay is really a prerequisite to an understanding of what Mr. Botkin hopes to accomplish with "Folk-Say." The 1930 issue represents a definite advance, in every respect, over the previous volume. It contains about 500 pages, is handsomely published, and includes many phases of its subject which were neglected in the first volume. Mr. Botkin again contributes an interesting introduction, in which he raises several important queries but is careful to leave them unanswered.

The volume is divided into seven sections, the contents of which, despite their poetic titles, might be said to correspond roughly with the divisions in any standard text on folklore. The Wind Rides By consists of adaptations from Indian sources by William Haskell Simpson, Ina Sizer Cassidy, and Leonora F. Curtin, together with a few desert poems by Norman Macleod. None of this work is successful. Macleod's verse is highly individual and represents a point of view antithetical to that espoused by Mr. Botkin; hence its inclusion seems rather fortuitous. The adaptations illustrate the difficulties inherent in such an experimental publication, difficulties which involve not only questions of folklore as such, but of ethnology, psychology, and anthropology as well. Most adaptations from Indian sources are unimpressive for the reason that they are so obviously adaptations; the forced effort to adopt the point of view of the Indian is so apparent as to dispel imaginative assent.

Old Timers contains some interesting folk tales, particularly a collection by Ross McLaury. These paragraphic yarns, told in the vernacular, are genuinely of the "folk." They are quite a cut above the stories of George Milburn, which are usually so highly spiced with Sinclair Lewis and Ring Lardner as to be unpalatable. In the same section an "old-timer," Frank Neff, relates a "tall tale" of the "health-bringin', cavortin', purairie winds" of west Texas that is an excellent specimen of the worth of folk material in the hands of an intelligent investigator.

One Foot in the Road heads another collection of folk yarns. A Song of the Pipeline, by Daniel M. Garrison, a report of the racy talk of a few loquacious pipeliners while joining one buckle of pipe, is an authentic piece of work; the identification of the author with his material is not that of the cold and practiced manipulator of folk material, but the easy and effortless rendering born of sympathy and imagination. In Flete, by S. Omar Barker, the basic folk substance is permitted to become rather tenuous in the telling, while H. L. Davis, for some inexplicable reason, struggles manfully to be mystical in a poem about a Threshing Crew Woman with a tattooed navel.

Many Voices represents the work of Christy MacKaye, Ruth Bass, Charles Morrow Wilson, Walter R. Smith, L. S. M. Curtin, Paul Horgan, Frank G. Applegate, and Arvia MacKaye. Of this group, Fern Seed—for Peace, by Ruth Bass, a remarkable yarn of the beliefs of a Negro herb doctor, is one of the notable contributions to the present volume. Any professional folklorist would be grateful for the plant lore woven into this story, yet it is redeemed from the scientific by the very human character of the old Negress. The fifth section of the volume is delivered over bodily to the folklorists, with riddles, folk songs, descriptions of the pioneer dances, and the Oklahoma Literary Society. Wide River contains "blues" by Sterling A. Brown, Waring Cuney, Lewis Alexander, and Langston Hughes, whose Ma Lawd is particularly effective.

In Folk Backgrounds Mr. Botkin drafts the theorists into service and attempts a rationale of the folk and regionalism with important contributions by Mary Austin, Alexander Haggerty Krappe, Barrett H. Clark, and Thomas Hornsby Ferril. Mr. Ferril's Rocky Mountain Metaphysics is a shrewd and penetrating article on the psychological difficulties with which the artist in the West must contend. To these contributors Mr. Botkin had propounded the query: "What (or who) is (or are) the 'folk' in America, and what can it (or they) contribute to American literature and language?" In addition to the considered articles on this question, there are special notes by Percy MacKaye, Louise Pound, Carl Sandburg, J. Frank Dobie, and Philip Stevenson; a large section on Genres and Media, with work by Sterling A. Brown, Alain Locke, and Frank Shay; and two excellent articles, The Speech of the Negro, and Folk Values in Recent Literature on the Negro, by Guy B. Johnson; while as Marginalia Henry Roth presents an interesting, if rather premature, article on Lynn Riggs and the Individual, and Maurice Kelley tracks down a legend in John Rollin Ridge and the Autochthonous in Poetry. There are also bibliographical notes and reviews of recent publications which have a folk or regional interest.

Mr. Botkin in his introductory comment suggests that the problem is not so much to define the "folk" and "folklore" as to determine what they can do for our culture and literature. Viewed from this standpoint, he thinks the matter can be reduced to three issues: (1) Can folk material be converted into literary art without losing its folk interest and value? (2) To what extent can the individual artist lose his self-consciousness in order to merge his individuality with that of the group? (3) What are the legitimate folk and artistic limitations upon the use, in this literature about the folk, of local allusions and traditions, local color, dialect, and the like? What is the proper ratio of character to background, of "pace" to character, and of universal to local elements in both character and background? His introduction ends with the hope that the book will stimulate the discussion of these problems.

It must be admitted that the theoretical discussion of these questions in "Folk-Say" is inadequate. Some of the contributors do attempt definitions of the folk and of folklore, but they are almost uniformly silent on the question of what contributions the use of folk material can make to our culture and literature. Even their definitions are widely divergent; one learns, all in a single breath, that the American "folk" may be the Negro, the Indian, the Plain People, and that there is no such thing as an "American folk" or an "American folklore" and that the very terms are misnomers. The problem is, of course, related to the basic consideration: What is the relation between folklore and literature—is it a question of degree or of kind? Even the professional folklorists give various answers to this question. G. E. Gomme maintains that the folk tale may be lent on occasion to the artist, but that it does not belong to art but to science; that it is artistic in form is an addition to its characteristics but has nothing to do with its fundamental features. The same authority would have us believe that "survivals" in folk material have a purely scientific interest, and that there is, strictly speaking, no "continuity" between modern and primitive culture. Even partisans of the "literary school" insist that folklore is primarily a historical science and that any contribution that the use and study of folk material might make to literature and language would be incidental and collateral to its chief function, which is to fill certain vacuums created by the inadequacy of the purely historical method. One is impressed with the fact that the theoretical discussion of such a problem, from so varied a field of contributors, is apt to prove fruitless. Each views the matter from a special department of knowledge and with reference to a special experience, and each employs a vocabulary in which the terms all of them use are variously defined.

On the other hand, a reading of the folk material collected in the volume warrants certain conclusions that go far toward answering Mr. Botkin's question. It is quite apparent, regardless of how the matter may be theoretically phrased, that the method and attitude fostered by Mr. Botkin do bring forth significant creative work. If the American hinterland is ever to be redeemed from the twin evils of imported culture and cheap standardization, it will probably be by the diligent cultivation of such an attitude.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

An American Diplomat

Henry White. Thirty Years of American Diplomacy. By Allan Nevins. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THIS is an excellent biography, though its subtitle may be misleading, as our diplomatic history treated in it is only such history as White himself took part in. Professor Nevins was also ill-advised in making so much of Roosevelt's and Colonel House's exaggerated appraisals of White's importance. He is a bold historian who would take Roosevelt's impetuous appraisal of any man as final, and the Colonel's statement that White was the most accomplished diplomat America has ever produced is simply not so. Except for this unfortunate first page, the book is scholarly from beginning to end, and also readable. Of its 518 pages, the first 335 cover White's career as secretary of our embassy in London and as ambassador to Italy and France. The rest of the volume is concerned with White's service as a member of the Commission to Negotiate Peace after the end of the Great War, and it is this part that is most important and of most interest at present. The series of letters which passed between White and Senator Lodge, from which long quotations are given, are of special value. The author also sheds considerable light, or perhaps one should say casts considerable shadow on Colonel House, and explains the origin of the break between him and Wilson. Professor Nevins had access to all the White papers and other manuscript material, and has made a genuine contribution to history for the scholar as well as an entertaining book for the general reader. It is the best book he has yet written. It is thoroughly impartial, although sympathetic. As we follow White through his entire career, he grows into much more of a man than he has been popularly considered. On the other hand, even after Nevins has done his best for him, it is a little hard to see how at London, Rome, or Paris he should be considered the ablest diplomat in our history, though he was undoubtedly an able and serviceable one. The only valid criticism against the author might be—and it is made because more and more is coming to be expected of him—that he does not make his subject live for us in one of the aspects most stressed, as "the most lovable of men." Undoubtedly White *was* lovable—so many different people are so quoted by Nevins. But in a perfect biography White would have been so built up in the pages as to appear directly and irresistibly lovable to *us*. Perhaps this is hypercriticism of a book which in almost all respects deserves such hearty praise.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Wordsworth's Great Decade

Wordsworth. The Clark Lectures, 1929-1930. By Herbert Read. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

Wordsworth. By C. H. Herford. The Republic of Letters. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THE reputation of Wordsworth, which seemed at one time to have reached its peak in Wordsworth's own century, seems now to be climbing toward another peak—one much higher, and certainly more exciting. The man who could be worshiped then as a poet and prophet has come to be admired merely as a poet. The artist with a valuable message stands before us now quite naked as an artist, and his value is seen to consist in his art.

As evidence of this I take not merely the fact that both Mr. Read and Professor Herford—the first a distinguished poet and critic and the second a distinguished literary historian—assign a high rank to Wordsworth, Mr. Read placing him in at least one respect just after Shakespeare and Professor Herford declining to deny him the position often given him this side of Milton. I take rather the fact that both authors catch fire with the wish to explain his marvelous excellence during the ten years when he was excellent at all. For Wordsworth, although he lived from 1770 to 1850, wrote practically all of his important poetry between 1797 and 1807. Before that decade he was not kindled; after it he was cold. It is a nice problem, explaining such a phenomenon. But what impresses me is the excitement generated in any imaginative person who studies the documents involved. Here is a great story to be told about a great man.

H. W. Garrod, who made Wordsworth the subject of his brilliant lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1919, had a very simple explanation for the phenomenon in question—the influence of Coleridge. Mr. Read, while recognizing that influence, rejects it as an explanation, preferring to say of Wordsworth that he was a man of tremendous emotions who repressed those emotions throughout all of his years except the famous ten. Mr. Read stresses the significance of Wordsworth's revolutionary period and of his natural daughter, whose birth falls within that period. Not that he wrote his great poetry then. He wrote it, says Mr. Read, in the attempt a little later to conquer the memory of a too violent experience. The conquest was difficult and absorbed the whole—including the intellectual—man. Hence the great poetry, since the whole man happened to be a great poet. But the battle was soon over, and afterwards we have only the imitation of the whole man by a relatively insignificant part of him.

Mr. Read's explanation, incomplete as it probably is, interests me more than Professor Herford's does. Professor Herford, true to his profession, is eclectic and sane. He canvasses all the theories and maintains a wholesome skepticism toward them all. His attempt is to be comprehensive about Wordsworth, and his success is considerable. But I prefer the somewhat fanatical narrowness of Mr. Read, who may be wrong about Wordsworth but who cannot help hinting behind every word he speaks that Wordsworth is one of the most interesting poets—and persons—who ever lived. In addition to this Mr. Read has rendered the best account so far, it seems to me, of Wordsworth's "philosophy." The disciples of 1840 overrated it. Matthew Arnold underrated it. Mr. Read quite plausibly places it where it belongs, at the dead center of Wordsworth's emotional career. It was "felt thought," says Mr. Read, and I can imagine no better phrase for it.

MARK VAN DOREN

Concerning the Negro

Negro. National Asset or Liability? By John Louis Hill. Literary Associates, Inc. $2.

The Negro Wage Earner. By Lorenzo J. Greene and Carter G. Woodson. Washington: The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $3.25.

The Black Worker. By Sterling E. Spero and Abram L. Harris. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

THESE three books represent three different stages in the discussion of the Negro problem in the United States, of which the last is by far the most significant. The first book is an emotional tract, well-meaning, full of trite platitudes, but quite suited to the comprehension of the average American. The second is an encyclopedia of Negro occupations, especially between the years 1890 and 1920. It is crammed with figures but is naturally difficult to read. The third is one of the first attempts in the economic field to make a synthesis of the labor movement and the Negro problem so as to interpret each in the light of the other and show them to be one question of American economics.

John Louis Hill is a Southern white man who has written a number of books on racial contacts, and perhaps the personal equation as revealed in this book is its most interesting contribution. He says that his attitude toward Negroes has experienced three separate and distinct steps: first, as a born Southerner he endured Negroes and regarded them as useful "in their place"; then, moving North, he became very sympathetic toward the Negro; he wanted to help him. Finally, however, he passed beyond that point and sought to regard Negroes solely as men and women, no better or worse "than men and women of other races limited by the same opportunities and laboring under the same handicaps." His book is not intrinsically important or new, but it does tell a straight story of racial attitudes with a clear belief in the common humanity of Americans and the possibility of the Negro being fully received into American citizenship. The average reader will probably get more out of this book than out of either of the other two.

The "Negro Wage Earner" is the first product of a three-year survey of social and economic conditions of the Negroes in the United States made by the Association for Negro Life and History, and its purpose is to show the various occupations in which Negroes have been employed, with the increase or decrease of their numbers in each. It suffers, as such works are likely to, from the very exactitude of its detail and from the fact that the editors have not helped the ordinary reader quite enough in selecting and emphasizing the significant facts. Its importance, however, rests upon its wide use of original sources and its careful references, and there are summaries here and there that are significant. The final summary on page 345 is worth quoting:

> We have these conclusions concerning Negroes in occupations since 1890:
>
> First, is the tendency of the Negroes to constitute a greater percentage of all persons gainfully occupied than of the total population; secondly, the tendency to maintain since 1890 a higher proportion of persons gainfully employed within their group than any other large element of the population; thirdly, the participation relatively of a greater number of Negro females in occupations than the females of any other group in the population. Interwoven, however, throughout all these tendencies, yet affecting and overshadowing them all, is a more significant movement —a tremendous, irresistible, though irregular march away from employment in agricultural pursuits and domestic and personal service toward manufacturing and mechanical pursuits and trade and transportation. It was this later tendency, attaining its highest point between 1914 and 1920, which decidedly changed the aspect of Negroes in occupations, wrought a greater equilibration in their employments, stamped them as efficient industrial workers, caused the transplanting of over a million Negroes to the North, and thus greatly altered the entire social structure of a large part of the Negro population.

The significance of Spero and Harris's book lies in the fact that it abandons the conventional attempt to study the Negro *in vacuo* just as though the black population of America were entirely segregated from its surroundings or at least could be so regarded for purposes of study. Spero and Harris are studying the Negro as part of the modern labor movement and studying the labor movement as it is exemplified and affected by the freed American slave.

There is a short study of the relation of black and white workers during the slave regime. Then the rise of trade unionism is followed: half-hearted attempts to include the freed Negro in this movement resulted in the building up of white craft unionism, largely excluding Negro workers, and the development of a colored group-consciousness which tried to advance without reference to the great cleft between employer and employee as exemplified in the white world.

The World War marked a turning-point in this development. The Negro took the place of the white immigrant as the great labor reserve. He was brought into industry. Before this he had been a miner; now he became a steel worker, a worker in the stockyards, a worker on the railroads. And yet he remained very largely excluded from the main labor-union movement.

What is the future development of the labor movement in the United States, particularly among Negro laborers? There are two proposals: one is the ideal of an independent black economy within the confines of the white. This ideal is a living force, and yet how can it survive as long as the white world controls credit and basic industry and is the dominant force in the state? It will have to be the gift of white philanthropy, and, as such, at the mercy of white philanthropy. On the other hand:

> A labor movement built upon the principle of working-class unity would of course take the Negro into its ranks and fight to raise the general standard. Self-protection alone should dictate such a course. But the white worker, sharing the prejudices of the rest of the white world, balks at the bugaboo of "social equality" and persists in relegating the black laborer to a place of permanent inferiority.

> But side by side with all these forces are tendencies in other directions which in time may destroy their potency. Most important is the machine, which is rapidly changing the meaning of skill and obliterating old craft lines. The machine, rather than any concept of working-class unity or industrial brotherhood, will compel the official labor movement to change its structure and policy if it is not to degenerate into a mere social relic. Ultimately, this will probably redound to the Negro's benefit, but during transitional stages technical changes which reduce the personnel will hurt him along with other workers.

The book is, on the whole, the most thought-awakening of recent publications on the Negro and points to interests and new developments along the color line. Especially does it pave the way for a new consideration of the Negro, not as a group apart, but as a group of millions affecting the economic and social development of America and affecting it to such an extent that no complete picture of America can be made without considering it. W. E. B. Du Bois

Narrative Poetry

The Serpent in the Cloud. By Theodore Morrison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Of the comparatively few poems that Mr. Morrison has published in the magazines in the last six or seven years it could be said that they were excellent in the way that he presumably wanted them to be excellent. "The Serpent in the Cloud" is a different matter. Quite unpredictably he has written a long narrative poem involving the realistic treatment of a dilemma of the scientific age. On its weaker side, the poem is, as Mr. Morrison's other work has never been, awkward and almost amateurish; but on its stronger side it has virtues previously unsuspected and a distinction hardly to have been anticipated.

The general structure of the story is to be counted as a major source of its strength. In telling this story of Bruce Herrick, of his love for Rose Leighton, of his fear lest a strain of insanity in his family forbid their marriage, of her device for banishing his fear, and of the effect of that device, Morrison has built his narrative solidly, presenting his characters clearly, selecting and ordering his incidents with the hand of a craftsman, and achieving a climax that avoids both melodrama and platitudinous philosophy. Though at times he shifts his point of view without the justification that the practiced novelist might demand, and though occasionally he introduces passages that serve only a decorative purpose, he on the whole conducts his narrative with a sureness and economy of method that, judging the poem as one would judge a piece of prose fiction, one finds altogether admirable.

All this is important because many narrative poems fail so completely as narratives that such poetic virtues as they may have seem almost irrelevant. But sound narrative is obviously not enough, and certainly it is not all that one finds in Morrison's poem. Two qualities are worth special notice. In the first place, many passages reach through simplicity and dignity a certain kind of fineness. And in the second place, there are a few passages, such as the following, whose original figures of speech suggest a rich poetic endowment:

> Bruce halted, and suddenly his voice began
> To speak as one who has been hypnotized.
> She strained to catch these modeled forms of air
> Launched from his teeth like ships to bear their freight
> Across the unseen vibratory waves
> To her mind's port. Strange that the ether could
> So bend to the sculpture of his lips, and carry
> The shape of the heart's fear and passion!

But certainly it cannot be said that the whole poem is on so successful a level, nor even that there is any one level on which all of it moves. Edwin Arlington Robinson—of whose work "The Serpent in the Cloud" contains, all things considered, surprisingly few echoes—moves from the less to the more emotional moments without, in any of his better poems, losing the essential unity of tone. Robinson Jeffers, less skilful at transitions, often achieves a kind of unity by forcing the tone of every portion of a poem up to the level of the most intense episode. Morrison's poem abruptly rises and abruptly falls, now stumbling under the burden of a flat and unconnotative vocabulary, now moving smoothly and gracefully; now lurching through awkward circumlocutions, now soaring with power and exaltation.

The poem also suffers from the kind of reticence that presumably lay behind the gentleness of Mr. Morrison's earlier work. The theme demands that the love between the hero and the heroine be considerably more human than the passion that might be suitably commemorated in a delicate sonnet. The passage about the lord of life is rather fine in itself, but unfortunately it is also, in view of the nature of the poem, a seriously detrimental evasion. If "The Serpent in the Cloud" indicates, as I hope it does, the path Mr. Morrison is to take, he not only has technical problems to solve, but also certain problems involving more personal elements in the relation between the poet and his materials. That he should solve these problems now, for perhaps the first time, seems important.

Granville Hicks

Books in Brief

The White Paternoster and Other Stories. **By T. F. Powys.** The Viking Press. $2.50.

Mr. T. F. Powys is one of the most thoroughly delightful writers alive. This book is perhaps not so bland as "Kindness in a Corner" or so penetrating as "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." But, like them, it tastes of the earth, it is filled with the innocence of man, with his follies, with his almost unbearable goodness and equally unbearable brutishness. And as in the other books, here is a small corner of England illuminated with the utmost skill, the terrain and the speech made familiar to us, the taste of the food brought to our mouths, the bouquet of the wine, the smell of the beer sharp and fresh. Nothing is shocking to Mr. Powys, nothing is so lovely as to be strange. Except for an occasional too obvious use of the supernatural, here is a book that is completely what it tries to be. There could hardly be higher praise.

Mackerel Sky. By Helen Ashton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

"Mackerel Sky" is not so unusual or important a novel as was "Dr. Serocold," by the same author. But the same clean-cut virtues are there. The characters stand out clearly, economically but surely etched against the background; the dialogue is accurate and shows deftness in selection; the problem is intelligently chosen and intelligently carried through. There is good craftsmanship and good sense in this study of the married life of two modern young people passing through quite recognizable difficulties, and there is something more. The magic of story-telling does creep in, though one would be at a loss to discover how and where.

Wide Open Town. By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

This is the second novel by a brilliant young American writer who will bear watching for the freshness and resourcefulness of his style and the richness of his insight into his chosen characters. "Singermann" was an unusual first novel. Its successor, the present volume, is perhaps the best novel yet written of a wide-open Rocky Mountain mining city before the war. Mr. Brinig brings a fresh approach, an approach which does not avoid or rationalize the lurid, the melodramatic, the cheaply emotional, but which, on the other hand, never loses sight of the relative importance in place and time and human destiny of the little melodrama which he is bringing to us. He lets us sense the paradoxical fact that the people in this Montana town are at the same time both unimportant and tremendously important.

East of the Hudson. By J. Brooks Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The dramatic critic of the New York *Times* has here collected a group of extraordinarily diverse little essays which lead us from old Park Row, through curious streets, to Greenwich Village, Times Square, to city parks, and from there out into the wilds of Long Island and Westchester. Mr. Atkinson's piece on the theater called Buffoons, treating of Lillie, Cook, Wynn, and the Marxes, is highly polished, but seems labored—not so good as the pieces one may read every day in the *Times*. He has written better on the New York Chinese and Yiddish theaters. For while he views these last more or less serious efforts with amusement and writes of them entertainingly if a bit superciliously, he approaches his Broadway clowns with a portentous seriousness that leaves them less amusing than we had always thought them. The nature studies are pleasant, some of them delightful. Mr. Atkinson is probably, though he denies it, an excellent amateur ornithologist. His best pieces in this volume are about birds—birds that visit the city and birds he has happened upon within a radius of fifty miles of it. But Mr. Atkinson cannot fool anybody. He is no country man. An old hermit who "looked as though he had not bathed for a year" makes our fastidious urban essayist shudder.

The International Mandates. By Aaron M. Margalith. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

Dr. Margalith's book, the first part of a projected larger work, is not properly to be compared with the elaborate study of the mandate system lately published by Professor Quincy Wright, since it is limited in the main to an inquiry into the nature of a mandate and an examination of certain legal and administrative questions which the mandate system involves. The author reviews the historical background of the system and the making of Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, describes some of the factors in mandate administration, and discusses the terms of the mandates and their interpretation of the three classes of mandated territory. Two chapters are devoted to the question of sovereignty and other legal issues. Dr. Margalith concludes that while the system is a delicate one to manage, it would be improved in practice if the powers of the Permanent Mandates Commission were enlarged, particularly so as to allow it to hear petitioners or visit a mandated territory, and that a determination of the seat of sovereignty is of primary importance. He sees no prospective "change, loss, transfer, or annexation of any territory in any category" in any near future save where a mandated area may reach the stage of development which would secure for it admission to the League.

La Seule Issue. Par Lucien Lehman. Paris: Maisonneuve Frères. 15 francs.

M. Lehman is the author of the pessimistic volume "Le Grand Mirage—U. S. A.," which attracted considerable attention last year. He is a man of information and of ideals. His

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Art

After the O'Keeffe Show

HOW much time must still elapse before the achievement of the Stieglitz group of painters and photographers is generally appreciated? It has been before us in its stark originality for many years, and show after show and season after season have magnified its importance. One would have thought it plain to the point of obviousness at the O'Keeffe exhibition which has just closed: it remains wonderful that there at last America did not recognize that under its star-pointing nose an advance in the plastic arts second to none in the contemporary world had been effected by the members of this solid New York group.

The majestic paintings lustrous upon the walls of An American Place all February added another link to a chain of pure manipulations of the artistic media and approaches to art completely objectified. Not that Georgia O'Keeffe has ever been anything but an out-and-out colorist; or that her peculiarly intense sense of life has ever taken form as anything but a subtle dialectic of hue, shape, and texture: plastic antitheses generating syntheses: an original dialectic emotionally created, not intellectually invented. From the beginning of her meteoric career this extraordinary girl has been giving us paintings elevated in their immediate, daring, and harmonious relations of the elements of the spectrum to each other and to pure white; their fresh, breath-taking, positive juxtapositions of complexly varied chords and tones. Few of her fellows have achieved such lyrical combinations of extreme opposites; few have raced the gamut of a single color from intensest cold to intensest heat with equal rapidity and in areas as small as hers. The oppositions have invariably been subtle, implied rather than bold. Instead of obvious counterpoints, of complementary hues and hot and cold tones, her canvases have exhibited oppositions of warm triads of tones, or of cool ones. Oblique, tart harmonies and juxtapositions of proximate tones and shades of the same color are frequent. These close harmonies are none the less rugged. Nor have O'Keeffe's rapid scales made sacrifice of subtlety. Her most exquisite gradations have been distinct and pure; and even her tiniest forms have the rotundity obtained by other painters only in larger volumes.

The antitheses of textures and of lines and shapes match the coloristic ones in mixed boldness and subtlety. Heavily varnished passages nimbly complement blotting-paper-like segments, and severe, harsh shapes and lines strangely sensitive and flowery ones. What, however, even before the recent show, was always most striking in this painting was the decisiveness, the rapid and unfaltering precision. O'Keeffe's color actually had an edge like a line's, a nicety like that of fine machine-cut products: no painting seemed purer. Hence the spaciousness of even the smaller of O'Keeffe's canvases, the intense volumes taking on a value, a dynamism, disproportionate to their actual dimensions.

Nevertheless, the recent show revealed a new level of achievement. An emotionally kindled technique has reached a kind of perfection at the hands of matured ability. The marvelous antitheses and interfusions of color, of the sensual and the spiritual, the almost material and the quick in shape and line and rhythm, are if anything more definite in these new paintings: the rhythms if anything more majestic and broad. But a new detachment has evidently permitted the painter to control her medium and conceive her paintings more completely than ever before in terms of the plastic problem. (It is significant that O'Keeffe's latest successes are chiefly mountain landscapes, great concepts of the impenetrable, the abiding, the impersonal.)

There is absolutely no "imitation" of nature in these singularly calm, simple, spacious Southwestern pictures, works of a veritable modern Fra Angelico or Suor Angelica. Strictly conceived as decorations, as possible spots upon a possible wall, they are actually nothing save manipulations and combinations of materials: rough-grained canvases and pigment plus emotion. The colored segments and planes appear mere strips of silken or woolly stuff laid and folded upon each other. Indeed, one can say that in these later reserved and glowing canvases of the painter the medium exists in its own right and for its own sake, as something dense, vibrant, delicious—a statement not at all incongruous with the fact that a large, serene, tragic, and enthusiastic feeling of life pervades the canvases. And while the far more intellectual inventions of Picasso and Matisse may seem to exceed O'Keeffe's work in power and complexity, this is certain: no contemporary handles oil paint more absolutely than she; or communicates therewith a feeling of life more ardent and more deep.

Again, it is incredible that this achievement of hers should have failed to illuminate once and for all the achievement of the illustrious group of which she is a member. In purifying and liberating the medium of color to the degree which we have seen, what has she done save accentuate the similar purification and liberation of their mediums effected by Stieglitz and Marin and Dove, under the leadership of Stieglitz himself? In making demands upon their artistic media never made before, all these people, indeed, have developed and broadened them, and shown their capacities beyond the dreams of the past. They are a group of explorers, inventors, originals, finders. The photographic process in the hands of Stieglitz had become a complete aesthetic medium, as able to express an inner world in a series of relationships as stone, tone, words, or any other means seized upon by man in his moments of lyricism. Marin has given absolute water color a body it has not had since the days of the great Chinese; and his wonderfully complete forms have a complexity and a romantic American spirit foreign to theirs. Dove likewise has conquered new territory, new effects for color, with his metallic and none the less surprisingly warm painting.

These are probably a group of universal people, automatically directed to black and white, water color, and pigment as means for the formal expression of their broad, intricate comprehension of creation: their expansion and refinement of their media flowing from the necessity they labor under.

Their feelings are extremely complex, involving extremely complex matters. The world they focus from their centers is fuller, swifter, a more dizzy relativity, than any that has previously existed; and the swiftness of process, the rapid scales and supersubtle gradations, the close and complex antitheses which characterize all their work, the small, powerful volumes, the high tempo and dizzy equilibrations are but the result of their need of finding equivalents for a whirling, abyssal reality in the limits of small spaces.

Consanguineous, they have done their work together. And their works stand together as one of the great unifications of life that have come out of America, one of the deeds of the modern world that have brought satisfaction to man's metaphysical mind.

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Music

If the Metropolitan Should Go Musical

AFTER the events of the past few weeks, to point out the faults of the Metropolitan Opera management is like shooting at a barn door. The trouble is that the Metropolitan is so wide a target that no one bothers to shoot at it any more. Its singers and its conductors call forth individual critical condemnation—often for lacks that are inherent in them and that they can in no way remedy. But the sins of the Metropolitan are not at all inherent or inevitable—other opera houses avoid many or all of them. They are to be attributed to timid, tasteless, and inept management: timid and inept in the choice of works and often of artists; tasteless and inept in the production of the works chosen.

It does not take second sight, for example, to see that Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," for which several hundred New Yorkers had to journey to Philadelphia the other night, cannot be kept off the Metropolitan stage forever, even though, like "Pelléas" before it, it may be long delayed. It has been playing successfully in Berlin for seven years or so. It has been repeatedly proclaimed a milestone in operatic and musical history by everyone who has heard it. One needs hardly more than a glance at its vivid libretto to suspect the power of the work; hardly more than a glimpse of its bewildering piano score to realize that, whatever else may be said of it, it is a work strikingly different from any that one knows; hardly any imagination to guess at what possibilities it offers for striking visual effects. To tell the truth, one can know very little more than these things about it before one has witnessed a performance; but even that opportunity has been waiting for anyone from Broadway and Fortieth Street who cared to visit Unter den Linden or any of a dozen other German opera houses. Nor, if in those houses it had a fraction of the power it had in the excellent Philadelphia performance, could even an opera scout easily have remained unstirred.

After that performance one wondered who at the Metropolitan, with all its galaxies, could have taken part in it. Mr. Stokowski—of whom I am not ordinarily an admirer—need not fear that the authority and imagination he brought to it will soon be equaled. Miss Ann Roselle will never feel uncomfortable listening to a Metropolitan Marie. Nor need Messrs. Ivantzoff, Radamsky, and the rest fear the competition of a cast of their more expensive colleagues.

The Metropolitan neither considers itself nor apparently wishes to be considered primarily a musical institution. The accounts of the première of "Peter Ibbetson" looked like stories of the Beaux-Arts ball. Mr. Downes's comment on the music was lost under columns of type about the brilliance of the audience. "Vast Audience Deeply Moved and Some Weep" was one of the headlines for which the *Times* reserved page 1, column 1. Nobody seemed to care whether it was a good opera or not except Mr. Walter Damrosch. He, being himself the composer of a similarly American opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," took indignant exception to Mr. Lawrence Gilman's very mild statement that while "Peter Ibbetson" was neither unpleasant nor unskilful it was not quite a good or an important opera. Never having seen "Peter Ibbetson" as a play I do not know whether in that form it is as silly as in the current version. The latter contains some amiable and well-written music, and as an opera written in America was perhaps entitled to the very good performance it received.

But to produce "The Fair of Sorotchintzy," of which only portions are by Moussorgsky, when "Khovantchina," a work of much greater importance and musical value, and one completed—except for the orchestration—by the composer himself, was available, was one of the Metropolitan's characteristic missteps. The Philadelphia company gave "Khovantchina" its America première a season or two ago, but in New York it remained for a company assembled for the occasion to show us how bad a choice the "Fair" had been. For "Khovantchina," as this Russkaya Opera Company gave it, with an inadequate orchestra and an uneven cast, is a moving work despite its dramatic incoherence; while the "Fair" leaves the impression of a potpourri of familiar Moussorgsky tunes.

If the Metropolitan should ever go musical—which, in view of the box-office success it enjoys under its present management, is an extremely unlikely event—it could learn much from less opulent institutions: young ones like the Philadelphia, old and poor ones like the Comique, vigorous and bold ones like a dozen in Germany and Austria. It could learn by going no farther than Fifty-fifth Street, where a German Grand Opera Company has been giving very creditable performances, that Melchior is not the only acceptable Wagnerian tenor, nor Bodanzky the only conductor. It could learn that Weber, Gluck, and Handel were of more than historical importance; that before "Luisa Miller" there was "Orfeo"; that Fauré's "Pénélope" and Massenet's "Jongleur" are better works than Mascagni's "Iris," and "Dido and Aeneas" than "Romeo and Juliet"; that Mozart wrote more than one opera, and that at least five of them are good shows; that Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" would be a better curtain-raiser than Lattuada's "Preziose Ridicole"; that there are contemporary operas outside Italy, like Vaughan Williams's "Hugh the Drover," Roussel's "Padmavati," Pfitzner's "Palestrina," each as well worth trying as the "Sunken Bell."

It would learn that good music is better than bad, and simple and imaginative settings better than lavish and dull ones; that the aesthetic significance of an operatic performance is not necessarily in direct proportion to its box-office value; that some opera houses even sacrifice the latter on occasion; that applause is an art practiced better by amateurs than by professionals; that in some cities singers get along without applause for a whole act at a time; that an opera can be a success without curtain calls; that opera patrons can be made to arrive on time, and late-comers excluded until intermissions; and that comparatively little is added to the effectiveness of the first act of "Pelléas" by the punctuation of falling seats.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Limits of Suspense

THE lean season of Lent came almost to its end last week, our starvation diet consisting merely of one play, and that a mystery melodrama. We were ushered toward Easter, in other words, by a piece about a murder. The incongruity of this will appear somewhat less glaring when it is said that "The Silent Witness" (Morosco Theater) tells the story of a father who chooses to be tried for a murder which his son has presumably committed. There is thus a sacrifice, or an attempt at one—the conclusion of the play being something which I shall not disclose. That is the code where mystery melodramas are concerned, and it is a good code.

For the only thing to be gained from this sort of play is a knowledge of how it ends. The whole effort of the author is to arouse and sustain our suspense. In the present case a

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pair of authors, Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, turn the trick with unusual skill. Not only have they invented a novel situation, the situation of a man being tried for a murder which the audience knows he did not commit; they have written their lines with intelligence and intensity, and they have dispensed with much of the machinery that slows up the average thriller. The average thriller is too cumbersome to be thrilling, whereas "The Silent Witness" moves with all the neatness of a knife. There is the advantage also that Lionel Atwill as the father does a very fine piece of acting; so does Anthony Kemble-Cooper as his son, and so does Kay Strozzi as the bad woman who gets strangled.

But the limits of suspense as a device for capturing our attention are the more apparent the more successful a melodrama is. It is as if the play were whispering to us between the lines: "Wait! Wait! Something is coming that will be worth your while." The only trouble is that when it does come we gulp and swallow air. The discovery we make in the last few minutes is after all nothing but a discovery. Little in the earlier passages of the drama has served any other purpose than that of leading us up to this. Well, here we are; and our hands, not to speak of our minds, seem strangely empty. We have held our breath for two hours; now that we can breathe again, we simply go on breathing as if nothing had happened. And quite literally nothing has. I like mystery plays, but I must confess that I always leave them with a touch of that deep disappointment which comes in this imperfect world from one's having got exactly what one wanted.

I happened the same week to go again to see "Once in a Lifetime," and I must seize the occasion to say that I think it much the best play in New York this year. I have heard that it is not even being considered for the Pulitzer Prize—probably because the committee which decides such things feels that it is "merely funny." It is so perfect a piece of comedy, however, that I wish the committee could lose its seriousness for at least a season. And for that matter the play is deserving of the most serious consideration. There is genius in it of an extraordinarily opulent sort; the invention is great, and the dialogue, while free and full, is managed with a vicious economy. Furthermore, "Once in a Lifetime" is much more than a satire on Hollywood, since it leaves us delighted that such a thing as Hollywood exists. Like the best tragedy, the best comedy convinces us that the human race is glorious. Glorious in its folly, to be sure. But, then, the tragic hero is in some aspects a fool. And what is folly? We can never be sure about that. Yet a comedy like "Once in a Lifetime" leaves us in no doubt about the glory.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

H. O. ROGERS is a writer on statistical and economic interests.

HERBERT KLEIN is on the Berlin staff of the Chicago *Tribune*.

LAWRENCE ROGIN is the literary editor of the *New Leader*.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is the author of "The New Regionalism in American Literature."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "The Adams Family."

W. E. B. DU BOIS is the editor of the *Crisis*.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

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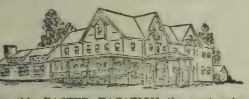

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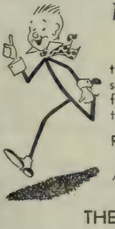

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International Relations Section

Gandhi Counsels His Followers

WE print here the text of a speech delivered at New Delhi on February 20 by Mahatma Gandhi while his conversations with Lord Irwin were still in progress. The Bombay *Free Press Journal*, from which the address is reprinted, reports that more than 100,000 people heard Mr. Gandhi make his forceful restatement of devotion to the principle of non-violence. His principle and his leadership have since been overwhelmingly upheld by the Congress Party in convention at Karachi.

I know you are all anxious to hear something from me of the talks I am having with the Viceroy. I am afraid I may not take the public into confidence about what has happened between His Excellency and me . . . but I may say this much—that these talks have been conducted in a most friendly manner and with much sweetness. What will be the result I cannot say. The result is in the hands of God. It is His Will that will prevail. Your duty is that you must continue to do what India expects of you.

Dr. Ansari, belonging as he does to Delhi, has naturally spoken highly of the part played by Delhi, but I am witness to the great sacrifices that have been made throughout India. . . . Here, as elsewhere, the part played by women is indescribable. When the history of this movement comes to be written, the sacrifices made by the women of India will occupy the foremost place, and just as with women, so also with children. Their wonderful awakening has fortified me in my faith that God is with us in this struggle. These young folk had never been organized for such work, had never been trained for it. How they came to achieve all this, I have not been able to divine, nor has anyone else whom I have consulted been able to enlighten me as to who guided them. Only God could have done so, but remember in the second battle that whatever sacrifices you have made are trifling. Let them not puff you up with pride. What we want for India is purna swaraj, and who can calculate what further sacrifices India will have to make to achieve that goal! I assure you that I am doing as much as is humanly possible to bring about peace, so that people may not have to go through further suffering and sacrifices, but everything is in God's hands, and if it be not His Will that any understanding be arrived at, then I will have to tell the people that they must be ready for much further suffering. The sacrifices that we have made are as nothing beside the sacrifices other nations have made for the sake of freedom. But there is a reason why we have not had to suffer as much as other nations. It is as clear to me as daylight.

The reason is that when we pledged ourselves to achieve purna swaraj, we also took the vow that whatever we did in attainment of the goal would be in consonance with truth and non-violence, and when I think of the part played by the whole of India, especially by the rural population, I think we have substantially fulfilled the pledge of truth and non-violence. But I cannot deceive myself, nor will I permit you to deceive yourselves. We have followed truth and non-violence, but we have not made them an article of faith. They have been to some a matter of policy, but even if you have accepted it only as a policy, you may not act or think in terms of violence. So long as you adhere to the policy, the very thought of untruth or violence is a breach of pledge. . . . I may tolerate the allegation that Indians are not fit for swaraj, but I could not for a moment tolerate the allegation, if it were true [*sic*], that my countrymen were untrue or dishonest. I cannot think of a greater tragedy than that those who believed in God were ungodly and guilty of breach of faith. Such people are not fit for freedom; they are fit for slavery and worse. For this reason I have always laid the greatest stress on the point that it was open to you to abandon the policy and adopt a different one, but so long as you pin your faith to truth and non-violence, do not deceive yourselves or the world. Therefore, when I heard that there had been some excesses on the part of our people in the picketing of foreign cloth, I was deeply pained. I have not been able to investigate the allegations, but you know that in 1921-22 I expiated for the excesses by suspending the movement. That sort of expiation is today out of the question. But I must say that wherever these excesses are going on they must stop.

It is better that dealers in foreign cloth should continue to sell it and those addicted to drink continue to drink than that we should resort to excesses in picketing. But there is another danger I wish to warn you against. If we take to these excesses, we shall be opening the door for self-destruction when we have swaraj, for there will then be no third power with machine-guns to intervene and restore peace. We shall be fighting one another and fratricidal war will spell destruction. If, therefore, you have the slightest apprehension in your mind that picketing cannot be done without resorting to excesses, you had better be done with it.

I want you to remember that I am an expert in these matters. I am sure we have in the past done considerable picketing without the slightest resort to violence. Do not be afraid that the moment we eschew the excesses our work will fall through. I would ask you not to worry. Rest assured that the man who is asking you today to keep to your moorings must have some alternative to suggest, but I shall not dwell on it today. I have received letters of complaint and I am making inquiries. It is possible that we have committed mistakes. I will ask all Congress workers to consider these carefully, and correct whatever mistakes we may have been guilty of. I appeal to you to eschew all excesses. You may like to know what I mean by excesses. I invite the curious to come to me for the explanation.

And now a word to the foreign-cloth dealers. Do not deceive yourselves or the country by thinking that you have done your duty by refraining from selling foreign cloth for a few months. This foreign-cloth trade must stop forever, because it is only by this means that we can promote the well-being of millions of our countrymen. I will respectfully submit to foreign-cloth dealers that complete boycott of foreign cloth is their dharma [religious duty]. Sacrifices they will have to make, but what are those sacrifices compared to the great sacrifices that are being made by other sections of the public?

Citizens of Delhi, I do not flatter myself that you have gathered here in your thousands to do honor to me. You have come to proclaim to the world that you are all determined to achieve purna swaraj. Let not my talks with the Viceroy worry you for a moment. Do not think of them, but go on with your work. Only remember that the result is not in my hands, not in the hands of Dr. Ansari or Pandit Malaviya, but in your hands. I am but an instrument and I am acting only as your humble ambassador. Everything will depend upon what you do and what you will fail to do. May God give you strength to keep the pledge of truth and non-violence.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor
Associate Editors
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
Dramatic Editor
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Literary Editor
HENRY HAZLITT
Contributing Editors
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
NORMAN THOMAS
DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

* Absent in Europe.

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RUMORS AFLOAT in New York and Washington say that a campaign to cut wages generally throughout the country has been organized by a powerful but unidentified group of banks. Perhaps the depression and the unusually large surplus of labor available have made such a drive inevitable. Under our imperfect system supply and demand govern the price of labor as they do that of other commodities. In times of depression there is always present a tendency on the part of the owners of industry to slash pay rolls as the first move toward reducing costs, and contributing in no small measure to this tendency is the pressure exerted by the increasing supply of unemployed labor. Both of these influences are at work today, and although they may not yet have brought about a general wage cut, it appears likely that such a reduction may take place on a wide scale should the depression continue much longer; but it is a question whether financiers or owners of industry would be wise in initiating an organized wage-reduction campaign. A campaign of this character would have its greatest effect in those industries where labor is weakest. But if labor costs in any industry comprise a relatively small part of the total costs of production, the reduction of costs and consequent stimulation of sales in such a case will be relatively small. In industries where labor is organized and enjoys high wages, on the other hand, the campaign will have much less chance of succeeding.

HENCE THE HOPE of restoring prosperity by resorting to an indiscriminate drive for wage reduction is vain. This is not to say that labor's earnings have not already been greatly reduced. Mr. Hoover is only playing with words when he declares that the principal industries have supported him in his request that wage scales be maintained. Wage scales have to a certain extent been maintained, but this does not mean, as Mr. Hoover seems to suggest, that labor's income has at the same time been maintained. In fact, it has fallen off sharply in the last year through part-time employment. The Standard Statistics Company estimates the decrease in 1930 at $8,853,000,000 as compared with 1929. Replies from mayors and other municipal officials to *The Nation's* recent questionnaire show that in almost every city part-time employment has resulted in decreased labor income, and hence in decreased purchasing power. It is altogether doubtful that industry will be helped by piling on top of this already drastic reduction in labor's earnings another considerable reduction in the shape of indiscriminate wage cuts. The consequent reduction in production costs may stimulate industrial activity, but industry will at the same time have to contend with an equally large cut in consuming power. The return to prosperity for business depends then to a large degree upon the question of whether the benefits of the former outweigh the evils of the latter. In any event it would behoove the President to devote more attention to this problem, and stop boasting about the maintenance of wage scales.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S selection of William R. Castle, Jr., to succeed Joseph P. Cotton as Undersecretary of State may presage a return to a more conservative administration of our foreign affairs. It is true that Mr. Castle has many important qualities that are always valuable to the diplomatic service. He is a "career man," a man with years of actual experience behind him, and he is perhaps better acquainted with the technical side of foreign-office management than any other person in the State Department. Furthermore, he is extremely capable, intelligent, and shrewd; it has been said of him that he is the cleverest diplomat in the service, and he has upon several occasions in the past proved himself more than a match for the most able of European diplomatists stationed in Washington. On the other side of the picture we find that Mr. Castle has invariably lined up with the most conservative element in the foreign service. He lacks the enlightened liberal approach that distinguished his predecessor; his training and his personal associations have inclined him toward strict observance of conventional procedure; he is likely to be found following precedent rather than venturing upon unbeaten paths of diplomacy, as Mr. Cotton was not afraid to do.

WHETHER THE DECISION of the Federal Power Commission in the Appalachian Electric Power Company case is good law will probably not be known until the courts have passed on the question; but it seems to be good sense. At the request of the President, Attorney General Mitchell in September rendered an opinion that the company was entitled to apply for a "minor-part" license, on the ground that the New River is not navigable. Such a license would free the company from the accounting and valuation provisions of the Power Act. The Power Commission has denied the application and required the company to take out a standard license if it wishes to proceed. It passes the question of navigability on to the courts and rests its jurisdiction on Section 23 of the act, which gives it power to require a license if the proposed construction would affect the interests of interstate or foreign commerce. Five States, it will be remembered, joined with the company in denying federal jurisdiction. The practical point is that the company, under the commission's decision, will be subject to the provisions of the Federal Power Act respecting accounting and capitalization, and not to the looser control or lack of control of the States. The case, it would seem, will almost certainly be carried to the courts, where it is to be hoped that the position of the commission may be sustained.

NAVAL AGREEMENTS of any kind will soon become a hissing and a byword if they continue to develop such contentious misunderstandings as have followed recent ones. A few weeks ago it was announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that the Franco-Italian controversy over tonnage parity had been amicably settled and that a treaty supplementing the London accord would soon be signed. Now, however, comes the demand of France for a volume of replacement tonnage by 1936 which Italy regards as preposterous, and Mr. Arthur Henderson's diplomatic hands are tied because the British Admiralty agrees with Italy. Further to aggravate the unsettlement of the settlement, Italy is reported to be kindly disposed toward the Austro-German customs union, and France sees red at the new menace to its security. With Franco-Italian parity up in the air, France and Italy join hands and announce that warships exceeding 20,000 to 25,000 tons are out of date and should be abandoned; which leads Washington to declare that the United States cannot possibly undertake to defend the Panama Canal with vessels of a paltry 20,000 or 25,000 tons and that the 35,000-ton battleship is still necessary. We have not heard that any Power was getting ready to attack the canal, and we seem to remember that not so long ago the United States and a considerable number of other Powers agreed to abolish war as an instrument of national policy. Just why, then, the United States should stand out as the champion of the biggest and costliest war machine afloat is something that Mr. Hoover ought to explain. Is he really expecting another war?

GANDHI IN LONDON will be an interesting spectacle in more ways than one. He intends to brave British weather and British statesmanship alike in his customary dress—a loin-cloth; the sessions of the second round-table conference will have to be accommodated to his habit of observing Monday as a day of complete silence; he will take along his spinning wheel, and he will, of course, adhere to his negligible diet, which would contribute nothing to a state dinner but must be prepared by religious formula. It is more important that Gandhi and his advisers—if he does really act as sole delegate—will go to London not at government expense but at the expense of the Congress Party. By all these gestures, the personal ones as well as the political, Gandhi strengthens a position which was already very strong by reason of his truce with Lord Irwin and his complete dominance of the Congress Party convention. If he can add the prestige that would result from settlement of the Hindu-Moslem problem, he will be in an even better position to press for realization of the bill of rights adopted by the Congress convention. The British, being notorious for their own insistence on taking their customs and their tea with them wherever they go, can scarcely object with logic to Gandhi's personal preferences. The real importance of the London conference lies in the British reaction to Gandhi's political demands.

ADOLF HITLER, the man who was to reform Germany by turning its government over to men of chemically pure Teutonic blood, is meeting with many difficulties. Last September the election victories of his National Socialist Party momentarily frightened the chancelleries of Europe, and for a time threatened Germany's credit standing in Wall Street and elsewhere. The fear of Hitler remained for months, although in his inexperience he began making costly political mistakes almost immediately after the convening of the Reichstag in October. He thought he would overcome the effect of these mistakes by staging a dramatic walkout of his party delegates in the parliament. This, too, missed fire, and since then his followers have taken to quarreling among themselves. The signal for open dissension came when Hitler revealed that he was not strong enough to retain Dr. Wilhelm Frick in power as Thuringian Minister of the Interior. Frick was the only National Socialist to attain to an important government office. Hitler's most serious mistake came in training the Nazi "storm troops" for positive revolutionary action. The storm battalions, having tired of waiting for Hitler to lead them into action, have now rebelled against him. The faction led by Captain Walter Stennes, whom Hitler tried to dismiss from the movement, has captured the party's headquarters and newspaper offices in Berlin, but Hitler still holds the party funds, which were kept in Munich, and this in the end may save him. Even though Hitler should fall, however, the danger of a fascist outbreak will not have been removed.

G. PIATAKOV, a high Soviet official, according to newspaper dispatches has just arrived in Berlin to place $75,000,000 worth of orders with German firms. When M. Piatakov wished to come to this country, he was refused a visa. These two facts deserve notice, as does the further fact that American exports to all countries fell off by one-quarter in 1930, while our exports to Russia rose by practically one-half despite all obstacles. The Russians are eager to buy from us; but as Louis Fischer points out in his new book "Why Recognize Russia?" the uncertain political basis of Soviet-American trade and the frequent attacks on Russia by Hamilton Fish and others have already reduced the amount of buying Russians are doing here. Trade is not fostered by an atmosphere of hostility, by the spread of false news of Soviet conditions, or by the denial of credit facilities equal to those being offered elsewhere.

OUR YEARLY REMINDER of the repudiated State debts of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina is at hand in the annual report of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. It sets down the principal of those debts at $75,000,000, largely incurred for railroad guaranties, and adds an estimated $262,000,000 for interest. The federal government has steadfastly refused to assume any responsibility for these debts. While the cases are by no means parallel, there is an interesting contrast in the recent action of the Australian Commonwealth government in paying the interest due from New South Wales in London on April 1, which New South Wales refused to meet. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* says: "At a conference at The Hague this month the consensus of international opinion on the question generally, without special reference to America, was in favor of federal responsibility for the acts of component states." The United States cites Russian repudiation as a reason for refusing recognition; the Soviet government retorts by citing American State precedents; and the Council of Foreign Bondholders with a singular inability to make fine moral distinctions comments: "The council has pointed out that that abuse of state powers which takes the form of repudiation of public debt is found only in parts of the United States and in Communist Russia."

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S recent judicial appointments in New York State have met with general commendation. In naming Edward R. Finch, senior member of the Appellate Division, as presiding justice he has disregarded partisanship—a course that ought to be taken for granted in choosing judges but unfortunately cannot be. Justice Townley is promoted from the Supreme Court to the Appellate Division, and Edward S. Dore, a prominent member of Tammany, indorsed by both the Bar Association and the judiciary committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association, is appointed to the Supreme Court. Chief Magistrate Joseph E. Corrigan of New York City, of like political affiliations with Mr. Dore and similarly indorsed, receives a well-deserved promotion to the Court of General Sessions. Chief Magistrate Corrigan has been doing admirable work in the hard and thankless task of cleaning up the magistrates' courts of New York City, not hesitating, if necessary, to offend political leaders in the process. There will be general approval of his promotion, but coupled with it a feeling of regret that both his professional associates and the Governor should have felt constrained to call him from his present important work in the very midst of his activities.

A PREPOSTEROUS PERFORMANCE is now being staged by the American consul at Vancouver, B. C., in the case of Miss Ella Young, who seeks admission to the United States. Miss Young is an Irish poet and lecturer, an authority on Celtic mythology, and the author of several books published in this country. From October, 1925, to November, 1930, she remained in the United States on a visa that was extended from time to time; last November, believing that she might cross over into Canada and be readmitted under the British quota, she voluntarily left California seven months before her latest permit should expire. When she attempted to reenter she was refused a visa on the ground that she might become a public charge, although for five years she had supported herself very competently here. Various influential citizens of California, including Senator Shortridge, M. Fleishhacker, president of the Anglo-California Trust Company, Bertram E. Alanson, president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and other well-known professional and business men have issued a statement declaring that it is their earnest belief that there is not "the slightest risk of her ever becoming a public charge on the United States or any State or any one." To these protests A. Dana Hodgdon, chief of the Visa Division of the State Department, replies first that consular officers are left substantially to their own discretion and adds:

> After a careful consideration of Miss Young's case, the conclusion reached by the responsible consular officer was that in the light of the present economic situation in the United States she was not in a position to overcome the presumption that . . . she was likely to become a public charge. . . . Although due consideration was given to the fact that Miss Young's cash assets amounted to $1,500 and her income to $500 a year from royalties [and $1,300 from lectures], these amounts could not be considered sufficient inasmuch as at her age [66 years] she might become helpless through illness . . . resulting in a rapid consumption of her assets and a depletion of her earning capacity.

And there, for the moment, the matter rests. One would like at least to be able to believe Miss Young's case an extraordinary one. But apparently it is merely an example of our everyday treatment of aliens who seek admission to and naturalization in the United States.

THE MOST INTERESTING feature about the million dollars just given by Gustav Oberlaender to further American-German understanding and amity is that the principal and interest of the fund is to be entirely expended in twenty-five years. Mr. Oberlaender desires his money to be spent by students and public men who wish to engage "in research work that is of special interest to the American people, and those who are interested in such subjects as employment insurance, old-age insurance, public health, race relations, music, art, or any other activities of a kindred nature, and who will profit by a period of study in a German-speaking country." These stipulations cover an almost unlimited field and doubtless will result in the completion of much valuable work. The fund is to be administered under the Carl Schurz Foundation, and under the immediate trusteeship, in addition to that of Mr. Oberlaender himself, of Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, Dr. Haven Emerson, Henry Allen Moe, secretary of the Guggenheim Foundation, and Wilbur K. Thomas, executive director of the Carl Schurz Fund. But Mr. Oberlaender has wisely refused to give his money in perpetuum. No one can tell what the future may have in store; indeed, such a fund, given twenty-five years ago, would have suffered sad sea-changes in the succeeding quarter-century. International amity can best be furthered during peace time.

Deficits or Taxes

THE position of the Treasury grows continually worse. The original budget estimates forecast a surplus of $123,000,000 for the present fiscal year. By the beginning of December the Treasury had discovered that there would be a deficit of $180,000,000 instead, and now, with three-fourths of the year gone, it is agreed that the deficit will approach $800,000,000. Receipts during the first nine months of the year have been $510,000,000 less than in the corresponding period of 1929-30, and expenditures about $194,000,000 greater, and the remaining three months are certain to add heavily to the $600,000,000 deficit that now exists. The long period of Treasury surpluses is plainly over. From 1920 to 1930 they totaled about $4,000,000,000, nearly all of which was wisely devoted to reducing the public debt. During the present year we shall actually increase public indebtedness. It is plainly time for a serious consideration of fiscal policy.

Unfortunately, instead of facing the situation like a statesman, and inviting his countrymen to think soberly what ought to be done, the President makes a political plea. On March 31 he said:

> There will be no increase of taxes if the next Congress imposes no increases upon the budget which the Administration will present. But for Congress to do this, the people must cooperate to effectively discourage and postpone consideration of sectional and group interests.

This is political claptrap, and nothing else. The President knows, just as everybody else does, that there will almost certainly be another deficit in 1931-32 despite all reasonable care in expenditures; just as he knows, or ought to know, that Congress in the past session actually appropriated some $28,000,000 less than the budget officers recommended. The President's statement is simply an attempt, and a shabby one, to shift to Congress in advance the blame for the anticipated deficit, and an effort to prejudice public opinion in advance against any expenditures the President may see fit to oppose, whether unemployment or farm relief or something else, as "the demands of sectional and group interests." It is a time, certainly, for the most careful weighing of all expenditures, but no time for refusing to make socially necessary outgo because it may necessitate tax increase. It is no time for giving heed to Calvin Coolidge's parrot cry of "no extra Congress, no extra taxes, and no extra politics."

The President and his supporters propose a policy of drift in the hope that things will turn for the better. This is fatuous action. Interest payments of foreign governments have already been diverted from debt payment to current expenditures, and there is disturbing talk of cutting down the cumulative sinking-fund requirement by means of which we are now wisely clearing away $400,000,000 a year of the public debt. Nothing could be more foolish in a rich country like this. We have no need, and we cannot afford, in any way to injure public credit, thus raising the rate of interest on public securities and the consequent burden of interest on the public debt. Let the Treasury meet this year's deficit by short-term borrowing as it must; it will simply face another shortage next year. This cannot go on indefinitely. It is a time for tax increase, despite the politicians' anxiety to avoid it.

Where should the increased revenue come from? Out of higher individual income and estate taxes. We have really only started to use these powerful modern fiscal engines. In 1929 customs yielded $602,000,000, miscellaneous internal-revenue taxes (mostly on tobacco) $480,000,000, the corporation income tax $1,236,000,000, individual income tax $1,095,000,000, and estate tax (on inheritances) $65,000,000. Taxes on consumption (customs and tobacco taxes) and corporation income taxes thus yield two-thirds of the federal revenue. Their ultimate incidence has no discoverable relation to individual ability to pay; but individual income and inheritance taxes rest chiefly on the richer part of the community.

Estate taxes are too low. On the 8,582 estates reported in 1929 the total taxes, both State and federal, averaged less than 4½ per cent, and even on the 16 estates of more than $10,000,000 they amounted to less than 18 per cent. Foreign experience indicates clearly the advantage of distinctly higher rates.

The income-tax situation is no less striking. In 1928 4,070,851 persons filed returns, of whom 2,523,063 paid income taxes in a total amount of $1,164,000,000. At the outside, not one family in ten paid any income tax. But out of the four millions reporting, the more than three millions whose net income was less than $5,000 paid only $13,000,000 tax, and the added 628,000 with incomes between $5,000 and $10,000 paid but $23,000,000 more, so that actually 97 per cent of the entire income tax was paid by persons with net incomes of $10,000 up. In fact, $909,000,000, or four-fifths of the whole, was paid by those with net incomes in excess of $50,000. Our income tax today is in truth a tax on the rich, and in minor degree on the well-to-do; as such, it contrasts favorably, in its effects on distribution, with the other federal taxes, the bulk of which come ultimately from the great mass of the poor and the less well-to-do. We are not within sight of the limit of its possibilities. Notwithstanding all the buncombe spread abroad by Mr. Mellon and his newspaper allies during the years when he was reducing rates, there is not a shred of evidence to show that rates could not be markedly raised without appreciably increasing evasion. The tax even on our 511 income millionaires in 1928 was not equal to 17 per cent of their income. Compare the British rates if there is any question what taxes can be collected. Our surtax rates ought to be graded upward more sharply, and we ought to get a larger proportion of federal revenue from the personal income tax, practically the whole burden of which, as we have indicated, is borne today by the well-to-do and the wealthy, and the greater part of it by the very rich. An intelligent democracy will consider not only the revenue results, but also the inevitable social consequences of its taxes. From that point of view, the income tax is a good tax. It remains to be seen whether the people will yield to the clamor of the President and his supporters and let themselves be prevented from making further intelligent use of it.

Mr. Hoover in Action

WE had just about given up hope that Mr. Hoover would ever again respond sympathetically and intelligently to the needs of his suffering fellowmen when along came the Nicaraguan earthquake and presented him with an opportunity to prove that he is still the world's greatest living humanitarian. Said the New York *Times* in a Washington dispatch the morning after the Managua tragedy:

> President Hoover had no sooner been informed of the disaster at Managua than he took personal charge of relief measures. This was right in line with his experience in relieving distress in Belgium, Russia, and other countries in Europe and in the flood-stricken area of the Mississippi Valley. Within a few minutes after word came that the Nicaraguan capital had been destroyed by earthquake, the machinery of the government and the American Red Cross was in operation.

Here is an example of the great humanitarian at his best. From a foreign shore comes a cry for help, and Mr. Hoover swings immediately into action, asks no one's permission, tarries not a moment to examine into the theoretical side of his decision, does not even stop to inquire whether "self-help" would not be better than American dollars in relieving the suffering in Nicaragua. We wonder just what it is in the appeal of a foreigner that manages to strike a responsive chord in Mr. Hoover's heart, when millions of Americans can go clamoring for food without drawing more from the President than an impatient reminder that Americans must take care of themselves. Why should Belgians, or Russians, or Nicaraguans receive more consideration from this man, who is acting not in the role of an independent philanthropist but as President of the United States, than do the millions of jobless workers and distressed farmers in his own country? These people, too, are in trouble; they, too, are suffering from lack of food and clothing. Is their predicament not also a calamity, and a calamity that is much closer to home? If Mr. Hoover would examine their situation more closely and honestly, he would find it so, and he would further find that their suffering is of a character that bodes no good for the existing order (of which Mr. Hoover is the staunchest defender), should adequate relief and assistance much longer be withheld from them.

Mr. Hoover's moment for action in the domestic situation came immediately after the stock-market crash in the fall of 1929. It is true, of course, that he did initiate certain "voluntary measures of cooperation," to use his own words, "to make certain that fundamental businesses of the country shall continue as usual," and "that wages and therefore consuming power shall not be reduced." But this hardly sounds like the man of action pictured in the *Times* dispatch quoted above. Furthermore, in his message to Congress on December 3, 1929, he asserted that "the test and the rightfulness of our decisions must be whether we have sustained and advanced... prosperity and the lessening of poverty." Certainly not even Mr. Hoover will argue that we are more prosperous today than we were on December 3, 1929. By his own standards, the action taken eighteen months ago was wholly inadequate to cope with the ever-widening needs of the depression. A year later Senators La Follette and Walsh collected and published an immense volume of indisputable proof that millions of Americans were in pressing need of relief. Did Mr. Hoover, when informed of this disaster, take "personal charge of relief measures"? He did nothing of the kind. Instead, he did everything he could to block relief, until his evasive tactics could no longer withstand the adverse publicity he thereby drew down upon his head. Finally, he vetoed the Wagner employment-exchange bill, the only measure that could have passed the Hoover-controlled House of Representatives in the last Congress that would in any way have helped in the present situation.

Thus has the President hastened to help his fellow-countrymen. Yet there is still an opportunity, though a rapidly vanishing one, for him to take that spirited and generous action which the American crisis demands. For the moment, with Congress in recess, Mr. Hoover enjoys powers that verge on the dictatorial. His is the sole responsibility; he no longer shares it with Congress. Now let him show the country what he can do in an emergency; let him prove to us that he is big enough and capable enough to initiate and encourage relief for the six million unemployed, the seven or eight additional million who are working on part time and at greatly reduced wages, and their twenty or twenty-five million dependents. Let him start doing this, not in May, or June, or September, but now. If he has no plan of action, if his expansive promises of eighteen months ago were just so much buncombe, then let him surrender his power at once by calling Congress into session. Any other course will be a betrayal of the people that may prove perilous for Herbert Hoover and his kind.

Talking About Wheat

ONLY a confirmed optimist could have expected that the world wheat conference which closed its sessions at Rome on April 2 would be able to dispose of the difficulties presented by the world wheat situation. The wheat problem, whatever it is, is obviously too complicated to be solved in a few days of deliberation, even with representatives of forty-six countries devoting themselves to the task. There should be no surprise, then, that the recommendations of the conference went no farther than well-meant suggestions likely, if adopted, to ease the strain a little without answering any really primary question.

The most important result of the conference was its revelation of the complete lack of agreement among the wheat-producing and wheat-consuming nations regarding either the causes of the present crisis or the means by which it might be dispelled and its recurrence avoided. Before the conference began, preliminary discussions made clear a wide rift, amounting virtually to an impasse, between those who insisted that the world was growing too much wheat and those who insisted that it was using too little. Premier Mussolini, in his opening address, aligned himself with those who maintained that the trouble was not with overproduction but with underconsumption, and warned the conference to be cautious about recommending a general reduction of acreage, especially while so many people were suffering from want of food. The Russians, on the other hand, not only declared firmly that Russia would not restrict production, but ridiculed the idea of urging people to use more wheat when they had nothing with which to buy it; while the Canadian representative pointed out that even if a reduction of acreage were desirable, no democratic country could bring it about by governmental fiat. The upshot of the debate at this point was a gentle pronouncement in favor of persuasion—a harmless counsel to which no one could object.

The question of underconsumption, though less contentious, did not lend itself any more easily to practical treatment. The Russian gibe that unemployment, business depression, and an "eat-more-wheat" policy did not go well together was unanswerable. The only hopeful outlook lay in the possibility of developing a demand for wheat in countries which, like China, do not now use it to any great extent. The conference, accordingly, gave its approval to propaganda, attaching thereto a suggestion that surplus wheat might well be sold to China at a very low price. Just how this mixture of economics and humanitarianism was to be handled was not indicated.

Faced with the conclusion that unrestricted production, save for voluntary curtailment, was likely to go on and that increased consumption offered no immediate remedy, the conference turned to the question of regulating the wheat trade. The Danubian countries demanded preferential tariffs as a protection against Russian dumping and disastrous importations from Argentina and other overseas producing countries. The Rumanian Minister of Agriculture went so far as to predict a united closing of European markets if overseas countries did not waive their most-favored-nation privileges and allow preferential tariffs to be set up. The tariff suggestion proved especially irritating to the Russians, and led the Argentine ambassador at Rome to remind the conference that the world wheat crisis, while attributable in part to Russia, was also to be charged to the economic derangement of Europe by the World War and to the European policy of high protection. The conference could only decide that, not being an international tariff commission, it must leave the tariff issue to the regular course of diplomatic negotiation.

The Russian shadow overhung the conference from the beginning, and it was Russia that stood out most conspicuously and threateningly at the close. Back of the resentment at Russian dumping was a recognition of the fact that Russia, by abolishing the middleman, had gained an impressive advantage over all its competitors, and that as long as Russia was compelled to export large quantities of wheat to pay for manufactured articles bought abroad, the competition of low-priced Russian wheat would have to be reckoned with. Western capitalism and Russian collectivism, in other words, locked horns, and in the presence of that conflict the conference was helpless. The only practical suggestion was the approval of financial aid to wheat-growers to enable them to carry their crops through periods of exceptionally low prices—a proposal which, save for its restriction to short-term credits instead of credits of longer term, appears to run on all fours with the International Institute for Agricultural Credits which the League of Nations is promoting. Whether the conference of wheat-producing nations which is to meet at London in May will be able to get any farther remains to be seen.

The Layman Rebels

When it was first announced that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had appropriated $250,000,000 for the building of an amusement center covering three blocks in the heart of New York City, many a harassed metropolite dived into his subway hole with a lighter heart. His city's irresponsible hodge-podge of unplanned brick and stone that took any shape it pleased and changed its shape half a dozen times within a short block ceased to trouble him so much. Let Chrysler wave its silly silver plume; let them spoil the Empire State building with a trick mooring mast. In the midst of New York would rise a miniature model city to show the way. There would be a skyscraper, of course, but not more than one, and that one would be set like a jewel in a wide green space so big that there would be at least standing room at its base for all who worked in it. Given $250,000,000 there could be created a city of such simplicity, such poise, such spaciousness and rest that it would take ten years off the city dweller's age.

The plans of Radio City were announced, with pictures, on March 6. And the howls of the populace have been rising ever since. Architects have contributed more dignified criticism; newspapers have complained in judicious editorials; but the people who write letters to the papers have been neither dignified nor judicious. Ugly, futile, stupid; disgraceful symbol of a generation; a garment center surrounding a hatbox; hideous; gas-house architecture; and so on.

We wish we could defend the plans of Radio City. We can't. To us Radio City looks like the first six radio "hours" on Sunday morning congealed forever in stone. The elliptical building, which has become better known in the correspondence columns as the gas-house, has nothing to recommend it except, perhaps, that having no corners it will be easy to wash. The worst thing about Radio City, however, is that it has no more apparent unity than any other three city blocks. And as for that spaciousness, simplicity, and rest we dreamed of, what have we? For spaciousness we have one tiny plaza occupying one-tenth or less of the space —the rest is solid buildings, nine of them in three blocks, including three skyscrapers! For simplicity we are given barrenness. For poise and restfulness—we would rather not go into that.

The architects responsible have made various answers to the critics: Radio City must be economically as well as artistically sound; beauty must be sacrificed to utility. But the layman refuses to believe either excuse and continues to complain. Which leads us up to the two most interesting and, happily, cheerful aspects of the controversy.

In the first place the layman has rebelled. In no uncertain terms he has asserted his feelings without apology or hesitation. After all, laymen must live with and in Radio City—it is no private museum piece to be avoided at will. It is entirely right and proper that laymen should say what they think about it. In the second place the rebellion has been effective. While the architects responsible have made answer to their critics, they have been singularly reasonable—so reasonable in fact that it is now announced that new plans are to be worked out. We hope they will be more satisfactory.

Arnold Bennett

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

BY his death at London on March 27, Arnold Bennett has passed at once from the status of a writer of the most compelling contemporaneity to that of a classic. For nearly thirty years we have not been surprised at receiving from Mr. Bennett's hands a novel that was far above the ordinary. During the same period he issued an astonishing number of capable, readable books—plays, essays, novels that he called "fantasias," novels that were plainly potboilers, notes on how to live that sold hundreds of thousands of copies. It is the more extraordinary that out of all this welter of words so many should have been fine; that Mr. Bennett, writing steadily, relentlessly, remuneratively, should at the same time have written greatly; that the decade and a half which produced twenty-eight novels, eleven plays, and about a score of other books should also have produced two novels —"Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale"—which rank among the finest English novels of any period.

It is perhaps worth while to consider what manner of man it was who could perform such feats of quantity and quality. Mr. Bennett says of himself that he prayed to be delivered alike from idleness and from poverty. He came honestly enough by these standards of industry, and in his novels about the Five Towns district of England—which means in two-thirds of his best novels—he stresses the inescapable importance of money. He himself did not grow up in poverty; his father was a middle-class solicitor who kept his family comfortable enough; the son was sent to the Endowed Middle School at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and thence to London University in 1885. By 1889 he had quit the Five Towns and gone to live in London, where he was occupied as a solicitor's clerk, and "combined cunning in the preparation of costs with a hundred and thirty words a minute at shorthand," not to mention the not inconsiderable stipend of £200 a year. Within the next ten years he had departed forever from the law and had definitely become a journalist, and his prodigious energy had already shown itself. He could say at the end of 1899 that he had averaged nearly a thousand words a day for a year, and if practice means anything, he should have been well on the way to acquiring the facility and skill which was to serve him in his finest books. He described himself with evident truth when he said that his three major qualities were:

> First, an omnivorous and tenacious memory—the kind of memory that remembers how much London spends per day in cab fares just as easily as the order of Shakespeare's plays or the stock anecdotes of Shelley and Byron. Second, a naturally sound taste in literature. And third, the invaluable, despicable, disingenuous journalistic faculty of seeming to know much more than one does know.

He might have added a precise and penetrating observation. The observation and the memory were alike exercised on the Five Towns, that section of England which has remained so exclusively English and so incurably provincial. The pottery towns of Staffordshire had embraced industrialism in its first youth and they were in no hurry to adopt any more modern innovations. The potteries and the mines flourished, therefore; the workers went on their first abortive strikes to loose themselves from a thirteen-hour day for old and young and to demand wages large enough to keep breath in them; the towns suffered smoke, filth, brutality, restraint. And in the midst of this sat the middle class, the employers, the fortunate ones, calm, temperate, decent, hard-working, frugal—above all, frugal. To this class Mr. Bennett belonged; and he has given it immortality.

His first novel of the Five Towns was written in 1902. "Anna of the Five Towns" is Mr. Bennett's first attempt to write a "serious" novel on a large scale. But even while this work was being written he was thinking of other and still more serious attempts to portray the locality of his childhood. "The Old Wives' Tale" in 1908 was the result of many years of thought upon a particular milieu. It displayed, indeed, an inability to escape from the milieu. For here was the Five Towns—smoke, industry, restraint, frugality, and all; and, incidentally, here was life, unmistakable, pitiable, touching and uplifting the heart. Mr. Bennett declared that he first conceived the plot of "The Old Wives' Tale" when he saw a plain, stout, elderly woman enter a restaurant in Paris and heard her subjected to the laughter of the pretty young waitress. He saw in her "a heartrending novel"; she had once been young and was now old and pitiful. That was the novel he resolved to write. The story of Constance and Sophia Baines, daughters of the draper in St. Luke's Square, Bursley, was the result. They progressed from all that was young and promising and lovely to a futile and unwanted old age. They grew up and grew old and died. They married and one of them bore a son and they were widowed. The younger, Sophia, having run off with a commercial traveler who turned out to be a rascal and left her, lived through the siege of Paris in 1870 and emerged financially triumphant; the other hardly left Bursley, where she had been born and raised. But Sophia, taking part in the Franco-German war, was untouched by it; her Bursley virtues of frugality and industry kept her as firm and unassailed as her sister Constance was, living out her life in the house in St. Luke's Square. Paris might have been the Five Towns, for all the difference in her life its strangeness made. And if Constance and Sophia Baines are the heroines of the novel, the house and shop in St. Luke's Square is the hero. It was dark, inconvenient, ugly; it was immaculately, painfully "well-kept"; it was in a sort of way comfortable. And it is real. Nevertheless, only a great writer could have taken this material, so commonplace, so dull, so undramatic, so unbeautiful, and transmuted it into compelling life. If we could meet Constance tomorrow, either in her pretty, compliant girlhood or in her fat, pain-ridden, helpless old age, we should probably flee from her. But her creator made not only the good-natured, rather stupid girl and the gently obstinate old woman, he made also the pathos and the drama and the pity and heartbreak of a long life, not one of the details of which can be doubted or laid aside as irrelevant.

"The Old Wives' Tale" is generally considered to be Mr. Bennett's finest book. I should place "Clayhanger" above it. Written two years later, it, too, is located in the Five Towns, only a block or two away from Mr. Baines's draper's shop. It describes the life of Edwin Clayhanger from his departure from school at sixteen to his marriage at forty. Many persons live in its pages: Darius Clayhanger, Edwin's father; Maggie, his sister; Janet Orgreave, who "waited" for him in vain; Hilda Lessways, who jilted him because she couldn't help it and later became his wife; Big James, he of the brown beard and magnificent bass voice and gentle heart. "Clayhanger" has a quality of reality that is unique in English fiction. Clayhanger himself is more real than the man you will meet tomorrow on the street; because the man on the street has his secret life, and those who meet him cannot penetrate it; but Clayhanger's secret life, which nobody in the novel knows but himself, is revealed to the reader in all its pitiful or admirable or futile or triumphant details. Clayhanger the schoolboy, resolving to begin at once the full exercise of his powers, to achieve self-perfection in spite of his shortcomings; Clayhanger the youth, afraid of his father, afraid to speak what is in his mind, unwilling to enter his father's shop yet entering it, fitting at last securely into the routine of the printing business; Clayhanger the man, trying to overcome his shyness, reading, pondering, settling into a rut of meticulous regularity, and jerked out of that rut twice by Hilda, the strange, intense, inexplicable woman whom he loves. This is life, made fuller and richer and more credible than life by the mystery of art. This is the complete mind and heart of a man, as every man knows his own mind and heart and none other.

There are many other aspects of the novel nearly as incomparable as the portrait of Clayhanger: his father's terrible childhood on the pot-banks, working eighteen hours a day at the age of seven, and staying for a brief, indescribably horrible night at the poorhouse; and Darius's disintegration and death; and the boy George; and the full, gay, vigorous life of the Orgreaves, so bitterly in contrast to the restraint and intellectual poverty of the Clayhangers; and the life of the town, real, sharp, indubitable. "Clayhanger" is the first and best of a trilogy about Edwin and Hilda; it gains some strength by those novels that follow it, by its very length and fulness. But alone I believe it has not been surpassed by any English novel since "Vanity Fair." I am aware that such a sweeping judgment is perhaps as unwise as it is dangerous. I shall be reminded reproachfully of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot and Meredith and Hardy. Cheerfully I sacrifice them and deposit them and all their works in second place. Dickens gives me pause and the question reduces itself to a matter of personal taste. I prefer "Clayhanger" to any single novel of Dickens. The bulk of Dickens's work may very well endure longer than the bulk of Bennett's. But that is another matter.

From a rereading of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger" it becomes clear what are Mr. Bennett's characteristics as a writer. First, the fulness and correctness of his observation; second, his willingness to set down everything about his characters, whether flattering or not; third, his relentless preoccupation with money. The preoccupation with money is the most striking of his interests. In every novel it is apparent; in "Riceyman Steps" it reaches its climax with a frank study of avarice. But if Mr. Earlforward is the extreme example of this passion to save money, Sophia and Constance are themselves impressive illustrations of it. Sophia's burning passion during her hard months in the Paris siege was for the accumulation of a competence; Constance in her old age, although by her own and even by more worldly standards she was rich, handled every sixpence as if it had been her last. The Clayhangers had bread and tea for their evening meal, and old Darius was horrified when his daughter dared to add meat, though they could well afford it. When Edwin was thirty and thinking of getting married, his father would raise his wages to a bare pound a week, although the young man was manager of the business and second in importance only to his father. Edwin himself was scandalized by the lavishness of the Orgreave tea, when jams and meat and a fruit pie loaded the table. Sophia Baines despised her young husband for a fool because he ran through a fortune in four years. The same motif appears in the lesser novels. "Buried Alive," the story of a great painter who, out of his excessive shyness, tried to pretend himself dead, is concerned over and over with extravagance, the exact price of article after article, the proper uses of wealth. Extravagance is the greatest vice. A decent attempt to save money is the supreme virtue. It may be that Mr. Bennett came to this conclusion after reading Balzac, whom he enormously admired; it may be that his boyhood in the Five Towns, where frugality was so patently wise and a spendthrift would so surely end in the gutter, influenced him not only to desire money for himself but constantly to write about it. Money, indeed, in these books is a consuming passion; love is almost always secondary to it. Love is restrained, considered, sober. Young, romantic love is on the whole foolish. Even in "Clayhanger" the unmistakably compelling love of Edwin and Hilda is described temperately and with sanity.

It is this temperateness and sanity, indeed, that separates Mr. Bennett from the first and greatest novelists. Nowhere in the novels is there a trace of the fire, the gusto, the passion, the unadulterated rhetoric that burn in "The Idiot," in "Anna Karenina," in "Tom Jones," in Thackeray at his best, in "Moby Dick." The highest compliment one can pay to Mr. Bennett is to say he is not quite in this company. His tone is level and composed. He will tell everything; but he will not raise his voice. He will not throw his scruples to the winds and dare all. Extravagance is a vice. Only a fool throws away his money, only a reckless, hot-headed incompetent will fail to keep for himself those reservations which an honest man needs to keep in order to live a creditable life and die a decent death. The middle ground is the safe ground; do not throw away your resources; do not passionately clutch them until you die of want. And it may be said of Mr. Bennett that he made the middle ground, the temperate, decent life more moving than any other writer has ever made it. To be clean, to be hard-working, to be honest, to be not necessarily kind but just—this is not, with Mr. Bennett, to be also dull. Here, probably, is the astonishing source of his power. It would be incomplete not to add that he possesses the saving grace of an ironical and sometimes mordant humor. Life is not quite tragic; it is more than comic; it seems to have no meaning, yet the meaning is there—in its fulness, in its variety, in the inescapable movement of one year after the other. Everything is the same and everything is changing. People are as they are. Mr. Bennett has shown that what they are is good.

Aid for the Jobless—or an Alibi?

By DEVERE ALLEN

Hyères, France, March 21

WHEN President Hoover's interest in foreign methods of unemployment relief was revealed by the dispatch of the official investigating expedition of Mr. John J. Leary, Jr., there were quiet smiles in Europe. Over here not the least humorous thing about American politics is our famed engineer's way of tackling problems by making an elaborate survey of the means by which they may be dodged. In labor circles, especially, there is sardonic wonderment as to what Mr. Hoover, who cannot tolerate anything that smacks of socialism, expects to find in countries where unemployment relief has taken a course conspicuously divergent from rugged individualism.

As Mr. Leary chats with the devoted readers of the *Telegraph* and *Morning Post* and discovers that the cost of unemployment insurance is a growing and tremendous drain upon the state, it is to be hoped that he will also take into account the fact that England, with almost 2,700,000 jobless workers, is still a country without bread lines. And if he is bothered because there have been abuses of the insurance plan, and because in truth a few men have passed up jobs they might have taken, he will do well to notice the cases in which men have had to choose between living on twenty-eight shillings a week without labor and working forty-five hours a week for thirty-one shillings, with no free transportation to and from their homes.

If Mr. Leary finds business men who can pull long faces and still enjoy it better than pulling longer ones, they will confide that although they hate like everything to keep up the dole—they will call it that—it was either dole or revolution. For Mr. Leary's notebook the following words from the *Manchester Guardian* might not be inappropriate: "America offers at least one lesson to those who denounce 'the dole' as the source of all our evils. Over there a man who is out of work has two resources on which to fall back —private charity or crime. Charity is limited. The opportunities for crime are not." And the *Guardian* is right, even allowing for those special areas where our vigilant police reserve the choicest pickings for themselves.

Apart from Hollywood, which is always a journalistic standby when events are dull in other quarters of the cosmos, American crime was until recently our most relished news in Europe. On the Continent, where you can buy Nick Carter, the Bradys, and Jesse James in several languages, daily headlines shrieked forth the latest amenities of life in Bill Thompson's bower, while the newest bedtime stories from Tammany Hall's domain embellished front pages from Moscow and Munich to Paris and Madrid. But crime stories are giving way; the American collapse, even if it carried the fortunes of Europe down to a more horrendous level, has brought with it a redeeming chance for laughter at the inanity of our officialdom. The leaders of French industry have not been slow to point out the wisdom of their resistance against the marvels of speed-up; the Germans have begun to doubt the virtues of mere industrial efficiency as a cure-all for their ills. Britain, where traditional ruts are unquestionably a curse, is in danger of growing still more deeply intrenched in antiquated production methods, including low wage scales, because of our egregious muddling. In every place there are doubts of things American. But regarding our "method" of relieving unemployment, doubt is too mild a word; amazement would be truer.

Unemployment insurance in Europe, though still inadequate and not universal, is firmly imbedded in the fabric of the common life. Other forms of social insurance, in which we have been laggard, were established long before the war, and have since made rapid progress. Germany's act of 1889 for old-age and invalidity insurance was extended in 1911 to cover pensions for salaried workers. Provision for limited forms of insurance was made by France in 1910, and almost simultaneously insurance acts—pensions or sickness or old age—were passed in Great Britain, Luxembourg, Rumania, Sweden, and Holland. Since the war new insurance of this character or extensions of old programs have been instituted by Spain, Italy, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Great Britain, Poland, Hungary, and France.

The International Labor Office in a recent report looks back on this steady march of social insurance and holds that the compulsory feature is essential. "Social insurance," it states, in the calmest sort of faith, "will no doubt continue its development as a compulsory system until it is universally adopted." If this be prophecy, something must give way. Can it be that the mounting effects of the world crisis will generate, even in America, a popular perception that the risks of competitive life are so great as to warrant a change toward social control? The recent progress of old-age pensions is, perhaps, a reassuring portent. It is less reassuring to reflect that while our unemployed still go without anything to hold body and soul together except what is brought them on the winds of chance, the White House has to wait for an emissary to find out what is already well known and available for the asking. Mr. H. B. Butler, deputy director of the International Labor Office, has completed a fair and detailed study of American unemployment. For a long time the staff at Geneva have had their fingers on every feature of the relief plans of every country. They could tell Mr. Leary all he needs to know. Perhaps they cannot tell him what he wants to know. They will not be able to tell him how, in any country under the sun, successful relief for acute unemployment can be effected through enlightened charity alone, or through private agencies working strictly in keeping with a competitive economy.

Nobody contends that because a scheme exists it operates everywhere in absolute perfection; nobody believes that widespread distress can be entirely overcome by social insurance alone, no matter on what scale. Nobody thinks that unemployment relief can be put through without upsetting the routine of life for some of the more privileged classes. Nevertheless, taking unemployment insurance specifically, as the form of social insurance which most urgently affects the present suffering millions, its benefits have been incalculable. In more than one country, hard though conditions are, any sustained economic cohesion has been possible only because collective intelligence has been marshaled for collective protection. To see how significant a factor unemployment insurance really is, one must realize its enormous growth.

In 1919 the workers insured against unemployment numbered between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000. At that time Great Britain was the only country where unemployment insurance was compulsory, and even there compulsion was limited to certain industries. Today, however, a compulsory system exists in ten countries, bringing a measure of protection, if the other countries with voluntary systems are added in, to more than 47,500,000 wage-earners. Of these, nearly 45,000,000 are located in Germany, Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Italy, Poland, Bulgaria, Australia (Queensland), Irish Free State, and Switzerland (nine cantons), where compulsory systems are established. In the Soviet Union 10,000,000 workers are ordinarily affected by unemployment insurance, though since October 9 last benefits have been suspended owing to the state of the labor market and the new ruling compelling laborers to accept jobs distant from their homes. Yet, deducting these 10,000,000, no fewer than 35,000,000 workers, thanks to compulsory unemployment insurance, are being aided who would otherwise be left to chance charity or starvation. Is this the method, demonstrably successful, in which the President is interested?

At the final session of the unemployment conference called by the International Labor Office last January, which I attended, the problem was sharply focused in a manner that epitomized our own conditions. A French employer, elaborating with hard realism the need of industrialists to rule in their own house, dwelt upon the desirability of freedom from too strenuous social demands. Poulson, the delegate of British labor, challenged this whole conception. The issue, he said—forcefully and accurately, though with little originality—was the old, old struggle between the right of a few to use human beings for profit and the right of the many to control society for the well-being of all. It is, of course, however old it sounds, the basic issue everywhere.

To the extent of protecting nearly 50,000,000 human beings against reliance on the dole of charity, world capitalism has yielded to the workers' pressure. But there are many men in all countries for whom American individualism is still the last strong bulwark, who understand that the beginnings of social control in our country mean the abridgment, then the destruction, of the right of financial and commercial groups to control society by their own superior brains. To this body of stalwart individualists Mr. Hoover has belonged, both by obligation and by personal conviction.

Why then, all Europe wonders, seek light from countries whose socialized methods only prove, by the Hoover standard, their flabby, weak degeneration? Where will Mr. Leary get his aid and counsel? Does the President genuinely want help, or does he seek new reasons for evasion?

Lawrence Decides

By ROBERT A. BAKEMAN

Lawrence, Massachusetts, April 1

LAWRENCE, Massachusetts, built around numberless cotton and woolen mills on the Merrimac River, has definitely decided that the National Textile Workers Union shall not be allowed to exist within its borders. The question of whether or not the workers in the textile mills want to organize under this form of union has been brushed aside. Notice has been bluntly served by the officials of the city, aided by federal authorities, through a series of spectacular acts that have swept away every semblance of civil liberty, that the right of laborers to organize, which has been upheld by our highest courts, will be denied to the workers of Lawrence if they insist upon affiliating themselves with the National Textile Workers Union.

This is the heart of the present situation in Lawrence. It is no longer the question of who was right in the recent strike—employer or employee. It is not even the question of whether textile workers should be organized into a conservative or a radical labor union. It is the far more fundamental question of whether workers shall be free to organize themselves for collective bargaining with their employers under whatever auspices they please, without the arbitrary and unlawful interference of the police, whose primary job it is to protect the civil rights of all.

For several years the textile industry, hard hit by changing conditions, has been attempting to reduce expenses and at the same time increase production. This has meant the introduction of efficiency experts and their subsequent recommendations for the speeding up of machinery. The process went on until "the straw that broke the camel's back" was laid on. It resulted almost immediately in the complete closing down of the largest woolen mill in the world, along with two smaller ones.

For some months an organizer of the National Textile Workers had been in Lawrence. This was the only labor organization there, for with all its experience in industrial conflict Lawrence had not yet learned that the safety valve which will minimize social explosions in the industrial field is the labor union; and in fairness it must be added that the conservative union has not so far shown any great interest in the unskilled worker. The strikers, therefore, came in flocks to the only people that offered to organize them. In their emergency it was not a question of a conservative or a radical union. Then only did the Lawrence which had remained inactive for years, in spite of the rumblings of discontent, arouse itself. The fear of a general strike, the hysteria against "Communist activities," the memory of bitter industrial conflicts in the past, and the specter of the disappearance of the pay roll which supported the whole community led to the formation of a Citizens' Committee. The newspapers announced a concession by the American Woolen Company—the withdrawal of efficiency experts—but it was only a newspaper announcement. The strike leaders were vigorously denounced by one Roman Catholic priest, and colorless resolutions were passed by a body of Protestant ministers urging the strikers to go back to work. A request came from the Citizens' Committee for a vote upon the acceptance of the company's offer. This request was not acceded to as quickly as the Citizens' Committee desired, and the next day the conspiracy to rid Lawrence of the strike leaders began to unfold—a conspiracy which has not yet ceased.

On the morning of February 26, while the strike committee was in conference preparing the issues to be submitted to a ballot of the workers on the following day, and while other workers were painting the placards announcing when and where the balloting would take place, the police rushed into the headquarters of the union and arrested Patrick Devine, the national secretary. Two hours later, while the strike committee was in conference again in the same union hall, City Marshal O'Brien with a squad of officers armed with clubs rushed into the room and arrested all whom they could find, including the organizer, Edith Berkman. One of the strikers, who asked to see the warrant, was struck over the head by an officer, receiving a terrific wound which later became so infected that the victim had to be placed in the Marine Hospital in Chelsea. The head of another striker was split open, and Miss Berkman was so cruelly treated that her body was covered with bruises for many days.

That afternoon, when the attorney for the defense went to see about bail, he was informed, as he testified without contradiction in court the next day, that two charges had been brought against the five persons arrested, each one of which called for $5,000 bail. When it was hinted that the bail would be forthcoming, thus permitting the leaders to go back to the strike, two further charges were added, each also carrying $5,000 bail. This meant the raising of $20,000 for each defendant. To cap the climax, double sureties were demanded, making it necessary to pledge $40,000 worth of property for the release of each person.

One naturally asks, What was the high crime for which this unconscionable bail was demanded? And the answer is the same charge that could have been brought against any labor union anywhere that ever declared a strike against its employers: namely, (1) conspiracy to destroy the personal property of the American Woolen Company; (2) conspiracy to destroy real property of the American Woolen Company; (3) conspiracy to destroy business contracts of the American Woolen Company; (4) conspiracy to intimidate employees of the American Woolen Company.

Then the Citizens' Committee, with a strike committee of its own choosing, the leaders of the strike being safely in prison, voted to have a ballot taken of the workers. It took place two hours after the announcement had been made. At ten o'clock at night the result was announced. At four the next morning a group of newspaper reporters who had been covering the strike came into my room at the hotel and confessed what a farce the whole balloting was. Nevertheless, the next morning the headlines in all the papers announced that the workers of Lawrence had voted by a majority of four to one to go back, though the really significant news was that only 1,650 out of more than 9,000 workers on strike had voted to return, and about 7,000 had not voted at all. The bells of the churches were rung in token of the wonderful victory.

At the hearing of the arrested leaders next morning examination was waived, and the judge in charge, without hearing a word of the evidence, refused to reduce the bail and accused the defendants of coming into the community to stir up trouble and flaunt its laws. At the end of the hearing the federal authorities stepped in, and with telegraphed authority from Washington completed the job of breaking down the morale of the strikers by taking their leaders to the Immigration Detention Department at East Boston as suspicious aliens. Although $40,000 worth of property had already been put up for their appearance in court, they were kept in detention several days, and the Immigration Department demanded $5,000 more from each individual before he could have his temporary freedom. In this way was both municipal and federal machinery put into use to rid Lawrence of the leaders in the industrial strife.

But official Lawrence was not yet through with its job. On the morning of March 2 the marshal with some fifteen men rushed into the headquarters of the National Textile Workers and began searching the rooms. The records of the District Court of Lawrence reveal that no warrant was issued authorizing the search of these premises. The officers took away mimeograph machines, typewriter, books, papers, vouchers, and records of all kinds belonging to the union. The headquarters were then nailed up and remained that way until days later, when members of the union forced their way back in. A young girl, stenographer for the union, was given her choice, after a two-hour grilling, of being arrested on the charge of vagrancy or of going back to New York. She was driven in an automobile to Boston by officials and put on the New York train. A man who was found in the hall was arrested on the charge of vagrancy, and his case is still to be heard.

The next move came in the form of a notice from the owner of the building that unless the union gave up its quarters immediately, steps would be taken for an eviction. The union has a bona fide lease of these quarters which does not expire until February 20, 1932.

The union also had hired a hall for its mass-meetings for a period expiring on March 20. On March 6 it advertised a mass-meeting of protest against the imprisonment of its leaders. At the scheduled time of meeting, those who came were greeted by a "No Trespassing" sign and a large body of policemen. The policemen, when asked for information, said they were simply obeying the written request of the owner that there be no trespassing on his premises, but a visit to his home the next morning revealed the fact that the owner of the hall, a Syrian, had been followed to his work in Lowell by the police and had been persuaded to allow them to post the "No Trespassing" sign.

And now from the hearing before the immigration officials on the question of deportation of these people whose real crime is that they have led a strike, the report is broadcast throughout the country that members of the National Guard during the recent Lawrence textile strike were asked "if they would refuse to be true to their oath of allegiance and would lay down their arms in the event of a red riot." It is said too on the best of authority that testimony was offered at this hearing that the strikers were asked to join a rifle club and to practice at a rifle range. Apparently the authorities, both municipal and federal, are convinced that the prejudice against the reds is so deep-seated that the American people have lost perspective and even their sense of humor.

Two significant things stand out in this story of Lawrence. First, a legal process has been invented for use in the realm of industrial conflict—a charge of conspiracy by which apparently the leaders of any strike, be it under conservative or radical auspices, can be arrested at a moment's notice and kept under impossible bail—which the Constitution of the United States forbids—until the emergency time of the strike has passed and the demoralization of the workers has been accomplished. Second, the conviction has been buried deep in the hearts and minds of thousands of those who toil that the machinery of government is for the sole use of those who possess the economic power. But of still greater concern in the recent experience in Lawrence to the student of human relations is the passing of civil liberties—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assemblage, freedom from invasion of basic rights.

Aftermath of a Lynching

By WILLIAM PICKENS

A LYNCHING took place in Marion, Indiana, on August 7, 1930. The victims were two Negroes charged with murder; there was also what seems to have been a false charge of rape, which served to win sympathy for the lynchers. The two men were in jail and would have been fully punished by the State.

The trial of the second of the half-dozen or so men who were indicted for the lynching was in progress in the last week of February, 1931. And it was astonishing to see and feel the mob atmosphere that still prevailed nearly seven months after the murder. The first member of the mob to be tried had been acquitted by the jury in twenty minutes. Against the second, Charles Lennon, there was enough evidence to hang ten men. Seven reputable citizens, including the sheriff from whom the prisoners had been taken, the chief of police, and two reporters of the two local papers, had definitely identified Lennon as the man who had swung the sledge hammer to break down the jail doors. And an eighth witness, who did not know him by name, described him exactly as the other seven had described him. Moreover, the witnesses for the defendant included his wife, his mother-in-law, his brother-in-law, and a "good friend," in whose testimony the prosecution pointed out many discrepancies and some absolute lies.

But it was plain that the mob spirit was dominating the trial and the court. Men who had been members of the mob packed the auditorium to the corridors, hundreds of them, every day. And a hard-faced lot they were. The better class of citizens seemed to be unconcerned about the matter; at least they were not present during the first three days of the trial. The Negroes, too, absented themselves, since they had no hope of seeing justice done, until finally a mass-meeting of Negroes was called, and the speaker, representing the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, showed the colored citizens how by their sullen and despairing absence they were leaving the whole spiritual domination of the courtroom to the mob. He urged them to attend the trial and by their very presence add their spiritual weight to the forces of prosecution.

During the last three days of the trial, therefore, Negro citizens attended in unusually large numbers. And strange to say, the rougher-looking mob element dwindled a bit among the spectators and some of the more cultured whites began to attend. On Friday afternoon, when the crowd was waiting on the deliberations of the jury, most of the mob crowd stayed out in the corridors, while Negroes and the better class of whites sat inside.

I visited Marion just a few months before the lynching. At that time the colored people gave a banquet for me, to which the mayor, the chief of police, and other city officials and prominent citizens came by invitation. They ate and drank with us. They declared that the colored people were on the whole the most law-abiding and the best citizens of Marion. But seven months after the savage lynching, many white people frowned or growled at the sight of a colored person; friendly greetings were rare, suspicion quick. We always fear and suspect those whom we have injured.

At the trial, while the judge seemed to be professional, the general atmosphere of the court was biased. The two young lawyers representing the attorney general's office and the "State" were looked upon as enemies of the community not only by the mob but also by most of the court officials. Their objections were almost uniformly denied and they were frequently insulted by court subordinates, while the two defense lawyers by a trick kept one of the prosecutors, Judge Earl Stroup, from making his plea to the court. After Merl Wald, the first prosecutor, had made his argument before the court, the attorneys for the defense announced that they would make no argument; as a result Stroup had no chance to present the devastating rebuttal which they knew he would make. The defense lawyers, who appeared to be weak and inexperienced—they were said to be two insurance agents who had recently "read law"—were willing to let their case rest with the evident prejudices of the jury. One of the defense attorneys was observed exchanging grins and disparaging grimaces with one of the jurors while Prosecutor Wald was making his remarkably fine statement to the jury. In his charge the judge laid great emphasis on the "presumption of innocence" to which the defendant was entitled, and stressed the point that proofs against him must be "beyond a reasonable doubt."

The case went to the jury on Friday. All afternoon the crowd waited, hundreds of people with less than twenty determined Negroes among them. The jury evidently could not agree. The Negroes had decided to stay through to the end. Mobs are like dogs. They seize you when you run, but only bark or growl or snap at you when you stand. The Negroes decided to stand at all costs. There were detectives, uniformed policemen, and deputy sheriffs in the crowd, but their presence held no assurance for colored people. Many of the spectators were armed, including some of the Negroes. Six of the Negroes who stayed were women, including Mrs. F. K. Bailey, local leader of the colored people. She and her husband, like all the other colored citizens of Marion, have been living under the threat of mob attacks ever since last August. The jury deliberated for many hours. Apparently it included at least one brave man who held out to the end, for the final report was disagreement. The trials of these two lynchers will have cost the county eight or ten thousand dollars. That is perhaps the only punishment that will be meted out. Other cases will be dropped.

The Lennon trial was a fitting climax to the events of the preceding months in Marion. The mob had "felt its oats" ever since that savage night in August and had made continuous attempts to terrorize the Negroes. They rode up and down through the Negro sections in fast autos, shooting and shouting, sometimes adjusting their engines so as to make rapid "back-firing" in the wee hours of the morning, simulating machine-guns. The one Negro physician, who has his office just a half-block from the main square and the courthouse and who has quietly but determinedly kept up his practice in the face of repeated threats, seems to be the chief thorn in the flesh of these people. The physician, six feet tall, straightforward, unquivering, says nothing but goes armed constantly, carrying a Winchester in addition when he answers calls at night. One night, after the firing of many shots near his residence, four automobiles filled with men drew up and parked directly in front of his house on the opposite side of the street. The doctor opened his front door so that the flare of his brightly lighted house fell right across the porch and down the front walk. The mob decided not to accept his invitation and silently withdrew.

Threats were passed around about what would happen to the colored population if Lennon were convicted. It seemed to make no difference that there was no Negro concerned in the actual trial in any way, not even as a witness: the prosecuting lawyers were representing the attorney general's office and the "State" and were almost apologetic in explaining that they had only a professional interest. The case throughout was one of white against white, eight of the most reputable citizens of the town being witnesses against the lyncher. Yet on the day preceding the giving of the case to the jury, mysterious telephone calls were made to the residence where the representative of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was staying, "warning" him or insinuating threats. The warning came from a white woman, who said that she could not afford to give her name or to tell from what telephone she was making the call. The voices of men called several times, inquiring where the association's speaker was to speak next in Marion, and what route he would take in going and coming that day to and from Muncie. And all night there was shooting and automobile back-firing through the streets where colored people live. The next day efforts were made to frighten all colored people from attending court. Some were frightened away. Others went back with grim determination and a desperate resignation.

The Indiana legislature has just passed a bill to curb lynching. The bill originated among the colored people as a result of the Marion lynchings, and was finally passed almost intact. It provides for (1) automatic suspension of the sheriff in whose county a lynching takes place, with reinstatement only when it is proved to the satisfaction of the governor that the sheriff did his full duty in trying to prevent the lynching; (2) money damages to be assessed against the town, city, or county in favor of the relatives and heirs of the lynched person. The colored people also want the constitution amended, if necessary, to permit the State to ask a change of venue in the trial of lynchers. At present only the accused may ask such a change. In cases of mob violence it would be safe and good policy to allow the prosecution to move for change of venue, for when a great mob holds a small community in its grip for twenty-four hours, there is hardly a prospective juror in the place who is not either a member of the mob, a relative of a member, a friend or a debtor or creditor of a member, or in some way a colleague or henchman of someone interested in defending a member of the mob.

To see Marion nearly seven months after a lynching was to realize the disastrous effect of mob action upon a presumably civilized community. It is a question whether the present generation of Marion inhabitants can ever recover from the relapse of that one night, when they dragged two Negro boys from the jail to a tree on the courthouse lawn in the center square of the city; when, after the killing was over, their youths and young men seized the rope, and like savages, all with their hands on the sacred piece of hemp, danced from the jail to the courthouse lawn, like college students making merry after an athletic victory.

In the Driftway

HIGHER education as it is practiced in this country has come in for some hard knocks within the winter just past. And if the Drifter feels constrained to say a word in its favor it is not because he would care to deny any of the strictures that have been passed upon it by critics more qualified than himself. Aside from the fact that he learned long ago—from a college prof—that it is useless to argue with anyone who doesn't already agree with you, the Drifter would be the first to admit to a serious-minded investigator that in his own case the years he spent at college were mostly wasted, that the hard-earned money (hard-earned by someone else) he consumed might better have gone back into the business, that gerunds and gerundives are to him almost as if they had never been. But he would still feel that the investigator was wasting his breath in railing at American universities.

* * * * *

IT is not yet a crime even in a democracy to say that there are fewer excellent brains in any given group, State, or nation than there are mediocre brains. Keeping that fact in mind, surely it is a little less than realistic to assume that universities which are open to all who come—and the Drifter thinks they should be—can possibly have much relation to higher education in its strict sense; further, if we must provide enough teachers to call the rolls, and if those teachers must have Ph.D.'s to get their jobs, it is patently absurd to expect that very many Ph.D. theses will have any relation to "real scholarship," whatever that is. Such assumptions and expectations can lead only to false hopes and savage sneers, both of which are irrelevant. The Drifter feels, in short, that Abraham Flexner's Institute for Advanced Learning, to which only scholars will be admitted for work in "pure science and high scholarship," is much more to the point than Abraham Flexner's book on the universities. The present-day college will probably remain just about as it is. The critics and the scholars would do better in the Drifter's opinion to let that windmill whirl in its own democratic air and head for more rarefied and more exclusive regions.

* * * * *

As a matter of fact, the Drifter, acknowledging a heresy, thinks that youngsters learn a great deal in college. And if what they learn enters their consciousness during an all-night session in a dormitory bedroom instead of in the class hour father pays for, at least it is likely to be remembered longer and used oftener. The Drifter, for instance, learned a great deal about two subjects not listed in the catalogue on a spring afternoon when he went for a walk with a girl instead of attending a duly scheduled physiology lab. During the stroll an impassioned discussion of careers for women broke loose; in the midst of which there was discovered a hoptoad that had got marooned in a black lake of tar which the spring sun had treacherously melted. For hours the Drifter labored heroically with a jackknife, digging out first one leg and then another, only to find that some other toe had inadvertently slipped back. The battle grew fiercer, and the talk about women grew more impassioned, as the afternoon waned and the tar hardened. But Eliza Hoptoad was finally extricated, presumably intact, since the Drifter cannot remember that she limped as she hopped away; and the woman question was clarified if not settled. The moral of this tale is that the Drifter that day learned so much about the texture of a toad's hide, the stretch of a toad's legs, and the quality of a toad's patience that he has ever since felt a knowing intimacy with hoptoads. Likewise, he learned so much about women that he has been a staunch feminist ever since. These attitudes of his toward hoptoads and women may not partake of education. He thinks they do. But he would never presume to call it higher education.

* * * * *

The Drifter thinks the American university should continue to be open to all who come. Every human being should have at least one opportunity to lead the remote and academic existence which the campus provides. College days are like the false spring of February that comes and goes before the mind can take it in. The only trouble with the students the Drifter knew, including himself, was that they were so preoccupied with April's plowing that February's sunshine was only half-experienced. Naturally they could not know that all their striving would most likely bring them up against nothing more rewarding than overproduction and a sharp decline in prices. It is not true that college students are frivolous-minded. They are in fact the most serious-minded creatures alive. If they concern themselves with first love and the latest rules of an autocratic dean, who is to say that these are less worthy than the price of stocks, the precise date of an early Egyptian tax list, or the founding of a political party? To appease the serious-minded investigators, remove the label Higher Education from the college gate. Put up instead a line from the early Masefield: "The days that make us happy make us wise."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Handle Words with Care

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To say, as you do in *The Nation* of March 18, that Hoover's philosophy would do credit to "a Proudhon the anarchist" is much too great a compliment for our President.

> Several of our fellow-men have agreed to treat each other with good faith and fair play—that is, to respect those rules of action which the nature of things points out to them as being alone capable of assuring to them, in the fullest measure, prosperity, safety, and peace. Are you willing to join their league, to form a part of their society? Do you promise to respect the honor, the liberty, the goods of your brothers? Do you promise never to appropriate to yourself, neither by violence, by fraud, by usury, nor by speculation, another's product or possession? Do you promise never to lie and deceive, neither in court, in trade, nor in any of your dealings? You are free to accept or to refuse.

The above is from Proudhon. What relation has it to what the President stands for?

Government never stands for individualism. It stands for the exploitation of the many by the few with the help of the army and the church. You may say that it should stand for social service, but it never has. On the power question Hoover's position merely means that government shall protect a few individuals in the privilege of exploiting nature's bounty and the workers for the benefit of that few. No individual wishes to live without society, and the intelligent individual knows that if he is not to be exploited it must be a condition of society that there shall be no exploitation of human beings.

It is not fair to use words loosely simply to bolster up an argument. Socialism, anarchism, individualism, wealth, capital, education are all used loosely and ambiguously by most people. Those who would teach should be more painstaking.

Newfoundland, N. J., March 23 ALEXIS C. FERM

Support Civil Liberties

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I draw the attention of *Nation* readers to the nation-wide membership campaign of the American Civil Liberties Union? Although it is hardly necessary to introduce the union to *Nation* readers, it might be well to remind them of the very important role the union plays in American life today. Briefly, the work of the union consists in keeping a vigilant eye open for cases of violation of free speech, press, and assemblage, and in supplying the victims of such attack, regardless of race, class, creeds, or principles advocated, with expert legal aid, widespread publicity, and organized protest.

The demands on the union this year, through the unrest caused by unemployment, and the intolerant temper of the police, have increased tremendously, and there is no sign of abatement. Our work at the present time is being maintained by an exceedingly small though active membership. It is vitally necessary that we double our strength.

Yearly membership ranges from $1 up through $2, $5, $10, $25, and $100. Our *Quarterly Review* goes to all members, bulletins and pamphlets to members paying $2 and over, and our weekly news release to members paying $10 and over. Further information can be had by addressing the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

New York, April 1 HELEN WINNER, Secretary

Intellectuals and the Bonus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I can easily understand why veterans of the World War want a bonus. And it is also obvious why rich taxpayers like Secretary Mellon are against such appropriations. But I have never understood why the liberal press has been consistently hostile to bonus bills.

You must admit that one function of the government is to distribute its money unevenly by grants, subsidies, and bonuses. Possibly you may be against tariffs, ship subsidies, and guaranties to railroads and infant industries. But you certainly advocate special aid to mothers, to the aged, to the unemployed, to backward farmers, and to many other groups. You favor a graduated income tax, which is class legislation.

Even if a true liberal be against the foregoing grants, he undoubtedly favors the postal system. Yet the postal system, even-handed as it seems, grants special favors to farmers in the parcel service, to airplane companies and shipping interests, to magazines and papers through cheap rates, to business through low third-class rates, to the party in power by manipulation of postmasterships and post offices, and to its current legislators in franking privileges that are generally used to further personal political ends. What is true of the postal service is true of other government functions. Subsidies are not more just because they are not open. The only possible way for the government to avoid special grants would be to dole its income out in cash to individual citizens—and not even the Socialists want that.

Since the government cannot avoid subsidies, the only question for the intellectuals is: Is the subsidy good or bad? The pro-bonus soldiers make two claims: (1) that a dollar a day, plus board, lodging, and pills, was an insufficient wage for the job of killing; and (2) that private soldiers belong to the comparatively poor class that should be helped at the expense of the rich.

There is no such thing as a just wage for knocking home runs or crooning blues or killing Germans. But surely the intellectuals would not commit murder or aid in it for three dollars a day. Even our gunmen and our hangmen demand more. Nor can the intellectuals deny that wealthy privates were practically non-existent, and that rich men either secured exemption or became officers in safe or dangerous places. If our unweary liberals believe in correcting past errors in the Philippines and Panama, let them also advocate "adjusted compensation" nearer home. If the liberals believe that our gap between rich and poor is too vast, let them begin with this piecemeal correction.

Such is the case for subsidies and for this particular subsidy. There are, however, a number of minor facts which liberal magazines have consistently misrepresented. (1) The war-risk insurance cannot be a substitute for pensions because it was at first, and still is largely, a death benefit. (2) The Civil War pensions are our nearest general approach to those old-age pensions that the liberal press so much desires—the awards go to old soldiers and old widows, usually of the poor or middle class. (3) The cost of pensions is a pacifist argument, useful for the liberal press. (4) The war-risk insurance is not a gift from a grateful government—it is just as strictly business as a postage stamp. Rates are cheaper than those of private companies, but the government pays for no advertising, employs no solicitors, pays no commissions, pays no taxes, has comparatively few statistics, and pays small premiums. (5) Similarly, the present Bachrach bill is a business proposition. Not one cent of charity is involved. The government which has been lending money to its heroes at 5½ per cent on good security is now willing to lend twice as much on good security at 4½ per cent. Why does the liberal press always fail to mention that the government has been borrowing this money at 3½ per cent? Why does it never say that the government's profit in borrowing over $300,000,000 at 3½ per cent and lending it at 5½ per cent has amounted to $6,000,000 a year, less operating expenses? What sort of "Treasury grab" is that, and who does the grabbing?

State College, Pa., March 1 W. L. Werner

Not Pirandello

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading, in your issue of February 18, Mark Van Doren's review of the current performance of Pirandello's play "As You Desire Me," I had a bewildered feeling that he must be speaking of some other play than "Come Tu Mi Vuoi," which I had just finished reading in Italian. Then I went to the Maxine Elliott Theater to see the production. I found that Mr. Van Doren's remarks are quite justified as far as that play is concerned. But that play can scarcely be called Pirandello's. The production itself is poor enough—it is only the acting of Judith Anderson which in any way redeems it—but we can ignore that since all of Mr. Van Doren's irritation seems to be directed at Pirandello.

In very small letters in the program you may read "adapted from the Italian." It would have been much nearer to the truth to have said "a new play, with the names of the characters and the barest outline of the story borrowed from Pirandello, and entirely rewritten down to what the Broadway producer considers the intellectual level of the American audience." The play as given here bears about the same resemblance to the play Pirandello wrote as the average movie scenario does to the novel from which it is adapted. Lines, scenes, incidents, spirit—all have been changed; what in the Italian is a delicately evocative, wistful study in half-tones, all done by allusion and indirection, becomes here a heavy-handed and rather absurd melodrama. It is scarcely a tribute to the intelligence and taste of the theatergoer to have the producer feel, as he so obviously must have felt here, that unless the play were flattened out with an elephantine tread, and every bit of subtlety or metaphysics signposted for the level of twelve-year-olds, it could not succeed before an American audience. Some day I hope that we may have the privilege of seeing the play that Pirandello wrote. Until then I suggest that the critics reserve judgment on Pirandello as a dramatist.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., March 1 Louise N. Trueblood

Mordecai Manuel Noah

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am completing a full biography of the American Jew, Mordecai Manuel Noah (1785-1851), who was prominent in the political, dramatic, diplomatic, journalistic, and social life of his time.

Since I am very eager to establish communication with any descendants of his who may be in possession of documents or of authentic information relating to him, I should be glad to hear from such persons, who may address me in care of the John Day Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All documents will be scrupulously cared for and returned by registered mail immediately after perusal.

New York, March 23 Isaac Goldberg

Proportional Representation in Ireland

Will It Survive?

WE print here an interesting account of the workings of proportional representation in the Irish Free State, where the system has been in effect during three general elections. The account was written by the Irish correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

The Free State has proportional representation in its most elaborate and exact form. The census of 1926 suggested the desirability of a bill for the redistribution of seats, and this has naturally led politicians to consider the suitability of the electoral system which has been tried out now in three general elections.

The a priori arguments usually urged against proportional representation are that it fosters the group system in the legislature and thereby produces instability in the executive, or, alternatively, makes the cabinet unduly subservient to the caprice of the legislature. A posteriori we note that things have turned out otherwise. The Free State is today apparently nearer the two-party system than any country in Europe. Its cabinet is the longest-lived of European cabinets, and his worst enemy will not accuse Mr. Cosgrave of having truckled to the legislature.

It may be argued that these results are due to abnormal conditions—to the fact that one of the Free State parties, Fianna Fail, was an extra-constitutional party which aimed at subverting the foundations of the state. Thus the government party, which is essentially a coalition of separate groups, was compelled to cohere as closely as if it were a true unitary party, while the ministers' revolutionary training gave them an unusual contempt for the elected representatives of the constituencies. Now that Fianna Fail no longer cares to talk of denouncing the treaty, Mr. Cosgrave begins to find it less easy to hold his party together and has to be more cautious about pushing through unpopular reforms.

Even if this is admitted, the fact remains that proportional representation makes for stability in another way. It has abolished sensationalism in politics. The existing English system magnifies the effect of a 10 per cent swing-over of votes, so that a large parliamentary majority may be converted into a humiliated minority, while a minority in the country may get an effective parliamentary majority. Under proportional representation 10 per cent of changes among the voters will be represented by 10 per cent changes in the party numbers in the Dail, and a party which has 40 per cent of the voters in the country gets 40 per cent, and no more, of the seats in the Dail. Further, since proportional representation necessitates large constituencies with four or five seats, each large party is sure of returning its leading candidate in each constituency. Thus on election day there is no hope in any constituency of utterly defeating the enemy's champion. The battle centers round the fate of the second-class candidates.

Another fact about proportional representation which Free State experience brings out is that it favors the candidate with a cross-bench mind as against the sound party man. Suppose a constituency with four seats. The voter is presented with a ballot paper containing ten names. Four are his own party candidates, four belong to the opposition party, one belongs to a small party, and the last is an independent. The voter is quite ready to put two of his own party candidates first and second. Then, with a great effort, he recalls the adjurations of his party leaders and the local canvasser and puts three against his third party man, whom he thinks a bit of an ass. But now he feels that he has done his duty nobly by his party and that he is free to consider his private preferences and exercise his individual judgment with his remaining votes. "Mr. A, number 4 on my party's list, I have always regarded as an unreasonable fellow, anything but an ornament to the party. Now, Mr. B, number 4 on the opposition list, is a decent and intelligent man, likely to exercise a restraining influence on his colleagues. Why shouldn't I give him my fourth preference? And then the independent has done local services and understands our local needs better than any man. Let him have my number 5. And then there is the new party. It deserves encouragement. We need a new point of view. I'll put their man number 6." One of these last votes is quite likely to become effective—number 4 or number 5 more likely than number 6. Thus the wise party manager is careful to choose moderate men as candidates. It is in this way, rather than by getting direct representation for minority interests, that proportional representation has proved a valuable protection to minorities. In spite of the evil legacies left by the bad times the Dail has shown itself on most subjects, except ancient history, reasonable, free from prejudice, and not given to violent utterances.

What pleases the elector is poison to the professional politician, who dislikes the cross-bench mind and wants the sound party man and the emotional atmosphere at elections which brings the sound party man into the House. Thus he is anxious to abolish proportional representation for very much the same reasons as influenced his Ulster brothers to do the deed in Northern Ireland. The strongest argument which he has against it is that it necessitates large constituencies. A five-seat constituency is the smallest suitable unit. It is true that in such constituencies there is a lack of touch between the sitting members and their constituents which is unsatisfactory to both.

Large constituencies also make electioneering expensive for a small party like the Irish Labor Party, which may not wish to contest more than one-quarter of the seats. Its difficulties are aggravated by the fact that Free State electoral law places no restriction on the supply of transport for the convenience of voters. Only the two big parties can afford to have cars in every corner of the country areas.

A return to the single-seat, single-vote constituency system would annihilate the Labor Party and many independents. Hence Mr. Cosgrave could not and probably would not wish to carry such a measure. But the professional politicians may induce him to copy the new English bill and try single-member constituencies with the transferable vote. The effect of this in the Free State would apparently be to promote party spirit. It does not even seem likely to strengthen the position of the third party, Labor. Nor can one easily see why it should be expected to conduce to better government than the Free State has hitherto enjoyed.

SPRING BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXXXII, No. 3432 Wednesday, April 15, 1931

"An Epic of America"

JONATHAN GENTRY

by MARK VAN DOREN

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Mr. Van Doren is also the editor of:

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To be published April 17th

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by WALDEMAR BONSELS

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Spring Book Section

The Philosophy of Morris R. Cohen

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE appearance of "Reason and Nature,"* by Morris R. Cohen, seems to me destined to mark an important milestone, perhaps even a turning-point, in the history of American philosophic thought. Even a critic unsympathetic to its temper and typical conclusions can hardly refuse it a place on that modest shelf of American philosophic classics which holds the works of a bare handful of thinkers—Peirce, James, Santayana, Dewey. What makes it peculiarly significant at this time is that it marks a definite repudiation of the doctrines and catchwords which, chiefly under the influence of James and Dewey, have dominated American speculative thought at least since the beginning of the present century.

One may begin by admitting, indeed, that Morris Cohen's philosophy is "un-American," just as the philosophy of James and Dewey, as most European critics were quick to recognize, is peculiarly American. In James's pragmatism, for example, as Santayana pointed out nearly twenty years ago (and his comment is just as true of Dewey's more recent instrumentalism), there are echoes of various popular American moral forces, like democracy, impressionism, love of the concrete, respect for success, trust in will and action, and the habit of relying on the future, rather than on the past, to justify one's methods and opinions. Writers more distinguished for their patriotism than their perspicacity have even hailed this philosophic reflection of our national ideals as one of the outstanding merits, if not *the* outstanding merit, of the philosophers concerned. It is significant, however, that these writers have never carried their patriotism to the length of demanding a peculiarly American science, nor does one find them praising, say, a German thinker because his thought is peculiarly German. Philosophy, like science, is worth little unless it is as true in Ceylon as in Cincinnati. Thought that is characteristically national is apt to be merely provincial. It is even open to the suspicion of being a disguised rationalization of the local *mores,* a system of apologetics.

Now one of the distinguishing traits of Professor Cohen's thought is that it is not only remarkably free from provincialism of place but from provincialism of time. It is neither "American" nor "modern." It is, on the contrary, deeply traditional; not in the sense that it lacks freshness or force, but in the sense that it has attempted to digest the thought of the great philosophers of the past; it feels that the road to truth lies through them rather than around them; that even their errors are instructive, and that instead of airily bidding them goodby, we might profitably examine what they had to say. "The notion that we can dismiss the views of all previous thinkers," he writes, "surely leaves no basis for the hope that our own work will prove of any value to others." "The philosopher whose primary interest is to attain as much truth as possible," he continues, "must put aside as a snare the effort at originality. Indeed, it seems to me that the modern penchant for novelty in philosophy is symptomatic of restlessness or low intellectual vitality." Philosophy, in short, must grow like science, not by each thinker rejecting everything that his predecessors have believed, but rather by absorbing it, scrutinizing it critically, amending, correcting, supplementing, developing it at this point and that, seeking always for more comprehensive vision, but never forgetting that omnipotence and omniscience are not to be attained. "The task of philosophy is too complicated to be solved by simple magical formulae. The age of panaceas, nostrums, and philosopher's stones belongs to the adolescence of philosophy."

I have said that Professor Cohen's thought is neither "American" nor "modern." This is most sharply revealed in his Epilogue: In Dispraise of Life, Experience, and Reality. Popular modern philosophy is honeycombed with these three terms, yet it is impossible to attach a clear meaning to any of them. The last two have been stretched to the point where they no longer have intelligible negatives; the first has often been absurdly narrowed. Thus Nietzsche sharply opposes the pursuit of life to the pursuit of knowledge, ignoring the quite obvious fact that the pursuit of knowledge is itself a form of life. "To the eye of philosophic reflection," Cohen replies, "the scholar or persistent thinker shows as much life or vitality as those who have to cover their naked restlessness by a gospel of strenuous but aimless perpetual motion—in no particular direction. The term "experience" again, as popularized by Professor Dewey, is equally applicable to everything that is an object of consideration, and Professor Cohen cannot see that it serves any definite intellectual function beyond carrying the faint aroma of praise. In brief, the philosophic scandal surrounding all three terms —life, experience, reality—arises from the fact that they have established themselves as terms of praise rather than of description; and the honorific use of non-discriminating terms can only serve to darken counsel.

These criticisms in themselves give the clue to Professor Cohen's broader position. He is a rationalist, in the sense that he is convinced that philosophers, whatever their opinions, must rely on the validity of logical reasoning to establish them; and the task to which he addresses himself in his first chapter is that of defending reason against the modern attacks upon it. For in spite of the popular worship of "science," we have been witnessing today a remarkably widespread decline of the prestige of intellect and reason. This distrust of reason, Professor Cohen feels, has its roots deep in the dominant temper of our age, an age whose feverish restlessness makes it impatiently out of tune with the slow rhythm of deliberate order. Recent popular philosophies—those of James, Bergson, Croce, Nietzsche, Spengler, for example—are at one with recent fiction, poetry, music, painting, and sculpture in attaching greater value to novel impressions and vehement expression than to coherency and order. The romantic or "Dionysiac" contempt for prudence and deliberative (so-called bourgeois) morality is a crude expression of the same reaction against scientific or rigorous intellectual procedure. Professor Cohen does not think it far-fetched to correlate this distrust of intellectual procedure with a growing bigotry and intolerance in political life, and the remarkable resurgence of faith in violence. "From Moscow to the Mediterranean there reigns a pathetic faith in salvation through brutality."

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* Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

He turns his attention, therefore, to the various arguments—those of psychologism, historicism, empiricism, kineticism—that have been used by those who distrust reason. These anti-rationalistic arguments, which Professor Cohen examines and rejects in turn, are at bottom romantic. Romanticism, however, is not merely negative, but involves an abounding faith in some inner, creative, and unlimited source of illumination or revelation superior to ordinary reason. Professor Cohen considers separately these various rivals and alleged substitutes for reason: authority (as variously reflected in the church, tradition, and expert opinion), "pure experience," intuition, instinct, and creative imagination, and he shows that these are either unreliable or complements of rather than substitutes for reason. Faith, he holds in the end, cannot be based on skepticism as to reason. As for William James's "Will to Believe": "Reason in the form of logical science is an effort to determine the weight of evidence. To tip the scales by the will to believe is childish foolishness, since the real weight of things is not thereby changed."

I have said that Professor Cohen is a rationalist, but I do not mean to imply that he returns to the naive rationalism of the eighteenth century. For while he emphasizes the role of reason, he does not identify knowledge with its rational element. Nature is more than reason; no possible number of analyses can exhaust it; always there remains the beyond, the unexplained, the contingent. Logical "explanations" can never do more than push back the contingency of our fundamental assumptions: ultimately the universe is just what it is. Yet though "our reason may be a pitiful candle light in the dark and boundless seas of being, we have nothing better, and woe to those who wilfully try to put it out."

Professor Cohen is then ready to devote himself to some of the broader philosophic problems raised by reason and scientific method—induction and deduction, the theory of probability, the irrational, and the a priori. He is a realist, in the older metaphysical sense opposed to nominalist; that is, he believes that classes, universals, and relations are real, or at least correspond to something real in nature, and are not mere convenient mental fictions as supposed by empirical sensationalists like Mill. One other principle is central to his thought—the principle of polarity. This is suggested by the phenomena of magnetism, where north and south pole are always distinct, opposed, yet inseparable. Thus opposites such as immediacy and mediation, unity and plurality, the fixed and the flux, substance and function, ideal and real, actual and possible, all involve each other when applied to any significant entity. Not only, for example, must every natural event have a cause which determines that it should happen, but the cause must be opposed by some factor which prevents it from producing any greater effect than it actually does. This principle (which suggests the Hegelian dialectic, with the significant difference that it never violates the principle of contradiction by holding opposites to be *identical*) may seem at first merely obvious or verbal, but the persistency and rigorousness with which Professor Cohen applies it over a wide range of problems makes it yield highly important insights. Professor Cohen deals in turn, in a series of brilliant chapters—which would be amazing for their scholarship alone—with the problems of method and the crucial philosophic issues raised by mathematics, physics, biology, psychology, and the various social sciences, particularly political theory, law, and ethics. Space does not permit me to indicate in detail the conclusions to which he comes in each subject, but something must be said of his method of approach. He is too critical a mind to line up with any party or cult. Thus, in ethics, he can accept neither absolutism nor antinomianism; in psychology, he is as severe on the loose metaphors and hypostatizations of the psychoanalysts as on the crude materialistic monism of the behaviorists; and in biology, though in the end he finds the hypothesis of mechanism far preferable to that of vitalism, he is careful to point out that neither is free from undue dogmatism. A student of physics and mathematics, he accepts the necessary implications of relativity and recent discoveries regarding the atom without being at all impressed by the religious and philosophic lessons drawn by men like Millikan, Eddington, Jeans, and Compton. While he respects the great achievements of these men in their special fields, he feels that they cease to be scientific when they jump off into "amateurish speculative flights" in the fields of religion and philosophy. In short, he is never a mere "eclectic" or a facile "reconciler"; he is as far as possible from the mushy the-truth-probably-lies-somewhere-between-the-two-extremes writer. Like Bradley, he knows that the exact opposite of a false idea may be an idea equally false.

Emphasizing, as he does, the need for the richest possible variety of observations and hypotheses to assure the probable truth of our results, insisting on the need of unifying principles and yet always directing our attention to the complexity and the fulness of the concrete facts in any particular problem, Professor Cohen bears little resemblance, either, to the philosophic system-builder. What he gives us, in the end, is not a "system" but a set of marvelously sharp philosophic tools. What interests him is the methods rather than the results of thinking; or rather, he feels that more attention to the first will assure more success in the second. If we were to study propositions about morals, for example, with the same detachment as propositions about electrons, caring more for the rules of the scientific game than for any particular result, our ethical theories would probably be much sounder than they are.

Professor Cohen's style compares unfavorably in some respects with Santayana's dulcet periods or with Bertrand Russell's ease and lucidity, but it is not lacking in a fine terseness of its own. Compared with Dewey's prose it seems a model of clarity and firmness. A high devotion to truth keeps the general tone serious. Professor Cohen resists the temptation, to which brilliant writers like Eddington and Poincaré often succumb, to strain after paradoxes; but he often permits himself a dry irony, and he has a remarkable gift for pithy aphorism.

In output, he has revealed a scrupulous will-to-refrain remarkable in our time. For many years his reputation has been growing, but up to now that reputation has been rather esoteric. "Reason and Nature," his first book, appears when he has reached the age of fifty. This explains, in part, why it achieves such remarkable compression; it represents almost literally the work of a lifetime.

The New Mythology

By HORACE GREGORY

THE last eight years in American poetry have been commonly regarded as a comparatively sterile period. The enthusiasm of the 1912 renaissance, with its many discoveries and its new bohemianism, had reached a climax in 1922, and was beginning to recede. The publication of "The Waste Land" in the pages of the *Dial* was the first indication of a change that was to steer American poetry into new channels, and to develop what may be called a new mythology.

T. S. Eliot, by a deliberate analysis of the civilization recognized as characteristically American, found a title for his major poem. The fact that the immediate locale of the poem was contemporary London is of secondary importance. It is significant that the poem deals with the problems of the contemporary scene and the frustration of spiritual life in the modern city. The "hollow men" (of the poem that appeared shortly after the publication of "The Waste Land") are creatures produced from a waste-land environment. They form a chorus serving as a background for the progress of a modern tragedy.

> We are the hollow men
> We are the stuffed men . . .
>
> Remember us—if at all—not as lost
> Violent souls, but only
> As the hollow men . . .
>
> This is the dead land
> This is cactus land . . .

Grishkin in a drawing-room, J. Alfred Prufrock, and Apeneck Sweeney are of the same race, children of a broad American desert. The validity of Eliot's myths may be subjected to something that resembles scientific proof. In "Middletown" we rediscover the same barren continent, populated with a "business class" that bears a generic relationship to the hollow men. The despair of the waste land is reechoed throughout Mr. Lynd's sociological report of the average post-war American. Spiritually bankrupt, friendless, obscure, standardized, Mr. Middletown accepts the routine of business as a religious ritual. Both Middletown and his wife seek relief in childish or vicarious excitement. Automobiles, radios, the talkies, speakeasies, and country clubs offer an escape, or at least enough excitement to counterbalance the nervous strain of making a career in business and the fear of losing the job.

It is no wonder that the post-war poet reacted sharply from the Whitmanesque optimism and the blind search for beauty that ran their course in the renaissance of 1912 to 1922. He was confronted with the problem of finding a substitute for old symbols of a spiritual life or recreating traditional symbols of metaphysics into a new language and a new mythology. Upon the evidence of the poetry that has been written within the last eight years, it seems inevitable that much of the new mythology carries with it the implication of tragedy.

Far removed from T. S. Eliot, and springing from tradition that is predominently romantic, Robinson Jeffers has created an entire world of demi-gods walking toward us out of the sharp sunlight and violent storms of Southern California. The psychological importance of Robinson Jeffers's creations is a debatable point, but it may be dismissed as irrelevant to the present interpretation. Mr. Yvor Winters, in a review published in *Poetry* of February, 1930, has attacked Mr. Jeffers's philosophic credos and his ability to control a precise and effective poetic vocabulary. This, too, is beside the point that Jeffers has given us a convincing mythology which survives by virtue of his narrative power. Cawdor and his adulterous wife, Roan Stallion and the woman, California, the Greek giants in "The Tower Beyond" tragedy, and even the mad preacher in "The Women at Pont Sur" may be taken as symbols rising from the America of "Shine, Perishing Republic."

> While this America settles in the mold of its vulgarity,
> heavily thickening to empire . . .
> . . . be in nothing so moderate as in love of man, a
> clever servant, insufferable master.
> There is a trap that catches noblest spirits, that
> caught—they say—God, when he walked on earth.

The waste land of "Cawdor" and "Tamar" takes on the character of a quicksand. It is not only desolate but treacherous. The magnificent land- and seascape of the Pacific coast, the quick, earth-shaking storms and the grateful calm of rich sunlight over redwood forests and long, rolling beaches, merely deceive the eyes of Titans who are lost in a monstrous hell of their own making. Cawdor, perhaps the most significant of Jeffers's heroes, knows that the materialism of American life has set another trap for him:

> Ruling men's money's a wedge in the world. But
> after I'd split it open a crack I looked in and saw
> The trick inside it, the filthy nothing, the fooled and
> rotten faces of rich and successful men.

Yet Cawdor cannot escape his own doom. The betrayal of human love, a central theme, running throughout Jeffers's poetry, from his early volume "Californians" down to his "Loving Shepherdess," is Cawdor's undoing. Humanity, if we are to accept it at Jeffers's evaluation, feeds upon itself, grows inward, and rots. It is only in the sacrifice of human attributes and in death that Jeffers's myths find union with his deity. Translated into strong lines of action (the very plot a symbol of human destruction) the creatures of Jeffers's imagination stride, love, and die within a nightmare that is becoming known as the American consciousness, which is a poetic distortion of the American scene. They are manifestations of a civilization that on the surface seems childishly innocent and harmlessly insane.

Following upon the heels of Jeffers's Titans, we have Hart Crane's synthesis of America in "The Bridge." It is a deliberate conception of a new myth, and like Jeffers (as opposed to Eliot) Crane relies upon the vitality of an anti-intellectual force. His work translates the emotional shock of skyscraper environment into a fresh poetic vocabulary. Again we see the contemporary poet searching for spiritual values in the American desert. Crane looks backward into America's past toward Pocahontas, Cutty Sark, the Great River, and gazes forward where Atlantis lies, but the present is a world of the Tunnel, where the subway roars through hell:

> The phonographs of hades in the brain
> Are tunnels that rewind themselves, and love
> A burnt match skating in a urinal . . .

Crane attempts a solution, never quite articulate, of his relationship to modern life by way of metaphysics. He has taken the broad background of the American tradition and woven its symbols into a strong yet delicate pattern. Poe, Melville, Whitman, and William Carlos Williams of "The American Grain" are recreated in his own idiom. The forward leap of the poem at its close leaves the barren soil of the waste land far behind:

> intrinsic Myth
> Whose fell unshadow is death's utter wound . . .
> Forever Deity's glittering pledge, O Thou . . .

If Eliot, Jeffers, and Crane were the only creators of a waste-land mythology, they could be readily presented as three striking literary accidents, but such is not the case. The reaction to the American waste land, even when it has resulted in an attempt to escape into the language and music of seventeenth-century poetic diction, is characteristic of the poetry that is being written today. A composite portrait of the scene reveals rather than obscures the characteristic attitude.

Since the war there has been a development of an expatriate group of which Eliot himself is a member, and whose influence is felt in the work of Archibald MacLeish and R. Ellsworth Larsson. The sterility of the modern scene is stressed and made poignant by a nostalgia for the past and the use of distinguished music. MacKnight Black has made the machine itself a means of producing decorative effects, but his commentary upon the entire civilization is slight. Closely allied to the expatriate mood is one of post-war cynicism such as we find in the poetry of Kenneth Fearing. Here is the world of the tabloids, stripped clean of emotional values and presented in the staccato of machine-gun bullets. The same gin-drinking, insane New York civilization comes to light in Joseph Moncure March's "Wild Party," and the specific horror of the waste land is very close to us indeed.

Returning to the mythology of Robinson Jeffers and away from the immediate effects of urban civilization, Isidor Schneider's "Temptation of Anthony" recreates the typical American tragedy in a small-town environment. Frustrated emotional life blazes forth in fury against a persecuted protagonist. The individual man, artist and lover, is crushed and then deified by the mob.

A recent development of the contemporary attitude in American poetry is one of withdrawal from actual conflict. For the moment there is a revival of interest in traditional poetic language and formal elegance, combined with the effort to express emotion in terms of metaphysics. This is another way of saying that the younger groups of American poets are looking for spiritual sustenance and exact boundaries in which they can find security. Perhaps the most original and gifted of these is Léonie Adams, whose precise use of the traditional patterns in metaphysical poetry is always sharp and convincing. Stanley Kunitz and Yvor Winters are also significant figures in building a defense against the intrusion of a harsh world. Their work must not be confused with the familiar art-for-art's-sake formula; it is a direct reaction against the thunderous exuberance that shook the earth in 1912.

Within the last few months another group, under the leadership of Louis Zukofsky, has made an effort to unite in its demand for verbal discipline under the title "Objectivists 1931." An examination of the poetry written by the group reveals again the central theme of tragic disillusionment, but it is by implication rather than statement. The technical influences of Williams, Pound, E. E. Cummings, and T. S. Eliot are markedly evident; and it may be well to observe here that William Carlos Williams, as a creator of a poetic mythology indigenous to American soil, is a profound influence in American poetry today.

For the moment it seems as though we have come to the end of a period in which American poets have preached a gospel of fear and negation. Certain religious phases of Hart Crane's poetry and the reaction of the younger groups that I have indicated by the mention of Stanley Kunitz and Léonie Adams display characteristics of affirmation after defeat. Though the symbols of the waste-land mythology are those of terror and destruction, the very fact that they are created out of what seemed to be barren soil is evidence of an essential vitality at work in contemporary American literature. Despite its subject matter the poetry of the last eight years has shown no lack of imaginative power. The myths of Eliot and Jeffers are possessed of a terrifying will to endure. They have already provided a background for a new interpretation of poetry on the American continent.

Career

By KAY BOYLE

there are many ways now of being a young man
not so simple as plowing a field
spading a black patch
strung thick with earthworms
or making love
a procession of lace handkerchiefs
swept up from lawns
floors
checkerboards

I would be finding a new way
to bend water making a fan of it
to chill the desert
brand cattle break horses with
the pulse of the knee
Spring nights would catch me
horning new timber down salmon-rivers
my breath at lonely corners linger all night
with whiskey-singing
sun cracking whips upon my skin of hard man
speech running sweet
raw
high
under the hay

Books, Films, Drama

Meditation in Forty-second Street

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Sunlight falls in a long ragged sword-cut across—it swings downward
Over soaring acres of brown; the swift night approaches,
Night without end, the flute players of the white storm uplift
Out of the gulf again and the wind pits
Scarred beetling faces.

Night of strong winds and sheer frost, night set free to roam
Three thousand miles over fruitless plains, empty in sunlight:
What have you seen, have you seen, by what impulse
In the million-faced acres of casemented brick have you come here,
Why has fate set here a door?
The west-wandering peoples
Pass through and do not return: in the free rocky deserts
No one has counted their footsteps:
Their trail is utterly lost.

How shall we shape here, define
Tower from tower when each changes;
Proteus-like assuming some new incarnation,
Altering in form but not purpose; change on the surface;
Under the skin bare rivets that bite into steel,
The groans of loosening stone.

How weigh the weight of these towers,
Seeming so tranquil, indifferent to the life that was burnt up to make them;
And makes them tirelessly anew; in what new sphere must we set them,
Freed from the jangle of noise that still follows; the hoarse diapason
Of horns, hammers, sirens, and gongs—dare they ignore these?
Frozen in lunar night, can their chasm-walls drink only sunlight?
Can they know, can they feel, can they see?

Clamor of impotent impulse beats here against being;
Vainly the towers strain against the sense of life surging beyond them,
Life without meaning or rest, but life like an insect,
Tirelessly heaping the million-celled heap a little higher;
Burying its tiny eggs in domes that were built for free giants;
Rending the nest apart, and scurrying off into shelter.

Men have dreamed gods before in Athenian sunlight;
The coursers of night and of day watched the free contest
Of the olive-strown rock and the sea:
And in Florence
Angelo, tortured by hope, set his listless dreams: thought and stilled action
Over the struggling limbs of reclining Night and Day.
But these gods were gods of a human sort; their stretched effort
Spread from shrines and towers into fields, over the free open woodlands,
Summoning the sap of a million growths toward their harvest,
Man's mind made one with the tireless renewal of nature:
Here, wave upon wave, the stone
Shuts nature out; like sea-cliffs riddled by swallows,
These challenge the spirit, that dares not encompass their meaning;
Set beyond good or evil, or mind and unmind; sheer power that braces its shoulders
Against the void and the darkness;
Not human; a dream of the night that the mind dares not utter
Though drawn from the limitless depths of the human will.

Before Dawn

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

And where the hill went sliding down the south
Into a closed infinity of night,
One star, and one alone, and none too bright,
Came to dispute the darkness and our drought;
One meager hint, one glimmering drop for both,
Parched with dry prayers, soiled with the smell of blight—
And you were all for turning back in fright,
And there were only ashes in my mouth.

Then the one star went out, and something happened,
Something beyond the boundaries of sight.
Something unrolled the darkness; darkness ripened,
Fold on upwelling fold, height over height.
Darkness turned upon darkness; darkness opened
To light, light all-compelling, nothing but light.

Epitaph of a Generation

The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

THERE should be another name for this rare sort of book: the word "autobiography" is misleading. To be sure, Lincoln Steffens has told here the story of his own life—a part of it, at any rate; but, like Mill and Tolstoy and Henry Adams, he has mainly done something else, and that a more fruitful thing than most self-portraitists succeed in doing. He has written the psychological history and, so to say, the extended epitaph of a whole generation, a whole social movement, a whole class. There is something cartographic about such a book. One reads it with a sense of getting one's bearings in a half-familiar territory for the first time: unrelated by-paths and gullies and hillocks gradually arrange themselves in an intelligible pattern, north becomes unmistakably north, and south south. One stands in a somewhat clearer relation than ever before to one's immediate predecessors, and everyone knows the exhilarating effects of such a change. A book like this is, intellectually, a great economy: it enables generations, as if they were developing individuals, to accumulate experience, to profit even by abortive experiments, to avoid the mere marking of time, and to push on into new realms.

Mr. Steffens's autobiography, to be specific, is the obituary of American reformism, progressivism, liberalism; it is at once the story of and the verdict upon the whole first phase of the movement in this country against privilege, inequality, individualism—the phase that found its characteristic expression in middle-class "social work," in muckraking, in trust-busting, and in reform legislation. Not that these things have not been appraised and found wanting many times before; not that a later generation than Mr. Steffens's has not passed through disillusion and either relapsed into cynicism or moved on to newer forms of positive action. But the whole story has not hitherto been told by a man who could boast of having been *magna pars* in the movement itself, who had lived out in his own person the whole cycle of enthusiasm and disenchantment and reorientation, and who could speak at once personally and perspectively. Indeed, if another man exists who is better qualified for the task than Lincoln Steffens, I do not know who he is. A dozen other men and women were perhaps as close to the center of the movement as this financial reporter for the *Post* under Edwin L. Godkin, this editor of *McClure's* and the *American* in the palmy days of muckraking, this author of "The Shame of the Cities" and "The Struggle for Self-Government," this friend of Croker and Roosevelt and R. S. Baker and Darrow, of Upton Sinclair and La Follette and Ben Lindsey and Fremont Older, this interviewer of many a boss and many a bribe-taker. But did any of them see through, as Steffens did, the badness of "good men" and the unreliability of upright citizens, or see into the goodness of "bad men" and the curious honesty of the crooks? Did any of them understand, as he gradually did, the inevitable role of corruption and venality in a badly organized society based on privilege? Did any of them, after beginning with the friendship and the views of Jacob Riis and Norman Hapgood, end with a sympathetic understanding of the purposes, on the one hand, of Lenin and, on the other, of Henry Ford?

What all this implies is what makes his autobiography so absorbing a document—a wonderful intellectual plasticity against a background of intellectual integrity, an exceptional union of social imagination with personal intuitiveness. One thinks of the type reformer, of his inflexible commitment to a formula, his indifference to individuals, his dyspeptic zeal: how little of all this there is in Lincoln Steffens! So little that if his book had no other value it would have the richest interest just pictorially or just dramatically, as reminiscence, as evocation, as narrative. There is the most effortless humor, the most natural tenderness, in his account of a California boyhood in the prosperous, innocent days after the Civil War. There is the pleasantest profane exuberance in his picture of undergraduate life in Berkeley in the '80's and of the following years in German university towns and in Paris. But of course the interest of these early chapters remains rather strictly personal. It is when he reaches the period of his newspaper life in New York in the '90's—of his journalistic career in Wall Street during the panic, of his work as a police reporter in the days of Parkhurst and Schmittberger and Riis and Roosevelt—that Mr. Steffens begins to be the inspired chronicler. Nothing could be more spirited or more startling in the effect of truth than the scenes, for example, in which the vehement, the spurious Roosevelt holds the stage; or the glimpses of J. P. Morgan lowering like a great beast in his inner office; or the unstudied reports of illuminating conversations with malefactors like Matthew Quay and Martin Lomasney; or the picture of Paris during the Peace Conference and of Moscow before and after the October Revolution. It is not for nothing that Mr. Steffens got his training as a journalist: the reporter of genius was never lost in the reformer, and this book is the winner accordingly.

But he has been more than a reporter, just as he has been more than a reformer: if the word did not have too many portentous connotations for so genial a man, one would say that he has been a kind of prophet. At any rate, if to be a prophet is to have a true humility of mind and spirit, to grasp imaginatively the conflicts of one's time, to apprehend the relation between men and events, to be capable of disenchantment without bitterness or negation, then Lincoln Steffens has been something of a prophet, and this book has something of the stateliness of prophecy. I do not mean that it embraces the sum of social and personal wisdom, but I do mean that it is full of invaluable hints and intimations. It suggests how the transition can be made from a plastic liberalism to a resourceful and humane radicalism. It suggests how social movements can be given a personal and psychological as well as a collective aspect. It demonstrates, indirectly, the shabbiness of our fashionable cynicism. It is a source book for the critic, for the radical, for the man of action. But it is certainly not merely an "autobiography."

Newton Arvin

Moore in Aulis

Aphrodite in Aulis. By George Moore. Brentano's. $2.50.

THIS may be the last book we are to have from George Moore. It was written during a long illness to which he had resigned himself as his last, and with a certain grim propriety it is dedicated to the physician who by his encouragement as much as by medicine kept him alive to complete it.

There is nothing in the book, however, of the laxity and the wandering mind of invalidism. Structurally, it is perhaps the firmest of Moore's novels; and there is no loosening of his smooth and scrupulous writing, the outcome of unwearied revision. Characteristically, Moore, to whom there is no such thing as a final script, has made revisions in this edition from what was announced as the definitive form in the first limited edition, adding another to the many similar grievances of his collectors.

The story begins with the dream of Kebren, an Athenian actor, whom a divine voice orders to Aulis. At Aulis he is given refreshment by Otanes, a rich merchant, whose daughter, Biote, proves more insistent than the ambition of Kebren to tour the cities of the Greek world to teach a new interpretation of the significance of Helen in the Homeric epics. Marrying Biote, he begets two sons, Rhesos and Thrasillos, the first of whom becomes a sculptor praised by Phidias, and the latter an architect. Rhesos is imperious and rebellious and the softer-willed Thrasillos follows him. There is an implication of incestuous desire on the part of Biote for her masterful son, Rhesos, in whom the artist she has loved and conquered in Kebren, her husband, is rearisen, unconquerable.

Rhesos and Thrasillos go to Athens and while they are there a series of earthquakes scourges coasts neighboring upon Aulis. In their terror the citizens of Aulis, led by Biote, urge the building of a temple to avert a similar visitation. The goddess chosen is Aphrodite, and Rhesos and Thrasillos are summoned to Aulis to carve her statue and build her dwelling. The temple rises, but Rhesos grows melancholy because he cannot finish his statue until he has seen a certain completing gesture that will make his sculpture divine. He sets out to consult Phidias, but the oxen that draw his cart take the road away from Athens to Tanagra, near which there is a little-known oracle. Its priestess bids him await Aphrodite on the shore at sunrise, and following this advice many mornings, he finally sees two girls walk naked from the surf, one of whom makes the gesture that Rhesos needs to animate his statue. This girl Rhesos marries, while Thrasillos wins the sister. Their marriage, taking Rhesos at last away from her, destroys the desire for love in Biote and from then on she sleeps apart from Kebren. At the end of the book there is a concourse of great men from Athens; Phidias and other notable sculptors, Euripides, Sophocles, and the boy-prodigy Aristophanes all come to admire the temple and its statue, and so to worship Aphrodite.

Thus, in her leisurely way, using up the lives of two generations of a family, possessing them by dreams and oracles when they lag in her purpose, Aphrodite comes to Aulis. There is little other idea in the book, though it would be easy to interpret and find allegories in it of the power of love. But it is not likely that Moore, who believes ideas to be the corruptible parts of a work of art, intended that such allegories be found in it.

The story is quietly told but very moving. Historians and archaeologists may quarrel with Moore and say these men and women are spurious Greeks, the children of the far-away Celtic renaissance. Skeptics, offended by gods and oracles, may debate its reality. Nevertheless, within the world created between its first and last word, and by all that is relevant to itself, there is not a hesitant moment in the book, nothing incredible, unreal, or unconvincing. Like every work of art, it adds its special reality to the realities of the world.

In manner all the characters are alike, all grave and courteous, even the capricious woman and the impetuous man. But under this calm appearance, the calm of quiet reminiscence, there is a subtle and sure building up of personality.

The writing is more fluid than ever. It seems to melt into the mind as one reads, but it recrystallizes in the mind, and is not lost as sometimes happens with faulty stylists. The effect is gained partly by the exquisite choice of words whose sounds mesh perfectly with each other, so that they run together, but the sense of flow itself is given by the present participle, which Moore uses probably more than any other writer in the whole range of English literature. There is no doubt of its occasional overuse in passages that would gain strength were they a little more rugged. To complain of it, however, is to no purpose. A virtue perhaps is not understood until it is practiced to excess.

Because of its exquisiteness critics have often denied strength to the work of George Moore; a ridiculous judgment. The power to arouse emotion and the power to realize character fully and firmly are in his work; other strengths in the writing of fiction are often delusive, mere harsh voices.

Although "Aphrodite in Aulis" does not rank in my mind with "Héloise and Abelard," having, I feel, a slighter story and a slighter command as well of its historical background, it is better articulated and more exquisitely constructed. It has beauty and grace. It is the work of a master.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

What Are the English Like?

The Natives of England. By Henry W. Nevinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN his preface Mr. Nevinson, the veteran journalist, remarks that it is impossible for one race ever to understand another. As prefaces are not seldom intended for signposts to reviewers, this statement may be taken as the equivalent of the road warning "dangerous curve ahead." However, the reviewer must proceed, and Mr. Nevinson himself devotes not a little space to quoting with approbation the wise comment of foreigners on the people and institutions of his own country.

This is but one of the many instances of illogicality in what in some ways is a most difficult book to review. It is at once delightful and irritating, comprehensive and inadequate, careful

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and slipshod. Familiar with the English scene by residence, intimate through cousinships that are of blood and not of rhetoric, I can appreciate the high quality of much of Mr. Nevinson's analysis of his countrymen, and at the same time as a foreigner can realize the false impression that both commissions and omissions may make upon those who have little or no knowledge of England.

The skeleton construction of the work is almost as precise as that of a doctoral thesis, the chapters being headed The Island Scene, The Race, The Monarchy, The Nobility, The Upper Classes, The Middle Classes, The Country Worker, The Workpeople, Interests of the English, and The English Base. This sounds formidably dry-as-dust, but in fact this logical skeleton disappears in the book as do the bones which we are quite unconscious of beneath the charming shroud of flesh of a smiling and inconsequential youth. The fault of the book is not erudition of the German type but amateurishness of the English sort. Nevinson has quite clearly written to please himself rather than to instruct even his own countrymen, much less the despised foreigner. For example, although he traces the history of the monarchy, tells us that there is no longer any demand for a republic, chats about the rather snobbish love of royalty by the people at large, and devotes nearly three pages to the king as head of the church, he gives the reader no inkling at all of the genuinely deep feeling of many Englishmen for the king as symbolizing in visible form the whole of the mental complex which they call "England," nor of the absolute necessity of a non-elected head of the Empire if the Empire is to hang together. Both these points are of the most profound importance when considering the English form of government, yet in twenty pages the author mentions neither of them, preferring to skim the surface with a good deal of irony and persiflage.

Here and there one may, with all modesty, disagree with specific statements, but on the whole the misleading statements, if I may be permitted a bull, are those which the author does not make. I have just illustrated this with regard to the monarchy. Another case is that of the Englishman's conception of "home," so different nowadays from that of any other of the dozen nationalities or so with whom I have some acquaintance. This is the more inexplicable as this is precisely one of the things about England which he says in his preface no foreigner can understand. He pokes fun at the rather stuffy interiors of the old country houses, but the spirit which animates them does not emerge. In the same way, for all Mr. Nevinson tells us, the Empire might almost be non-existent. The book is, of course, about England (though the two examples of "gentlemen" chosen to represent certain gentlemanly qualities are both Scotch!), but England itself as the island heart of empire is psychologically different from what it would be as a solitary island north of Europe.

The book, however, is a shrewd and delightful presentation of certain aspects of English life and character, marred a little in the earlier chapters by too great a straining after what, in connection with Mayor Walker, have attained notoriety as "wisecracks." Nevinson's sympathies have aways been with the working classes, and as he rises in his climactic series of chapters from the king and aristocracy to the miners and trawlers, his style becomes increasingly simple and sincere.

I do not know whether Nevinson is an Oxford man, who has been said to "walk as if the whole world belonged to him," or a Cambridge one "who walks as if he didn't give a damn whom the world belonged to," but he writes as either might in so far as he discusses what he wants to and nothing else. If the reader will remember that he is far from getting all of the English spirit and character in this book, he will get a lot that is true and worth while about both, set down delightfully and with wealth of illustration.

James Truslow Adams

An Honest Socialist

America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy. By Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HERE is an honest book by an honest man. Convinced that in a world of power-driven machinery some form of collectivism is inevitable, satisfied that the lords of the new capitalism are incapable either of ruling without enslaving us or of bringing order into the present chaos of world economic disorganization and threatened war, unable to accept communism as the way out because its attainment frankly involves dictatorship and war, Norman Thomas believes that our American way of salvation lies in the attainment of socialism by peaceful and democratic means. He summarizes his work thus:

> My only claim to originality is in the choice and organization of material and in my attempt to present the necessity for socialism in our machine civilization, a philosophy for the necessary organization to carry it out, and grounds for hope that human nature does not make the task impossible—all these not as separate subjects but as essential and related parts of the Socialist case.

Readers will find here in one form or another most of the standard Socialist ideas and arguments, and most of the facts commonly alleged today in the United States in support of those arguments. But with his usual candor Norman Thomas has stated the Marxian theories in his own fashion, without any pretense of worshiping at the Marxian shrine. Those who want a full statement and criticism of the great corpus of Socialist theory, then, will turn elsewhere than to the present volume; nor will they find here more than the barest outline of Socialist history. Rather they will find a consideration of the present state of affairs in the United States, and an attempted way of mending that state of affairs without revolution or war, in a world which offers no certainty, but at best a reasonable hope, of such a change through intelligent and well-organized effort.

The Communists will damn the book—and rightly from their point of view—for its lack of cast-iron theory, for its endless compromises and its acceptance of halfway measures as means to the end. The orthodox Socialists will curse it for its inadequate presentation of the classical doctrines and records of socialism. The orthodox economists will scorn it for its failure to grapple with their theories. The historians will criticize it for its neglect to marshal large and impressive-looking bodies of fact. The stylistic and logical critics will pounce upon it for its lack of literary grace and of compelling order and arrangement of material. The ordinary intelligent reader will doubtless admit a measure of truth in all their criticisms, and then will remember that what he has been doing is to watch the honest thinking of a candid mind, trying to find a practical solution for a pressing problem of the utmost magnitude and complexity, in a situation that is not logical or orderly, that is not amenable to formulas, that calls for practical measures of thoroughgoing reconstruction taking full account of all the mountainous difficulties in the way of any effective action.

Ever since the war Norman Thomas has been steadily growing, not only in his command of the materials and the methods of economic and social advance, but in the respect and esteem of all classes of men, including those who disagree with him intellectually. His book is therefore assured of a wide welcome as a statement of his present faith, of the reasons why he holds it, and of the means by which he hopes to attain it. If that faith lacks something of the glow of the apocalyptic vision, if those reasons are none other than the reasons that have convinced many other thoughtful Americans, if the means are simply common-sense adaptations and developments of plans and devices already projected and partly worked out here and elsewhere, it is all but part of the genuineness of a book that does not pretend to be other than what it is, the best formulation that Norman Thomas has yet been able to make of America's Way Out. HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

California

Orange Valley. By Howard Baxter. Coward-McCann. $2.

TO find a parallel for a locality evoked so vividly as the valley of the San Joaquin in California is here evoked, one must go back to Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio." The similarity of the two books, however, stops here. The characters in "Orange Valley" are more alert, less baffled than those in Sherwood Anderson's stories; but in both books is the same feeling for a particular locality—a locality so insistently presented to the imagination that in the end the slightest detail seems to evoke the whole setting, and at times even the whole manner of life of the characters.

The characters of "Orange Valley" are the fruit ranchers and their families; they are Easterners to whom the West seems essentially foreign. They have built up their groves in country that was once desert, and the problems they face are the communal problems of marketing, of water and frost. It is the daily round of the lives of these people that concerns the present author—the inconsequential business of irrigating, of sitting on the porches in the evening, of going to town, of driving over the mountains to the beach. These people are continually consoling themselves for the disappointments of their crops by believing that the next crop will be better than the last one, and in the meantime they know that the water is sinking steadily in the wells, and that a rush of alkali to the surface may destroy their groves. In the face of these conditions their individual problems seem somehow insignificant, even to themselves. The central character of the book, Charles Swanson, suppresses everything dramatic in his life; he quietly abandons his plans for marriage when his mother disapproves of Magine, the girl he wants to marry, and after his mother's death he avoids writing the letter that would bring his sweetheart to him. In the last chapters the emphasis changes from Charles to his sister, Juliana, and while Charles is paralyzed by doubts of Magine, largely because he cannot forgive her for having given herself to him, Juliana is tormented because she cannot force herself to surrender herself to her lover. The drama of "Orange Valley" is the drama of inaction and indifference, yet it is remarkable how well Mr. Baxter has succeeded in giving it movement and vigor. But, in the end, it is not through their personal troubles that the characters of "Orange Valley" reveal themselves. In the end we know Charles, not because of his struggle with himself when he learns that his sister may be pregnant, or through his cloudy romance with Magine, or through any of the complications of the novel, but through his trivial, meaningless actions as he moves about his house or his groves.

> When he turned toward the house he forced the blade of the hoe under the loose soil in order to make it stand like a milestone at the head of the middles in which the water was running. The tops of the trees were purple and jutted into a layer of coppery light, but down closer to the ground darkness lay in masses beside the trees. He could hear the water singing in a monotone as it fell from the standpipes, and the wild voices of the children at play floated clearly to him but with a strange rise and fall in intensity. The dim clatter of his or his neighbors'

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pumps was repeated at regular intervals, slow sounds as if the pumps paused to meditate before bending to a great effort.

There are needless repetitions in "Orange Valley," particularly in Charles's reflections about Magine. The opening chapters seem awkward and artificial, and there are occasional incongruous suggestions of Hemingway in the conversations—incongruous because these people are far removed from the self-conscious expatriates of Hemingway's particular world. But the positive virtues of the novel make its defects negligible. The California of Howard Baxter is neither the paradise of the advertisements nor the drowsy, prosperous country a traveler sees along the highways; it is a California that exists as a rich land inhabited by people who only dimly understand the poverty and monotony of their lives. A locality so clearly realized that it becomes neither local color nor a background for characterization, but an integral, motivating factor in the story—it is this that makes "Orange Valley" a remarkable achievement.

ROBERT CANTWELL

Handbook of a New Religion

American Caravan IV: A Yearbook of American Literature. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. $5.

ONE question occurs to everyone when a new issue of the "American Caravan" appears: Is it any better than the others? It appears to be a sensible question. As a matter of fact it betrays a basic misconception of what the "Caravan" is—as well as that tragic American impatience which has created the get-rich-quick system in business, the super-spectacle system in the movies, the genius system in literature. Unless the new "Caravan" contains thirty-seven geniuses, we say in effect, we don't want to look at it. The reason is simple: the "Caravan" is the mirror of ourselves.

What do we see when we look into it, what makes so many of us curse the whole idea and turn away? Immaturity, immaturity undisguised. The "Caravan" represents one of our few attempts to be honest with ourselves, to see ourselves in the nude. As such alone it would be one of the most important literary institutions in America. The geographical patriotism that it expresses is something we can all admire; in fact, it may even amount to a "standard" around which we all can rally. Walt Whitman, of course, is the "Caravan's" prophet, and its aim, like his, is to make America conscious of herself. Such an aim is not primarily artistic but religious. The "Caravan," therefore, is really addressed to those who make a religion of their country. Artistically it is of little value. If you are looking for the "aesthetic emotion," look somewhere else. If you are looking for geniuses—I assume that you would know one if you saw one—you had better subscribe to a club that will guarantee to mail you a new one every month. This year's "Caravan" is still no better than the first. The reason is simple: American life, of course, is exactly the same as it was four years ago.

It would be ridiculous then to criticize the "Caravan" strictly from the standpoint of achieved art. It is the crude handbook of a new religion, the religion of America. As a whole it can be criticized only on the basis of how clearly those in charge of it have kept its essential purpose in mind. Without forgetting the good things that have been printed, it has been apparent to everyone that each issue has contained several items which had no place in such a book. These editorial mistakes would seem to be due principally to the desire for novelty and "well-roundedness," neither of which, if we remember its purpose, has anything to do with the "Caravan." The

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novelty of adolescents, for the most part, is either crankiness or concealed imitation; and "well-roundedness" is merely a publisher's cliché. The duty of the editors is not to provide us with a literary banquet (which if we ate it would only make us sick), but to spy the significant men among the manuscripts and to offer the encouragement of regular publication to their development.

This year the editors have splendidly done their duty in the inclusion of an essay called Art and Identity, by Ferner Nuhn. This essay is the outstanding contribution to "American Caravan IV." It attacks the problem of the formation of an American culture and imposes the obligations that must be assumed by the individual American artist. It is evident that Mr. Nuhn has prepared himself for his subject with much reading, travel, and thought; but above all that he has a strong new spirit. Though excellently informed and under no illusions, he has lost none of his earnestness; and he writes with both vigor and sensibility. The stoicism that he advocates is most significant. There is no sense in extravagant prophecies, but on the strength of this essay alone, though I have since acquainted myself with his other published work, I may say that I feel confident of Mr. Nuhn's future importance. And it should be noted in passing that his remarkable essay in all likelihood could have been published nowhere else.

Of the different groups of material, I should say, the short stories maintain the highest standard. Some of the contributors to this section are Paul Rosenfeld, S. Guy Endore, Jonathan Leonard, William Faulkner, Evelyn Scott, Robert Penn Warren, Joseph Vogel, and Robert Cantwell. The best of the stories, in my opinion, is that by Mr. Rosenfeld, The Dark Brown Room, which recalls one moment from the Victorian back parlor of a genteel German-Jewish family in New York. Thought and feeling have fused well in this story; it is a well-considered expression of Mr. Rosenfeld's personality, one of his best works. If it does not convey the pathos of its situation, it succeeds notably in conveying the emotion of its author. This emotion, which comes to us wrapped in a tender sophistication and sensuality, is interesting and underived.

Special mention should be made of three modest contributors whom it seems unusually appropriate to find in the "Caravan." They are Philip Stevenson and Albert Halper, who have written stories, and James Henry Sullivan, who has written a visionary essay about architecture. As writers these three are hardly expert: Mr. Stevenson continually misses fire; Mr. Halper falls down when he comes to the very point of his story; and Mr. Sullivan as often as not is unintelligible. Yet the spirit of each is extremely attractive and is allied, moreover, to that religion of America which we have mentioned. In a time when purity of purpose is a rare thing, we can only be glad that the "Caravan" has encouraged these three. And it might be noted that the work of Mr. Stevenson, who has contributed to earlier numbers, shows definite improvement over the past.

It is plain that the value of the "Caravan" as an institution depends upon its permanence and regularity. As we have said, the principal duty of the editors is to realize and be true to its essential purpose. Common sense will dictate the same policy to the publishers. They are mistaken if they believe that the "Caravan" will ever earn much money for them. By its nature it is doomed to be unpopular; its sale will be restricted to that small minority which still, in a world that is doping itself with gloss and falsehood, desires self-knowledge. If the publishers wish to continue the excellent service they have performed, rather than be halted by expense, let them be economical. If necessary let the "Caravan" be printed on newsprint and bound in paper. The important thing is to keep going, to outrage the entire nation with this likeness of itself.

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The World of William Faulkner

Sanctuary. By William Faulkner. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

AMONG the characters of Mr. Faulkner's latest novel are a murderer, an ex-harlot, a drunkard, two half-wits, a nymphomaniac, a degenerate child, three procuresses, and a *voyeur.* The action of the book includes two cold-blooded killings, an emasculation, a lynching by gasoline fire, a jazz party in honor of a gunman's corpse, and a particularly inhuman sexual assault. In his search for the perfect Inferno Mr. Faulkner makes no Dantesque journeys—his hell lies in the territory of northern Mississippi. There is no recent book better contrived to send Mr. Irving Babbitt into a (restrained) fit of delirium tremens.

But the book is real, there is no doubt of it. Mr. Faulkner has an almost Joycean power of exteriorizing his horror-obsession. His damned and distorted cosmos *is* a cosmos. It is not a private belly-ache. And because it is a cosmos, obeying laws of its own, self-sufficient, shaped and dynamic, one cannot deny to Mr. Faulkner the title of creator. By virtue of this book alone he at once takes his place among the foremost of the younger generation of American novelists. He is an original.

And yet it is not hard to understand the point of view of the sweetness-and-lighters who are dismayed by his "sadism" and his morbidity. One cannot, of course, challenge an artist's choice of materials; one can only challenge his manipulation of them. Perhaps I am merely tender-minded, but it seems to be that "Sanctuary," while startling and intensely interesting, is not overwhelming—and it might very well have been. It fails to overwhelm chiefly because it makes an exaggerated attack on the reader's nervous system. Here we have a book curiously akin to the eighteenth-century Gothic tale of horror. It makes use of similar mechanisms—dark hints, desolate backgrounds, unrelievedly black villains. But, instead of the flesh, it makes the mind and viscera creep. Each individual page is a calculated assault on one's sense of the normal, like the clever incantations and manual passes of the hypnotist. But while one succumbs to the hypnotist one does not quite succumb to Mr. Faulkner. His book induces a sort of stoic behavior-response; one wants to fight back against these repeated shocks, these impacts of horror. As a result, so much nervous energy is expended in this nervous resistance that the sensitive faculties which should lead you to abandon yourself to Mr. Faulkner's witchcraft are actually in part inhibited. The imagination gets charley-horse.

Mr. Faulkner's descriptive style, too, for all its terrific cleverness (I am speaking particularly of his cruelly evocative observation of unpleasant sensory impressions) is a little too taut, too strained. The hypnotist works too hard. Each sentence bears more than its due freight of tenseness, innuendo, horror, and fear. One's sense of the normal, at first paralyzed by the impact of this coiled and deadly prose, at last reawakens—and the spell is, for the moment, broken. There is a kind of artistic detachment so icy as to induce in the reader nervous terror rather than aesthetic submission. Accordingly, the more thoughtless critic may find it easy to accuse Mr. Faulkner of mere maliciousness; he may urge that ugliness, while it can be pushed to the point of art, can never pass the threshold beyond which lies the genuinely tragic. But I do not think that there is anything loosely gratuitous in Mr. Faulkner's morbidities. He has simply made a slight error in the calculation of his effects. He must learn when to pull his punches.

From almost every point of view "Sanctuary" is a better book than either "As I Lay Dying" or "The Sound and the Fury." Its construction, however, is more open to criticism. It is really two novels, not one. The story of Horace Benbow, unsuccessful as lawyer, husband, and idealist, forms one novel. That of Popeye and Temple Drake forms another. They revolve about one another like the components of a binary star system, connected by lines of force but none the less separated. Also, there are certain bravura passages, gorgeous in themselves, but which as far as the necessities of the plot are concerned seem dragged in by the ears. Examples are the Hogarthian humors of Reba's gin party and the horrible grotesquerie of Red's funeral.

There are other weaknesses in the book but they are all resultant from the copiousness of the author's imagination. Possibly he has tried to do too much. His faults are the faults of excessive eagerness. He remains, for me at least, with Ernest Hemingway and Conrad Aiken, among the most interesting young novelists now writing in America.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Russia

The Red Trade Menace. By H. R. Knickerbocker. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Soviet Foreign Trade—Menace or Promise. By J. M. Budish and Samuel S. Shipman. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

The Soviet Challenge to America. By George S. Counts. The John Day Company. $4.

Making Bolsheviks. By Samuel N. Harper. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Piatiletka—Russia's Five Year Plan. By Michael Farbman. New Republic, Inc. $1.

A VERITABLE avalanche of books about Russia has descended on America during the last two months. More are coming—at the rate of three a week. Most of them deal, directly or indirectly, with the Five-Year Plan. Someone has said that if people don't stop talking about the Five-Year Plan it will have a nervous breakdown. But I suppose it is inevitable that the world and the United States in particular should show increasing interest in the Soviet Union's domestic and foreign affairs. Imagine how happy Einstein would be if he could leave this earth of ours, travel for eight days through the ether, and then set up his telescopes and other paraphernalia on a little observation planet from which he could measure, and check his theories. Bolshevik Russia affords the bourgeois expert an opportunity of getting off the capitalist globe and looking back on it for purposes of comparison. When capitalism suffers by that comparison, Russia begins to constitute a challenge to the bourgeoisie to put its house in order or abdicate. This is the real "red menace," and the real reason why even the relative success of the Five-Year Plan has alarmed the Western world. If a system of economy and government which denies the wisdom and efficacy of capitalism can register even slight progress, capitalism thinks it must be on its guard.

A year ago the man who suggested that the Five-Year Plan might be fulfilled was a "Bolshevik agent." The Five-Year Plan was a statistician's dream. Now bourgeois specialists themselves proclaim Soviet accomplishments. Today it is the pro-Bolshevik who holds up a cautioning finger and warns against vaulting from the extreme of skepticism to the extreme of exaggerating Soviet achievements. For this reason a book like Knickerbocker's "Red Trade Menace" is misleading, though it contains many important truths—and, incidentally, some untruths. There is no Soviet trade menace, just as there is no convict labor in the production of Russian export timber. The proof cannot be adduced in a book-review. This morning the assertion may sound rash. Some day it will be accepted just as naturally as the thesis of stability of the Soviet regime and

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the success of the Five-Year Plan. On this point "Soviet Foreign Trade—Menace or Promise" can be read with profit. It presents a mass of significant data on Russia's world commerce and on labor in the U. S. S. R.

The best book I have seen on the Five-Year Plan is George S. Counts's "Soviet Challenge to America." I recommend it especially to those who may believe that planned economy is possible under capitalism. For Counts demonstrates that the Five-Year Plan is not an office economist's blueprint, but a map of Soviet life itself. The author shows how political, social, and cultural activities dovetail with the construction of plants and dams, and how coordinated and charted economy integrates with proletarian participation in industry, the activity of local soviets, indeed with every feature of the Soviet governmental system. This book is consequently not merely a good description of the Five-Year Plan, but a useful handbook on Soviet politics. Professor Counts makes it plain that the object of the plan is as much "making Bolsheviks" as making tractors.

Professor Harper's little volume of lectures is an interesting addendum to a study of the plan. But although written in simple language his "Making Bolsheviks" assumes considerable knowledge of Russian conditions and Bolshevik principles. It will mean much to the person acquainted with Russia; it will bewilder the beginner. The author does not delineate Russian social types. He merely outlines the role in Soviet society played by groups now emerging: the Communists, the Young Communists, the class-conscious workers, the collectivized peasants, the culture crusaders, and the ideologically red soldiers. The book is written without evident bias. The author is at times cynical, at times skeptical, but never hostile. Nevertheless, Dr. Harper encountered the difficulties that would face any scientist trying to photograph a fetus swimming confusedly in its opaque element.

As a dynamic description of the Five-Year Plan in the short compass of a 35,000-word *New Republic* dollar book, Michael Farbman's volume has no peer. He sees with the keen eye of a fine economist and able analyst. Since he can compare the ante-bellum and post-bellum Russias, and since he combines the warm, nervous temperament of the native Russian with the dispassion of a man who has lived many years in England and written brilliantly for leading British dailies and periodicals, his product possesses an intimacy and a sense of understanding lacking in many other treatments of the Five-Year Plan. And yet it too, like all the books under review, is only an attempt at social photography. A moment in the development of a great revolution is caught by a portable typewriter-camera. Since 1917 I suppose three hundred books on Russia have appeared in the United States. Those that can be read with profit two years after publication could be counted on the fingers of two hands. LOUIS FISCHER

Jane and Thomas

The Two Carlyles. By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THE straining of strong natures held in the bonds of marriage by an indissoluble attachment has been a favorite theme of the novel, taxing the art of so sure a realist as Arnold Bennett in "These Twain." It is still more fascinating in real life, in the relations of a man and a woman of genius. For the married history of Thomas and Jane Carlyle there is a great mass of documents, permitting posterity to scrutinize with microscopic detail. The celebrated Froudean controversy, recently summarized by Mr. Waldo Dunn, has enlisted strong passions in favor of husband or wife. Consequently, an already whetted appetite welcomes Mr. Burdett's proposal to treat the subject without partisanship as "a work of imagination."

The expectation of a dramatic story with psychological penetration is disappointed. Not that Mr. Burdett is inaccurate or skimping with his materials. Despite his disclaimer of scholarly professionalism, he has examined almost everything pertinent, even reading through Carlyle's "Frederick," an uncommon feat nowadays. But the book is weak precisely where he intended it to be strong—as a work of imagination. Conventional standards are applied to an extraordinary marriage. Such generalizations as "woman, the ivy, naturally clings" are irrelevant to the strong-minded Jane. Mr. Burdett assumes her chief cause for unhappiness to have been childlessness; there are eleven references to that topic, spread through 134 pages. Yet upon no point is the evidence more doubtful and conflicting. He likewise fails to create the impression of Carlyle's titanic stature, and to comprehend the sympathy for the suffering masses and the grappling with great social and intellectual problems that brought his difficult moods of gloom, pity, and scorn, his complaints of the intolerable labor of writing. Reduced to this scale, the Chelsea household loses tragic significance. Mr. Burdett even disappoints us of the vivid, spicy writing we have come to expect from the new biography. He is politer and fairer, but also flatter, than most of his predecessors in the mode. The pulses of the professional biographer are languid; the once swift Strachean current strains through sands and shallows.

The work can hardly be recommended as a primer to its subject: it seems adapted neither to the idly curious nor to the serious. The latter had better go directly to Froude's biography, which Mr. Burdett praises highly in his closing chapters, or to what he calls the "mosaic" of Mr. D. A. Wilson, from whom he has borrowed extensively. Justice to the incandescent Carlyle temperaments requires the powers of the Meredith of "Modern Love." Mr. Burdett's attempt irresistibly recalls a couplet Carlyle was wont to apply to similar cases:

> Weightiest of harrows, what horse will ply it?
> Cheeriest of sparrows meanwhile will try it.

EMERY NEFF

A Reviewer of Plays

Upstage. By John Mason Brown. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THE scope of Mr. Brown's book is indicated in its subtitle, "The American Theater in Performance." We are treated here to an all-star cast comprising the principal figures among the present-day American playwrights, actors, directors, scene-designers, and dramatic critics. Each "performer" is discussed in a separate essay, and each group of "performers," according to their special art, is introduced by a general essay on the condition of their particular sphere of theatrical activity. The presentation is completed with two chapters on theater architecture and on the audience. Mr. Brown's writing is extremely readable, his manner urbane. He shows a sound appreciation of the fundamentals of the art of the theater, and reveals a penetrating and sensitive mind in analyzing the subjects of his portrait studies. His essays on Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill, Otis Skinner, Alexander Woollcott, and George Jean Nathan—to name only a few—are admirable for the skill and discernment with which they bring into relief the salient characteristics of their respective subjects. In Barry, for instance, he sees not only an entertainer with a happy gift for delightful flippancy, but also

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a rather shallow moralist whose comedies "laugh in order to preach." Nor is he blinded by O'Neill's earnestness, his savage force, and his vibrant prose into a reverent admiration of his helpless flounderings as a "foggy-minded coiner of cosmic beatitudes." These and other comments of Mr. Brown's are evidence of his ability to probe below the surface. Yet the book as a whole leaves the impression of an author studiously refraining from sounding the depths of his subject. As if to justify his classification of dramatic critics into reporters, reviewers, and critics, Mr. Brown chooses the part of a reviewer.

He dispenses praise and blame without once comparing the achievement of the American artists of the theater with that of the artists in other countries. Is Philip Barry only a sentimental Noel Coward? Is Eugene O'Neill a much more important dramatist than Leonid Andreyev? Mr. Brown does not tell us, and so we are left to view the American theater with the perspective of world standards carefully blacked out.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Abraham Cowley

Abraham Cowley: The Muse's Hannibal. By Arthur H. Nethercot. Oxford University Press. $4.75.

A BIOGRAPHY of Abraham Cowley has somewhat more meaning today than it would have had thirty, even fifteen, years ago. Of the group of seventeenth-century poets to which Cowley belonged Mr. T. S. Eliot has remarked that they possessed "a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience." Although they lived in an age which was quite as much beset by new and exciting developments in science and philosophy as our own, they were able to amalgamate in their verse the most disparate experience, create new wholes of poetic vision. The task before them was to comprehend in its totality the universe that had suddenly expanded around them; their method was an ever-richer refinement of the sensibility. Since Mr. Eliot pointed out the resemblance between the problems solved by this group and the problems with which the contemporary poet is faced, the reputation of the former has increased until it is now, as Professor Nethercot remarks, highly dangerous not to agree that John Donne was one of the major English poets. Moreover, their influence on current poetic writing promises to surpass even that of the French symbolists. It is, indeed, rather a triumph for some contemporary poets to have their work mistaken for something by Donne or Marvell or Cowley.

Cowley, to be sure, is not usually spoken of in the same breath with the other two poets mentioned; he lacked the fierce Elizabethan attack of Donne, and he wrote nothing in his own vein to compare with Marvell's "Coy Mistress." But, as Professor Nethercot's scholarly life proves for us, his promise was more significant than his accomplishment. No poet of his century was more aware of the necessity of doing something *as a poet* with the body of scientific material cast up by the Renaissance. He was a student of medicine, botany, and "experimental philosophy" in general. His was one of the first names to be put on the membership list of the Royal Society in 1660. His later and most ambitious projects had for their object the integration of scientific with poetic experience. Altogether he was, in direction at least, a more comprehensive and for his own time a more truly contemporary poet than Milton.

Professor Nethercot offers an interesting history of the various confusions that have surrounded the term "metaphysical" as applied to the poets who succeeded Donne. At first the adjective referred to the habit of Donne and others of introducing abstruse philosophical speculations into their amatory verse. Parallel to this use of the word to describe subject matter or content was its application to certain qualities of manner or style—conceits, far-fetched metaphors, and general over-elaborateness of expression. According to Mr. Eliot (whom Professor Nethercot strangely neglects to mention anywhere in his book) Cowley was too often "metaphysical" in the latter and more superficial sense. He became so enamored of decoration that his complexity is merely affectation.

It is because this particular danger is so imminent for those contemporary poets who follow in his tradition that Cowley is of special interest today. For the present we must expect our poets to be "difficult" because of the excessive strain that is placed on their capacity for assimilation and fusion. But "difficulty" may easily become a fashion, a mode, a mere system of artifice—as in those poets who have emulated the manner without ever having experienced the intense intellectual passion implied in the "metaphysical" style from Donne's day to our own. A modern Dr. Johnson may already complain that in certain contemporary poets "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." The example of Cowley, who was almost a great poet, should point to the consequences of violence cultivated for its own sake, as a mere mannerism.

William Troy

Books in Brief

Politics. By H. J. Laski. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

This new addition to the Hour Library is not any too easy a book for the man-in-the-Pullman. It provides, however, for the attentive reader a clear and unadorned sketch of the current progressive theory of the nature of the state, of its relations with the great society, and of the functions of law and government. Granted the limited space available, it appears dubious whether Professor Laski would not have provided his readers with more provocative material had he discussed, for example, the effect of anthropological research upon the deliberate modification of political institutions and control of civilization rather than the technicalities of second-chamber reform. His allusion, again, to the socialization of the law is all too brief in proportion to its contemporary interest. Anyone, however, who purchases a volume by Professor Laski may always be confident that he will get his money's worth, and this book is no exception. "The legal imperatives of any state must always be conceived as . . . a permanent essay in the conditional mood." Phrases such as this enter into the lasting literature of a subject; one of them alone might provide the intelligent reader with material for all of his allocated hour of thought.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Volume VIII: Rome and the Mediterranean, 218-133 B. C. Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock, M. P. Charlesworth. The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

The eighty-five years covered by the latest volume in the "Cambridge History" saw the foundation of the Roman Empire. The Second and Third Punic Wars, the subjugation of the Hellenistic monarchies in Macedonia and Asia Minor, and the extinction of Greek freedom in the overthrow of the Achaean League made Rome supreme over all the shores and all the islands of the Mediterranean. The account is ably written. The authorities who contribute the twenty-one chapters of this volume are competent writers as well as scholars. This is characteristic of "The Cambridge Ancient History" as a whole, and it is a mistake to regard it only as a reference work. Every volume is readable and passages of authoritarian quibbling are relatively few. The whole undertaking is infused with the broad historical conception of the late J. B. Bury, its first editor. His successors ably carry on hjs work.

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Dr. De Leeuw's travels brought him to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and Bali, the principal possessions of the Dutch empire in the East Indies. A certain complacent practical-mindedness that lets him appreciate the beauties of oil wells, mines, and factories along with the lavish tropical scenery keeps him also from the extravagances of recent writers who locate paradises anywhere but at home. His book is interesting because he had energy, was not too squeamish in his curiosity, and apparently felt at home everywhere; the insensitiveness, however, that permitted this makes his travel record a peculiarly superficial one.

A Pagan's Pilgrimage. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

This small volume represents the precipitate left in the alembic of the author's mind after it had produced "The Cradle of God." Asking with a truly pagan receptivity, "How do I know that Jesus was not actually a God?" Llewelyn Powys went to Palestine "to look for traces of his earthly sojourning." Impressions of that pilgrimage are here set down in vivid brevity. Poetic and philosophic reflections are intermingled with notes of things seen in southern Italy, Greece, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Syria. Slight as these sketches are, they have the authentic stamp of Mr. Powys's verbal artistry.

The Comedy of Manners from Sheridan to Maugham. By Newell W. Sawyer. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

Mr. Sawyer has written a very satisfactory definition of the kind of comedy whose history he tells, and his running account of innumerable plays will make his work highly valuable for reference. The criticism is not always inspired, but it is responsible and intelligent; and it may very well assist the cause of comedy here and in England during the years of promise that seem to lie ahead.

Films

Too Much Halo

WE are all interested in newspapers and what newspapermen write about their calling. The business of supplying us with our daily scandal, if we are to believe these chroniclers turned novelists and playwrights, is in itself full of scandal. Moreover, it has its thrills which, as they are pictured in books and plays, can stand comparison with the most exciting experiences of the world of crime. We are reminded of all this by that extraordinarily vivid picture of newspaper life "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, which has now emerged as a film (Rivoli). Granting it its trenchant dialogue and the sculpturesque sureness of its characterization, the only question it stirs in my mind is whether it gives a true picture of the newspaper world. It is the glamor, the romantic halo, surrounding the characters of "The Front Page" that arouses one's suspicions about the authenticity of the men portrayed. Aren't they a trifle too hard-boiled to be wholly credible? And if the authors are right in their characterization, aren't they guilty of a certain lack of honesty in treating this hard-boiled cynicism as standing for some superior knowledge and understanding of life, instead of being merely what it is, a protective mechanism of inferior intelligence against the demands of life? Perhaps if we had been allowed a glimpse under the callous masks worn by these re-

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

*As You Desire Me—Maxine Elliott's—39 St. E. of B'way.
‡Fine and Dandy—Erlangers—W. 44 St.
*Five Star Final—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
*Getting Married—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
*House Beautiful—Apollo—W. 42 St.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
*Miracle of Verdun—Beck—45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
*Private Lives—Times Square—W. 42 St.
*The Admirable Crichton—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
*The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—49 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
‡The New Yorkers—Broadway—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—Miller—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

FILMS

Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—Europa—55 St. E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Wien Du Stadt Der Lieder—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave.
Tabu—Central Park—59 St. and 7 Ave.
Comrades of 1918—5 Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.

DISCUSSION—DEBATE

V. F. Calverton on "Plight of Capitalism," and Dr. S. D. Schmalhausen on "Promise of Communism," Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30, at the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

Clarence Darrow and John Haynes Homes, Debate, "Will Zionism Succeed," Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30, Mecca Auditorium, 135 W. 55 St.

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MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. B'way. Eves., 8:40. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40.

Getting Married
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GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40.

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The film, one of the most satisfying during the current season, again shows us Mr. Lewis Milestone, who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front," as one of the most sensitive and intelligent directors in Hollywood. His treatment is distinguished not by any striking contrasts of light and shade, by any emphasis of action, but by an atmospheric unity in which all characters and all action flow in a constant stream as parts of a single whole. One is brought to realize this dramatic unity when the flow is suddenly arrested by a lyrical interlude between the condemned man, Williams, and his street-walker friend, a scene that both emotionally and dramatically belongs to a different world. Neither this episode, however, nor the conventional scenes—they are fortunately few—of the romance of the star reporter, Johnson, nor the romantic embellishment of the newspaperman and his profession are sufficient to destroy the air of verisimilitude which pervades the picture, and which is sustained largely by its effortless and expert acting. By far the highest honors in this go to Mr. Menjou, who gives as polished a performance of a gruff and unscrupulous editor as he used to give of a man about town. Mr. Pat O'Brien in the role of the reporter Johnson is rather colorless, but his confreres in the court pressroom are as bright and glittering a group of characters as has ever appeared on the screen.

"Tabu" (Central) adds little to the artistic reputation of F. W. Murnau, who died within a few days of the opening of his film in New York. Murnau's greatest achievement was "The Last Laugh," produced in cooperation with Karl Freund and Emil Jannings. None of his other pictures, including the heavy-footed "Faust" and all of his American efforts, comes anywhere within a measurable distance of that early masterpiece. "Tabu" is deliberate and forced in its playfulness, cheaply melodramatic in its tragedy, and unconscionably long-winded. It has neither the charm of Flaherty's "Moana" nor the pictorial and dramatic force of "The Last Laugh."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

The Changing Shaw

THE title of this article is misleading. Shaw has never changed. But we have changed with respect to him—changed so many times, probably, that he could now say of us, if he thought it worth while, what we used to say of him, namely, that we are a bundle of mountebanks, a set of inconsistent and bewildering buffoons. How reconcile the various views we have taken of him during the long generation when he has been the best brain on the stage? How account for the especially rapid reversal of opinion in the past five years? How explain the fact that "Getting Married," when revived the other night by the Theater Guild (Guild Theater), was greeted on the whole rather coolly, or at any rate with little nervousness, little fever, in the laughter? Doubtless there is no explanation beyond the very simple one that men always behave this way in the presence of brains. Brains confuse us. A man who has a mind and who never changes it keeps us guessing. And there is no more ridiculous posture than the guessing posture. We cannot help looking foolish in the company of someone whom we do not understand, and this is particularly true if he amuses us.

The future of Shaw's reputation is impossible to predict. But one can say of its past that it has had at least three periods. There was the remote and happily dead time when Shaw seemed an irresponsible clown. He was represented, often in visible caricatures, as standing on his head to make us laugh. And, the theory went, we merely laughed. Now few things are more certain, probably, than that there is no such thing as mere laughter. Laughter must be at something, or for something; there must be a reason. Realizing this, we discovered the "serious" Shaw, the Socialist and the Nietzschean, with ideas which might be worth agreeing with, or at any rate understanding. He was praised for the consistency and the importance of his thought—laughter being something that by accident came with it, as decoration or as wrapping. But a third period followed—the one we are now in.

The present revival of "Getting Married" should show anyone how silly it is to take Shaw seriously. In so far as the play is about marriage it has little to "teach" us, however much it may once have had. No, the first of these positions is better than that. And yet the first position can no longer be held in its original innocence. Now that we have considered Shaw's ideas at all, we cannot refuse to admit their presence. They are there, and they cannot be got around. What shall we do with them? The answer seems clear enough. Take them as ideas, and not as truths.

Whatever Shaw as a person may believe or disbelieve, as an artist he believes nothing, and that must always have been the case. He possesses the more important faculty, for comedy at least, of being able to take delight in an endless comparison of beliefs. That is what happens in "Getting Married," where surely nothing is settled about the institution under discussion—nothing except the fact that it is an excellent institution to discuss. Nobody in the play convinces anybody else; they all resume their original relations; and Mrs. George goes into a trance. The argument ends, in other words, where Plato's arguments are sometimes said to end, in a realization that the truth is undiscoverable, and in a vision. The moral of "Getting Married" is that we must give up marriage as a bad job in which there can be no earthly justice; give it up, get married, and go on talking.

It is talk that Shaw as an artist is concerned with; he has rarely done anything else in a play than assemble a number of persons who talk well. He can get on with any of his creatures who knows how to express himself; and he sees to it that all of his creatures get on together. There are really no hard feelings among them, for they delight one another even with their insults; all of them are at once insufferable and irresistible. Otherwise how could the conversation continue? It does continue, and we like these persons—even the knaves and fools—as much as Shaw likes them, and for the same reason. Each of them has an idea, indeed is an idea. So, liking them, we find ourselves liking ideas. Which is vastly more important, where the art of comedy is concerned, than discovering the truth.

This may not be the final Shaw, but the Guild's excellent performance of "Getting Married" convinces me that it is the best one we have had so far, if the least sensational. And it is one we can settle down to.

"Lady Beyond the Moon" (Bijou Theater), by William Doyle, is about some Riviera Americans who are nobler at heart than they at first appear; as lovers they wait years for one another, only to give one another up at the slightest misunderstanding; yet not, of course, irretrievably or in vain, since it is the lesson of nobility that they learn to read in the good old type known as Great Primer.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Grousset, René. The Civilizations of the East, the Near and Middle East. Trans. Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $6.
Mather, Frank Jewett. Estimates in Art: Second Series. Holt. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Ashmun, Margaret. The Singing Swan. Yale University. $3.50.
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Becker, Beril. Paul Gauguin. A. and C. Boni. $3.50.
Bekker, Paul. Richard Wagner. Trans. M. M. Bozman. Norton. $5.
Boyd, Thomas. Light-Horse Harry Lee. Scribner. $3.50.
Boynton, Henry W. James Fenimore Cooper. Century. $5.
Bradford, Gamaliel. The Quick and the Dead. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Bridge, James Howard. Millionaires and Grub Street. Brentano's. $3.50.
Burdett, Osbert. The Two Carlyles. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Chapman, Maristan. Imperial Brother: The Life of the Duc de Morny. Viking. $3.50.
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Dumas, Alexandre. The Memoirs of General Giuseppe Garibaldi. Trans. R. S. Garnett. Appleton. $5.
Eckstein, Gustave. Noguchi. Harper. $5.
Marshal Foch. The Memoirs of. Trans. T. Bentley Mott. Doubleday, Doran. $5.
Johnson, Brimley. Jane Austen. Dutton. $5.
Gwynn, Denis. Traitor or Patriot: The Life and Death of Roger Casement. Cape and Smith. $3.50.
Haldane, Elizabeth. Mrs. Gaskell and Her Friends. Appleton. $4.
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Levine, Isaac Don. Stalin. Cosmopolitan. $3.50.
Lindsey, Ben B., and Borough, Rube. The Dangerous Life. Liveright. $3.
Ludwig, Emil. Schliemann. Little, Brown. $3.50.
McCaleb, Walter F. Theodore Roosevelt. A. and C. Boni. $4.
McGill, V. J. Schopenhauer. Brentano's. $4.
Maritain, Jacques. The Angelical Doctor: The Life and Thought of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Dial. $2.50.
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Meyerstein, E. H. W. A Life of Thomas Chatterton. Scribner. $7.50.
Mirsky, D. S. Lenin. Little, Brown. $2.50.
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Nardelli, Federico and Livingston, Arthur. A Biography of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Nethercot, A. H. Abraham Cowley. Oxford University. $4.75.
Newman, Ernest. Fact and Fiction About Wagner. Knopf.
Ossendowski, Ferdinand. Lenin, the Unknown. Dutton. $5.
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Rolland, Romain. Goethe and Beethoven. Trans. G. A. Pfister and E. S. Kemp. Harper. $5.
Rinehart, Mary Roberts. My Story. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Rosebault, Charles J. When Dana Was the *Sun*: A Story of Personal Journalism. McBride. $3.75.
Rothenstein, William. Memoirs of. Coward-McCann. $5.
Sadleir, Michael. Bulwer: A Panorama. Little, Brown. $4.
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Stoddard, Lothrop. Master of Manhattan: The Life of Richard Croker. Longmans, Green. $3.50.
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Walling, R. A. J. The Diaries of John Bright. Morrow. 2 vols. $7.50.
Waxman, Percy. The Black Napoleon: The Story of Toussaint Louverture. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
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Ewen, David, Ed. From Bach to Stravinsky: The History of Music by Its Foremost Critics. Norton. $4.
Hart, Moss and Kaufman, George S. Once in a Lifetime. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Howard, John Tasker. Our American Music. Crowell. $6.
Osborn, Paul. The Vinegar Tree. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
Sawyer, Newell W. The Comedy of Manners. University of Pennsylvania. $3.

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, LAW

Adamic, Louis. Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America. Viking. $3.50.
Broun, Heywood and Britt, George. Christians Only. Vanguard. $2.50.
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Contributors to This Issue

DEVERE ALLEN, editor of the *World Tomorrow,* has been spending the winter studying conditions in Europe.

ROBERT A. BAKEMAN is field secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union.

WILLIAM PICKENS is field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

HORACE GREGORY will publish a translation of Catullus in the spring.

KAY BOYLE is the author of a novel, "Plagued by the Nightingale."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER is the author of "Preludes and Symphonies."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is the editor of "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry."

NEWTON ARVIN is professor of English at Smith College.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "Doctor Transit."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "The Adams Family."

ROBERT CANTWELL is a contributor to the "American Caravan."

LOUIS FISCHER is just publishing "Why Recognize Russia?"

EMERY NEFF is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

WILLIAM TROY is an instructor in the English department at Washington Square College, New York University.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,* EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
LITERARY EDITOR
HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT LUDWIG LEWISOHN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON H. L. MENCKEN ARTHUR WARNER
NORMAN THOMAS
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

* Absent in Europe.

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THE KING OF SPAIN has abdicated, and as we go to press news comes that the royal family is busy packing up its effects and preparing to make a journey into exile, friendly though that exile may be. This is, of course, the result of the overwhelming victory of the Spanish Republicans in the municipal elections on April 12. More than two-thirds of the provincial capitals chose Republican councilors, Madrid went strongly Republican, and in labor centers the anti-monarchist vote was heavy. Upwards of 80 per cent of the qualified voters are estimated to have gone to the polls, many of them, owing to the fact that there had been no election since 1923, casting their ballots for the first time. A notable feature of the election was the general absence of disorder, the elaborate police and military preparations made by the government proving to have been largely unnecessary. The abdication, also, seems to have been conducted with orderly dispatch, and the last of the Bourbons seems likely to suffer no discomfort except the mental one of losing his throne. The Spaniards are a sensible people and evidently prefer getting their own way by peaceful means. One wonders, indeed, whether Alfonso might not have kept his throne all his life if he had made a few more gestures in the direction of republican rule. Since he did not, Spain, almost the last stronghold of monarchy, is to be a republic, as is Catalonia, which has just been declared a separate state. Niceto Zamora, leader of the Republican forces and a likely choice for president, is at work forming a cabinet and making plans for the new government.

DEPORTATION of more than 1,100 illegally resident aliens from New York alone since mid-January was joyfully announced by Secretary of Labor Doak on April 10. About 17,000 such aliens were deported last year, and the number is expected to reach 20,000 during the present year. Secretary Doak hails such action as a means of providing jobs for "worthy citizens in need of employment," and in reply to the charge that extensive deportation is not humane, he declares: "The government should protect its own citizens against illegal invaders. This I propose to do with every weapon in my power. Law is law and I intend to enforce it as long as I hold my office." In pursuit of this laudable end the Labor Department on March 24 issued orders to begin deportation of nearly 100,000 alien seamen who had deserted their ships here and under a recent Supreme Court decision were held to be illegally in this country. Two days later the President announced with something of a flourish that owing to the business depression consular agents during the five months ended February 28 had refused visas to 96,883 would-be immigrants on the ground that they might become public charges. Under normal conditions most of these aliens would have been admissible. Only 3,147 aliens arrived for permanent residence during February, the smallest number admitted in any month since 1820, when the records of the Labor Department begin. In fact, more aliens departed than arrived during February. With the State Department stretching the law to keep aliens out and the Labor Department exercising its utmost effort to put out those who have got in, the Administration prides itself on what it is doing for our unemployed.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH of science in tariff-making has been achieved in the case of cherries, sulphured or in brine, and tomatoes prepared or preserved in any way. It will not be forgotten that the new Tariff Commission adopted a new technique calculated to speed up action. Some time since they recommended reductions on the delicacies named above, but, alas, the President returned their recommendation unapproved because it was based "in some cases upon data over a period of so short experience as to make it desirable that the commission be afforded more time." Furthermore, the ever-vigilant scientist in the White House would like the commission "to review the facts upon the basis of the forthcoming crops and make another report." This is the best plan yet. Any time you don't like a report, just send it back and ask for a new one based on the next season's output. Even President Coolidge never thought of that. But we note with grief the unscientific outgiving of James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, telling the New York Board of Trade that when we passed the Hawley-Smoot tariff we made the mistake of slamming the door in the face of prospective customers who wanted to exchange goods for goods, and that pending European tariff arrangements were likely to make it harder yet for us to sell automobiles and other American products in transatlantic markets. Who knows? Perhaps next year's automobile crop may finally do more than next year's cherry crop to induce us to lower our obstructive tariff rates.

COMPETITION RUN WILD in crude-oil production has led to many unsuccessful attempts at stabilization. The numerous smaller independents, unsuccessful in the last Congress in their attempt to get a tariff or an embargo on oil imports, have by no means given up their efforts. A so-called conservation conference has just been held between the Federal Oil Conservation Board and the Oil States Advisory Committee representing the governors of the nine chief oil-producing States. Inconclusive recommendations were adopted looking to the stabilization of production through federal-State cooperation with the industry within each State. In fact, conference and recommendation can do little when there are large numbers of independent producers. Senator Borah voices the warning that the consumer is being forgotten in all this planning, and urges that in order to prevent excessive prices for refined products the oil industry should be made a public utility subject to government regulation. What little progress has thus far been made toward stabilization has rested on the control of oil pools by a few powerful companies, and we do well to realize that effective stabilization and price control are not to be attained so long as the ownership of the basic oil resources remains in competing private hands.

SIR PERCY BATES, chairman of the board of the Cunard Company, fresh from the report of a staggering fall in profits for 1930, lays before the stockholders details of the company's new $30,000,000, 73,000-ton liner now under construction on the Clyde. The contract for a second ship of similar character, it is stated, will shortly be given to John Brown and Company, builders of the present vessel. With characteristic British thoroughness the builders have extended the designing of this great ship over four more years, and she will embody everything that the Cunard Company has been able to learn about safety, comfort, and luxury, together with a speed so great that with two ships the company will be able to maintain a weekly express service, thus meeting the powerful competition of the North German Lloyd's Bremen and Europa, to say nothing of the forthcoming French super-liner. While the Cunard Company would be glad, if possible, to recapture "the blue ribbon of the Atlantic," Sir Percy declares that the board has in mind primarily regularity of service, safety, and comfort—all in the best Cunard tradition. There is something magnificent in the competition of these great shipping companies, driving them on to larger, more luxurious, and faster ships, but the price is paid in an ocean over-tonnaged and in a shipping and shipbuilding industry struggling through recurrent periods of distress.

CHINA WANTS full recognition as a free and independent state, and to that end insists that the privileges of extraterritoriality which a number of foreign nations claim for their subjects shall be given up. For more than two years the Nationalist Government at Nanking has been negotiating with the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan for the abolition of extraterritoriality, it being understood that whatever agreement was made by these four Powers would be accepted by others. Nothing really important has been accomplished toward satisfying what Dr. C. T. Wang, Chinese Foreign Minister, describes as "the admittedly legitimate aspirations of the Chinese government and people," and Dr. Wang has now announced that unless a satisfactory solution of the difficulty with the United States and Great Britain is found before the meeting of the people's convention, on May 5, it will be necessary to declare that the negotiations have reached a deadlock. Why France and Japan, which have done no better than Great Britain and the United States, were not included in the warning is not clear. Washington is said to regard Dr. Wang's pronouncement as intended mainly for home consumption, and to expect a postponement of the people's convention for at least two months. The difficulty in granting China's request heretofore has been obvious, and it is by no means certain that the disorders which have jeopardized the existence of the Nanking Government will soon disappear, but until they do the foreign Powers may be expected to hold to their extraterritorial rights as the only means of insuring legal protection for their citizens.

AT THE INVITATION of Foreign Minister Arthur Henderson, Chancellor Brüning and Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany will visit England informally in the early part of June. First reports of this proposed visit gave rise to much speculation and to sharp criticism in some European capitals, but comment has now taken on a more understanding and friendly tone. The exact scope of the proposed discussions has not been publicly announced, but they will doubtless range widely over the field of European economic and political relations. Newspaper dispatches have surrounded the origin of Mr. MacDonald's invitation with mystery, but since the invitation followed close on the heels of Mr. Henderson's demand that the proposed Austro-German customs union should be submitted to the Council of the League of Nations, and Germany, while letting it be known eventually that it had no objections, has also made it clear that it did not regard League approval as necessary, it may very well be that some third party, with friendly access to Mr. MacDonald's ear, suggested to the British Prime Minister that an informal talk with the Germans would be worth while. If such was the case, it was probably a useful piece of unofficial diplomacy, rather more certain than not to clear the air and let each party know where the other stands.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of Chicago is prepared to attempt to force another mayoralty election in that city because its candidate, John M. Collins, was barred from the ticket. The candidacies of Collins and four other minor-party nominees were declared invalid by the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners on technical grounds. The Socialists sought a writ of mandamus from Circuit Judge Thomas Taylor, who ruled in effect that the action of the election commissioners was illegal, but that because it would cost the city a few thousand dollars to reprint the ballots he found himself obliged to refuse to issue the writ. "Economics," he said, "are as much a part of our civilization as fanciful rights of liberty," and in summing up he announced that the right of a minority party to be heard is more or less fanciful, "because if you took a referendum of the people whether they should pay for these ballots and permit the Socialists to go on the ticket you know what would happen." Judicial tyranny against minority parties could not have been more brutally frank. However, the Socialists, aided by the American Civil Liberties Union, are preparing to take this case to the highest court in Illinois. On the face of the evidence they appear to have a good case, but that they will win it is by no means certain.

THE LOS ANGELES *RECORD*, a paper that has been more than once distinguished for original and pertinent observation, has a few things to say about war that are astonishing, coming from California, and worth pondering by anybody. Under the title Rules for the Next War, the *Record* prints the following:

> A new world war will kill off surplus labor. This obviously is the easiest way of solving a difficult problem; it is so much easier to start a war than to apply common sense to world ills.
>
> Well, if we are going to have another war, we might as well have some rules for it. We therefore offer for public approval this model set:
>
> 1. That all Congressmen and Senators voting for war be given the choice of enlisting in the shock troops or being shot on the Capitol steps.
> 2. That each battleship, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine shall carry as excess baggage one or more stockholders in battleship-building concerns.
> 3. That all manufacturers of war supplies be hanged when their profits reach the million-dollar mark.
> 4. That all holy men who announce to their congregations that "God is fighting with us" be dispatched to interview God personally on the subject and find out.
> 5. That college professors be estopped from delving into history to prove that the enemy always was a low-down scoundrel, anyway.
> 6. That the secret service be restrained from the discovery of "enemy plots" every time somebody turns on a light in the parlor.
> 7. That the cause of the war shall be clearly stated to the nation as the reduction of unemployment, and not disguised as "a holy war to save civilization."

THE BEST TESTIMONIAL our colleges and universities have had in a long time comes from the lips of that sterling patriot and spender of special party funds, Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, who finds it well-nigh impossible to make good traditional Republicans out of young persons infected with the heresies of university theorists. Says the practical Mr. Lucas:

> Inasmuch as it seems to be hopeless to expect a reform in the textbooks which teach free trade, internationalism, public ownership of private industry, etc., and inasmuch as it is apparently equally hopeless to expect the teachers in institutions of higher education to abandon their radicalism and socialistic theories, the approach to the young man and the young woman who is about to become a citizen must be made independent of our educational system.

The more independent the better. Did Mr. Lucas ever consider keeping the boys and girls in entire ignorance? Who knows but that we could make the country solidly Republican that way? But after all, Mr. Lucas is unduly disturbed. The percentage of ignorance among our graduates is high enough to maintain a good working Republican majority. Thought is not very catching, even in the colleges, and a high proportion of the population is wholly immune. Let the Republican sage not despair.

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON, for the first time full and complete, are beginning to make their appearance over the imprint of the Columbia University Press. The first two volumes, in four parts, have just been issued, and are handsomely printed and bound in a format, as the announcements say, "worthy of the contents." The set will consist of eighteen volumes in all, sixteen of which will be the prose works. To those who think of Milton as an English poet of unquestioned nobility but a little hard to read, this will come somewhat as a surprise. The truth is that through most of his middle years Milton was a publicist in the thick of current politics; he wrote of the position of the church, of the civil power, of divorce, education, the tenure of kings. He wrote voluminously on Christian doctrine—four of the present large volumes are needed to complete "De Doctrina Christiana." When he was young he wrote "Lycidas" and the others of the minor poems; when he was past fifty and blind he wrote "Paradise Lost." The Columbia University "Milton" is a handsome and highly creditable addition to scholarship; under the general editorship first of Professor William P. Trent and finally of Professor Frank Allen Patterson, with their associates, it brings prestige and honor to the university.

FIFTY YEARS AGO Booker T. Washington, with thirty pupils and with an appropriation of $2,000 from the Alabama legislature, started his new "normal" school in one shabby building at Tuskegee. It is a pity that he could not have been present at the celebration of his school's semi-centenary, when its proud progress was recounted, and prouder hopes were raised for its future. Sixteen hundred students take the place of his thirty; an endowment of more than $7,000,000 makes the institution secure; forty trades are taught there; and some 132 buildings house the whole. This is good work. Tuskegee started in the black belt of Alabama when not more than a handful of Southerners would have testified that the Negro was at best anything but an irresponsible if amiable child. Fifty years of labor have demonstrated beyond question that the Negro is and will continue to be a hard-working, responsible citizen of his country. It is for Tuskegee now to recognize that the tasks of the next half-century will differ from those of the last. Having established the Negro as a responsible citizen, its task is now to educate him as such; not merely by continuing to conduct a competent trade school, but by offering all the opportunities that an increasingly educated Negro group will demand. That it is mindful of this obligation is evidenced in the John A. Andrews Hospital Clinic held at the school every year, one of the few large clinics in the country where Negro physicians and surgeons can discuss their common problems with successful white practitioners. This is one direction in which the new Tuskegee is reaching out. And while we salute the old Tuskegee, it is to the new Tuskegee and to schools like it that we must look for the future of the Negro race.

The Class War Enters Science

THE address of Nikolai Bukharin before the Conference for Planned Organization of Scientific Investigational Work at Moscow raises an issue in Soviet Russia of far-reaching importance. Bukharin is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying:

> So-called pure science, that is, science devoid of contact with practical life, is a figment. The whole fabric of scientific investigational work in capitalist countries is a weapon in the hands of capitalist magnates and governments and their industrial and military organizations. . . . The problems before us require a decisive and categorical break with bourgeois traditions of old academism and their conversion to the task of solving immediate, practical difficulties.

Russian scientists, he concluded, must now choose whether to throw in their lot whole-heartedly with the Socialist system or "hide their hostility behind a screen of pure science and its abstraction from the national life."

The question immediately raised by these remarks is this: Assuming that the Kremlin were to make them the basis of its attitude toward scientific research, how would it differentiate between pure and applied science? It does not take much reflection to see that no sharp dividing line anywhere exists. The two types of science blend into each other like the adjoining colors of a rainbow. The difference between green and red is vivid enough, but precisely at what point does green become yellow, yellow orange, orange red? Scientific investigation, similarly, may be divided into an indefinite number of delicate nuances, passing from the most "pure" and rarefied theoretical speculation at one end to the most immediate and narrow application at the other.

The gradual shading of pure into applied science implies more than our mere inability to set up a sharp cleavage between them; it implies the necessary interdependence of the two kinds of science, particularly the dependence of applied upon pure science. It would be next to impossible to name an important invention of the last century and a half that did not depend upon some previous discovery or development in the field of supposed pure science. Perhaps nothing could have seemed more abstract and thoroughly useless at the time of its early development than the theory that sound consists of the transmission of physical vibrations or waves through an elastic medium, but without that knowledge there could have been no phonograph, telephone, radio, or talkie. Faraday's electromagnetic experiments led to the invention of the dynamo and other electromagnetic machines. Maxwell's investigation of the properties of electromagnetic waves led in half a century to wireless telegraphy and radio. Pasteur's discovery that fermentation, putrefaction, and many diseases are due to the action of microscopic living organisms has had enormous results in industrial, medical, and surgical progress. Mendel's experiments on the heredity of peas have already led to systematized plant-breeding, and may ultimately result in radical changes in the human race itself. Inventions, in turn, forward the progress of pure science: one need merely recall the enormous importance of the telescope and microscope.

The reader who will consult any standard history of science, such as Dampier-Whetham's, will find such instances, illustrating the intimate interdependence of pure and applied science, multiplied indefinitely. The truth seems to be that we are more successful in applied science, as in happiness, when we pursue it indirectly. The cure for cancer seems more likely to be discovered by men working on the problem in laboratories than by physicians called into such cases every day; it may even be discovered by someone now studying cytology without any direct interest in the problem of cancer at all.

One never knows, in brief, how important any theoretical discovery may prove to be. Applied science is interested in controlling nature; pure science is interested in understanding nature: but nature must be understood in order that it may be controlled. The defense of pure science is sometimes made on this ground. A defense of this sort, however, assumes that non-utilitarian science needs a utilitarian justification, and such a justification is contrary to the spirit of non-utilitarian science itself. The pure scientist wishes knowledge for its own sake, regardless of the possible future usefulness of that knowledge. Astronomy, aside from its incidental employment in navigation, is one of the most useless of the sciences, but it is also one of the noblest. To know that the earth is only a speck of dust in sickening space and the whole of human history but a watch-tick in time may not improve man's economic lot in the slightest degree, and it certainly reduces his self-importance; but a man who does not have this knowledge, who does not value it, who is not interested in knowing what sort of universe this is in which we find ourselves, seems to us an unimaginative clod, little better than an animal. The demand that science should always be useful is the essence of philistinism; it reflects a mere belly philosophy; and this ideal is not altered, but only made more dangerous and revolting, when it is put forward as a social rather than an individual ideal.

Bukharin's speech illustrates a fact often pointed out: that one of the peculiar dangers of Socialist or Communist society is that its leaders will not encourage or permit activities whose value they do not understand. But this is true also, though in a lesser degree, of a capitalist society, in which pure scientific research must depend, in the main, upon the endowments of the wealthy. In our own "business man's civilization" the work of the scientist is still directed too narrowly toward practical ends. What the scientist discovers depends to a very large extent on what the big business man thinks it important for him to discover. Even the remarkable laboratories supported by great corporations like the General Electric Company, which represent perhaps the least utilitarian aspect of big business, are under pressure to justify themselves by practical "results," and the scientists in them must depend to a large extent on the more disinterested research which goes on in the universities of America and Europe. The problem in Russia and America is basically the same: to educate those who hold the power and the purse-strings.

Nicholas Longworth

WHEN one has said that Nicholas Longworth was a stalwart Republican, an able Speaker of the House of Representatives, a son-in-law of President Roosevelt, and an all-round good fellow, one has mentioned all the qualities and achievements for which he is likely to be remembered. He had no conspicuous part in initiating either national or party policies, and no important piece of federal legislation bears his name. The mention of his name for the Presidency carried no serious suggestion that he might be nominated. Yet he climbed steadily and surely to preferment in a House which expects its members to fight and fight hard for place, he administered the Speaker's office with a fairness and courtesy which even his most pronounced political opponents recognized, and enemies and friends alike spoke well of him when he died.

Mr. Longworth's Republicanism was of a kind which politicians everywhere regard as an essential element of party strength. From first to last Mr. Longworth was a regular. He began his political career as a henchman of George B. Cox of Ohio, one of the most astute and unscrupulous bosses the Republican Party has ever known, and Mark Hanna was one of his early friends and advisers. After he had in a measure freed himself from Cox he continued to train with the party, accepting its doctrines without question and doing his bit for whatever the party wanted. It may have taken courage to oppose Roosevelt and support Taft in 1912 and go down with others to defeat, but he had none of the temper of the progressive or even of a liberal, and he may very well have perceived that his political future, if he was to have any, was bound up with the party to which he had given his allegiance, and that he would only court disaster if he followed the Roosevelt lead whether the career of the Progressives turned out to be long or short.

When, accordingly, after a long apprenticeship in the House, he became Speaker, it was as a Republican dyed in the wool, unstained by progressivism and undeterred, though perhaps not undisturbed, by the party record of corruption and inefficiency. Yet he was to show in that office that he was neither a mere servant of the party machine nor, like some of his predecessors, a ruthless boss of his legislative associates. It is a far cry from the pompous czarism of Reed or the cynical brutality of Cannon to the courteous fairness and diplomatic skill of Longworth, but the reason is clear. No one ever thought of Reed or Cannon as a gentleman; both of them, despite their fine phrases on occasions that did not matter, despised the House and clubbed or browbeat it as they chose. Longworth was a gentleman from his heart to his immaculate attire. The House, to him, was a body to be persuaded and led—with undoubted mastery as it turned out and for the glory of the Republican Party, but by methods of impartiality and consideration rather than by those of the blaring manner and the clenched fist. He steered his ladder through the crowd without breaking heads, and even the Democrats and Progressives who rejected almost every partisan thing for which he stood and saw in him only the master of a party machine praised the skill and good temper of the feat.

By and large, the Republican Party has always both expected and welcomed the kind of distinction that Mr. Longworth brought to it. It is not by accident that the Republicans, far more than the Democrats, have drawn into their ranks the well-born and well-dressed, the wealthy and socially elect, for they have been preeminently the party of privilege and favor. Such ideas as that of the equality of all men have rested lightly upon the typical Republican mind. From the days when Federalism was giving American government its form, the Jeffersonian conception of a democratic state has been opposed by the conviction that the country must be ruled by its "best men," and it is to that conviction that the typical Republican adheres. In the Republican view of politics, wisdom lies not with the masses but with the better-educated, the well-to-do, the men of affairs, the controllers of business, industry, and finance; and the consciousness of possessing such leadership has developed a party solidarity against which the best-directed opposition, however high its motives or sound its ideas, has had difficulty in making headway.

Mr. Longworth was a representative embodiment of the notion that politics is properly the occupation of a gentleman. His political thoughts were those of his party, and from party weaknesses and sins he could turn away his face, but he was too refined to be rough and too generous to incur enmity. Actually, there was no more legislative freedom under his command than under the more strident orders of Cannon or Reed, but he did not sound a raucous yawp across the chamber or attack his opponents with an armored tank. Given a House and a party situation such as we have lately had, it can in justice be said that he played his part honorably and well.

Negroes Out of Work

IN any consideration of the general problem of unemployment the Negro is apt to be forgotten. It is assumed that inevitably a large number of Negroes are out of a job; it remains for a sober, unhysterical organization like the National Urban League to come forward and show that the percentage of Negroes among the unemployed runs sometimes four, five, or six times as high as their population percentage warrants. This is especially true, of course, in the industrial areas, and a careful study of the question indicates that the percentage of Negro unemployed runs higher in the Northern industrial centers where the Negro is limited to unskilled occupations, where he is in fact the marginal worker.

The preponderance of Negro unemployed is due to a number of causes. Obviously, in almost any community, when jobs are scarce preference is given to the white worker in case of a vacancy; but worse than this, a fairly widespread tendency is observed to replace Negro workers with white. White girls have replaced Negro waiters, hotel workers, elevator operators, of course at reduced wages; Filipinos have replaced Negro men under the same conditions. In the drought-affected areas of the Southwest, Negroes, stripped of their livelihood, have drifted to the cities—and found nothing there. Finally, there is considerable evidence that in the jobs specially created to ameliorate the difficulties of the depression—for example, in public works—

Negroes find it much harder to get work than do whites.

The Urban League investigation discloses specifically figures for various cities that are to say the least startling. Akron, Ohio, reports 4.5 per cent of the population to be Negroes and 25 per cent of the relief cases; Baltimore, for the same relationship, reports 17 and 34 per cent respectively; Des Moines, Iowa, reports 4 per cent of the population Negroes and 25 per cent Negroes of the total unemployed; Houston, Texas, for the same relation, reports 25 and 50 per cent respectively. Englewood, New Jersey, stands at the bottom of the list with 18 per cent of the population Negroes and 92 per cent Negroes of the relief cases reported! And St. Louis, Missouri, is a close second with 9 per cent of the population Negroes, 66 per cent Negroes of the total unemployed, and 60 per cent Negroes of the families needing and receiving relief.

Here and there conditions are reported to be improving slightly. Scranton notes an improvement over last year, with only about one-tenth of its Negro population unemployed; Dayton reports that in December 50 per cent of those persons aided by welfare organizations were Negroes and in February only 38 per cent; for some reason Madison, Wisconsin, shows itself the workers' paradise by reporting briefly that State work is available for any citizen regardless of race or color. But in the main the plight of the Negro is a sore one and it is getting worse, if anything, instead of better. Measures of relief, according to the investigation, are confined almost entirely to charity, and Negroes get more charity but fewer jobs than do whites. The economic structure of the Negro race, as a result, is in an alarming state of threatened disintegration. The effect of such a disintegration upon the whites is obvious, and the unsettled state of the color question is reflected in the increased number of lynchings. If we are not careful, the present economic depression will put the solution of the Negro problem back many years.

Present-Day Politics

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB'S leading article in the *Political Quarterly* for January-March reminds us again that one of England's leading statesmen is a woman. Mrs. Webb has spent practically her whole busy life in the scientific study of social institutions, and the series of monumental volumes that she and her husband have contributed to the understanding of trade unionism, the social services, and central and local government in Great Britain testify to her competence to propose well-considered plans of governmental reform to meet present-day conditions. Her suggestions have the more interest because the problems she discusses are by no means peculiar to Great Britain, but present themselves wherever democratic government is seeking to maintain itself at the present time.

Mrs. Webb sees Britain's primary government difficulty in a House of Commons and especially a Cabinet "overtaxed beyond human capacity for thinking and taking decisive action," with a consequent growth of bureaucracy and an increasing ineffectiveness of the Commons. She points out the enormous increase in the number and complexity of the things that government has to do, reminding us, for example, that during the eighteen-nineties Gladstone rebuked Keir Hardie for mentioning unemployment in the House of Commons. It was a subject, he thought, unfit for consideration there. In addition to all the old, and many new, functions based on the exercise of power—"sovereignty, overseas relations, national defense, the main body of law, and the administration of justice between man and man"—it has come necessarily to concern itself with an immense variety of "social services, such as public health and education, pure air and pure water, insurance and industrial regulation, town planning and open spaces—all essentially subjects for organized cooperation amongst citizens to supply their common needs and fulfil their aspiration for a better and nobler life."

Mrs. Webb's proposal is essentially to separate the two groups of activities, leaving the first in the hands of the present Parliament and Cabinet, and devolving the second on a new National Assembly, with its own national executive, for Great Britain. The new organization would thus take over the business of the present Ministries of Health, Education, Labor, Agriculture and Fisheries, Transport, Mines, and Works, with branches of the Home Office and the Board of Trade. The proposal for a devolution of power is not new; but Americans, long accustomed to lament the inefficiency of Congressional as contrasted with responsible Cabinet government, will be interested to note that Mrs. Webb rejects the Cabinet system for the proposed new assembly in favor of a scheme of administration by committees as worked out by the British municipalities and county councils. This latter system she believes leads to a continuous use of the abler members of all parties, gives greater control to the elected body itself than exists in the Commons, and avoids the disadvantages of the sudden change of government that follows the fall of a responsible ministry. Whatever the success attained in British local government under such a system, in American experience it has given rise to plenty of difficulties.

We shall not attempt detailed discussion and criticism of Mrs. Webb's plan. The "breakdown of parliamentary government" is the subject of universal lament. It is occasioned by the rapid increase of the demands on government caused by the growth of the newer activities and responsibilities, notably in the economic field. In Russia this situation has been met by a revolutionary change in government. In this country, on the other hand, business, as represented largely in the policies of the national administration since 1920, has done its best to limit government as narrowly as possible to the exercise of the functions of power, trying to keep everything else in the hands of the omniscient and omnipotent business man. To this end all possible has been done to discredit both the honesty and the competence of government. Such a fatal policy is bound ultimately to have revolutionary consequences and must be strenuously resisted. But the older government organization is, in fact, ill adapted to its myriad new duties, and must be swiftly adjusted if disaster is to be avoided. Those who retain their faith in the democratic method of social progress, then, cannot afford an airy contempt for the real problems of government and politics. If we do not want sudden and violent change with all its costs and dangers, we have got to have a rapid adjustment both in the conception of government and in its forms and agencies to meet the needs of the new time. We are in pressing need of constructive political thinking to create the kind of government that the times demand.

Broaden, Europe, or Die!*

My Country Is Not Yesterday My Country Is Tomorrow

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

GASTON RIOU'S leading article in the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue Mondiale* propounds one of the most serious problems confronting European liberals today. I feel I must reply to him without delay, even though I am still ill from an exhausting sickness. Bear with me if my pen should respond poorly to my thoughts.

I thank Gaston Riou for the friendly courtesy with which he mentions me. But he is entirely mistaken as to my true character and the stand I am taking. No one has the right to label me a sentimentalist shutting his eyes to reality in order to dream of the Promised Land merely because I have tried, in the course of my literary career, to rouse the mysterious force of dreams, the deep and primitive springs of the mystic, the musical and subsconscious force dormant at the heart of the Occident. I am a historian by nature as well as profession, hence clear-seeing, inured to seeing the chronic villainies and strayings of mankind; I am a free Frenchman, a Gaul, and not hoodwinked by the political lies and the holy principles in which the states of all times and countries clothe their unholy egoism. Certain of my books have, by their possibly disproportionate success, laid on me a moral responsibility toward a public which expects me to spoon-feed it, and my sense of responsibility has too often forced me to measure out to it as much of the truth as it could swallow. But I shall not spoon out truth here, in writing for my intellectual peers, who are, or should be, the leaders of Western democratic thinking.

When I refuse to identify myself with Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's and M. Briand's Pan-Europe, to which Gaston Riou has just brought the warm enthusiasm of his generous nature, I do so not in the name of a Utopia, a City of God, which may exist in two thousand years or may never be. This discussion concerns the very ground on which we now stand, the threatened region where we have gathered during the vigil before the fray. It concerns the assaults we shall undergo tomorrow. The idealistic intellectuals of the Franco-European League are not sufficiently alive to this. Let me remind them! If my words seem harsh and bitter I crave their pardon. I was as blindly deceived as they until the last months of 1914, and it is because I later discovered the abominable fraud that I feel I have the right to open their eyes.

Since the big European states and America, the banner-bearers of white civilization, have replaced absolute monarchy with idealistic democracy, the brutal and crafty political power which governs the world has felt the need of pretending to the people a submission to their will, which it does not consult, and to the thought-systems of their intellectual elite, which it abuses. To be exact, the masters, even in the era of absolute power, have always had recourse to lies about lofty motives, religion, country, and the like, to cover their personal passions. But today the contrast is even more glaring between the shameless cynicism of the moneyed powers who actually run the state, and the democratic fiction with its sublime phantoms of right, justice, and liberty, which those powers employ as their slogan and screen.

Among us, comrades, no man is still duped unless he wants to be. We know very well that the people in our democracies govern nothing, and know nothing about government. For their one source of information is the press, and that is almost entirely sold out to the money powers. Hence the force of the people's critical reactions is reduced to zero. No one has taught the people to control and question the logic and the facts, or rather the blind and contradictory passions with which they are inoculated to suit the needs of the masters of politics. This is a difficult course of education which the state forbids rather than encourages its teachers to give the people, since the first aim of such knowledge would be to open the people's eyes to the tricks of statecraft. And, alas, the intellectual liberals, who should instruct them as elder brothers, cannot do so, for their social education is hardly more advanced than that of the people. They are preeminently the pawns of state trickery.

When divided Europe was battling, both camps needed noble voices to sing anthems to country and celebrate the heroism of self-immolation, in order to shelter their ignoble secret covenants, their divisions of the world (land and business), their spoliations and their crimes. They had no trouble finding them. I know with what sincerity and self-abnegation the best intellectuals of our unhappy Occident accomplished their mission, and at the cost of what sacrifice of self and family. And among the university men, my comrades of yesterday, how profound the mourning for the victims that were offered to the Moloch they were made to invoke. But I also know, I *know* how they were duped and how many dupes they made, and they have never forgiven me for telling them so.

What else could they have done? Back in those days while I was slowly and painfully freeing myself of all the illusions which had bound my youth (official historic lies, lies in the national and racial conventions, lies of tradition and state) I began faintly and tremblingly to hear the liberating response the people should have made, and I dared not utter it. I shall speak out today. It is the answer Lenin made in 1917: let the armies of Europe revolt against the war lords and fraternize on the field of battle.

But let us not revert to that part. That is a long confession which I owe it to myself to write if I still have time, for it might start the travail of thousands of souls which harbor these thoughts but dare not bring them to light. Let us stop talking of yesterday. The present suffices us. Let us talk of the great and redoubtable today!

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* This article was written by Romain Rolland in reply to an article by Gaston Riou discussing the Pan-European problem. It is here published by courtesy of the editor of *Unity*, and it appears also in the current issue of that periodical, dated April 20. The translation is by Mrs. Ruth Langner.—EDITOR THE NATION.

The generous intellectuals of present-day France, of whom Gaston Riou has constituted himself leader, are intoning the new anthem "Europe, my country"—and they have no idea that they are serving the latest interests of the astute masters of the day.

There seem to be two conflicting trends in French politics today. There is the iron-handed group which means to keep by violence the oppressions imposed on Europe by violence, and there is the velvet-gloved school which attempts to gain assured peace with all Europe by allowing the victors a magnanimity involving no risks or costs. There is a difference in political intelligence between the two, but not in nationalism. Both camps adhere to the credo of victory and the inviolability of its decrees.

What does the "realist school" of French politics want? To keep the fruits of victory unthreatened by the destruction of a new war. Hence, to establish peace and the laws of a Franco-Europe on the basis of the 1919 treaties. But they are very careful not to inquire if these treaties are just or unjust, if they are not abominable abuses committed by violence triumphant, if they do not rise on a scaffolding of intolerable crimes and iniquities which still continue. The fact is that the boundaries established by the treaties of 1919 cannot, from the point of view of two-thirds of Europe, be maintained. Our French informants stop their ears to the agonized cries of the vanquished countries. Germany, rubbed raw, whose enormous energy is being reborn—Germany is starved and will not be able to bear this repression more than a year or two without social and national convulsions that will make the Western world tremble; peoples and parties are being persecuted and tortured by France's allies, as in, for instance, Pilsudski's Poland; Hungary, reduced to despair, is ready even for crime if that will snatch its heroic race from the tomb. It is clear that such a Europe is an insult to Europe, a criminal mockery, and the first gang leader à la Mussolini who cares to ruin French supremacy will have an easy time rallying all those desperate men about him.

If these "Europeans" like Riou have the sense of "reality" that they like to say they have, let them prove it by ceasing to be the dupes and supporters of a purely verbal generosity which offers peace as it squats astride the world and pummels it. Let them be the first to start a revised European peace provided with all the guaranties of political prudence, but sincere, loyal, and a real attempt to wipe out the worst injustices and feuds. Let them be clear-headed and big enough to look for themselves at the mistakes and wrongs their own country has caused in Europe, and then offer to right them. True, such a revision, no matter how moderate, would bring with it fatally great sacrifices on the part of the victors; they would have to share the cost of ruining Europe. Any man who dared preach such a doctrine to France could not hope for popularity. But if he demands peace with his heart as well as his lips he should know how to pay for it in personal sacrifice. I insist on a grand assize of Europe where the people's representatives loyally and unitedly may review the possible conditions of life together. Until these are found and accepted there is no use in repeating "Europe!" There is no Europe. There are peoples bound and gnawing at their chains. There are those who tighten those chains. With whom are you?

That is only the first point. Let us proceed to the second. The almost exclusive preoccupation of Western "Europeans" is, quite naturally, the establishment of lasting peace in the West through a Franco-German reconciliation. It is a great aim. I have always worked toward it. But it is only a part of our aim, and, to speak my inmost thought, its realization is not the principal problem now. Today the gravest risk does not lie in a renewal of the Franco-German struggle. I know Germany well enough to believe that only noisy but unimportant minorities think seriously of another war with France. The economic condition of the country makes war impossible. And it is very striking that Ludendorff, the generalissimo of the last war, should flood Germany with his deluded little books, trying to turn it away from a new war in which, as during the Thirty Years' War, it would, as things stand, be the field of battle and ruin for all Europe; and Ludendorff refuses to be the grave-digger in that cemetery! He declares in advance that if war breaks out he will have no part in it. The shrieks of the Hitler group aim at intimidation rather than action. All these party agitations are no more than circus didos today. At present the real game is being played within the business world. A little more than a year ago, in an article on The Piracy of Peace published in *Europe* for November, 1929, I violently denounced the secret negotiations pursued for some years between Arnold Rechberg, the German potash magnate, and the French nationalist business men—those alarming projects (publicly confirmed by Rechberg) for a Franco-German military alliance which would allow the big German munition manufacturers a new lease on life and give the French captains of industry a share of the profits. Just now it is rumored that these negotiations are more active than ever. The big German industries, which are prevented by the economic crisis from investing sufficiently large sums in armament, are seeking financial aid from France in rehabilitating German war industries and are offering France, along with part of the profits, the chance to increase French armament as well.

These monstrous projects of martial partnership are one of the secret pivots of the new Pan-Europe. I should like to know what the French intellectuals of the Franco-European League think of them, and if they have a mind to wreathe them with garlands. I will not allow them to ignore the facts and refuse to consider whither their Franco-Europe would inevitably be dragged by such protectors. The two most powerful Western states will not strengthen their munitions and armies and then leave their swords sheathed. Their maws are ravenous for prey, and unable to rend it singly they are agreeing to divide it. Where is this prey? Gaston Riou sweetly compares me to Mary in the Gospels, to Mary, the mystic adorer of the Master, who, seated at his feet, dreamed with her eyes closed. He assigns himself the role of worthy Martha, who cooked for the Master. Has Gaston Riou lifted his eyes to his Master's face? Can he tell me who this Master is? Who will he be tomorrow? Will he be the Comité des Forges, the Standard Oil, or Sir Henri Deterding? I imagine our good Martha will upset the *pot-au-feu* with a frightened start when she sees who has taken the place of the Master she loved and dreamed of. As for me, I have never aspired to play Mary. I claim my Gallic heritage from Diderot rather than Rousseau; I am a man without a master, and I delegate my housekeeping to no one. My grandfather, Colas Breugnon, taught me as a child to be wisely afraid of Nivernais sheep (they're chamois—it takes but three to strangle a wolf).

Poor sheep! "If the wolf were all, we'd know how to guard against him. But who will protect us against the shepherd?"

I have never been more than half-asleep, and I have been watching the antics of the bad shepherds for years—their efforts to blockade the U. S. S. R., their scoundrelly collusion with the white émigrés and the reactionary factions, the military missions sent to organize the mercenary armies of Poland or the Balkans. The recent Moscow trial told me nothing I had not suspected, allowing for the supplementary exaggerations with which rogues like Ramzin adorned their confessions to save their necks. The fundamental facts of these confessions are only too easily verified. The U. S. S. R. is the prey they aim at. If the plans against Russia have failed so far, it is only because, luckily for it, the big international robbers, the Anglo-Franco-German captains of rapine, have fought clumsily over possession of the bearskin without coming to an agreement. Once the agreement is made and the European business and army bloc is organized, does anyone dream it will lie inactive faced by a Soviet world which is its social negation and whose success would menace its own existence?

So I ask Gaston Riou, what position will he and his friends take? Which camp? Will he continue to serve the Master of oil and petrol, the Western business bloc, ideologically? Or what will he do? Cards on the table! Here are mine! If the U. S. S. R. is menaced, no matter who its enemies may be, I am on its side. I am not blind to what seem to me to be its mistakes. I have often told Russia directly. But I believe and I know that it incarnates the most heroic adventure, the most solid social hope of the future. If it disappeared I should no longer be interested in Europe's future. I should consider it sociologically damned for centuries to come.

But that is not all. Another conflagration is flaming outside our doors. To charm her young lovers, the fair Europe whose knight errant is Gaston Riou has borrowed the form of a pretty girl of 1789—the Goddess of Reason with her blossoming breasts bearing the new evangel of the Rights of Man. But she has less pretty features under the make-up. The rest of the world knows her tiger snout. The democracies of today are empires (some would say vampires). These beasts of prey have divided the carcass of the earth. Their appetite is immense. They gorge themselves with the gold and blood of peoples twenty times more numerous than they. The British lion has his claws sunk into the flanks of India, sunk so deep he cannot withdraw them, nor live detached from his prey. We French, who let him capture this magnificent prize in the days of the unfortunate Lally and Louis the Beloved, made up for it rather well later on. It is noteworthy that our imperialistic expansion coincided with the establishment of the Third Republic. "In a republic," Victor Hugo might have said, "there are publicans." The climax of the Roman republic was the rule of Crassus and Verres. Naturally we made away with a fourth of the planet only in order to bring it the light of our civilization, our culture, and our language, which are the most beautiful and perfect of all. But our lucky charges have the ill grace to prefer their own. Ingratitude we know is the law of life. And the great Asiatic races accept no blame for attempting a renaissance of their own. The foremost, Japan, has declared itself adult by force of arms. China, awake now, will never go back to sleep. And, conscious of its power, Gandhi's India has just given the signal for the great emancipation. The rest of Asia will not take long to follow. Our Indo-Chinese empire has already manifested the first awakening twitches, which the proconsuls of our democracy have, naturally, wiped out in blood. The same wakening thrill is coursing through the large body of Islam, which from end to end covers about a third of the old continent.

The question will arise tomorrow, it has arisen today: Where are Gaston Riou and his friends going to stand—with the Great God Rubber (automotive) flanked by all his pantheon and his holy harem—the Goddess of Liberty, Spiritual Enlightenment, Art, Science, Progress, Civilization? Or with the great brothers, Asia and Africa, trying to snap their chains? I will have no sidestepping. When the duel starts—and the blind selfishness of Europe makes it almost inevitable—what soldiers will docilely help the adventurers of Europe combat a world fighting for independence?

I answer for myself, pledging no one else, but pledging all of myself: I will not be such a soldier. Europe, if you enter upon this monstrous war I will march against you, against your despotism and your rapacity, and for my brothers in India, China, Indo-China, and all the oppressed and exploited countries. I shall do so not only in the name of justice and the racial rights which you will lyingly invoke, but in the name of civilization itself, of the *greatest* civilization—the unlimited progress of the human spirit. For this spirit has a vital need in this hour to be enriched and renewed by the intellectual and moral contribution of these magnificent races, who, though centuries of rapine have extorted from them their gold, still hold fast to their spiritual treasures, their ancient and now resuscitated civilizations.

I shall hope against all hope that the mighty onset of both hemispheres can still be averted. But if this eventuates I am too near death to hide my thoughts. I say to the U. S. S. R. of Lenin, and I say to the Asia of Sun Yat-sen and Gandhi: Brothers, count on me! I am only one man among millions. But that man is and has all his life been a liberal voice in the West, the voice of the Jean-Christophes and the Colas Breugnons, a free worker, brother of the free workers of the world, who want to open the way to a universal labor union, free of the yokes and prejudices of race, caste, and class.

And I say to Europe: Broaden, Europe, or die! Wed all the new free forces on earth! You are stifling in your outmoded liberty cap, glorious but crushed down over your face. Tear it off! Breathe and let us breathe! We need a home, a country, more far-flung than Europe.

My country is not yesterday. My country is tomorrow. And the angelus has already rung out this day.

Chicago Goes Tammany

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Chicago, April 8

THOMPSONISM has been swept out of power. The Clown Mayor will no longer amuse the patient residents of Chicago; he will no longer annoy the bankers, big business men, and newspaper publishers of this city. Big Bill was overwhelmingly defeated for reelection yesterday after an election campaign unparalleled in the city's history. Never before had Chicago seen a campaign attended by such religious and moral fervor as that which characterized the drive to unseat William Hale Thompson. This morning, with the election not yet twenty-four hours old, Chicago is already beginning to ask itself whether the price it paid to get rid of Thompson may not in the end prove too high, for the man elected in his place is A. J. Cermak, Democratic boss of Illinois, and sole proprietor of a complex political machine built entirely along the lines of the Tammany organization in New York.

Cermak was merely an incident in the great crusade to kill Thompsonism—to use a Chicago phrase, which will be explained later. The rallying cry was "Get rid of Thompson at any price." Hence Tony Cermak, the only alternative candidate available, drew the unanimous support of all the good people of Chicago. They did not inquire too closely into his record; they did not press him for binding promises and pledges; they swallowed him whole because he was the only man in the field who could beat Thompson—and Tony had seen to that months before the crusaders awakened to their opportunity. These crusaders took the position that "even a yellow dog would be better than Thompson," as one of their leaders expressed it to the writer. Who were the crusaders? Not the professional reformers, for they were divided. They were the leading bankers, industrialists, lawyers, physicians, social workers, and educators of the city. They were, in short, the "better element." They included outstanding citizens of the type of Colonel Albert A. Sprague, A. A. Carpenter, E. A. Cudahy, Jr., Stanley Field, James B. Forgan, Jr., John V. Farwell, Jacob M. Loeb, Arthur Meeker, Harold Plamondon, E. L. Ryerson, Jr., Fred W. Sargent, Melvin A. Traylor; nationally known lawyers like Silas Strawn; noted social workers like Miss Harriet Vittum; socially prominent civic leaders like Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank; educators like Dean Shailer Mathews and Professor Charles E. Merriam; philanthropists like Julius Rosenwald; and national leaders in the medical profession like Dr. M. L. Harris. They had the support of hundreds of women's clubs and similar organizations, and they were led in their drive by the publishers of the *Tribune* and the *Daily News*. Jointly they aroused the city—with the help of the Cermak machine.

Perhaps Big Bill Thompson was as vicious as his defamers pictured him. To the practical and unprejudiced observer it appears that Chicago has simply swapped one evil for another. Indeed, it is clear that the great crusade has had one net result: the people of Chicago, by electing Tony Cermak, have made him the most powerful political boss in the United States today. The power that lies in his hands is greater than that possessed by any other boss anywhere in the country; it may eventually prove greater than that of any other boss in American history, barring not even Tweed, Platt, Penrose, or Mark Hanna. Cermak controls Cook County, of which Chicago forms only a part, the Sanitary District and its rich patronage, the South Park Board, the Illinois legislature, and one of the United States Senators from Illinois. He is expected to win the governorship and the other senatorship next year—rumor has it that this latter post will go to Dr. Herman Bundesen, the Chicago newspaper doctor, for his graciousness in retiring from the mayoralty race. Cermak's rule of the State will then be absolute. More important, however, is the control of the Chicago governmental machinery which he won in yesterday's election. With it goes domination of the Civil Service Commission, the school system, and a host of appointive offices, control of which gives the mayor of Chicago more authority and more patronage than is possessed by any other municipal executive in the United States.

When Chicago elected Cermak yesterday it was not consciously ousting Thompson, but was voting to get rid of Thompsonism. Most of the voters of Chicago had never been permitted to know the real Thompson; the Big Bill with whom they were acquainted was the vicious and degenerate politician set up for them years ago by the city's newspapers led by the *Tribune*. This was the Thompson who made Chicago the butt of the world's sneers; this was the Thompson upon whom was hung the blame for all the rottenness with which the city's political and commercial structure is shot through. It was no accident that in the moral campaign just closed Big Bill's opponents painstakingly refrained from attacking his personal integrity, but chose rather to assail a phrase—Thompsonism. Summed up in this phrase are all the criticisms, just or unjust, that have been leveled at Chicago in the past twelve or fifteen years. To Chicago it means municipal corruption, police graft, gangster rule, racketeering. The writer does not intend that this shall be an apology for Big Bill Thompson. Big Bill has been anything but an ideal mayor; he has made a clown of himself; he has tolerated illegal practices when these were committed by his friends; he has tacitly accepted the support of Al Capone exactly as one of his newspaper opponents accepted the services of Capone in breaking a truck-drivers' strike. Thompson's greatest weakness was his refusal to interfere with the grafting of his friends. Doubtless a more courageous man might have given Chicago a cleaner government, but no individual alone can break up racketeering and gangsterism in Chicago so long as the existence of these evils is profitable to many of Chicago's leading citizens. Hence, though Big Bill may be gone, Thompsonism remains as firmly intrenched as ever.

At least a dozen of Cermak's most prominent supporters, all of them lifelong Republicans, frankly told the writer that their game was to beat Thompson, and only that. They admitted with equal frankness that while there was not much more hope in Cermak they had to accept him as the lesser of two evils. About two years ago officers of the Better Government Association, bitter foe of Thompson but nevertheless one of his supporters in the late campaign, set out to find an outstanding citizen, free from all political connections, whom they might persuade to run against Big Bill at the next election. They found only one or two men eligible for the post according to the association's standards, and these men refused to consider the suggestion. The others without exception were either intimately associated with Thompson and his friends, and were profiting therefrom, or stood to gain financially and politically by the removal of Thompson. Meanwhile, though he started somewhat later, Cermak began to prepare himself against the day when the moral indignation of the city, constantly fed by the press, would result in a popular revolt that would turn Big Bill out of office. His absolute control of the Democratic machine made it certain that he would get the Democratic nomination, which he did without opposition. The crusading business men and bankers did not awaken until after the primary last February, and then they found that they had to choose Thompson, Cermak, or an independent. Realizing that an independent such as Herman Bundesen, who had intended to enter the race, or one of their own number, would split the opposition vote and thereby insure a Thompson victory, the crusaders prevailed upon Bundesen to retire, and rallied behind Cermak. One of the crusaders confessed to me that they had arrived at this decision rather belatedly after their division behind two opposition candidates in the Republican primary had given Thompson the nomination. In the election campaign, however, he continued, they had taken measures to make certain that the opposition vote would be concentrated unanimously in support of one man, and thus it came about that the Socialist, Communist, and three other minor-party candidates were barred from the ticket, leaving the Democratic boss to fight it out alone with Thompson. Incidentally, this move on the part of the crusaders may in the end prove their undoing. The Socialists are preparing to fight the case up to the highest court in the State, and having a strong case they may win and thereby force the Illinois Supreme Court to declare the election illegal. (This would be a big surprise for the Chicago voters inasmuch as they have not been informed by the press of a single detail in the Socialist battle.)

Who is Cermak, and what can he do for Chicago? He was born near Prague in Bohemia fifty-eight years ago, and was brought to this country when still a child. In his early teens he worked with his father in the mines at Braidwood, Illinois, attending school about three months out of each year. His teacher was George E. Brennan, whom he later succeeded as boss of the Illinois Democratic machine. At sixteen he came to Chicago, worked at various odd jobs, and finally found himself in politics in the old Lawndale district of the city, then, as now, populated chiefly by Czechs and other Central and Eastern Europeans. He started as a precinct worker, but being a born politician and understanding the value of the Tammany principle, which might best be described as "taking care of the little fellows in your own district," he rose rapidly, and by the time he was thirty was sent to the State legislature from the Lawndale district. His assembly record was distinguished only by his vote for Billy Lorimer for United States Senator, a vote which was the occasion of sensational charges by Speaker Edward D. Shurtleff and Representative Charles A. White. Cermak later served four terms in the Chicago City Council, and in 1922 was elected president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, to which post he was reelected in 1926 and again last year. He was defeated in the race for United States Senator in 1927. He was trained in politics by Roger Sullivan and George E. Brennan, though he had great difficulty in working in harness with the latter because he believed in "taking care of" the Czechs, Poles, and other non-Irish Democrats on the West Side to the disadvantage of the Irish who then controlled the Democratic city machine. Although Chicago's new mayor has never held a job that paid him more than $12,000 a year, he is worth today more than $7,000,000, according to the private estimates of several of his supporters in the mayoralty campaign. Thompson, by the way, already possessed his huge fortune before he ever entered politics, and his wealth is today less than it was thirty years ago. Finally, the political machine Cermak has perfected—and it is in operation in virtually every ward in the city—is not a personal machine built, as Thompson's was, around one man. It is constructed on a basis of organization. Much as the district leaders of New York's Democracy control Tammany Hall, the Democratic ward leaders run the Chicago machine, although final control rests securely with the boss. Persons seeking favors or privileges from the city or county government cannot go to the boss or one of his friends to get what they want; they must apply to the ward leaders. These lesser politicians are also charged with the distribution of minor offices and other local or district patronage. It was relatively easy to dislodge the Thompson machine because it consisted of one individual; it will be much more difficult to dislodge the Cermak machine, when Chicago does finally awaken to the consequences of its action of yesterday, because the Cermak organization will be found closely woven into the very fabric of the municipal and county governments, into the life of the city itself. It will be found to be another Tammany Hall, equally permanent and honest.

It is not suggested here that Cermak himself will not give Chicago a better brand of government, at least outwardly, than Thompson has done. First of all, he will be under great moral pressure to do so. He has obligated himself to the financial and commercial interests of the city, and they have power enough to exact payment of one sort or another. They will, at least at the start, name his cabinet, and they will insist that he undertake certain reforms which he has promised. These reforms have almost entirely to do with the structure of the municipal government. In Cook County, for example, there are 419 tax-levying bodies. While most of these consist of township and other minor community governments outside the city, the more important of them are to be found operating in Chicago. As a result there has been considerable duplication of governmental activity and also, in consequence, much waste and extravagance. Cermak hopes to be able to consolidate some of these bodies and thereby save the taxpayers upwards of $50,000,000 annually. He doubtless will also cut out much of the heavy graft in public improvements; $3,000,000 bridges will probably cost something near that amount instead of costing $7,000,000 as they did under Thompson, and there will very likely be no more $100 daily fees for realty-appraisal experts. At least that sort of thing is not to be expected from a man instructed in Tammany principles. Other reforms may bring taxes down a trifle farther, but the reduction in the tax rate will hardly be noticeable to the average citizen. Chicago is a huge metropolis and its expenditures run close to half a billion dollars.

Cermak's promise that he will clean the gangsters out is, of course, pure political buncombe. He stands completely helpless before the gangsters and racketeers, and he will continue helpless, granting that he is sincere in saying that he is opposed to gangster rule, so long as the operation of the gangs and racketeers remains profitable to so many of the important people in the city. The *Tribune,* in a series of articles now being published, asserts that the gangsters are finally on the run. It is contended that five or six of them have been sent to prison and that the conviction of Leo Brothers for the murder of Jake Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* reporter and himself a racketeer, has thrown the fear of the law into the rest of the gangsters. Be that as it may, it is yet worth noting that the five or six gunmen mentioned are not associated with the Capone outfit (which, by the way, just a week ago cleared out the last of its rivals and made its rule of the city's speakeasy, gambling, and prostitution trades complete), and that Brothers was convicted on evidence which neither established a motive nor showed any connection between Brothers and Lingle. There are numerous lawyers in the city who believe the conviction will be thrown out by the State Supreme Court, and many more private citizens who are convinced that Brothers, although known to be a professional killer, did not kill Lingle. In any event, I have heard in the last few days from the lips of more than one speakeasy proprietor and more than one Capone henchman that far from fearing anything in the way of a genuine Cermak offensive against the gangsters, these men actually supported Cermak on election day in the belief that he is helpless to move against them, but that had Thompson remained in office four more years public indignation would have risen to the point of open and probably violent warfare against the gangsters.

Chicago has elected as its mayor the most powerful political boss in the country. Chicago's leading citizens are pleased. Julius Rosenwald telegraphed Cermak that when "I regain my health my services are at your command to help you redeem the good name of the city." Silas Strawn said: "Every decent citizen should hail this victory." Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, declared: "I believe that this is the greatest opportunity that ever came to the city." Dr. M. L. Harris, former president of the American Medical Association, announced that "this election means the regeneration of Chicago." Murphy and Croker of Tammany Hall, both of whom resembled Cermak in many respects, would thoroughly enjoy the irony of these testimonials. Cermak, musing over this enlargement of his already extensive political power, probably derived much enjoyment and no little amusement from the testimonials and the hundreds of congratulatory messages that poured in upon him.

California Sunshine

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

> The situation is remarkably good. I feel sure that the recent rains will bring us out of the slump. The situation is not at all alarming. We do not find it necessary to feed our unemployed men here. In San Francisco I saw free soup kitchens. There are none here. All we have to do is to give our men jobs and the problem is solved.—John C. Porter, Mayor of Los Angeles.

THE Honorable John C. Porter is a representative Southern Californian—not a Titan of the regional economic or intellectual life, but because of this very lack of obvious eminence all the more representative, perhaps. On most issues of personal and public life he holds the same views as other Southern Californians. He was an earnest worker in the Ku Klux Klan when that organization for super-Americanism was up and doing in the land. He is an influential member of the Federated Church Brotherhoods of California, and believes that regular church attendance and conventionality in morals and opinions are outstanding marks of good citizenship. He is an ardent prohibitionist, and believes that by making speakeasy operation difficult in Los Angeles—and thereby aiding the city's hordes of "grappo" and bathtub-gin bootleggers—he is bringing practical enforcement close to hand.

He believes that in public morals and private scandal there is no other guide so expert as the Reverend Robert Pierce (Bob) Shuler of Trinity Methodist Church (South) and Radio Station KGEF, and so far he has not refused to accede to a single important political demand openly made by that gentleman. He believes that one way of maintaining a "clean moral tone" in city administration is to see that no city employee takes an illicit drink or indulges in risque amusements in off hours. Hence, until newspaper raillery checked it, he maintained a special snooping squad to spy on such breaches of decorum. He believes that to permit Communists to express their opinions publicly in Los Angeles, or to approach the City Hall or address His Honor, would seriously imperil the foundations of American institutions. He is in the automobile junk business in a big way, regionally speaking, and for recreation he sometimes tosses horseshoes. Recognizing the representative character of these views and qualities, a majority of several score thousand of his fellow-citizens two years ago elected him mayor of the fifth city in the United States over a retired college professor—of sociology—who had cultivated practical politics so well that he received the backing of the expert "ring" bosses.

A more adequate spokesman of the spirit in which the average Southern California mind is facing the unemployment crisis could hardly have been fashioned by a soviet of psychologists in a robot factory. The Mayor of Los Angeles, like all congenital Iowa county-seat merchants, thinks that a little rain in the ground will ease the situation of all its major difficulties by getting "folks' " minds back on spring lanting again. He is happy and proud to report that however much calamity talk there may be about the situation ere on the local Main Street, conditions are, by proof of is own eye-witness observations, a plain sight worse in the ival burg up the line. Finally, Mayor Porter has none of he sense, known to have proved bothersome of late to certain rofounder captains of industry and economic thought in ther centers, of vast dislocations and maladjustments in the ndustrial organization felt to be threatening the stability of Vestern civilization. "All we have to do is to give our men obs and the problem is solved," says this cheerful Justice ottom of the machine age.

It is as simple as that. For with Mayor Porter maority opinion in Southern California and on the Coast genrally would unquestionably agree that the unemployed crisis an be met by the formula of the tender ballad, "Somewhere little sunshine, somewhere a little rain." The Far West, short, believes that it is undergoing something like the anic of 1907, only maybe a little bit worse. Its solutions nd most of its cerebration on the subject are to be viewed in e light of this group concept.

Hence, in the main, the Coast believes that the affliction an be cured by the favorite local panacea, ballyhoo. About e whole relief program there has been an air of the choice alifornia art of idea salesmanship. Women are 75 per cent f customers, J. A. H. Kerr, recently elected president of e Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, told his fellowembers in his inaugural address. If they would support to the limit" a "buy-home-products" campaign "the un-nployment situation would be largely solved."

A similar spirit of idea salesmanship prevails in the rincipal concrete effort which the Los Angeles Chamber as made to ease the emergency. This is an office in the ity Hall where a newly appointed pay-roll beneficiary—ntil recently a purchasing agent—spends his time "coordinat-g" the fields of the various relief agencies. A prime idea this functionary is to "contact" all the civic agencies in wn and enlist them in spreading the "give-somebody-a-job" opaganda. Southern California has been flooded with peals to "Mr. Average Citizen" and "Mrs. Average ousewife" to do something about the crisis—so much ooded, in fact, that from a batch of 700 letters sent out me time since by the Coordinator's office to members of e business community no answers were received.

But the Coordinator has practical as well as philan-ropic ideas to "sell" for the duration of the emergency. "contacting" industries, for instance, he has made the ost of the thesis that $1.25 worth of 1929 construction, ving to the lower costs of materials and labor, may be ught now for less than $1. Therefore, now is the time put men to work. New construction, the official argu-ent runs, is a banner investment, better even than buying w-cost securities. For when land and building values ome back" in from three to five years, the new owner will ve made more profit than if he had had his capital out at terest. Meanwhile the purchasing power of every two en put to work will have resulted in creating a place for me other workman somewhere. On the home-economics ont, the Coordinator planned to organize his cohorts of vic bodies for practically a house-to-house canvass of the y, assuring householders that because of the low-cost situation now was the time to do all conceivably needed repair work about the place. Meanwhile another economic realist in the field, Miss Susan B. Dorsey, former superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, has intimated that the crisis may be utilized to solve the chronic American servant problem. The slogan "Every home employs at least one woman a week" would do a lot, Miss Dorsey has averred, to carry Los Angeles over almost any depression.

Beyond these efforts to popularize the principle that this is bargain season in the labor market, actual relief on the Coast has been left mainly to public agencies. In San Francisco, after a good deal of red-tape investigation to make sure of the applicants' worthiness, a few hundred men have been intermittently employed at $5 a day cleaning up undeveloped city properties, and a few score women have been hired at $4 a day to make comforters, by an antiquated hand process, for the destitute wards—other unemployed—of the city charities organization. Practically all the larger Coast centers have appropriated, or borrowed, considerable sums for public-works construction, Los Angeles having authorized a $5,000,000 bond issue. Within a week after Governor Rolph's inauguration in January, the $30,000,000 surplus in the State treasury at Sacramento was reduced by a $5,000,000 works and highway appropriation, which, it was immediately announced for public edification, would create 319,350 days of work and was altogether a remarkable public-service achievement for an administration only a week old. The Mayor of Seattle announced about the same time that the entire city government would be utilized as a great unemployment agency, whatever that meant; and in general the politicians have assured the unemployed of their deepest commiseration.

Soup kitchens, meanwhile, have been established where the need was evident, with appropriate councilmanic oratory, though in Los Angeles, where official confession of community distress is regarded as a heresy to the cult of boosterism, this last extremity has been nominally avoided. Instead of being maintained by the city, the Los Angeles soup lines are conducted by various missions for "down-and-outs" in the slum sections of the city, publicity having been given to their services early in the year by the award of a civic medal to the veteran missionary "Brother Tom" Liddecott as the most useful citizen of Los Angeles. Shortly afterward an investigation by the Los Angeles *Record* disclosed that Brother Liddecott's soup kitchen was serving decayed restaurant garbage to the unfortunate. The mission authorities met this crisis, however, by dispatching an earnest appeal to restaurant proprietors to contribute more palatable remnants, and "Brother Tom" kept the medal.

On the whole the Coast is inclined to agree with Mayor Porter that the unemployment crisis is merely a temporary case of mainly fatuous pessimism in the business world, which can be largely overcome by giving an artificial odd job here and an artificial odd job there until the trouble automatically rights itself. Of deeper mental probings into the causes and possible cures of the prevalent economic anemia there have been just two Far Western instances.

One of these is represented by a series of six articles contributed to the Los Angeles *Times* by no less a person than its publisher, Harry Chandler. Mr. Chandler's studies have convinced him that the efficiency of the machine has made overproduction inevitable if all employable members of society are given eight-hour jobs six days in the week. Therefore the forty-eight-hour week must go and be replaced by the five-day week or the six-hour day, according to the individual needs of different industries. There would be more than enough jobs to go around if this standard were adopted, Mr. Chandler suggests, citing statistics, but he adds that there must be insistence on one proviso: the reductions in working time must be compensated by corresponding reductions in pay. This, he proceeds, would work no real hardship, since wage reductions of from 16 to 20 per cent would be almost exactly balanced by reductions in the cost of living since the piping times of Coolidge. On the other hand, he argues, actual benefits would be conferred on trade were the working classes tempted by the new sense of security in their less profitable jobs to spend what they earned instead of hoarding it for recurrent unemployment crises.

Mr. Chandler has already put the five-day week into effect in the mechanical departments of the *Times,* he announces, and he urges his fellow-industrialists to hasten and do likewise. The unkind comment of various Southern California labor leaders has been, of course, that it is a typical Chandler strategy for crowding the workers 16 per cent farther toward a hand-to-mouth living standard and therefore farther into the employer's power.

The other piece of ratiocination is an example of community rather than of individual thinking. Southern California, at any rate, has been ardently converted to the principle that it is better to let the unemployment problem drift toward a solution than to let the apostles of incendiary revolt from "red Russia" attract any attention by exploiting it. In consequence of this determination, Southern California has given the Communist movement some of the best local publicity it has enjoyed anywhere west or east of the Moscow *Izvestia* office. Practically once a week during the winter the Los Angeles police were mobilized, half a thousand strong, to prevent Communist attacks on the City Hall by tangling up traffic and shoving pedestrians out of the half-dozen city blocks in the recognized "danger zone." Usually, while the unemployed stood by in apathetic droves to enjoy the exciting spectacle, the danger was momentarily overcome by letting loose anywhere from fifty to a hundred club-armed motor-cycle police to charge a little knot of perhaps a dozen Communists who presumed to raise a paper banner announcing that the unemployed demand bread for their children.

Thus, for the rank and file of Southern Californians the unemployment menace has tended more and more to drift into the category of a public spectacle—the old, reliable, exciting melodrama of saving the Republic by violence. It is scarcely to be denied that this policy has afforded a certain measure of relief to the situation; for the unemployed, in general, are manifestly thrilled to see such drastic measures taken to protect their contentment with American institutions, while in a few outstanding instances actual employment is afforded, as in the cases of Lieutenant Colonel Leroy F. Smith, executive secretary of the Better America Federation of Los Angeles, and Lieutenant William F. Hynes of the local police "red squad," the chief local sources of information on the program of the Communists to overthrow faith, economic organization, and government in Southern California by exploiting the discontents of the era.

In the Driftway

THE insular self-sufficiency of the English, which has built an empire and annoyed whole continents, is an ancient tale. But whenever the Drifter encounters it he is moved anew to amazement and admiration by its intensity and its frankness. And it happens that he has just come upon a particularly striking articulation of it. Bertram Thomas, as everybody knows, achieved the distinction in February of this year of being the first white man to cross the Rub' al Khali, or Great Sandy Desert, in southern Arabia. It was an epic journey of 900 desert miles, in the course of which important geological and ethnological discoveries were made. The Drifter would like to quote some of Mr. Thomas's own vivid account as it appeared in the *Manchester Guardian,* but unfortunately it is copyrighted and reserved in very black type. He will have to content himself instead with a paragraph from another article which follows Mr. Thomas's and which really has more bearing on this discussion, anyway. It is from the pen of Sir Arnold Wilson. It is unprotected by copyright or otherwise—and the reader will perceive at once that neither the article nor the man who wrote it needs protection. In commenting upon the exploits of Mr. Thomas, Sir Arnold writes as follows:

> The details now given by Mr. Thomas help us to appreciate the magnitude of his achievement, which deserves to rank with those of Stanley, Shackleton, and Scott. He has not depended upon the adventitious aid of aeroplanes, airships, or motor cars. He has not financed himself from public funds, nor received aid from private sources. He has not had recourse to apostasy in order to commend himself to the unruly denizens of those regions that appear to us so intrinsically abominable and vile. He has made no attempt to disguise his nationality or hide his religion. In so doing he has followed the best traditions of English explorers in Asia and has justified the boast of Colonel Pelly, the first Englishman to visit Riyadh (the capital of Nejd), that an Englishman could, should his duty so require, traverse any portion of Arabia with dignity and without disguise.

* * * * *

SIR ARNOLD is right, theoretically. Any self-respecting man, English or Asian, should be capable of goin wherever he pleases without disguise. But the Drifter cannot help wondering, a little maliciously he admits, what Si Arnold would have thought if Mr. Gandhi of India, wh will visit London this summer, had lived up to the newspaper reports that he would not wear trousers, empire or n empire—had followed, to the letter, the example of Bertran Thomas. According to these first reports he intended to brav London dressed only in a loin-cloth of his own spinning The Drifter at this point readily admits that he would himself have certain ignoble qualms about meeting Mr. Gandh for lunch at the Astor; and human devotion to conformit being what it is, he welcomes the later news that Mr. Gandh will wear trousers and shirt after all. They represent compromise, to be sure, but one which no one will reproac him with, since they will protect him not only from th "unruly denizens" who would undoubtedly follow hin through the London streets, but from colds in the head which lurk in the London fog.

* * * * *

THERE are times and circumstances, in other words, when self-sufficiency may don the disguise of humility, and truth put on trousers, without dishonor. Here is a theme, in fact, which the Drifter would like to develop at length. For the present, however, he will cut himself short with the story of a headline from the London *Times*. It was told to him only recently by a Scotchman—if, by the way, you are in search of entertainment, persuade a Scotchman to speak his mind and heart about Englishmen. The headline in question appeared after a severe storm in the Channel which had paralyzed shipping. "Heavy Channel Storms," stated the *Times* with dignity and without disguise, "Continent Isolated."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

California Is Not Civilized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Californian and a resident of the Imperial Valley I should like to reply to the article of Mr. Robert Whitaker in your issue of April 1. California is not civilized. What State is? All the injustices he mentions exist. As a human being I am ashamed of them. But I can't think that injustice and intolerance are confined to such an insignificant part of the world as this Promised Land for all good Iowans.

The Imperial Valley is a small part of the State of California, and it is even less civilized because it is one of the few places that are still on the frontier. It is in the desert and the old fight with nature is still going on. No doubt the conditions in the cotton fields would be "incredible to most of the American people." Most Americans would not stand them. But a great many people do. The point Mr. Whitaker overlooks is that the farm owners are living and working under just as hard conditions as the Mexicans and Filipinos who work for them.

At the time of the Frank Spector case which Mr. Whitaker mentions, it was reported that the living conditions of the field workers in the valley were unspeakable. They were. But it is very difficult to persuade a farmer to build model dormitories for his men when he and his wife and his three or four children are living in a two-room shack, with perhaps a sleeping porch. Try asking him to build shower baths for his melon pickers when he himself is still using a round washtub and probably carries water for it from the irrigation ditch.

Regular farm labor, white as well as colored, earns three dollars a day. And the work is hard. Many factory workers could not stand it. Special workers—for instance, the Filipinos who are now cutting the asparagus—earn from seventy to eighty cents a crate, bunched, which means that they get from four to seven dollars a day. It is not easy to stoop and cut "grass," and the bunching job is monotonous, and the season is short. But then in their turn come the other special crops—the melons, cotton, peas, and lettuce. All are too poorly paid, but it is a living, and the farmer who owns the crop hardly makes one. One farmer's family had nothing to eat but lettuce for some weeks last year because the price was so low that he could not afford to market his crop.

Perhaps if Mr. Whitaker had lived in the Imperial Valley instead of merely "sojourning" here among the "best people"—by the way, I did not know we had any in this land where truck-drivers and ditch-diggers still call bank presidents by their first names, and the husbands and sons and brothers of the leaders of society run service stations or work as drug-store clerks. Perhaps if Mr. Whitaker had lived in the desert where every living thing has to struggle for its own existence, if he had worked under the sun that makes everybody—employer as well as employee—sweat alike, he might find one of the reasons for our narrow, cruel individualism which makes us fight attempts to organize agricultural workers.

El Centro, Cal., April 6 RUTH HARWOOD

The Curse of Eve

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a casual statement in the article Why Mothers Die, in *The Nation* for March 18, which should not remain uncorrected.

While there are many references in the Old Testament to the pangs of childbirth and while it is referred to as a punishment inflicted upon Eve, there is no basis for the assertion that the Jews did not try to alleviate this pain. The Book of Exodus, on the contrary, refers to midwives who were rewarded for their goodness. Anybody who refuses to alleviate pain, including that of childbirth, on account of religious principles is not in accord with ancient or modern Jewish law and spirit.

Philadelphia, March 20 MOSES ECKSTEIN

Wise Greeks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the editorial entitled The Harvard Memorial in your issue of April 1, the observation may be made that the Greeks had a way for it, for in most of the treaties that terminated the wars between the cities of ancient Hellas there was a provision forbidding the erection of memorials of victory—no "soldiers and sailors monuments," so to speak.

New York, April 6 B. TUSKA

Music and the Metropolitan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Seldom have I read an article with so much satisfaction as the one written by Arthur Mendel in the issue of April 8, If the Metropolitan Should Go Musical.

> If the Metropolitan should ever go musical . . . it could learn that Weber, Gluck, and Handel were of more than historical importance; . . . that Mozart wrote more than one opera, and that at least five of them are good shows. . . .

Statements to this effect cannot be repeated too often; in fact, I wish they might be carried by pickets in front of the Metropolitan all day and all night. (I admit that this would not be very dignified, but neither is it dignified or in good taste to mention the names of boxholders and describe their dresses in newspaper reports.)

To me it seems especially tragic that it has to be pointed out that Mozart wrote more than one opera, in view of the regret I have always felt that "only" five of them are on the permanent repertory of every German and Austrian opera

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Deep in the jungles of Guiana, inland from Devil's Island, live the Djukas, independent Blacks who escaped from slavery 200 years ago. This beautiful book describes the culture which they have built up—their ceremonials, art work, sex customs, warfare, their "talkee-talkee" and "deepee-talkee," their day-to-day life in direct adaptation to nature. *Handsomely illustrated.*

DJUKA The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana *by Morton C. Kahn.*

Introduced by Blair Niles and Clark Wissler. $3.50

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house. Since Mozart wrote (after deduction of two unfinished works, two dramatic serenades, and one sacred Singspiel) seventeen operas, every Mozart admirer should have an opportunity to hear during his lifetime at least ten of Mozart's operatic works.

Unfortunately the same condition prevails in the Philharmonic repertory. Of all the great composers Beethoven is the only one who gets his full share of performances, while Haydn and Mozart can only occasionally find a place on the program. Great as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is, there is no justification for playing it twice within four weeks, while none of Mozart's three greatest symphonies has so far been given during the present season.

The chief sufferer here, however, is Bach, whose existence Mr. Toscanini almost ignores. I don't see why the orchestral works of Bach should not be as much a steady feature of the Philharmonic's programs as Beethoven's symphonies.

New York, April 10 Hermann Adler

Not Guilty

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. William Pickens in his article Aftermath of a Lynching which appeared in your issue of April 15 stated that the jury disagreed in the trial of Charles Lennon, one of the seven men indicted for the lynching of two Negroes in Marion last August. As a matter of fact the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty—which gives all the more point to your article. The charges against the other five defendants were duly dismissed by the attorney general's office, just as Mr. Pickens said they would be.

Marion, Ind., April 7 [Mrs.] F. K. Bailey

The Candy White List Grows

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The current spring issue of the Combined Candy White List of the National Consumers' League exhibits encouraging growth in (1) area covered, (2) number of manufacturers cooperating in the improved standards of the candy industry, and (3) the nature of the concession made by the newcomers.

Chicago, the newly included area, is important because it is one of the largest centers of candy manufacture and distribution. It is especially important, also, because of Illinois's backward legislation on the hours of labor. No other State which legislates at all allows seventy hours work a week—seven days a week, ten hours a day—without Sunday rest or restriction upon night work. It is altogether bad! It is, therefore, an important gain that the Combined Candy White List offers, for the first time, the names of fourteen Chicago manufacturers who have agreed to the White List standard of fifty hours for all except the twelve extra-busy weeks, when they may work fifty-four hours instead of the seventy hours which would still be legal.

The total list contains now 115 names, many of which stand for chains. Every issue of the Combined List has been longer than its predecessor because its object is constantly better understood. Manufacturers are increasingly unwilling to be missing from it. Especially they like to escape from the group known to pay less than $14 to their beginners, or to require more than fifty hours a week in ordinary seasons. They value highly every reduction in undercutting.

New York, March 30 Florence Kelley

Books, Music, Drama

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Keep in the heart the journal nature keeps;
Mark down the limp nasturtium leaf with frost;
See that the hawthorn bough is ice-embossed,
And that the snail, in season, has his grief;
Design the winter on the window pane;
Admit pale sun through cobwebs left from autumn;
Remember summer when the flies are stilled;
Remember spring, when the cold spider sleeps.

Such diary, too, set down as this: the heart
Beat twice or thrice this day for no good reason;
For friends and sweethearts dead before their season;
For wisdom come too late, and come to naught.
Put down "the hand that shakes," "the eye that glazes,"
The "step that falters betwixt thence and hence";
Observe that hips and haws burn brightest red
When the North Pole and sun are most apart.

Note that the moon is here, as cold as ever,
With ages on her face, and ice and snow;
Such as the freezing mind alone can know,
When loves and hates are only twigs that shiver.
Add in a postscript that the rain is over,
The wind from southwest backing to the south,
Disasters all forgotten, hurts forgiven;
And that the North Star, altered, shines forever.
Then say: I was a part of nature's plan;
Knew her cold heart, for I was consciousness;
Came first to hate her, and at last to bless;
Believed in her; doubted; believed again . . .
My love the lichen had such roots as I,
The snowflake was my father; I return,
After this interval of faith and question,
To nature's heart, in pain, as I began.

With a Preface

The Apple Cart: A Political Extravaganza. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. $2.

WHETHER we lay it to advancing age or set it down as merely one of those unfortunate accidents that happen to the greatest authors, "The Apple Cart," which appears in print so belatedly after its stage production, is one of the feeblest plays Bernard Shaw has ever written. It concerns, as the reader doubtless remembers, an English king who outwits and outmaneuvers his cabinet; and so slight is the plot that to make a full-length play out of it Shaw had to throw in a not very amusing scene between the king and his platonic mistress and a still more labored and unamusing scene in which the American ambassador—the stock British-stage American vulgarian—proposes that the United States become a British dominion. Both scenes could have been omitted without in the least affecting the main theme or story.

In fact, the play itself would have been impossible had not its author shamelessly loaded the dice. The British cabinet, it will be recalled, wishes (sometime in the nineteen-sixties) to strip the king of his last vestige of power or influence; to make him merely a rubber stamp, a complete cipher. Whereupon King Magnus, in a long peroration, reminds them that he is the only person left who stands above the tyranny of popular ignorance:

> I stand . . . for conscience and virtue; for the eternal against the expedient . . . for intellectual integrity, for humanity . . . for everything that you desire as sincerely as I, but which in you is held in leash by the Press, which can organize against you the ignorance and superstition, the timidity and credulity, the gullibility and prudery, the hating and hunting instinct of the voting mob. . . . Think of the things you dare not do! the persons you dare not offend! Well, a king with a little courage may tackle them for you. . . . I am your scapegoat: you get the credit of all our popular legislation whilst you put the odium of all our resistance to ignorant clamor on me. . . .

But the argument is plausible only because the cards are stacked. Shaw has quite unscrupulously made his king amazingly witty and wise and his cabinet a pack of fools. In his preface he indignantly denies this, holding that what he has done is to make the king and his prime minister intellectual equals, and that the king wins, not by greater astuteness, but because he has the ace of trumps in his hand and knows when to play it. No one who reads the play can take this contention seriously for an instant. The prime minister is an obvious fool, whatever his literary creator may have intended, and the king is immensely his superior in manners, strategy, and repartee. The quickest way to recognize that Shaw's prime minister and cabinet are grotesque caricatures and his king a fantastic idealization is to compare King Magnus with King George and Proteus with Ramsay MacDonald, or even with Lloyd George or Baldwin. There is a great deal to be said against democracy, and in some passages of "The Apple Cart" Shaw says it with all his unique brilliance, penetration, and power; but most of the time he is saying the wrong thing against it. For democratic politicians are strong precisely where "The Apple Cart" makes them appear weak. A successful politician, particularly a prime minister, may be a thundering ass so far as his knowledge of economics or his grasp of any abstract or complicated question whatever is concerned; but there is one direction in which he is extremely unlikely to be an ass, and that is in his ability to handle men, to flatter, impress, charm, cajole, bargain, negotiate, outwit. It is this quality, possessed in preeminent degree, that has brought him to the top in the always intense and sometimes obscene struggle for political power. He is likely to represent the survival of the fittest among thousands of aspirants. The king, even if his native endowment happens to be above the ordinary, is unlikely to have had his faculties in this direction tempered through fire. Of course a playwright may pick his own premises; but it is well to remember that the probabilities are several hundred to one against the combination of such a king as Magnus with such a cabinet as Proteus's. (In fairness it must be added that Shaw has attempted to put two intelligent persons in his cabinet—both of them of course women, the only women in it. But they are made to seem intelligent chiefly by contrast with patent windbags, and like most of Shaw's women they are full of an insufferable self-assurance.)

Shaw also denies in his preface that "The Apple Cart" is really an attack on democracy. What he is attacking, he holds, is the parliamentary system that is so effective in obstruction that it takes thirty years by constitutional methods to do thirty minutes' work. He advocates instead "two or three additional federal legislatures, working on our municipal committee system instead of our parliamentary party system." But as the system Shaw proposes depends ultimately on election, it would be subject to the same "tyranny of popular ignorance" that he is now denouncing. In "The Apple Cart," in short, Shaw solves the political question by the simple device of begging it. Wouldn't it be lovely, the play says in effect, if final political power were in the hands of a man of charming manners, who would pay no attention to what the people wanted or demanded but would know infallibly what was good for them, and would provide it; who, though a member of a hereditary upper class, would appreciate fully the feelings and needs of workers and slum dwellers; who would never be subject to popular recall yet would never abuse his power; who— We need hardly go on. That is not a solution but a self-contradictory day dream.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Lost World

Dumb-Animal and Other Stories. By Osbert Sitwell. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

MR. SITWELL is a very fine writer. He is not afraid of detail, of describing the environment of his characters to the last small object, its shape, size, color, and weight. He knows that life is made up of a number of trivial things, and that each trivial thing has its unique importance. He is acutely aware of the feel and smell and sound and taste of the world, as well as the sight of it, and he knows that out of a person's reaction to his senses it is possible to deduce the color of his mind.

In the seven stories in this book their author touches many parts of the earth, several kinds of people. They are, in the main, English people of the upper middle class, cultivated, intelligent, aware of themselves, able to make choices and to carry them out. They can use leisure, they have leisure to use; they are agreeable and self-contained; for the most part they are temperate, just, capable. They greet the world with an air of amused tolerance, believing that it is beyond measure preposterous, but that there is nothing a civilized person can do about it. They conduct themselves admirably—and there is not the slightest reason why any of them should ever have existed!

Mr. Sitwell, therefore, writes without prejudice and without passion. Or if there is passion, it is the passion of ice, not of fire. There is in him so profound a melancholy, so deep a distaste for the world, that no part of it seems more than a fraction more desirable than any other part. The best is so little better than the worst that its merits are hardly worth noting. The sensible thing to do is to occupy oneself with the most inconsequential, the most irrelevant, the most empty of vanities, since none of them can be so empty as the greatest vanity of all, which is to be alive. It is a little difficult to write about these stories without sounding like a prig; they mean nothing, and by contrast one seems to be demanding that life should have a meaning, that it should be good or true or in some way noble and worth living. I should not like to be classed with those who demand a moral from the world. But I am of the opinion that no important writer ever wrote without heat, without taking sides, without demanding something of life, no matter what it might be. If he was too impartial, if he remained too completely above the battle, he failed to enlist his reader on his side, to make him care whether or not the engagement had an ending, whether or not he read another page.

This is being a little hard on Mr. Sitwell. In spite of his disinterestedness, I found myself reading every page. And in his last story, Happy Ending, a devastating account of an English military school before the war, there is evidence that even he can kindle—at stupidity, at brutality, at emptiness. When I read him I am curiously enough reminded both of Marcel Proust, that master of trivialities, and of Max Beerbohm, equally master of satire. But if Proust writes of minutiae, his minutiae somehow make a whole, they have some relation to each other, they have a plan; and if Mr. Beerbohm finds the world preposterous, infinitely to be despised, he finds it also to be laughed at. And the warmth of his laughter justifies the edge of his scorn. Mr. Sitwell is as without laughter as he is without plan. Here they are, he seems to say, stupid people, cruel people, people who occupy themselves charmingly with stuffed birds and mechanical toys, people who engage themselves gracefully with love—one love after the other; occasionally, in this utterly mad world, there is a man of parts, with a mind and a heart and compassionate bowels; but of course there is no reason for his thought or his tenderness or his compassion. So naturally he puts them to no use. This is a picture of the world. Take it or leave it.

Without controverting it, I should prefer to leave it. If I know in fact that it is so, I am not at all times aware of it. I wish occasionally to be aware of something else. Which is why I prefer Happy Ending to any story here; because there are two men in it who seemed not only to have a reason for living but power to despise and flee from the rest of their companions. In other words, they have prejudice, and their author, in describing them, seems to prefer them. I wish that Mr. Sitwell would more often express a preference.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

City Bosses Old and New

Master of Manhattan. The Life of Richard Croker. By Lothrop Stoddard. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.
City Bosses in the United States. By Harold Zink. Duke University Press. $4.

MR. STODDARD'S biography of Richard Croker has a great merit of timeliness. On the eve of a new city-wide investigation New York is interested in past investigations. And Richard Croker was more investigated than any other Tammany boss. In one of those investigations he made the classic admission that he was working for his own pocket "all the time the same as you." Very early in his career he was indicted for the murder of John McKenna, member of a rival faction, in a street brawl. Of this murder Richard Croker was acquitted, Mr. Stoddard believes correctly. The affair checked his rise to power in the political organization and was repeatedly thrown up against him in his later career.

But nothing permanently stopped Dick Croker. Son of an Irish immigrant, himself born in the old country, common ordinary gangster, member of the Fourth Avenue tunnel gang in the rough Civil War days—Croker never went to the war—useful man for the politicians, district leader, boss of Tammany Hall and Master of Manhattan, Irish country gentleman and winner of the Derby! There's a career for you. If Croker had any ideas or ideals except of power and profit for himself, his biographer has not discovered them. He was the "Boss incarnate," who lived in splendor on what he took from the city, without personally practicing any such spectacular generosity to the poor as did members of the Sullivan clan.

If there are any anecdotes or written documents which shed light on what went on inside the boss's mind, his present biographer evidently has not discovered them. What Mr. Stoddard has given us is a graphic account of external events with some occasional shrewd comment on conditions which made possible Tammany's long rule, broken only by occasional spasms of reform. Incidentally, it is to Mr. Stoddard's credit that never once does he use his old friend, the Nordic myth, to explain anything about New York and its politics.

It is not my purpose, nor I think any part of a reviewer's duty, to summarize the course of events during Croker's reign as Master of Manhattan. What makes the story so interesting now is the inevitable comparison with our own days. And that comparison I hesitate to make in dogmatic generalizations within the necessary limits of one review. Croker's empire was outwardly rougher than is the greater empire of the modern triumvirate, Curry, McCooey, and Flynn. Both its poverty and its splendor were more vulgar. New York was much poorer then than in the decade prior to the present depression. "Honest graft" was, I think, less developed, less subtle, and less profitable than at present. A larger percentage of Tammany's revenues was probably derived from the exploitation of women. (I should have said this with much more confidence three months ago than since the revelations about the vice squad today.) Speakeasies may be more profitable but are less politically useful to Tammany than the old saloon. The necessary growth of public services has compelled the city to build up a better corps of civil servants than in the cruder times of Croker. None of Croker's mayors had in his own right as much power as Jimmie Walker has. Mr. Walker, it must be remembered, made Mr. Curry leader of Tammany Hall. No mayor made Mr. Croker leader. He made the mayors. Even after the consolidation of the greater city Richard Croker had to give less deference to the machines of other boroughs than is now necessary when Brooklyn has more Democratic voters than Manhattan.

Nevertheless, the Tammany of Croker's time was essentially the same as today. Tammany used and still uses gangsters. But no gang has ever gained power to intimidate Tammany as the Capone crowd intimidates the political machine in Chicago. Tammany was and is a very successful broker between the rich and the well-to-do with power, privilege, and profit, and the masses with nothing much but their votes. Nevertheless, no one set of interests owned Tammany in Croker's time or does in ours. Tammany has a long history and its own traditions. It has built a political racket which not only the underworld but the upper world must recognize and deal with respectfully. The machine is no single man's creature. Even Croker's iron rule depended on the acquiescence of district leaders, and he retired when he found that he could not master them. It was Croker's trouble with the Sullivans more than the reform victory of Seth Low which led to Croker's final return to Ireland and the winning of the Derby. Most reform victories have been won either when Tammany has exceeded some ill-defined speed limit in its extortions or when Tammany has been split. Of these basic truths about the Tammany machine, Croker's life gives abundant evidence.

There is more meat in Mr. Stoddard's story of one boss than in Mr. Zink's brief, factual, and rather colorless biography of twenty municipal bosses. These biographies give information in convenient form, but they neither make their heroes live nor give any particular insight into the conditions which made them possible. It is rather surprising to find that Mr. Zink omits from his list, which comes down to our own day, so significant and powerful a figure as John McCooey of Brooklyn. (Mr. McCooey probably rejoices in the fact that on the whole he has more power than publicity in the United States!)

The most interesting part of Mr. Zink's book is his chapters on boss backgrounds, personal characteristics, and business relations. He substantiates his point that there is no "typical" boss. No general observation can be made about their heredity, early poverty, ruthless will power, or political technique to which one cannot find exceptions in the twenty bosses whom Mr. Zink has studied. Mr. Zink's conclusion is right: "Political bosses are not of a different species of human beings but possess the physical, mental, and moral variations of men in general." In other words, to understand boss rule in American cities one must not study so much individual bosses as the impact of plutocracy upon a heterogeneous urban democracy. To this sort of study Mr. Zink has made no particular contribution.

Norman Thomas

The Gauguin Legend

Paul Gauguin: The Calm Madman. By Beril Becker. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.50.

THE sensational facts of Gauguin's life have been violent drink to the myth-makers. Drunk with enthusiasm for a story that would turn daylight into exotic, iridescent nightmare, they have made Gauguin the barnstorming, melodramatic hero of symbolism. Nor are they entirely to blame, for Gauguin himself contributed generously to his own legend. Neglect and poverty had taught him the values of expert showmanship; it is no wonder that on his last visit to Paris in 1895 he made a point of displaying his Javanese mistress as part of his portable equipment. Very well, he would be exotic in the grand manner; there would be no misunderstanding of his contempt for the civilization that had rejected proof of his genius—he would be a savage with literal savagery and vengeance.

"The Moon and Sixpence" was a natural product of the legend, and fitted to the purposes of a talented novelist it became a remarkable piece of fiction—indeed, more valuable as a legend than truth itself. "The Intimate Journals," published with an introduction by Emile, Gauguin's son, were issued with an effort to give the actual facts in the case more conviction and to destroy the popular conception of Gauguin as a cold-blooded monster who sailed away to the South Seas with never a look behind him at the poor creatures, a wife and children, whom he had left in the lurch. "The Intimate Journals" disclosed a personality even more amazing than Somerset Maugham's hero and the author of "Noa, Noa." Here was a man with a vigorous intelligence, a tall body that had withstood twenty years of starvation and disease, and a passion for painting that can be explained only by the use of the word genius. The "Journals" and the publication of Gauguin's letters to de Monfried have resulted in the latest variation of the now famous story under the title of "Paul Gauguin: The Calm Madman."

Again we see poor Gauguin heavily novelized and tricked out in the fancy-dress costumes which were used as his own defense against a hostile world. His present biographer has made a valiant attempt to preserve the factual outline of the story, but like others he cannot resist the temptation to make an exciting biography move forward at twice its normal speed. Gauguin's refusal to drop his responsibilities as a father and husband, and his equal determination to develop as an individual, are dramatized almost beyond human recognition. A fair sample of what is offered may be reproduced in these few statements selected at random: "He heard the violent beating of his heart . . . He had descended into the pit of the maelstrom but he was condemned to live . . . Bah! He must not let self-pity get the best of him . . . What queer blood was in him that doomed him to such an ignoble end . . ." And so on for 336 pages. All this is good, clean fun, with a little blood thrown in to keep the temperature at boiling-point, but the actual motives behind the scene are lost. It would be hard to believe that Mr. Becker's protagonist was a highly intelligent man and an artist of unusual power. There is enough action here to supply plots for a dozen romantic biographies, but no valid explanation of how Gauguin found time to paint his South Sea goddesses moving with precise deliberation across broad canvases. If we are to find an answer to the mystery we must return to "The Intimate Journals" and to "Noa, Noa." Or, better still, gaze at the canvases themselves; the "calm madman" disappears, for here is Gauguin's own reply to all who questioned his sanity.

HORACE GREGORY

The Roots of American Literature

American Humor: A Study of the National Character. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MISS ROURKE'S book establishes the fact that we have in this country a genuinely indigenous, a *whole* literature. Heretofore, except for such studies as Parrington's, our American literature has been presented as a rather poor reflection of English literature. Meantime American folklorists have been very busy tracing analogues in English and European folklore. The work in the two fields of literature and folklore has never been brought to any clarifying focus, nor was there any attempt, before Miss Rourke's, to study the national myths and legends (specifically, their *patterns*, regardless of their possible origins) as they grew up and were expressed in our literature. This, therefore, is Miss Rourke's very important contribution.

Though "American Humor" will doubtless be used as a most valuable introduction to courses in American literature, whether they concern the short story, the novel, or poetry, it will have, of course, a far wider and less biased reading public than the purely academic; for Miss Rourke is one of the few truly scholarly critics who write a beautiful prose. She is able so naturally to fuse her documentary evidence with her critical exposition as to convince any reader that her book (based, as it is, on three or four years of painstaking research) was written for pure pleasure. Her method is undoubtedly that of completing her research before she begins her writing, of holding her facts, not as mere blossoms sprung upward from footnotes, but as the warp and woof of the pattern of her critical ideas.

Her sources for this particular book are the unique and untouched material of the early almanacs during the period from 1830 to 1860, the early joke books, such early sporting and theatrical journals as *The Spirit of the Times*, edited by William T. Porter from 1831 to 1861, old plays embodying Yankee characters, and many very early minstrel songs. From the examination of such materials she discovers that three figures emerge as typical of our cultural history and of our literary sense: first, the Yankee (New Englander first and later American); then the Pioneer, the teller of the tall tale, a figure in some respects akin to the Yankee; and, last, the blacked-up white man who became the American minstrel singer. Miss Rourke makes the important point that the contribution to our literature from the Negro came first not directly from the Negro himself, but indirectly through the blacked-up comedian, who translated Negro humor into the terms of the white civilization.

Each of these three national figures is, in the Meredithian sense, comic, and capable always of the humorous approach to life. The Yankee humor was usually that of understatement; the backwoodsman's, usually that of gross exaggeration and a dramatic delight in prodigious lying; the Negro humor was a good-natured criticism of American life. All these humorists accepted certain definable patterns for their tales and their dramas, and all of them employed the monologue. They turned naturally toward self-dramatization, off stage or on. The strolling players took up the well-known jokes and stories and spread and heightened them; they became more and more self-conscious of their art as they dramatized it. English criticism of American character brought out and helped to fix the pattern of the American characteristics. A prolonged childhood (through the gradual extension of the frontier) gave Americans a deeper sense of their own individuality. This, along with primitive resilience and a half-physical exuberance, carried the American comic myths and legends forward. Then, very tiny at first, a cloud of culture appeared on the horizon (in female characters aspiring toward bluestocking ideals), and at last we were ready for the drawing together of all this primary stuff of literature into works of literary art.

We had arrived at Emerson, with his oracles, his monologues, his familiar imagery, and his exaggeration of hitching one's wagon to a star; we had come to Thoreau, with his deeper tone of wonder and his figurative speech. Along came Whitman, the consummation of many of these characteristics, with his local prejudices, national prepossessions, and fantastic faith—"the first man to possess a sense of the whole civilization." Even Poe used a kind of hysterical comedy. And Melville exploited to its greatest literary possibilities the humor of exaggeration, the epic spirit of the frontier. None of these writers, however, as Miss Rourke says, could be so deeply grounded in popular lore as other literatures had been grounded in such sources. Their quick drafts, their breathless haste, may have been the final cause of incompletion from which they all suffered. Yet comedy was everywhere and had deepened in our literature. In the West there were Bret Harte and others, and finally, as a product of Eastern civilization, Henry James stepped forward "bent upon a purpose that had absorbed many American fabulists, that of drawing the larger and generic American Character."

The prevailing tone of the national character as it emerged from myth and legend was, as Miss Rourke points out, predominantly poetic and vitally comic. Poets like Robinson, Frost, and Lindsay indicated this again, and the author's study might have been continued down even to the present year's books: Hart Crane in poetry, Lynn Riggs in drama. But a study must close somewhere, and Miss Rourke closes by pointing out that while the mingling of the theme of defeat with the theme of comedy has been necessary to the maturity of our literature, we have as writers always been too healthily humorous to remain obsessed, as we might today seem to be, with the subject of disillusionment.

EDA LOU WALTON

Foch

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch. Translated by Colonel T. Bentley Mott. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

FOCH, as we know, refused to publish his memoirs during his lifetime, and at his death, the publishers of the present volume tell us, his family intended to postpone publication for ten or fifteen years. The appearance of the memoirs now is due to "recent bitter controversies on which they have so great a bearing." As it is, the memoirs are a fragment. Foch's original intention was to write what in effect would have been a history of the World War, but not only did time and strength for that task fail him, but he also left unrecorded the story of his career from April, 1915, at the close of the first

Allied attempt against the fortified German front, to March, 1918, when the German offensive on the Scarpe and the Oise began. A forty-page summary of events during this three-year period is supplied by an unnamed hand under the direction of Foch's military associates.

The interval was one of great importance to Foch, since into it fall his displacement by Nivelle as commander of the northern armies because political chagrin at the outcome of the Somme battle required a victim, his visits to Italy, his designation by Painlevé as Chief of the French General Staff, the defection of Russia, the creation of a Supreme War Council and the development of the controversy over an Interallied High Command, and the entrance of the United States into the war. The gap in the memoirs is perhaps explained by Foch's purpose to set down first his account of the events in which he was one of the principal figures, leaving to a later time, which unhappily did not come, the record of the years in which he was out of favor at Paris and a subordinate.

Anyone who turns to the memoirs with the expectation of finding them dramatic or entertaining will be disappointed. Nine-tenths of the book at least is concerned exclusively with military operations, and what is said is matter-of-fact, extremely detailed, and so technical as to make slight appeal to the reader who is not a military expert. The memoirs show Foch as a kind of intellectual machine, cold, resolute, able, supremely self-confident, and sparing of words even on the rare occasions in which he indulges in praise. There was no warmth in his nature and there is none in his book. His outlook upon the war was that of a soldier who had studied its possibilities in every phase, who recognized the initial superiority of the German military preparations to those of France, who had evolved a perfectly definite plan of what should be done, but who felt little or none of the traditional soldier's generosity toward the enemy whose purpose he did so much to thwart. He begins his chronicle with a typically French arraignment of *Weltpolitik,* and in his detailed account of the armistice negotiations reveals himself as essentially a soulless, immovable conquerer deaf to pleas for consideration and bent upon compelling the Germans to beg for an armistice without giving them the least hint of the terms that might be granted. If anyone still imagines that Foch had bowels, a reading of his ast two chapters will dissipate that notion.

In what is said of political and diplomatic matters Foch evinces consistent restraint. There is no complaint of the treatment which he had to put up with from politicians, nor of the trials which attended his efforts to bring about a unified command of the Allied forces. He records without bitterness the obstructive attitude of Kitchener and Haig toward cooperation, and the repeated interference of politics with military plans and operations. One gathers that he thought Lloyd George a good deal of a nuisance at times, Winston Churchill a close second, and Woodrow Wilson a rather presumptuous dealist, but if he felt ill-will he does not emphasize it. His opinion of Pershing is typical of the sparing praise for individuals which is found in his pages. Pershing, he says, came o France "full of the idea of commanding a great American army as soon as possible." The later impression was that of a man whose "experience and character . . . were a guaranty that whenever he might engage American troops he would only halt after success had been achieved."

Foch had two main difficulties to contend with. He had o reconstruct the French military machine from one designed rimarily for defense to one fully equipped for offense, and to bring the Allied governments to a realization of the imperaive need of a unified military command. The first called for military ability of a high order, and in the undertaking his rofound knowledge of the art of war and his clear, cold erception of what had to be done stood him in good stead. The second called for diplomacy, but more for a stubborn refusal to yield the point. The chief value of the memoirs, aside from the technical record which they present, is in the light they throw on the steps by which both of these results were eventually attained.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

New Schools for Young India. By William J. McKee. University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

Two of India's basic problems are the development of an educational system adapted to that country's peculiar needs and spread among the masses, and the rescue of the 750,000 villages from their present desperate economic, hygienic, and social state. The whole problem of India's education was briefly but readably set forth about four years ago by Arthur Mayhew in his "Education of India" (not mentioned in our author's bibliography) and was recently studied in detail by the Hartog committee in connection with the Simon Commission; the village problem has just this fall been brilliantly presented in Gertrude Emerson's "Voiceless India." Those two problems meet in the subject of primary education, for about 90 per cent of India's population lives in villages. Professor McKee, after a successful educational experience in India, discusses primary education there from the point of view of a professional educator, reviewing the history of that subject—a dispiriting spectacle—and describing recent experiments to make primary education "progressive." His aim is entirely utilitarian; every section of his book is focused on the problem of devising an adequate curriculum. His solution is the modern one of "functional education," that is, of relating the child's school life to his outside life through the interests of the latter, a solution with which he has already experimented successfully in India; and it seems indisputable that such a program would represent an enormous advance over the present. His argument is clearly developed; the discussion sober and scholarly; and the book one of the most important contributions yet made to the study of primary education in India.

The Meaning of the Glorious Koran. An Explanatory Translation by Marmaduke Pickthall. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

The author is an Englishman who has lived for many years in the Near East and India and has written a number of valuable books on Moslem life. He has become a convert to Islam, and the present volume is a work of devotion intended to provide an authorized text for English Moslems and to displace existing translations which, having been done by men who were skeptical of or hostile to Mohammed's evangel, were not strict enough in their interpretation. Mr. Pickthall has done his task well. It may be granted that no English version can reproduce the qualities of the original; yet the Mohammedan Bible, judged purely as literature, seems a confused and ill-written book. The fact that several hundred million people regard it not alone as final revelation but as the very greatest work of literature may give rise to a disquieting suspicion, among some Western readers, that cultivated Hindu or Chinese scholars, uninfluenced by our traditional attitudes, might similarly set the Bible, as literature, below our own enthusiastic estimates.

Adventure or Experience. By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

The authors of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction" continue their exploration of contemporary fiction in this somewhat slenderer volume, where they consider among others George

Gissing, Somerset Maugham, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Mann, and Virginia Woolf. They are always sensible and illuminating in their remarks upon individual works; but perhaps their most significant contribution in this case is a distinction which they draw between adventure, or the raw material of life, and experience, or the realization of what it means—either to a writer or to a reader.

Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1930. Prepared under the Direction of Charles P. Howland, Director of Research of the Council on Foreign Relations. Yale University Press. $5.

The third annual volume of this useful handbook is given over principally to a discussion of American relations with China and the islands of the Pacific, with, in the case of China, a considerable background of history and social description. A short chapter is devoted to the international relations of the Philippines and the questions which they raise for the United States, but omitting the question of independence, and another traces the preemption of islands or scattered groups by Great Britain, France, the United States, and Japan. The other contents include an extended review of the negotiations for a limitation of armaments, a brief history of the first test of the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact in the Chinese Eastern Railway controversy, an account of the Young Plan (to which is appended an informing note on the French debt settlement), and a chapter on alien-enemy property and the policy of the United States and other countries in relation thereto. The volume, to which a considerable number of authorities have contributed, continues the policy of providing "for certain foreign relations of the United States the background—historical, cultural, economic—without which those particular relations cannot be well understood." Criticism, where it appears, is studiously restrained.

Music

Stokowski

ARTURO TOSCANINI, according to an illuminating though very possibly apocryphal story, is said to have remarked that although other conductors often come to listen to him and go away singing praises, he is always disappointed to find that they play no better than they did before hearing him. When he was a young man, it appears, he heard Richter play the Prelude to the "Meistersinger." Finding much in that performance with which he did not agree, he restudied the score, decided that Richter was right, and has played it Richter's way ever since. Those who have heard his Bayreuth performances and those of Karl Muck say similar things: Toscanini has not hesitated, it appears, to help himself to the best in Muck's readings of the Wagner scores.

Mr. Koussevitzky, envisaging the possibility of comparison with Mr. Toscanini, does not, perhaps, carry humility as far as learning from him. But he chooses the better part of valor and, in general, avoids unfavorable comparison by making the catholicity and the discrimination of his program-making the main attraction.

The prudence of Mr. Koussevitzky and the humility of Mr. Toscanini are alike foreign to Mr. Stokowski. At the time of the exchange of conductors, earlier in the season, he gave out a statement extolling Mr. Toscanini. But he did not hesitate, upon his recent return with the Philadelphia Orchestra, to present a program the first half of which invited comparison of the two orchestras, and the second, of the two men. Those who heard him do the Fourth Symphony of Brahms with both orchestras say that the performance with his own orchestra was the better—a result hardly surprising. But not more than the *molto espressivo* of the first few measures of the "Lohengrin" Prelude was needed to show that Mr. Stokowski would have been wiser to have avoided the Wagner excerpts. And after the long-drawn-out languishing of the last part of the Bacchanale it was clear that the sense of form that Mr. Toscanini so eminently possesses is what makes us accept many phases of his interpretation which without that structural coherence would be offensive.

I think it was that formal logic, more than anything else, that made Mr. Toscanini's unconventional playing of the Brahms Third nevertheless convincing, and the lack of it that kept Mr. Stokowski's performance of the Fourth from having more power than it did. Mr. Toscanini's tempi, especially in the last movement, were much faster than the customary ones; and by slighting the rhythmic value of the two measures that introduce the first movement he robbed the opening of much of its effect. But while he occasionally swallows words and rushes through scenes, the main import of the drama and the scheme of its expression are constantly present to him.

Mr. Stokowski, in the Fourth, chose his tempi with more success. But he cannot, it seems, resist the temptation to linger over a luscious syllable—even though by so doing he thereby gives to it an importance that belongs to more important passages—and to rush from one scene to another without so much as a breath, when he pleases. Mr. Toscanini may at times rush Brahms through his story, but the main outlines of the plot still stand out, the moments of repose, though sometimes short, are always in the right place, and it remains a convincing and a moving story. Mr. Stokowski, on the other hand, finding four measures in the first movement of the E-minor (Measures 90-91 and following—the measures are numbered in the Philharmonia pocket score) that would have sounded well in an *andante con moto* movement, interrupts the action entirely so that his violins may sing these precious measures tenderly. A few pages earlier (at Measures 44-45) he has not hesitated to ignore the significance of a well-defined and repeated cadence, marking the end of a long, modulatory passage, by rushing by it at full speed. His treatment of the two passages is in each case extreme: on the one hand he pushes the expressive to the sloppy; on the other, the restrained to the inarticulate. Each offense is heightened by the other. Thus his judicious choice of tempo goes for nothing: his play has come out exactly on time, perhaps, but Hamlet and Polonius have exchanged roles.

I may as well admit that Mr. Toscanini's treatment of those two introductory measures of the Third rather weakens the argument, and that only by ascribing motives, a dangerous business, does one justify in Mr. Toscanini what one finds offensive in Mr. Stokowski. But, for one thing, such lapses are much more frequent in the latter than in the former. And I confess that Stokowski's stage tricks annoy me, and that I find it hard to separate his inconsistency in matters not purely musical from his illogic in performance. He makes a great point, for example, of excluding late-comers from the hall until the intermission, whether or not the works in the first group are in any way related. Scores of those who have gained admission, on the other hand, are still wandering down the aisles when Mr. Stokowski leaps on to the platform and, without so much as a snap of the fingers, begins. By these and similar foibles he lays himself open to the charge of paying less than whole-hearted attention to a faithful interpretation of the music, so that when his playing seems strange or illogical, one is not inclined to make allowances for good intentions. How much the most reasoned comment may be affected by such considerations, no one, least of all the commentator, can say.

ARTHUR MENDEL

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DISCUSSION

Soviet Russia—Hope or Despair of the World, by Mark H. Dix, Sunday, April 19, 4:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

Has Our New Freedom Brought Us Happiness, Dr. Louis L. Newman, Tuesday, April 21, 8:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

In Defense of the Senate, Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., Sunday, April 26, at 8:30, the Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

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Drama

The Harder They Fall

"THE WISER THEY ARE" is the title of a new comedy by Sheridan Gibney at the Plymouth Theater, the moral of this comedy being, shall we say, The Harder They Fall. If no moral is announced in any of Mr. Gibney's lines, none is necessary, for the situation is as familiar as life, not to speak of literature, and Mr. Gibney, unless he had been destined to write a comedy that would make him immortal, could hardly have dealt with the situation otherwise than as he did. His hero, Bruce Ingram, is the sort of man we never seem to grow tired of—a wealthy, tired young man, moderately a rake, who has been pursued so long by so many women that he knows everything he needs to know. Everything, that is, except—ah! yes, except love, which now at the beginning of the play he confesses he feels for a girl who looks as if she were going to be the heroine; and she certainly is. She at least is a match for the wealthy, tired young man, for although she too pursues him she does so in such a disarming manner that he soon believes he is pursuing her; and the play shows him tumbling after her in her flighty progress through New York. With all his wisdom he finds himself always just one move behind her; with all his cynicism he feels himself fascinated; even he can become jealous; even he can become something of a fool. The wiser they are the harder they fall.

But this is hardly to describe the play, or to assign the reason for its merit, which is considerable. The plot and the leading characters already existed for Gibney, as did our capacity for becoming interested in them. What Mr. Gibney had to do, and what he managed to do, was to be always fresh and contemporary in his dialogue. The pleasure of his first-night audience was the pleasure of feeling secure, speech by speech, that the commonplace would be avoided. So it was. Mr. Gibney, challenged to be smart, was smart in virtually every crucial line; he proved that he had a perfect sense of what in this situation had been too often said. Our suspense was not at all a suspense as to the general drift of what the characters would say; what we waited for was the way they would say it. We were never disappointed. Which is not to hail "The Wiser They Are" as a triumph exactly, but to recommend it as the very crisp entertainment that it is. The playing of Osgood Perkins as Bruce and of Ruth Gordon as Trixie has much to do with what might otherwise have been only a fragile success. Mr. Perkins has the proper amount of humorous hardness for his part, and Miss Gordon, as all her appearances have demonstrated, is hardly to be matched on Broadway for her ability to combine flippancy with innocence and charm with imbecility.

"Joy of Living" (Masque Theater), adapted by Louise Carter from the German of Rudolf Lothar and Hans Bachwitz, can boast in Taylor Holmes and Donald Brian two of the best inebriates of the season. Beyond that, and beyond the authors' rather interesting conception of a nouveau riche hero, the play has little to offer, particularly as it is spoiled at the end of a drunken first act by the intrusion of a woman whose presence on the stage is never quite justified or understood. "Right of Happiness" (Vanderbilt Theater), by Roy Daavidson, is of even less consequence, being incredible from start to finish.

MARK VAN DOREN

To help solve
YOUR SUMMER PROBLEMS
See page iii

The German-Austrian Customs Union

By FRIEDRICH HERTZ

Halle, March 30

IN Germany and Austria the news of the proposed German-Austrian customs union has been soberly received by public opinion, though of course with sympathy. The press on the whole has refrained from exuberant hopes. Many liberal and Socialist papers have even doubted that the movement was the right one for such a scheme. Most papers have emphasized the desirability of other states joining the union, too. The agrarians are afraid that the union might lead to a lowering of the tariffs. Keen advocates of a political fusion have complained that the proposed economic agreement might take the pith out of the movement toward a complete *Anschluss.*

On the contrary, strangely enough, the radical Nationalists have made a very sour face. The *Völkische Beobachter,* edited by Adolf Hitler, said on March 28 that it was a mistake to consider the plan as a move in the right Pan-German spirit. On the contrary, this paper says, the German Foreign Minister wished nothing more fervently than to prepare an economic Pan-European union in accordance with his Francophile policy. Nevertheless, the French attacks were eagerly reported by the Nationalist press as a symptom of the implacable hostility of the hereditary enemy. Nothing is more welcome to the German Nationalists than the prospect of France getting the upper hand in this question, and the Hitler press is already rejoicing in the hope that the scheme will fail and that the republican system in Germany will then break down.

However, even in England opinion is widespread that Germany and Austria made at least a tactical blunder by not informing the other states beforehand about their designs. The Austrian government denies this and declares that the other states were officially informed before the preliminary pact was signed. However, what is really meant by those who accuse Germany and Austria of impoliteness is much more than a failure to observe diplomatic forms. They think that the two governments should have discussed the whole affair with the other side in order to find a possible compromise.

This seems at least to be the English view. But the highly excitable temper of France makes it doubtful that such a step could have brought about a compromise. France seems to believe that it has an absolute right to veto every sort of cooperation between Germany and Austria. It may be asked whether certain strong words used by French politicians and newspapers do not constitute a much worse breach of international comity than that attributed to Herr Curtius and Herr Schober; or whether France and the Little Entente states have ever submitted their own numerous agreements, which certainly affect the interests of their neighbors, to a previous friendly discussion with Germany and Austria.

France will of course assert that this is quite a different matter, Germany and Austria being bound by certain clauses of the peace treaties. If it is a question of international law, it ought to be decided by judicial procedure, for example, before the High Court of The Hague. The Council of the League of Nations is not a judicial court. The very statute of the League (Article 13) provides that questions of international law are to be decided by a court of arbitration, not by the Council of the League. When the British government asked Germany and Austria to submit their scheme to the Council of the League, both states answered that they did not object to a judicial decision, but that they declined to have the case judged by a political body. This answer has aroused great indignation, even in England. A few days later M. Briand revealed that Mr. Henderson had proposed to him to bring the case before the High Court at The Hague and that he, M. Briand, had declined to do so.

France asserts that Austria has bound herself by the Pact of Geneva to acknowledge the decision of the League on the question whether or not an economic agreement constitutes an infringement of her independence. Yet the text of the Pact of Geneva does not contain any such obligation for Austria except in Protocols II and III, concerning purely financial matters. No such obligation has been imposed upon Austria as regards the question of independence. Neither does the peace treaty contain such a clause. Therefore only the general rules of international law hold good.

It is difficult to see how a compromise is possible as long as French intransigence prevails. France has good reasons to place upon the aggressive Pan-Germans and the militarists of the old regime the burden of a terrible war-guilt. Nor has this spirit yet died out in Germany. Yet, tragically enough, France does not realize that by maintaining the deepest distrust toward the new Germany she is largely responsible for the rise of radical nationalism in this country. The German Socialists, Catholics, and liberals are fighting vigorously against the barbarism of Hitler and the spirit of revenge. Yet their struggle is hampered by the fact that France is insisting with extraordinary tenacity on the system incorporated in the peace treaties, a system which denies full equality and fair treatment to the German nation. Even the concessions made with respect to the occupation of the Rhineland have been reached so slowly and after so much petty bartering that the psychological effect has been to a large extent lost. On the other side, German nationalism is hardly less to blame for its blindness and arrogance. Toward Austria the policy of France and her allies has been more lenient of late years, and the result is that hardly a trace of hostility against the former enemies has survived.

With respect to the special problem before us the great psychological blunder of France is that every wish of Germany and Austria for a closer union is denounced as the outcome of an aggressive and imperialist viewpoint; even a merely economic cooperation is interpreted in this sense. This is felt as a grave insult by millions of German and Austrian pacifists who are cherishing the customs union and working for it because they consider it a most efficient means for a real pacification of Europe. If French statesmen—who must wish an international understanding—are so unable to understand the mentality of the great majority of sincere pacifists in Germany and if they continue to hurl the accusation of veiled imperialism, then we must despair of arriving at a better understanding between nations.

The real motives of the present scheme are predominantly economic, though, of course, cultural affinity and national sympathy are fostering influences. The agreement aims at alleviating some of the consequences of the economic "war of all against all," brought about by the breaking up of great economic units into small fragments. The new states in Central and Eastern Europe were foremost in following a policy of extreme protectionism, and in consequence Austria has been almost strangled to death and her conditions of existence have become insupportable. Careful calculations of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce show that in 1927 the average proportion of customs to the value of goods was 19.2 per cent in Austria, 36.4 per cent in Czecho-Slovakia, 31.1 per cent in Hungary, 34.8 per cent in Jugoslavia, 43.3 per cent in Poland, and 98.4 per cent in Rumania. This shows the economic pressure to which Austria has been exposed by her neighbors. The result of it has been an excessively low standard of living in Austria. The national income per capita is 70 per cent higher in Germany than in Austria, and in England the average income is about 2.5 times larger. In the treaties of St. Germain (Clauses 51 and 57), the Allies reserved the right to lay down rules for fair trade conditions between some of the new states. But no use has been made of these clauses for securing fair treatment to Austrian commerce. All the international negotiations for lowering excessive tariffs and organizing larger economic units have come to nothing. Therefore Austria cannot be reproached for seeking a way out of her distress by gaining admittance to the large market of Germany.

France herself has certainly no interest in keeping Austria in economic fetters. But unfortunately Czecho-Slovakia still believes in this policy, occasionally with some doubt as to its expediency. France and Czecho-Slovakia maintain that a customs union between Austria and Germany would infringe upon the independence of Austria and therefore violate a clause of the Pact of Geneva of 1922. It has never been admitted by international law that a customs union could do anything of the sort. Has Luxembourg lost its independence by the customs union with Belgium? France, indeed, has attempted to bring about a customs union between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, and if an economic union could be interpreted as an encroachment on political sovereignty at all, then this, too, would have been a breach of the peace treaty and of the Pact of Geneva.

France has admitted by her advocacy of a Danubian customs union that such a scheme does not impair the political independence of any state. The Austro-German agreement takes care not to restrict the economic independence of the participants. Every state may join the pact, every state retains a free hand to conclude treaties for itself, there is to be no common council, the agreement is for a short term, and any member may give notice to cancel it. Moreover, Czecho-Slovakia has expressly been invited to join. If France still considers this to be an infringement of the independence of Austria, why not submit this question to an impartial court of arbitration? Are not the conditions under which Austria is forced to live at present the opposite of real independence?

Contributors to This Issue

Romain Rolland, author of "Jean-Christophe," "Colas Breugnon," "Goethe and Beethoven," and many other world-famous works, and winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1915, has been ever since the beginning of the World War the outstanding literary exponent of pacifism.

Mauritz A. Hallgren, associate editor of *The Nation*, is at present studying the economic and political situation in the Middle West.

Duncan Aikman is the Pacific Coast correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Conrad Aiken was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1930 for his "Selected Poems."

Norman Thomas, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy."

Horace Gregory will publish a translation of Catullus in the spring.

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical reviews to *The Nation*.

Friedrich Hertz, an Austrian economist, is professor of sociology at the University of Halle.

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MAYOR WALKER'S REPLY to the charges of the City Affairs Committee is generally agreed to be an e document, and skilful in its marshaling of detailed ts in answer to the specific criticisms of his administra- n. The Mayor's lamentable personal attacks on Messrs. lmes, Wise, and Thomas and his charge that the City airs Committee is simply an annex of the Socialist Party l not deceive that great number of New Yorkers for- ate enough to be acquainted with the men attacked and know the single-heartedness with which the committee pursued its thankless civic task. The Governor has thus given no intimation whatever as to what he will do with charges, but in any case the situation has been greatly nged by the passage of the legislative resolution for -wide inquiry, and the City Affairs Committee deserves thanks of all self-respecting New Yorkers for what it done in helping crystallize public sentiment in behalf of horough investigation and an honest and efficient admin- ation of city business. Even the Mayor himself at last ns to recognize that his task calls for hard work as well greeable manners and political skill.

SECRETARY DOAK has announced the Hoover substi- tute for employment exchanges. There is to be a ral employment bureau in every State "on a basis which will afford every opportunity of placing employees in contact with jobs"—which is just nonsense. Senator Wagner's bill, vetoed by the President, provided $1,500,000 the first year and $4,000,000 a year during the next three, to be matched by like sums from the States and expended by the latter in cooperation with the federal Department of Labor. Instead, Mr. Doak has $785,000. His first move is to appoint forty-nine State directors and fifteen general officers in Washington who, of course, will "coordinate" all employment work. These sixty-four positions, if they paid $4,000 apiece—certainly not an exorbitant salary for a responsible position—would exhaust a third of the appropriation before a payment was made for office rent, clerical help, field forces, or other expenditures necessary really to do anything useful for the unemployed. We have had no opportunity to check up the list of appointees; at first glance we do not note the name of a single well-known student of employment problems. One Administration objection to the Wagner bill was that the exchange officials would be locally appointed without Washington control. That objection is here completely obviated. Mr. Doak can appoint whom he pleases, at what salary he pleases, without the inconvenience of civil-service interference. It appears to be a direct method of providing employment and so relieving the crisis. There seems to be no length to which the Administration is unprepared to go in preventing anything effective from being done toward a scientific organization of the labor market.

LEGAL LAWLESSNESS is hard hit in the report made to the Wickersham Commission by Reuben Oppenheimer, who has been studying for that body the enforcement of the immigration and deportation laws. We have protested what we conceived to be abuses existing in the practice of both the State Department and the Labor Department in these particulars, and our position is fully sustained by Mr. Oppenheimer's report, which, it is declared, has caused no little stir in Administration circles. Mr. Oppenheimer questions, just as we have done, the interpretation of the "public-charge" clause under which consular officers at the President's direction have since last autumn refused visas to 100,000 would-be immigrants normally admissible. He declares that many aliens have been deported unlawfully in violation of their constitutional rights, suffering illegal search and seizure, violation of personal rights, and arrest without warrant. He recommends the establishment of an independent judicial body to which the alien could appeal against the arbitrary decision of immigration authorities. The administration of the immigration and deportation laws is a difficult and hateful job at best. Those responsible for their enforcement should specially remember that the more helpless the persons subject to the operation of any law, the more zealously should their rights be safeguarded. When an alien is not without influential friends, as was the case with Miss Ella Young, who was finally admitted after having been threatened with exclusion on the ground that she might become a public charge, it makes the helpless ones seem all the more unfortunate.

DR. ROBERT R. KUCZYNSKI of Brookings Institution, one of the ablest vital statisticians in the world, has several things to say about our population that are worth pondering. First, although the number of births still exceeds annually the number of deaths, we may look forward in as little as a decade to a decreasing population. Our restrictive immigration policy and our wholesale deportation of aliens throws the burden of population increase upon domestic production—and domestic production is not doing its duty. The chief difficulty, according to Dr. Kuczynski, is that American mothers are not giving birth to enough girls to reproduce themselves. In 1800 there was an average of three girls born to every woman in the country; in 1926 this figure had declined to 1.3, and it is still declining. So allowing for mortality during childhood and adolescence, and for childlessness, there are not enough girl children today to take the place of their mothers in the next generation. To a lesser degree the same tendency is observable in European countries also. Nor is Dr. Kuczynski consoled by the prospect of a declining population in the United States. Frivolous persons who live in cities and think there are too many persons in the world as it is will be disposed to rejoice at these figures. But, seriously, they mean something significant for the future of America. Large families and hospitable shores made us the power we are. We have now succeeded in covertly and overtly antagonizing most of our neighbors. What will happen to our plans for an American "empire" if our population begins markedly to decline?

IF GOVERNOR NORMAN of the Bank of England had any more important purpose in his recent visit to this country than to shake hands with the bankers and the members of the Federal Reserve Board and ask how things were going, or if his visit accomplished anything likely to mitigate the world depression, both purpose and accomplishment have been skilfully concealed. As far as the public knows, neither the Federal Reserve authorities nor the bankers have promised aid in any plan for a large international extension of credit, nor is there any reason to think that either the Young Plan or the war-debts settlement will soon be disturbed. The gold supply appears to be sufficient for world needs notwithstanding the egregious unevenness of its distribution, and the Administration has let it be known that it has no interest in any international action to raise or stabilize the price of silver. The most that Governor Norman could reasonably have expected, we think, is that he might be able to inspire some hopefulness in the Treasury Department and among the bankers regarding foreign loans in aid of trade revivals, and we doubt that he was able to do this. What with the reported turning back of the recent Morgan loan to Spain, the suspicion that the recent French loan to Rumania may turn out to benefit French munition-makers, and the possibility of a prolonged tariff controversy between Great Britain and France, it is not surprising that Washington and New York should hesitate.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB won his battle for proxies in the war over bonuses to Bethlehem Steel executives. Now if the court which has the matter under advisement will only be gracious, President Grace may continue to get his million-dollar "incentives" in years when he "earns" them. From 1918 to 1930 they averaged $814,993 a year; in 1929 it was twice that much, and even last year more than a million. Over the past twenty years the company has paid out more than $35,000,000 in bonuses, most of it to half a dozen men. We can see little reason for the stockholders' clamor over the system and its alleged secrecy. It has been in operation ever since Mr. Schwab bought the company in 1901; it was fully described, with its results, in the annual report for 1916, and was approved by the stockholders. It seems a trifle late for them now to be discovering its existence. Mr. Schwab, who has never shared in the bonus payments, belongs to that older and more engaging type of business man who holds to the good old American theory that to the grabber belong the spoils. He has run Bethlehem on that principle, and the corporation's total "earnings," before interest, depreciation, and special reserves, have risen from less than $4,000,000 in 1905 to more than $67,000,000 in 1929. If the stockholders do not object to the grabbing system, we find it hard to get up much indignation over the bonus plan, which is part of it.

TWO HUNDRED CORPORATIONS control between 35 and 45 per cent of all our business wealth—excluding from business wealth that of government, agriculture, and the professions—according to an important study by Gardiner C. Means appearing in the *American Economic Review* for March. These large corporations, all of them with assets of more than $85,000,000 and net income over $4,500,000, had combined assets of more than $67,000,000,000 in 1927. They control nearly half the corporate wealth of the country and dominate much more than half its industry. Moreover, during recent years they have been growing three times as fast as the 300,000 smaller corporations, and if the existing rate of growth is maintained, in twenty years they will own half of our entire national wealth. They have among them fewer than 2,000 directors. In the light of such facts, what becomes of that theory of rugged individualism on which President Hoover mistakenly tries to shape national policy? To quote Mr. Means:

> A society in which production is governed by blind economic forces is being replaced by one in which production is carried on under the ultimate control of a handful of individuals. . . . Shall we then regard these men as seekers for private gain or as economic statesmen serving the commonweal?

THE RESPONSIBILITY of war debts and high tariffs for the present business depression is strikingly brought out in the report of the Committee on International Settlements and Economic Information of the International Chamber of Commerce recently made public in Washington, where the chamber will meet during May. The report points out that there is no general scarcity of gold, but that that metal is concentrated in France and the United States, the principal creditors of the world's "political" indebtedness. International obligations can be met only with gold, with goods, or by means of further borrowing. But tariffs obstruct the flow of goods, and borrowing, owing to the depression, has been sharply curtailed; hence pressure is put on gold, and the political debts, in addition to ordinary commercial obligations, have drained to France and the United States during the past two years all the available new gold and practically as much more drawn from the reserves of other countries.

So far as the causes of the depression are monetary, then, they are due chiefly to "international-debt obligations swollen by debts of political origin." Such causes are by no means exclusively responsible for the present desperate state of the world's business, but as this report indicates, the most important prior condition to a remedying of the general crisis is a clearing up of international debts, first, through a lowering of tariffs, thus making possible increased exports by debtors, and, second, through "a reduction of political debts."

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT triumphed again on April 16 when the House of Commons, by an unexpectedly large majority of fifty-four, rejected a Conservative motion censuring the Government for its course with unemployment. The majority was due, as usual, to the Liberals, thirty-five of whom voted with the Government against ten who sided with the Conservatives, but it was also noticeable that the left-wing radicals of the Labor Party, led by James Maxton, stood solidly with Prime Minister MacDonald. The expected arraignment of the Government by Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, turned out to be a good deal of a fizzle, as well it might when one remembers that Mr. Baldwin has no specific for unemployment except protection, and that to have mentioned protection would have been to alienate all the free-trade Liberals and deprive the motion of censure of the needed majority support. Mr. MacDonald's victory opened the way for the presentation of Mr. Snowden's budget, and if the budget is accepted there is a probability that the Labor Government will survive at least into the summer, when a report from a commission on unemployment insurance is due. The greatest cloud in the sky, aside from unemployment, is the ominous growth of protectionist sentiment in Great Britain, and the likelihood of prolonged tariff controversies with Continental countries because of the desire of Great Britain to secure a general reduction of duties.

EIGHT NEGRO BOYS, the youngest fourteen, the oldest not yet twenty-one, have just been tried and all but the youngest convicted and sentenced to death for rape in Scottsboro, Alabama. The alleged victims were two white girls, but only one of them was willing to identify the defendants in court, and her testimony was conflicting all the way through. One thousand militia were summoned to the town to maintain order; after the first two boys were pronounced guilty, a brass band and general celebration outside the courthouse indicated where the sympathies of the populace lay and doubtless was not without influence on the jury, which nevertheless could not agree to impose the death sentence on the fourteen-year-old boy. The alleged offense was said to have been committed on board a freight train; the girls were accompanied by seven white boys who, so the story goes, got into a fight with some seventeen or eighteen Negroes; the white boys were thrown off the train; about half of the Negroes soon followed. The remaining nine stayed on the train—a strong presumption of their innocence—and were arrested when they reached their destination, denying that they had any part in the fracas, and all but two of them testifying that they were not even present while it was going on. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been investigating the matter and is making every possible effort to appeal the case and secure a new trial under more favorable circumstances. Scottsboro is priding itself on not having staged a lynching, although the threat of one hung like a thick fog over the legal proceeding from start to finish. And in place of a lynching we must be consoled by the spectacle of several boys under twenty sentenced to death on the unsupported testimony of a white girl who gives every evidence of irresponsibility.

SPILLING THE BEANS is ordinarily not a weakness of the leaders of Tammany Hall. But a lady did it the other day; a district leader named Miss Annie Matthews made a speech before the League of Women Voters that told all about how judges are chosen; and how bribes by prospective candidates for judgeships are never, never given; and how, after the judge is seated securely on the bench, with fourteen years of office at $25,000 a year ahead of him, he would be a base caitiff, a—to quote Miss Matthews—"rotter" if he did not remember, by a substantial present, the district leader who recommended him for the nomination. Miss Matthews, of course, did not up and say right out that she or any of her coworkers had actually accepted such a "present." She stated a hypothetical case: "*If* you were a judge, would you not be a 'rotter,' etc." It is reported that Miss Matthews will in due time be carefully and thoroughly interrogated by Commissioner Seabury; and meanwhile one suspects that she has spent some anxious moments explaining her remarks to her immediate superiors. But what the Matthews incident shows is that women are still novices in politics. The Chinese, who have been engaged in political intrigue longer, perhaps, than any other nation, have learned perfectly the art of seeing everything and saying nothing. The sachems of Tammany likewise are adepts. Miss Matthews is right when she says that everybody knows or at least suspects that the district leader does not support himself by drawing his sustenance from the clouds; but she is on less firm ground when she says, "A present afterward is a very different thing from a bribe beforehand"; and when she confesses publicly both her political knowledge, which will alienate her friends, and her moral distinctions, which will alienate everyone else, she is slipping into quicksand.

JOSEPH LEBLANG, New York's cut-rate-theater-ticket man, has died leaving a fortune estimated at $20,000,000, made in the sale of theater tickets and in real-estate operation. Mr. Leblang thirty years ago discovered and acted upon the very simple fact that some plays are worth more than others. (In the sense in which we here use the term, a play is "worth" the price, or rather prices, at which it is possible to fill the house. This may be fifty cents or twenty dollars.) Mr. Leblang accordingly took large blocks of tickets of the less successful shows and sold them at cut rates, thus making possible the continuation of some plays that could not have gone on at box-office prices. We hear ceaseless talk of the evils of ticket speculation and endless proposals for remedy. In fact, there is no fundamental remedy for those evils, such as they are, short of a recognition by the managers of the principle on which Mr. Leblang's fortune was based, a fixing of prices on the basis of what the play is actually worth as represented by demand in the market, and a box-office sale of seats at those prices. Otherwise ticket speculation will continue because the ticket speculator will continue to meet an economic need.

The Fall of a Dynasty

IN considering the fall of the last of the Bourbons, one's first impulse is to think of Alfonso in terms of what he lost—the Spanish crown. It was a crown that had been served by the fierce ambition of Jiménez de Cisneros, the genius of the Great Captain, the probity of General Prim, the brilliance of Cánovas del Castillo, and the devotion of Sánchez Guerra. It was a crown which had rested alike on the head of the wily Ferdinand of Aragon, of the restless Charles V, of the impossible Ferdinand VII—a varied and arresting line of rulers, occasionally stupid, occasionally great. And Alfonso carried that crown with the confident nonchalance befitting the son of those who had signed the decrees of empires with the curt and sufficient "I, the King."

But it was also a crown which had been dragged low at least twice in the hundred years preceding Alfonso's accession—once when Joseph Bonaparte sat on the Spanish throne while the legitimate king played billiards and knitted in a French château, and again in 1875 when a republic had been set up. As the twentieth century came on, and questions of titles, successions, and dynastic prestige gave way to questions of tariffs, overproduction, unemployment, and workers' insurance, monarchical Spain gradually recognized how difficult it is for tradition to deal with transition. In the last ten years of his reign Alfonso contributed to the fall of the monarchy in three ways: he lost the confidence of the country; he failed to recognize the economic basis of unrest; and when the crisis came, he hesitated.

The six-and-a-half-year tenure of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship created the impression abroad that Alfonso was really a clever politician. By countenancing the coup of September, 1923, he had avoided the impending reckoning. But this very evasion sowed suspicion among the Spanish people. The Moroccan campaign, which had culminated in the disaster of Annual, provoked a nation-wide demand for an investigation of the whole affair. The Picasso report was the result. Its contents were never published, but the rumor spread that Alfonso himself had had a hand in the Moroccan debacle. That the King, in all the years of the dictatorship, took no steps to clear himself of the charge was proof enough for his opponents of his insincerity. By suspending constitutional guaranties and by calling Primo de Rivera to power, the King interposed insurmountable obstacles between himself and his people. Again, in February of this year, when for a fleeting moment he appeared willing to intrust the government to the venerable Sánchez Guerra in response to popular demand, only to come out with a conservative Cabinet organized during the breathing spell, the impression deepened that the King was not playing according to rules. Alfonso alienated the affection of his people because he wounded what no Spaniard will endure injury to—*amor propio.*

From the time Primo de Rivera assumed control until the resignation of the Aznar Cabinet on April 14, it was clear that the economic problems of Spain were beyond the competence of its rulers. A belated and overrated program of public works was carried on under Primo; his successor, Berenguer, did no better; the wealthy conservative ministers in Aznar's Cabinet resorted to personal gifts and bread lines. Meanwhile, the Guardia Civil continued to crush strikes while Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Bilbao, and Madrid filled with peasants and factory hands out of work.

This inability to solve the economic crisis was matched by the indecision displayed when the political crisis reached fever pitch last December. A monarch who had told his subjects that the crown belonged to his family, not to him, and that therefore he could not and would not give it up would be expected to march out at the head of his troops to sweep away the Republican barricades if he could. Rather than die by the sword, however, Alfonso negotiated, compromised, hesitated, groped. He could not part with strong men, so he called to his side Berenguer and Aznar, strong men with a pronounced dash of amiability. He was opposed to elections for a constituent Cortes, so he decided to approach them by the dangerous path of municipal and provincial elections. The Jaca rebels were set free or given light sentences; Niceto Alcalá Zamora shouted his taunts under the very nose of the monarch; students were flat-sabered and then permitted to have their own way; staff officers refused to obey orders from Madrid and were removed to a beneficent climate for disciplining. Strategy degenerated to tactics and energetic measures gave way to "a melange of subtlety and violence." The overwhelming Opposition victory at the polls on Sunday, April 12, caught the King and his government as the Prussian offensive in Alsace in 1870 had caught the French armies—with their spats on and their powder damp. Even then Alfonso hesitated—until the one-hour ultimatum of the exultant Republican-Socialist coalition made it clear that the only way out was to clear out.

The provisional government headed by Alcalá Zamora has at least one thing for which to thank Alfonso—he left the country at peace. The new government thus begins without the need of putting down civil war. But there are critical days ahead. The revolutionary government represents a coalition of Republicans, Socialists, and other left groups. Of these, the Socialists have the smoothest party machinery and the clearest program. The Republican leader, Alcalá Zamora, is Republican partly because of a grudge; and he is impulsive enough to alienate the Socialists on even minor issues. The coup of April 14 in no way alleviates economic conditions. The government can still stress the coming constituent Cortes; but hundreds of thousands of Spaniards stand in need of bread and shelter as well as guaranteed civil liberties. Foreign banking circles must be mollified after the pronouncement of the Republicans that they would nullify the $60,000,000 credit of last March, negotiated by the Aznar Government to stabilize the peseta. There still remain the small but active groups of intransigents—Communists, clericals, militarists of the old school, monarchists, the Catalan separatists. The Republicans would do well to remember the advice of the good Abbé Coignard and not base too vast a hope on the fall of a prince.

Can the Leaders Lead?

SENATOR COUZENS addresses some pointed questions to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, meeting at Atlantic City on April 28. He waxes a trifle ironic at the idea that business men can reasonably ask government to leave everything to them, and asks, in view of recent Treasury figures, whether business men approve of "the present trend of accumulation of property in the hands of the few." Then, after inquiring whether they advise the people to pledge their future income through instalment buying to such an extent as to become "almost economic slaves," he challenges our business leaders to see to it that there is brought about a proper division of earnings between labor and capital. But most pointedly of all, in view of the immediate situation, he declares that "it now rests with these leading business men to solve the problem of stabilization of industry and maintenance of continuous employment"—no small order—or else, he asserts, they must expect legislation compelling business to change its methods, because the patience of the public, he believes, is exhausted.

Are such demands reasonable? We believe they are, and we believe that both business men and other leaders of American life will do well to give serious thought to their significance; for it does not lie wholly on the surface. We have largely mastered the problem of production. In a country like the United States, with productive power rapidly growing, we already produce enough so that it is possible for all men to have reasonable food, shelter, clothing, and other necessaries and conveniences of life, and to enjoy reasonable security. Men in this country no longer go hungry and cold and troubled for the morrow because our society lacks the power to produce the wealth by which we all must live. Poverty and insecurity are no longer unavoidable; yet we still have poverty, and insecurity is perhaps greater than ever before. Further, these two curses are not the fault of those who suffer from them, but they result from bad distribution of income and the want of social arrangements to make our social resources available in such a way as to meet the elementary needs of all men. It is the contention of Senator Couzens, and we agree with him, that the rank and file of honest, hard-working people will not indefinitely put up with such a state of affairs, and that our business leaders, if they are to retain their present power or anything approaching it, have got to make their system provide a reasonable and assured income for all people willing to do their share of work. If our leaders cannot or will not do that, then, as Senator Couzens suggests, their power will be taken from them, and ought to be taken from them, for these are only reasonable demands that people are making of our economic system. Let our business men, then, hasten to answer these pressing questions: How are you going to redress our present disastrous inequality of income and property ownership? How are you going to insure an adequate income to every industrious citizen? How are you going to care for people unemployed through no fault of their own? And how are you going to stabilize industry and prevent unemployment in future? If business leaders cannot answer these questions, they have no right any longer to maintain their position as rulers of our society. They cannot complain if government takes hold, as the Michigan Senator warns them is inevitable.

But what can government do? By changes in the laws of property, inheritance, and taxation, and by the expenditure on social services of funds raised by heavy taxation, it can change markedly the existing distribution of income. By unemployment insurance on a comprehensive scale it can do something to overcome the worst distresses of unemployment. This much we see. But when it comes to insuring a steady income to all workers by stabilizing industry, we have not yet got beyond words. It is agreed that there must be national planning—but how is any government in the world, short of one which actually determines the whole economic life in detail, going to see that such planning is carried out? Soviet Russia, with complete control over all the agencies of production, and with power to say to consumers what they may and may not have, does actually manage a system of "planned production." But are Americans willing to pay anything approaching the Russian price for such a system? And if not, is there any means whereby a national planning system can be made much more than a form of words? Can we stabilize industry and insure regularity and security of income by anything short of the iron discipline of communism? Such is the question ultimately raised by Senator Couzens in his challenge to our business men. He expresses the fear of "bankruptcy of ideas and plans" on the part of business to prevent a recurrence of present conditions, and a consequent inescapable pressure for government action; but he makes no concrete suggestion of the form that such action could take with any reasonable promise of success. The time calls for the best thinking that the Western world can do.

Americans in Nicaragua

AN obvious effort is being made in some quarters to make it appear that Mr. Hoover, in announcing through Secretary Stimson that the United States cannot undertake to afford military protection to Americans in the interior of Nicaragua who may be in danger from Sandino's operations, but that such persons should withdraw to the coast towns where the American navy can look after them, has served notice that the American government proposes to abandon Americans in Nicaragua to their fate. There is no substance to this contention, as a reading of Mr. Stimson's announcements shows. The United States is not abandoning anybody. What it has done is to call a halt in a course which should never have been entered upon and which has worked mischief wherever it has been followed, and to adopt a new policy which, if it is consistently adhered to, will open a new era in the relations between the United States and Latin America.

When Mr. Coolidge, in his speech before members of the United Press at New York on August 25, 1927, declared that "the person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of the nation, even when abroad," he promulgated a doctrine which not only is unwarranted by international law, but which also involves in its application precisely the kind of interference in the affairs of other nations which has long been a blot on our Latin American policy. Whatever the usefulness of the Monroe Doctrine in protecting the Latin American states from European interference, it ceased to be useful and became an impertinence when it was invoked to justify the armed intervention of the United States whenever and wherever Americans or their property were jeopardized by local disturbances. It put the United States in the position of backing, forcibly if the Administration so chose, every investment of American capital in Latin America and every American citizen who elected to reside in a Latin American country, irrespective of the nature of the controversy in which such persons or their property became entangled or of the ability and purpose of the state in question to extend to American nationals the same protection that it extended to its own.

The reappearance of Sandino and his followers has given the Administration an opportunity to drop the policy to which Mr. Coolidge presumed to give the sanctity of international law. In 1926, when the American authorities established neutral zones for the protection of noncombatants, there were, as Mr. Stimson points out, two armies in the field, each of which professed, at least, to observe the recognized rules of war. The present outbreak, as viewed by the Department of State, is banditry pure and simple, with murder and plunder as its familiar incidents; and banditry, too, in regions sparsely settled and extremely difficult of access. The proper authority to deal with such lawlessness, the Administration now holds, is the Nicaraguan constabulary—a force of upwards of 2,000 trained men.

Under such circumstances it is manifestly impossible for the United States, without deliberately usurping the authority of the Nicaraguan government and thereby bringing it into contempt, to undertake the protection of imperiled Americans wherever they may happen to be. No one would expect it to attempt such a task in any European country, and it has no business to attempt it in Nicaragua. It has done its whole duty when it has warned its citizens to withdraw from dangerous areas to coast towns where the American navy can, if need be, assure their safety.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson merit hearty praise for what they have done and a cordial recognition of their courage in doing it. It was time that American bankers were taught that American warships must not be expected to trail American loans, and that American business men were made to understand that their mines, plantations, and factories in foreign countries are entitled to such protection only as those countries are prepared to give. To accredit an American Minister to Nicaragua, receive an accredited Minister from there, and then treat the country as if it had neither mind, will, nor power of its own and send marines on their travels whenever internal disorder breaks out, is an international farce that should never have been staged. We are glad that the marines are to be withdrawn notwithstanding the renewed activities of Sandino, and that Nicaragua is to be left to restore order as best it may. The announcement now made that Americans who persist in courting murder or plunder do so at their own risk is another long step in the right direction. It is earnestly to be hoped that neither the clamor of business and financial interests, nor the outcries of politicians, nor the conjured specters of diplomatic complications will turn the Administration in the slightest from its course.

Money Measures All

IN New York City there are 140,000 people ill every day and at least 70,000 are continuously ill from chronic disease. So calculates the director of the New York Academy of Medicine. "It is a fair estimate," he continues, "that these 70,000 persons could earn $150,000 a day if they were in good health, and that if they worked 300 days of the year they would earn $45,000,000." As it must cost at least $2 a day to care for each invalid, the total loss "amounts to very close to $100,000,000 a year."

We quote these monetary calculations not to contradict them but to wonder why it was thought necessary to make them, to lay such emphasis upon them. The impression they leave, whether the director intended it or not, is that if there were merely 70,000 people in New York chronically ill nobody would bother to think about it, but that when one points to a loss of $100,000,000 a year on this account, the rest of us will begin to sit up and take notice.

As an isolated calculation this would perhaps not be worth remarking upon, but it appears to be merely another revelation of a point of view that is becoming more widespread every year. Living conditions in all our great cities become more and more depressing as the hopeless traffic jam increases. But you cannot get your typical statistician to see that this is an evil in itself, expressible directly in terms of misspent time—whether during leisure or business hours—missed appointments, irritations, headaches, frayed nerves. Before we can appreciate that it is an evil worth stopping, apparently, we must be shown that the traffic jam is costing us so and so many hundred millions a year. Are our cities full of hideous noises, making impossible any genuinely humane life? Then let us prove that noise is really an evil because it reduces our industrial efficiency by 11.6 per cent.

What lies behind all this is the assumption that all human misery and welfare can be reduced to monetary terms—indeed, even that the monetary gain or loss *is* the good or evil. But suppose New York's annual $100,000,000 loss through sickness were made up by a snowstorm of $100,000,000 from heaven; would this be considered complete compensation by, for example, pneumonia patients? When the sick died, might not a monetary calculation be obliged to treat the death—aside from the funeral expenses—as a gain, because the monetary loss through illness would no longer have to be calculated? The calculation, indeed, seems dubious even from its own standpoint, for it hardly seems to take into account that if there were no illness all the doctors and nurses would be out of jobs, and the capital cost of hospitals would have to be written off. The calculation might imply, finally, that chronic illness is less of an evil than vacations and holidays, for the loss through illness is not so great as the "loss" resulting from the fact that most of us do not work on at least sixty-five days out of the year.

Nothing could do more to give point to the common criticism of present-day America as a complete worshiper of Mammon than the constant flood of statistics assuming that final human and social costs can be expressed in dollars and cents—that health itself exists merely to make us efficient for our real business here below of ceaseless and of course lucrative production.

What I Believe*

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE answer to such a question as What do you believe? is generally expected to consist of two parts: the first explaining one's views as to the nature of the world, the second one's opinions as to how human life should be conducted. The man who invents some fallacious and fantastic argument to show that since the world is such and such, conduct ought to be so and so is considered to show greater profundity than the man who perceives that the two questions have nothing to do with each other. Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. This view has been taken over from them by clergymen and journalists, and its acceptance has been considered the touchstone of wisdom. The most fundamental of my beliefs is that this is rubbish. I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love. Indeed, there is little but prejudice and habit to be said for the view that there is a world at all. Physicists have recently advanced opinions which should have led them to agree with the foregoing remarks; but they have been so pained by the conclusions to which logic would have led them that they have been abandoning logic for theology in shoals. Every day some new physicist publishes a new pious volume to conceal from himself and others the fact that in his scientific capacity he has plunged the world into unreason and unreality. To take an illustration: What are we to think of the sun? He used to be the glorious lamp of heaven, a golden-haired god, a being to be worshiped by Zoroastrians and Aztecs and Incas. There is some reason to think that the doctrines of Zoroaster inspired Kepler's heliocentric cosmogony. But now the sun is nothing but waves of probability. If you ask what it is that is probable, or in what ocean the waves travel, the physicist, like the Mad Hatter, replies, "I have had enough of this; suppose we change the subject." If, however, you press him, he will say that the waves are in his formulae, and his formulae are in his head, from which, however, you must not infer that the waves are in his head. To speak seriously: such orderliness as we appear to find in the external world seems to be due to our own passion for pigeonholes, and it is quite doubtful whether there are such things as laws of nature. It is a curious sign of the times that religious apologists welcome this view. In the eighteenth century they welcomed the reign of law, since they thought that laws implied a Lawgiver, but religious apologists in the present day seem to be of opinion that a world created by a Deity must be irrational, on the ground, apparently, that they themselves have been made in God's image. The reconciliation of religion and science which professors proclaim and bishops acclaim rests, in fact, on grounds of quite another sort, and might be set forth in the following practical syllogism: science depends upon endowments, and endowments are threatened by bolshevism, therefore science is threatened by bolshevism; but religion also is threatened by bolshevism; therefore religion and science are allies. It follows, of course, that science, if pursued with sufficient profundity, reveals the existence of a God. Nothing so logical as this penetrates, however, to the consciousness of the pious professors.

The odd thing is that, at the very moment when physics, which is the fundamental science, is undermining the whole structure of applied reason and presenting us with a world of unreal and fantastic dreams in place of the Newtonian order and solidity, applied science is becoming peculiarly useful and more able than ever to give results of value to human life. There is here a paradox of which possibly the intellectual solution may be found hereafter, or, equally possibly, no solution may exist. The fact is that science plays two quite distinct roles: on the one hand as a metaphysic, and on the other hand as educated common sense. As a metaphysic it has been undermined by its own success. Mathematical technique is now so powerful that it can find a formula for even the most erratic world. Plato and Sir James Jeans think that because geometry applies to the world, God must have made the world on a geometrical pattern, but the mathematical logician suspects that God could not have made a world containing many things without exposing it to the skill of the geometer. In fact, the applicability of geometry to the physical world has ceased to be a fact about that world, and has become only a tribute to the geometer's cleverness. The only thing that the geometer needs is multiplicity, whereas the only thing the theologian needs is unity. Of unity, however vague, however tenuous, I see no evidence in modern science considered as a metaphysic. But modern science considered as common sense remains triumphant, indeed more triumphant than ever before.

In view of this state of affairs, it is necessary to make a sharp distinction between metaphysical beliefs and practical beliefs in regard to the conduct of life. In metaphysics my creed is short and simple. I think that the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events short, small, and haphazard. Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias. But human inventions can, within limits, be made to prevail in our human world, and in the conduct of our daily life we may with advantage forget the realm of chaos and old night by which we are perhaps surrounded.

In human beings three things seem to me to be particularly desirable. They are scientific method, friendly feelings, and interest in life or the world. Let us begin with scientific method.

The ultimate metaphysical doubts which we have been considering have no bearing whatever upon the practical uses of science. If a Mendelian develops a variety of wheat which is immune from diseases that are destructive to the older varieties, if a physiologist makes a discovery about vitamines, if a chemist makes a discovery about the scientific production of nitrates, the importance and usefulness of their work is quite independent of the question whether an atom consists of a miniature solar system, or a wave of probability, or an infinite rectangle of integers. When I speak of the importance of scientific method in regard to the conduct of human life, I am thinking of scientific method in its mundane forms. Not that I would undervalue science as a metaphysic, but the value of science as metaphysic belongs in another sphere. It belongs with religion and art and love, with the pursuit of the beatific vision, with the Promethean madness that leads the greatest men to strive to become gods. Perhaps the only ultimate value of human life is to be found in this Promethean madness. But it is a value that is religious, not political or even moral, and at the moment it is morals and politics of which I wish to speak.

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* This is the first of a series of articles in which men and women of distinction will set forth the ideas by which they live. The second article, by Mrs. Sidney Webb, will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Scientific method as an ingredient in everyday life consists of the habit of basing opinions upon evidence rather than upon emotion or tradition. The agriculturist who employs the methods that he learned from his father and his grandfather is likely to be indignant with the urban whippersnapper who sets to work to instruct him. Frequently the latter is ignorant of something essential and is apparently overwhelmed by the shrewd man of practical experience. Nevertheless, he is likely to possess some new piece of knowledge which, if it can be incorporated with experience, will lead to an important improvement on traditional methods. Uneducated mothers imagine that nature has taught them how to bring up their infants, and are indignant when male experts offer them advice. No doubt the male experts would be a failure if they tried to bring up infants themselves. Nevertheless, on many points, such as fixed hours of feeding, their advice has now been accepted by all intelligent women. The main principle of the scientific method is that emotion, like what the soldier said, is not evidence. If this could be more widely recognized, it would not only improve the technique of the arts and of education, but would go far to solve international problems, which are rendered intractable by the substitution of patriotic emotion for a sober survey of facts. Emotion has its sphere, since it decides the ends to which our activities are to be devoted, but it should not be allowed to obscure our vision as to the means for realizing those ends.

Scientific method is closely connected with the social virtue of impartiality. Piaget, in his book on "Judgment and Reasoning in the Child," contends that the reasoning faculty is a product of the social sense. Every child, he says, begins with a dream of omnipotence, in which all facts are bent to his wishes. Gradually, through contact with others, he is forced to the realization that their wishes may be opposed to his, and that his wishes are not invariably arbiters of truth. Reasoning, according to Piaget, develops as a method of arriving at a social truth upon which all can agree. This condition is, I think, largely valid, and emphasizes one great merit of the scientific method—namely, that it tends to avoid those intractable disputes which arise when private emotion is regarded as the test of truth. Piaget ignores another aspect of scientific method—namely, that it gives power over the environment and also power of adaptation to the environment. It may be, for example, an advantage to be able to predict the weather, and if one man is right on this point while all his companions are wrong, the advantage nevertheless remains with him, though a purely social definition of truth would compel us to regard him as in the wrong. It is success in this practical test of power over the environment, or adaptation to it, which has given science its prestige. The Chinese emperors repeatedly refrained from persecuting the Jesuits because the latter were in the right as to the dates of eclipses when the Chinese astronomers were in the wrong. All modern life is built upon this practical success of science, at any rate where the inanimate world is concerned. It has had hitherto less success in direct applications to man, and it therefore still meets with opposition from traditional beliefs where man is concerned, but it cannot well be doubted that if our civilization survives, man also will soon come to be viewed scientifically. This will have a great effect upon education and the criminal law, perhaps also on family life. Such developments, however, belong to the future.

The power over the environment which science gives is not necessarily a good thing; the stock instance to the contrary is war. If science gives a nation the power to wipe out an enemy capital within a few hours of the outbreak of war, the gain to mankind is problematical. Whether scientific power is to be a boon or a curse depends upon the dominant emotions of those who wield it. Hitherto hatred and cruelty have always played a very large part in human life. Education and the criminal law have at most times been so ferocious as to defeat their supposed ends; that is to say, boys have been stupider, and criminals more criminal, than they would have been if they had been more kindly treated. Similarly, when nations go to war nominally for economic ends, both sides are impoverished, and it is clear that hatred has blinded them as to their true interests. The more scientific power men acquire, the more important it becomes that they should wield this power for good rather than for evil. How they will wield power depends upon their dominant emotions: if these emotions are friendly, they will wield it well; if hostile, badly.

The problem is therefore presented to the men of science to devise a method of generating friendly feeling in the mass of mankind and more especially in the holders of power. The method of direct exhortation, which has been favored by the founders of religions, has not proved very effective, and it is clear that quite other methods are required. A considerable period of experimentation will be necessary before anything can be said positively on this subject, but it is clear that among the factors concerned are diet, instinctive satisfaction, and skill in constructive work. Probably a radical transformation of the economic system is also necessary. I have no doubt whatever that methods could be devised for creating a world in which most men had friendly feelings toward other men, but I think rivers of blood will have to flow before the holders of power will allow such a world to be created, and I am doubtful whether rivers of blood are the right kind of rivers to water the tender plant of human kindness.

When I speak of the necessity of friendly feelings, I emphatically do not mean unselfishness. Unselfishness is, of course, a vague word which is incapable of any precise meaning, but at any rate it always involves control of the feelings by the will. Traditional ethics emphasize the will far too much; emotions and sentiments are far more important than will. The type of person that should be produced is a type that spontaneously, without self-control, wishes to do what in fact is in the general interest, not the type that is filled with destructive wishes kept in check by an iron self-control. Destructive wishes, where they exist strongly, will find an outlet somehow, usually by generating beliefs which justify cruel actions. Useful emotions are produced not by preaching, but by physiological means and by wise conditioning.

This technique applies not only to friendly feelings but also to interest in life. There are many moderns in whom zest is lacking: they live more or less virtuously, but with a minimum of enjoyment. This is usually due to the fact that they force themselves by an effort of will to live in a way which is contrary to powerful emotions, of which they may or may not be conscious. An indispensable psychological condition for interest in life is a certain emotional harmony which makes it unnecessary to suppress certain emotions in order to gratify certain others. The most frequent conflict is between sexual emotions and desire for the respect of neighbors. Wherever such conflicts are strong, they are likely to produce either listlessness or rage: a man will either lose all interest in life or will find his chief pleasure in punishing those who have enjoyed the pleasures which he has denied himself. To keep alive the spontaneous play of interest and the flow of friendly feeling, it is necessary that as far as possible such fundamental emotional conflicts should be avoided. This requires partly an adaptation of the individual to the community, but partly also an adaptation of the community to the individual. To avoid emotional conflicts in the individual, it is sometimes best to adopt such methods of education as will prevent certain desires from growing up, but at other times it is best to alter public morality in such a way that desires previously incompatible shall cease to be so. The latter is the best method wherever public morality condemns acts which would be harmless if they were not condemned.

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

Yale's Cathedral Orgy

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

New Haven, April 12

AS a pinnacle achievement of American education, as an architectural Eighth Wonder, and as a fitting memorial to its donor, Yale has just dedicated its new library, built at a cost of about $7,000,000 from the estate of John W. Sterling of the class of 1864. The ceremony on April 11 was impressive. Gaping crowds were guided through the halls of the vast medieval pile, and herded around the Gothic cloister of this gorgeous cathedral of 1931. Everyone realized that American culture had arrived at a plateau previously unknown. The assemblage was stunned by the thirteenth-century sanctity, the gilt and the glory.

The monument will indeed remain through the centuries as a memorial to the character of its builders. For ages it will unmercifully reveal their soul. It will tell the story of American wealth and academic culture of the earlier twentieth century. Skyscrapers narrate only a part of the story; in a generation they must give way to others, and in their mortality lies their smallness. The Yale library will not give way, and historians, philosophers, and sight-seers in five hundred years will reconstruct the America of our day from its venerable stones.

When Yale went in for expansion, endowments, and publicity, it was not content to build ordinary buildings that with common efficiency would carry out the functions for which they were intended. Under the Yale hand, a chemistry laboratory became a Hampton Court palace; a gymnasium became a Norman cathedral, well fortified from all access of light; fraternity houses and senior-society tombs were built as Attic temples, Saracenic strongholds, Tudor mansions, Venetian palaces, and sacred edifices of the classical revival. Every minor building became other-worldly, enchanting in its antique quaintness, its cumbersome and happy extravagance. The donors were tickled by the splendor; hardened business men felt holy when erecting imitation abbeys to their own memory; and Yale's cultural stock went up.

The time came to build a library. Not merely a library, of course, but the largest building in New Haven, the greatest monument in Connecticut, the vastest library on the continent, the greatest educational spectacle in the world. It was to be violently radical; and what great precedents there were to follow! Frank Lloyd Wright, Eliel Saarinen, the masters of the Dessau group, the Dutch designers, the Swedes—all of these could offer their rich gifts and their modern vision to the achievement of a masterwork in freedom and new thought.

Radical? It surpassed all expectations. There was no limit to its innovations. Under the inspiring genius of James Gamble Rogers, the new Yale library was designed to include:

1. A cathedral of the English Decorated period.
2. A group of Tudor pavilions, loosely connected.
3. A cloister.
4. A court with details of:
    a. An Italian Gothic or Spanish arcade.
    b. An Elizabethan house.
5. A central book tower, armored with extremely heavy masonry under Romanesque inspiration, pierced by Early English lancet windows.
6. Interiors designed with elaborate vaulting, Tudor bosses, medieval roof-painting, and furniture of Jacobean influence.
7. A room in early Colonial style.
8. Certain rooms to be decorated in High Renaissance style.

Radical? Not even yet were the designers satisfied. The thing was becoming too Gothic, too sacred. It needed a secular note, as a concession to the less visionary of visitors. So it was decided to turn one half of the building into a modern office structure. To outward appearances everything was solidly antique; but on close examination one could pass from a fourteenth-century ambulatory through an oaken door into a functional office corridor, with linoleum floors, radiators, exit signs, padded partitions, and sanitary tiling. In the very center of the ecclesiastical stronghold a modern light shaft was designed, like any number one finds in New York's garment-workers' district. This second court, so different from the Gothic-Romanesque cloister out in front, was kept somewhat of a secret; but it was there, in case practical eyes began to pry.

It also occurred to the fathers that although they were erecting an ancient cathedral and its appendages, there was no reason why they should forego the pleasure and expense of using steel girders throughout. Their idea was to employ all the medieval stonework possible (quarried from half a dozen different sources), and to add to that, just for good measure, a complete system of structural steel. It was a happy thought, an architectural two-in-one.

So the vast structure rose, first glittering and open and forward-looking in its unmantled steel. When the frame was finished, and all the rivets were fast, and the skyscraper was firm in its newness, the stonework began. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of ashlar approached in endless caravans. Great buttresses were mortared fast to the girders, so that all the steel supporting members might themselves be supported. Lavish tricks were played by the dozen, emulations of the builders of Chartres; and the visitors below gasped at the glory, not seeing the hidden lie of steel and the fraud of fake design.

A library? You would never recognize it when you saw it. Enter it—pass through a bastard version of the west portal of an abbey. Continue down the main hall, which is a precise copy of a nave with five bays. Observe the massive and unnecessary piers, the inconvenient but orthodox side aisles, the lofty transepts bristling with sanctity above and serial catalogues below. Advance to the high altar—a $25,000 book-delivery desk; overhead, admire the rood screen, of utmost complexity and facility at catching dust, which has been cleverly placed to hide the important library clock from view. See the space where the great apse painting is to go. (At the present time the painting has not yet been transferred from preliminary drawings, but the work is unofficially believed to represent two nude figures, both viewed from the rear—one, a woman, flying off to the left, and the other, a horse, flying off to the right. The conception is of course in keeping with the general library scheme.) Turn about and gaze at the triforium gallery above the vast nave; scan the splendid clerestory windows, heavy with tracery and mullions, highly effective in minimizing the light, and sealed hermetically shut. Pass down the corridors, and cry out in rapt adoration of more color, more carving, more corbels, more plaques, balconies, chandeliers, wall brackets (electric, in the style of ancient torch-holders), more sacred splendors! And, while at last laboring to find a book, bow your head in holy ecstasy!

Do you accuse this place and its builders of impotence and deceit, of a hypocritical stealing from the past, of leisure-class exhibitionism? Then you are told that the building is all idealism and pure art; and that, besides, it cost $7,000,000. Do you point out that the whole thing is architecturally criminal in its false façades, unbuttressing buttresses, and its inculcation of the lie in young student minds? You are told that the building is meant to lift men above and away from their everyday surroundings into the world of culture and beauty. You call the place a Roxy movie palace, a cheap nouveau riche establishment in the style of Southampton, Long Island? You are forcibly shown the high civilization and learning which droop down from the structure in thousands of ornaments, scrolls, shields, panels, corbels, embrasures. You are led to the fortified facade, where you may see symbolic inscriptions in the following languages or scripts: Cro-Magnon, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Chinese, and Mayan. None of these being in the remotest degree intelligible, you are made to digest some other graven images spattered all over the stone: the Phoenician ship, the winged bull of Babylon, the Mayan serpent, the Athenian owl, the Roman wolf.

You still doubt the overpowering intellectuality of the abbey? Then you will receive supplementary proof in the form of a row of sculptured heads—poorly spaced and vapidly executed, meaningless without a handbook—representing Moses, symbolizing religion; Socrates, philosophy; Herodotus, history; Columbus, geography; Varro, language; Shakespeare, literature; Leonardo da Vinci, fine arts; Bach, music; Adam Smith, economics and sociology; Justinian, law; Aristotle, natural sciences; Galileo, astronomy and mathematics; Newton, physics and chemistry; Aesculapius, medicine; Vitruvius, engineering. Or you are taken through the cloister itself, which bristles with extravagant carvings reproducing several dozen typographers' mottoes or marks, emblems of a score of engravers, and puzzles in stone and fabulous Latin inscriptions. But a modern building constructed for purely modern needs has no excuse for going off in an orgy of meretricious medievalism and stale iconography.

It is inevitable that the observer, at first stunned by the dazzle, will recover his balance and call the bluff of this fraud. The seven million dollars have all been wisely used to show him that the library is an obscene toy of capitalism and academic greed. As the spectator looks down the corridors, part monastic, part palatial, entirely impractical, he finds in this building the true spirit of the American rulers. It dawns on him that in this holy place the bankruptcy of the American millionaire's mind and the vulgarity of the American educator's mind are faithfully monumentalized for the ages to come. He turns away with a sort of disgust as the students file into the towering mausoleum, from which light and air—and therefore freedom—have so studiously been excluded. He would like to tell them to get out from this diseased establishment, to escape the fake aesthetics, the amassed untruths, the deceitful incrusted idealism, the sick orgy of millionaire display. He would like to make them realize that neither they nor their fellows will ever learn a true thing in any institution such as this.

Despairing then, he hurries toward the exit portal of the sanctuary. And the last thing that greets his departing eye, at the end of the nave, is a telephone booth, designed as a fourteenth-century confessional.

Governor La Follette

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Madison, April 12

THREE months ago Philip F. La Follette, second son of "Fighting Bob," was inaugurated governor of Wisconsin. During those three months he has accomplished little that can be measured concretely, but he has gone far toward winning the confidence of the voters of the State. This sentiment is to be found almost everywhere among the people; and it even creeps into the editorials of the opposition newspapers. A generation ago the appearance in the opposition press of an editorial article applauding anything done by Governor Robert La Follette would have been a startling novelty; the other day the Green Bay *Gazette,* most outspoken of tory papers, spoke with unusual kindness of some of the present Governor La Follette's achievements, and caused barely a ripple of comment. Here in Madison the *State Journal* has been much less caustic in its criticism than most political observers had anticipated. It is probably true that the opposition is for the moment politically disorganized and therefore its newspapers do not speak out with as much energy and enthusiasm as they have shown in the past, but it is also true that popular support for Governor La Follette is so great that the opposition papers cannot well ignore it.

Philip La Follette has won the support of the public by his vigor, his clear and sound presentation of his solutions for the major problems confronting the State, and by his promptness in acting upon his campaign and inauguration promises. So rapidly has he moved that the opposition in the legislature, despite the fact that the session is already three months old, has not yet found time to organize. The enemy in both senate and assembly has up to now had but one thought—namely, its fear that the Governor would succeed in putting the more important of his plans through the legislature before the stalwarts could organize a decent show of resistance. Another indication of his opponents' disorganized state is their inability to find a suitable candidate to pit against La Follette in the election next year. The only man they believe might have a chance is former Governor Kohler, but he is at present being groomed for John Blaine's seat in the United States Senate, presumably on the theory that Senator Blaine will be an easier man to beat than Governor La Follette. On the other hand, the progressives are united and well disciplined. They control the lower house and have fifteen of the thirty-three votes in the senate—the opposition has sixteen votes, while the remaining two senators are independents who vote as often with the progressives as they do with the stalwarts. One gets the impression in talking with the rank-and-file progressives, both in and out of the legislature, that they are confident to the point of cockiness. Their leaders, however, do not display the same overconfidence, and Governor La Follette in particular refrains from expressing any belief that his legislative program will carry the day.

Phil La Follette as governor has not been content to depend upon his political acumen or his political position. He has solicited the advice and assistance of a host of experts. He has gone out of the State, for example, to pick men like David Lilienthal of Chicago, a recognized authority on public utilities, to head his Railroad Commission, and he leans heavily for political guidance on a man who is not a progressive Republican but a Socialist, Senator Thomas Duncan of Milwaukee, wealthy Yale graduate and business manager of the Milwaukee *Leader,* Socialist newspaper. Railroad presidents and bankers, old enemies of his father, are often asked and willingly come to the Governor's office to discuss administrative and legislative matters. He has revived the council of unofficial advisers made up of faculty members of the University of Wisconsin, which his father originated. Professor John R. Commons and others of this group frequently come to the State House to assist in drafting legislation, just as Commons and some of the others did thirty years ago when the elder La Follette was governor. Lastly, Governor La Follette has put through the legislature his plan for the creation of an Executive Council, to be composed of five senators, five assemblymen, and ten members selected by the governor, the governor's members to be "spokesmen for agriculture, manufacturing, commerce, finance, labor, and similar basic interests in the State." Referring to the purposes of this Executive Council, Governor La Follette in his inaugural speech said:

> We must mobilize for the solution of the critical problem of distribution the ability and experience which have perfected our machinery of production. . . . It is possible for us to inaugurate for Wisconsin the first steps toward a planned development, to be achieved by the free cooperation of individuals and groups with the government of the State. No one section or member of the community is all-sufficient for this task. Our institutions of government should be designed to facilitate this taking of common counsel. In the conferences which have already been held with many groups in recent weeks, there has been generous response from representatives of many interests. We may yet turn our economic difficulties to some permanent achievement if we establish a continuing practice of this kind.

Although the council has been empowered to conduct investigations, it will not be reduced to the status of a Hoover "fact-finding commission." The Governor declares rightly that there is little point in gathering information merely for the sake of collecting it. Moreover, there is plenty of valuable information concerning agriculture, finance, industry, and labor already at hand, and this information he will have the council put into such shape that it will be of positive benefit to these branches of economic activity. The members of the council are to serve without compensation.

Thus far, as has been stated, Governor La Follette has got very little major legislation, apart from that dealing with the power question, through the senate and assembly. The omnibus appropriation bill has been passed and is now awaiting the Governor's attention. The La Follette unemployment-relief plan has also been adopted, but impartial observers report that this plan will probably not work out as well as was anticipated. The scheme consists of squeezing a three-year program of highway construction and grade-crossing removal into one year. The railroads are required by law to bear one-third of the cost of removing grade crossings, but the plan provides that the State shall finance this work so that the railways will have three years instead of one in which to meet the cost. The necessary funds will be obtained through an increase in the gasoline tax from two to four cents. Governor La Follette hoped to provide work "directly to at least 10,000 men and indirectly to many others." It is doubtful, however, whether more than 6,000 men will benefit directly—and according to the most acceptable estimates, there are at present approximately 225,000 workers unemployed in Wisconsin.

Two sections of the La Follette program are yet to be tackled by the legislature. The first concerns taxation. In Wisconsin farmers and home-owners pay from 65 to 70 per cent of all taxes collected; in some cases individuals in this class pay out as much as one-third of their incomes in taxes. The Governor has asked for laws restoring the tax on dividends, increasing the rates in the higher brackets of the State income tax, and repealing certain reciprocal tax arrangements. It is probable that all these reforms will be enacted, though not entirely in accordance with the terms of the La Follette program.

The second section of the Governor's program has to do with electoral reform, and will probably be defeated. Under a proposed amendment to the election laws any candidate receiving a majority of all the votes cast in a primary for the office he seeks would be declared elected to that office. If no candidate received a majority, the two persons receiving the largest number of votes would, irrespective of party, be voted upon at the general election. Governor La Follette sees in this reform the development of "a more genuine and realistic reflection of the political interest of the citizen." However, even the progressive leaders believe there is little hope of getting this legislation through at the present session.

It is on the power question that Philip La Follette is making his biggest fight, and it is on the power question that he will most likely either be made or broken as a political leader. He has receded somewhat from his original, outspoken championship of public ownership, production, and distribution of electric power. He still believes that public ownership is to be preferred to absentee ownership by private interests, but he has lately come around to the opinion that public ownership, to be valuable and permanent, must be permitted to establish and develop itself without special favors or privileges from the State or federal government. His power program, some sections of which have already been enacted into law, would place private and public power corporations on an equal basis, subject to the same strict regulation and the same taxation, on the theory that the better and more economical system would and should survive. Governor La Follette is sure that public ownership will win out.

One of the most important bills passed by the legislature this session provides for the creation of "municipal power districts" throughout the State. Under this law a group of organized communities may unite in owning and operating a power plant that will produce and distribute electrical energy to all residents and industries within the power district. The various municipalities in any given section may erect their own power-transmission hook-up, distribute power over their entire area from a single large central station, and so place themselves in a stronger position to compete with private utilities which already operate on this basis. Such municipal power districts are not mandatory; "the governing bodies of one-half or more of the municipalities proposed to be included in the district" may by resolution call for a popular referendum on the question of whether a power district shall be created, or as an alternative a referendum may be had by the presentation of a petition signed by 10 per cent of the qualified voters of the proposed district. If the referendum fails to bring out a favorable majority in some of the municipalities in the district, the Railroad Commission is empowered to decide whether a smaller district embracing the communities where the proposition was carried would be economically and otherwise feasible. Once created, a municipal power district can enlarge itself by taking in other municipalities or by merging with other districts. In this manner, should the voters so decide, the State of Wisconsin may eventually become one vast public power district.

Two constitutional amendments now pending are designed to facilitate the development of public power systems. The first, in compliance with the amendatory clause of the constitution, has already been adopted by two successive biennial sessions of the legislature, and it now goes to the voters for ratification. This amendment would remove the limit on the debt which a municipality may incur in the construction or operation of a power generating and distributing system. At present no incorporated community may have a bonded indebtedness totaling more than 5 per cent of the assessed value of the real property within the community. Such a limitation, of course, places a municipality at a disadvantage as compared with private companies, who may borrow freely and with few restrictions. The second amendment gives the State government full authority to go into the power business whenever it so desires, which will probably be when most of the State has gone over to the municipal-power-district plan. This amendment was passed for the first time at the current session; it must be resubmitted in 1933. If it is repassed then, it must be submitted to the electorate for approval in November, 1934.

In the meantime, however, there is to be no relaxation in the regulation of privately owned utilities. The appointment of Mr. Lilienthal and the regulation bill now before the legislature indicate that supervision of the utilities will be much stricter than heretofore. The pending legislation recognizes that absentee ownership is difficult to control, but it would outlaw absentee management by requiring that the directors of all public-utility corporations be residents of Wisconsin, and it would further require that "the directors of such public utilities shall not, directly or indirectly, delegate or in any manner, temporarily or permanently, relinquish or surrender their duty to manage and direct the stock, property, affairs, and business of such corporation." Absentee ownership is not neglected, however. In fact, the most important section of the proposed law is designed to reach public-utility holding companies, no matter how many may be piled one on top of the other, or other corporations or persons, which may be interested in one way or another in power companies operating in Wisconsin. These interests—the proposed law describes them as "affiliated interests"—may be based on stock ownership, interlocking directorates, managerial control, blood relationship of directors or managers, or upon any other connection through which a "substantial influence" over the Wisconsin companies might be exercised. All contracts and other arrangements between such "affiliated interests" and any Wisconsin company providing "for the furnishing of management, supervisory construction, engineering, accounting, legal, financial, or similar services" would under the law have to be approved by the Railroad Commission before becoming legally valid or effective. Finally, the Railroad Commission, or some other body that may be set up in its place, would be empowered to make changes in rates and other orders upon its own volition after due notice had been given and hearings held. In no other State is this done. The usual practice is to wait until the utility company applies for a change in rates, or, more rarely, until consumers protest against existing rates, before investigating the necessity for an adjustment. Under the La Follette-Lilienthal plan the utilities commission would keep a constant check on changes in conditions influencing power production and distribution costs.

Neither Wisconsin nor La Follette alone can solve the unemployment problem; they would not get far with a planned economy confined to that State so long as economic chaos prevails in the other forty-seven States; a rationalized and more equitable structure of taxation would probably fail to bring beneficial results so long as the larger industries and the wealthier individuals can find privileged protection elsewhere in the country; but the power question is essentially a local problem. It can be solved locally without consideration for conditions or circumstances elsewhere. The power trust cannot escape by running away; by doing that it leaves the field wide open to the La Follettes and other proponents of public ownership.

As yet the Governor has met little opposition from the power trust. This has in part been due to the lack of organization among the stalwarts, in part to the vigorous fight La Follette has been making against the power lobby. Two lobbyists are already under charges of having attempted to bribe a State senator, a fact which has virtually disrupted the lobby for the present session. Among the stalwarts and power people in Madison, however, it is said that the full forces of the power trust will be thrown into the Wisconsin battle two years from now when the State-ownership amendment comes again before the legislature and when the municipal-power-district plan goes to the voters for ratification. That battle is sure to be a fierce one, since success for the La Follette scheme in Wisconsin would put private power interests on the defensive in every other State in the country. Today, with the real battle still some months off, the stalwarts are disheartened, the progressives confident. Governor La Follette himself is hopeful, but is proceeding with great caution.

Political Prisoners, 1931

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THE term political prisoner has an anomalous ring in the United States in 1931. It savors of prosecutions in war time, when justice takes sides and speech is free only to those who speak in favor of the dominant hysteria. Yet at the present moment twenty-five persons are serving sentences in the prisons of this country for political offenses. This total does not include Mooney and Billings and the six industrial unionists who are serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in Centralia, Washington, although it is obvious to any fair-minded investigator that all of these cases are at base political. Finally, there should be added to the total of twenty-five one person now confined in an Oregon insane asylum and three out on bail in Pennsylvania pending appeal of their convictions for sedition.

Pennsylvania, California, and Oregon are the principal prosecutors of political heresy. In the first State eight persons have been convicted in five years under a sedition law which industrial barons have found to be a handy weapon against workers who speak too stridently against injustice. California, under its criminal-syndicalism statute of 1919, sent eight labor organizers to prison in 1930 for strike propaganda in the Imperial Valley. Oregon has lately dusted off its own criminal-syndicalism law and is applying it against men who do not think that the present economic situation is pretty to look at.

During the war and for six years thereafter the Industrial Workers of the World were the chief target for prosecutions under the syndicalism laws of various States. Now Communists are bearing the brunt of the attack, since they are the most active in their protests against industrial exploitation. They are the gadflies of the hour, and their aggressiveness has been intensified by onslaughts from the Fish Congressional Committee, the illegal alien raids staged by the federal immigration authorities, and police interference with unemployment demonstrations.

The Pennsylvania sedition act was passed in 1919 and amended in 1921. Under its provisions mere membership in the Communist Party may be a basis for prosecution. In December, 1929, Milan Resetar, Tom Zima, and Peter Muselin began serving five-year terms in the Allegheny County workhouse under that law. All three are naturalized American citizens hailing from Croatia. Muselin was overseas in the American army for two years. He and Zima have families and are property-owners in Woodlawn, fifteen miles from Pittsburgh, where Resetar also lived. Woodlawn is a typical steel town. The life of the community is dominated by the company. The twelve-hour day and the seven-day week had never been questioned.

The three men were arrested in 1926 following persistent distribution of radical literature in the steel plant of the Jones and Laughlin Company. After a trial which lasted five days they were convicted of membership in the Communist Party and of utterances designed to overthrow by force the government of Pennsylvania. In charging the jury Judge William McConnell used this curious language: "It is alleged . . . not that they *spoke* certain things . . . but that they had *uttered* certain things, and had been guilty of certain things the intention of which is the forcible overthrow of this government." The conviction, however, was based not on evidence of actual utterance, but on literature seized in the homes of the defendants during an illegal raid. Two years after the trial the verdict was upheld by a higher court, and the accused men went to prison.

Roy Peltz and Thomas Holmes were convicted of sedition in Media, Pennsylvania, in 1930 for distributing leaflets near the Viscose Mill in Marcus Hook, a suburb of Chester. The leaflets bore the words "Join the Communist Party of the United States of America." The verdict was based on membership in that party. Peltz was fined $5,000 and is serving from one to twenty years. Holmes, a minor, was sent to Huntington Reformatory for not less than eighteen months.

Tess Ryder and Anna Lynn, in Philadelphia, are facing prison terms of from ten to twenty years following the conviction for sedition. Two counts were brought against them—membership in the Young Communist League and handing leaflets to National Guard members urging them to attend an anti-war meeting and to "fight with all other workers against the preparations for a new imperialist war." William Lawrence was recently sentenced to from two to four years under the same law for a speech in Philadelphia during a Communist election campaign. Both cases will be appealed.

Six of the men convicted in the Imperial Valley in California are serving from three to forty-two years, the longest terms ever imposed in this republic solely for strike propaganda; two others received sentences of from two to twenty-eight years. Their crime was an attempt to organize melon workers against low wages and intolerable working conditions in January, 1930. Only four of the eight prisoners are Communists. Defense counsel argued that the Communist Party was legal, that the right of workers to organize was constitutional, and that any talk of violence had come from stool-pigeons hired by ranch-owners. One detective admitted on the stand having suggested that the workers use pop bottles in self-defense. No overt act by any defendant was shown. But all were found guilty. After the trial Commander Thaanum of the American Legion post in El Centro stated in a speech that the trial judge was a legionnaire, and that half the jurors were war veterans. "What chance," he asked, "did the Communists have?" Anti-war and unemployment demonstrations in recent months have resulted in sentences of six months or a year for ten Communists, who at last accounts were still in jail in Los Angeles and Lincoln Heights, California.

In Portland, Oregon, in March of this year, Ben Boloff, organizer of the Young Communist League, received a sentence of ten years in prison for violation of the State syndicalism law. The jury recommended leniency, but the defendant received the maximum penalty. At his trial "The State and Revolution" by Lenin and copies of the New York *Daily Worker* were offered as evidence that the Communists intended to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat by force.

Michael Kulikoff, grammar-school student in Portland, was arrested last November for teaching Communist songs to fellow-students. He was taken before a Circuit Court judge, with no counsel. Criminal-syndicalism and deportation proceedings were discussed but were abandoned. Finally, on a physician's testimony, the boy was committed for insanity, and is now confined in the State insane asylum. A writ of habeas corpus was denied.

To complete the record: Fred Bassett is serving a year in jail in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on a charge of unlawful assembly and rioting in connection with a Communist unemployment demonstration on March 6, 1930.

In the Driftway

PROFESSOR IVAR TENGBOM, Director in Chief of the Royal Board of Public Works in Sweden, likes our skyscrapers—with several reservations. He thinks there are too many of them; he thinks each should have been surrounded by ample green space; he thinks that since it is now too late to achieve that happy condition, the height of buildings should be limited in order to prevent any future increase of the horror known as congestion. It is not often that a person of prominence voices the Drifter's own ideas so exactly, so the Drifter may perhaps be forgiven for feeling unusual enthusiasm for Professor Tengbom's excellent remarks. However, perhaps because the Drifter, unlike Professor Tengbom, has actually suffered from, as well as observed, skyscrapers, he hesitates to agree that it is necessary to let sleeping dogs lie and too many skyscrapers stand forever. He feels that something can be done even yet.

* * * * *

HE is ready to admit, however, that the outlook is pretty discouraging. It is true, as someone was good enough to point out, that the very impermanence of New York skyscrapers—has one ever reached the age of twenty?—makes it at least possible to bring about a less congested city. But that fact can only abet and not provide a solution. The plans for Radio City make it clear, moreover, that no private builder, even one with sufficient money, will ever defy the rule that the price of land makes anything less than a skyscraper financially impossible. It is remotely possible that if skyscrapers continue to pile up unrented office space, the value of real estate, since potential income would be reduced, might fall a few stories, but that is so remote that the Drifter prefers another solution almost as remote but not quite—namely, some form of public control. He admits at the start that the forces that would array themselves against anything of the sort would be discouragingly formidable, particularly in view of the fact that the public, while it complains about congestion, still accepts it as a necessary evil.

* * * * *

HERE, of course, is the real heart of the difficulty. As long as the people who work in the city offer no resistance to the greed which makes a profit out of their discomfort, nothing will be done to alleviate it. When will the rebellion come? Until it does, the Drifter clings desperately to his dream of a beautiful city. Ideally no building would be more than ten stories high—except one. In the center of the island, surrounded by at least four acres of grass and garden, would be set one magnificent skyscraper—the Empire State building would do.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Don't Flatter Mr. Coolidge

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a rule I enjoy Paul Y. Anderson's articles. He makes one statement, however, in his article in the issue of March 25 that to me seems not quite fair. He speaks of the "Great Administrator" having "surrounded himself with a pack of adventurers and political hacks whom Coolidge would not have tolerated."

President Harding of "normalcy" fame, as I recall, invited Mr. Coolidge to sit in at Cabinet meetings, thus affording him opportunity to become well acquainted not only with the personnel but with the methods of procedure of the President's official family. Yet, on inheriting the Presidency, Mr. Coolidge retained that "pack" until public opinion forced action; and when at last Attorney General Daugherty got out, Mr. Coolidge expressed sympathy and regret. Referring to the present "pack" as one "Coolidge would not have tolerated" to me seems hardly justified.

If at any time since Grant was President we have been in the hands of a "pack" demonstrating the "moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the men who now control the politics, industry, and finance of the country" more fully than when Mr. Coolidge was President, my memory fails to recall it.

Muncie, Ind., April 1 R. B. Kersey

Laymen and Museums

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 11 you published an article by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld called Bread Lines and a Museum. It dealt with the Museum of Modern Art established last year in the Heckscher building. While I disagreed with Mr. Rosenfeld's views I waited until now for someone more competent than myself to register a protest to his scathing criticism of the museum.

The Museum of Modern Art has been a source of continuous enjoyment for me and many friends of mine. Busy people that we are, we do not miss any of its exhibitions. Mr. Rosenfeld wants busy people and even the unemployed to get into contact with art. Who is more generous in providing this opportunity than the management of the Museum of Modern Art? The sums it expends on assembling its exhibitions must be considerable; it makes accessible to us works of art which we could see only at great expense otherwise. Take the recent showing of German paintings for example; some of them were actually sent here from Europe. The fact that the museum is open on Sundays and in the evening adds immensely to its usefulness to the general public.

Mr. Rosenfeld feels that the quality of the paintings shown at the museum is inferior. This seems a very unjust generalization. Paintings by practically all the great masters of modern times have been shown at its exhibitions, and the selections offered, while probably not complete, were certainly reasonably comprehensive and illustrated different periods in the artists' development. Not only the recognized masters but also the works of young painters have been shown extensively at the museum. In judging what is "living" and what is "dead" in this field it is naturally difficult to find any two critics who agree; therefore we need not be amazed that Mr. Rosenfeld and the museum do not agree on it.

Furthermore, the succession of exhibits is criticized by Mr. Rosenfeld. He challenges the directors of the museum to show the development of modern art systematically. But even if such a scheme could be carried out in a museum that has as yet no permanent collection, would it not be most unsatisfactory for the public? We might get down to contemporary art in anywhere from one to five years, depending on how thoroughly its development should be presented.

Judging from my own circle of friends (which includes a few artists), the museum has helped immensely to stimulate interest in modern art; and I believe this to be an achievement that should not be belittled.

New York, April 10 Helene Berliner

Rugged, if Not Ragged, Individualism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you ever desist from your praise and advocacy of the Russian Five-Year Plan? I can think of nothing more un-American than such an enterprise. Imagine the tedium of life in this blessed land of rugged individualism if we were to have our gloriously unpredictable future obscured and hedged about by some such fantastic formula. Thank God and the Republican Party that our future is as free and untrammeled as a citizen of Arkansas. No Five-Year Plan, or Five-Month Plan; not even a Day-After-Tomorrow Plan. How dull it would be to have the faintest inkling of the pig-iron production or the car loadings or the building permits of 1936! What sport would the ticker afford if some hypothetical Economic Council had decreed the output of General Motors or United States Steel for that year? What scintilla of interest would remain in a Congress that had nothing more to do than legislate for the efficient working of a carefully planned system of economical and equitable production and distribution?

I am thankful to the great practical economist and all his saints and martyrs that I still live in a land where the economic wind bloweth where it listeth, where a man can starve in sturdy independence, and where a few dollars cast upon the watered stocks of the market may, by some wild gyration of the uncontrolled forces of American industrialism, return a thousandfold.

Claremont, Cal., April 6 Ellis L. Spackman, Jr.

Help Win Strikes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before the Senate Committee on Unemployment Mr. Brandt A. Scott of the West Virginia Miners Federation gave testimony concerning human misery and serfdom which shames America in the eyes of the world. I have in my possession the wage slips of a miner showing how at the end of two weeks of intermittent work for a coal company, paid mostly in "scrip" (that is, tokens good only in company stores), he owed the company more money than when he began. I have seen miners living in houses not as well built as an ordinary cow shed, and have talked with a man dispossessed at night from his shanty, all his chickens let loose and his children's clothes stolen by the dispossessing officers.

The misery is partly the consequence of a sick industry, partly the fault of an incompetent and often cruel industrial autocracy. In both cases it can be helped by social legislation, unemployment insurance, *and a strong union.* Numerous small, short, but heroic strikes are helping to rebuild a union no longer under John L. Lewis's stifling control.

The need of relief is great. The Red Cross is doing little or nothing—nothing in the case of strikers against intolerable conditions. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which I am chairman, is transmitting relief funds which I can testify are competently and fairly administered by the miners' own committee. No need in America is greater.

New York, April 6 NORMAN THOMAS

Three Cheers for Emory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suggestion that intercollegiate contests be abolished altogether which occurred in your editorial Sport for Sport's Sake in the issue of February 18 certainly merits serious consideration. But it is, perhaps, a significant comment on the reason why more institutions have not adopted your simple but effective plan that you can say, as you do, that to the best of your knowledge "no college or university president has thought of this remedy." Emory University, deprived of the advertising that accompanies intercollegiate athletics, has apparently escaped your attention.

Since 1889, when intercollegiate athletics were discontinued at Emory, the athletic program has been confined to intramural contests, except in the minor sports of tennis, golf, and track. There are no imposing stadia on the campus to dwarf the libraries. There are no waves of neurotic excitement to upset the fall term. The coaching is done by six men of the graduate or professional schools under the supervision of a physical director. Instead of concentrating the attention of the coaching staff upon a handful of carefully picked—and more carefully paid—stars, and limiting the supply of athletic equipment to their needs, the administration encourages all students to participate in the games. Beginning this year every able-bodied student is required to take part in at least one sport.

Dr. H. W. Cox, president of the university, defends its policy by saying: "The individual student is our goal instead of the game. Why can't we have a school where people can send students for study? . . . Our whole atmosphere here is one of scholastic endeavor. It is strikingly different from that of a school where students have to be loyal to the team. . . . Our life as a university does not depend on one football game."

Atlanta, Ga., March 15 VANN WOODWARD

Indian Tribal Arts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among your readers are many who are interested in the welfare of the American Indian and in the preservation of his arts. Few Americans know that Indian artists of great talent, now living in the United States, are producing works of real beauty and excellent craftsmanship. Their poetry, paintings, textiles, and sculpture deserve wider appreciation among white Americans. At present there is in Europe more recognition of their extraordinary contribution to the pure and applied arts than in this country.

The Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts now being organized will be the first comprehensive and truly representative exhibition of the work of contemporary Indian artists. This exposition will include fine specimens from private and museum collections and modern work of outstanding excellence. It will open at the Grand Central Art Galleries of New York in December, 1931. After a month's showing there it will be exhibited in the leading cities in this country and, it is hoped, in Europe.

The national office of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc., is at 578 Madison Avenue, New York. The project has been indorsed by the American Federation of Arts, the College Art Association, the American Anthropological Association, and by museums of art throughout the country.

New York, May 1 JOHN SLOAN

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the distinguished British mathematician and philosopher, is the author of "The A B C of Relativity" and "The Conquest of Happiness."

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is the editor of the *Harkness Hoot,* the new undergraduate literary magazine published at Yale University.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL reported the Centralia and Sacco-Vanzetti trials for the labor press.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

WILLIAM A. COOPER is the executive head of the department of Germanic languages at Leland Stanford University.

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America.*

JAMES BURNS is the pseudonym of the Ottawa correspondent of a well-known Canadian newspaper.

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Books, Films, Drama

Spring Gardening

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

The prairie grows around him as he digs
Dwarfing the white farmhouse; the bending man.
From time to time he straightens to pause and look
Across the tidal earth's immensity.
Earth is a still wheel flattening between the rims
Of a blue-steel horizon; bending below
To depths beyond the curving ends of sky.
A flying arc holds up infinity—
The peopled deeps where spin the shoaling worlds
Sands upon drifted sands . . .
    O uncontrollable serenity,
    Intensity too vast for any motion
    Burn blue and endless under your dome of air.
    And man is motionless erect or bending,
    Swinging his tiny weapon, seaming the soil.

The Aphoristic Art

Afterthoughts. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.35.

THE first tendency of most readers who glance through Mr. Smith's book of "afterthoughts" will be to underestimate them. There are at least two reasons for this. These brief sentences are printed separately, surrounded by ample blank space, sometimes only one or two on a page. Like all sayings thus separated they seem ostentatious. If they appeared casually in the solid text of an essay we should attach a higher value to them; we should applaud all the successes and perhaps never notice the failures at all, for we never recognize a failure unless we have reason to suspect an attempt. But a sentence in typographical isolation seems to say in effect: "Look at me; I'm so good that I can stand alone; I'm either devilish clever or very profound." The reader resents such self-assurance, and retaliates by putting sentences with these pretensions under a special obligation to make good. For sentences in paragraphs and sentences in isolation, in short, there is the same difference in our standards and demands as concertgoers make between the violinists who are part of a symphony orchestra (who, though of modest talents, may share in the applause for the whole orchestra provided they have merely not been out of tune) and a violinist who offers a solo.

The second reason why most readers may underestimate Mr. Smith's "afterthoughts" is that they are likely to start with a false preconception of what it is they are being offered. They are getting aphorisms, and they are probably looking for paradoxes. Now the paradox is usually little more than an aphorism or a proverb that has been stood on its head. This reversal may sometimes call attention to some more subtle aspect of the truth, like Mr. Chesterton's "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing badly"; but paradoxes—as Mr. Smith pointed out in his delightful introduction to his fine anthology "A Treasury of English Aphorisms," published three years ago —paradoxes, however much they may amuse us at the moment, have seldom weight enough to give them enduring value. "Wise sayings, to ring true, must be made of sterling metal, must embody a feeling more profound than the mere desire to flout general opinion and reverse its judgments; we soon tire of the sparkle, the glitter, the polished brass of these false coins of thought."

But this means that to be a master of aphorism is a more perilous as well as a higher ambition than to be a master of paradox. For while the aphorist will sometimes attempt to express in terse form some truth about human nature seldom or only vaguely glimpsed (though immediately recognized, upon its declaration, to be true), he will still be occupied largely with the task of trying to say in a more striking form what "oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Unless he is very careful, therefore, his truths will turn into platitudes. It is because Mr. Smith's own aphorisms skate at times so dangerously close to truisms that readers may underestimate his achievement; for most of us today, fed so often on the flashy epigrams and paradoxes of the Arlens, Chestertons, and Guedallas, are likely to find true aphorisms insipid, much as a restaurant eater, accustomed to treating everything to a blizzard of salt, ceases to find any flavor in food in a natural state.

And Mr. Smith's "afterthoughts," when successful, are true aphorisms. Some of them even stand very well the severe test that Hazlitt once proposed—that a good aphorism should contain the essence or groundwork of a separate essay. For example:

> The notion of making money by popular work, and then retiring to do good work on the proceeds, is the most familiar of the devil's traps for artists.
>
> All our affirmations are mere matters of chronology; and even our bad taste is nothing more than the bad taste of the age we live in.
>
> The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.
>
> People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.

The aphoristic form seems peculiarly adapted to express cynicism and disenchantment; as Mr. Smith himself has finely said, aphorisms are the hornets and wasps, and not the butterflies of reflection. Many of his own fall short by this standard; they lack sting. Occasionally, however, he achieves a comment quite in the vein of that Napoleon of the aphorism, La Rochefoucauld:

> That we should practice what we preach is generally admitted; but anyone who preaches what he and his hearers practice must incur the gravest moral disapprobation.
>
> If we disregard what the world says of someone, we shall almost certainly live to repent it.

I have hinted that all of Mr. Smith's aphorisms are not successful. Even his best are doubtless not gems of the first water. But if he has produced no pearls or rubies, he has fashioned a few semi-precious stones not to be despised. Nowhere is it more necessary than here to be grateful to a writer for his successes and not condemn him for his failures. Perhaps it is harder today to write a good aphorism than a good sonnet. The field of general truths about human nature is not unlimited. La Rochefoucauld alone must have left less territory for his successors to explore than Petrarch, Spenser, and Milton together. The aphorism, moreover, is centuries older than the sonnet; it was old in the days of Solomon and Confucius, and in the years of the Egyptians. No field has been plowed more thoroughly, in so many directions, and the competition is still tremendous. A thousand men a day, in writing and in conversation, are trying to coin good aphorisms to every one who is trying to write a lyric. Ever since the prophet exclaimed, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," we have all itched to sum up the universe in seven or eight well-chosen words. If Mr. Smith has added a few permanent grains to the world's store of gnomic wisdom, he is indeed a writer to be envied. HENRY HAZLITT

Figures of the Nineties

Men and Memories. By Sir William Rothenstein. Coward-McCann. $5.

UPON reading Sir William Rothenstein's first volume of his memoirs it is difficult to think of anything that he has done in terms of failure. Surely here if anywhere is the record of a successful life that sprang from the very heart of William Butler Yeats's "tragic generation."

The young man who came from the north of England to Paris to study portrait painting in Julian's studios was an extraordinary young man indeed. Those who knew Rothenstein, and there were many, must have regarded him with particular affection, for he was deferential, urbane, and worldly, with a gift for reciting choice bits of attractive gossip that never quite crossed the border line of malice or indiscretion. He was the Boswell of the *Yellow Book*, the *Savoy*, and the *Saturday Review*, a pleasant incidental figure in a broad canvas of celebrities.

We see clearly enough that they were not giants in those days, but brilliant young men of unusual talent in whom the social graces of the amateur were combined with faultless and professional craftsmanship. As Rothenstein presents them, they were all young, bright, radiating metallic splendor. First of all there was Max Beerbohm. Even now it is impossible to think of Max as the Sage of Rapallo; he is the graceful young fellow with the slender waistline that Rothenstein saw on his visit to Oxford. Ernest Dowson does not accept Rothenstein's invitation to sleep in the guest-room, but selects the polished floor under the grand piano in the parlor. Lionel Johnson is as drunk as Dowson, but never mind, he is correctly dressed, erect, walks home to his neat chambers in a modestly fashionable quarter of London. Oscar Wilde reminds Frank Harris that he, Harris, has been invited to dine in every house in London *once*, and we almost forget that Oscar's figure was that of an overgrown child who has eaten too much candy. Rothenstein makes every attempt to justify the conduct of those who may be looked upon as his enemies, and gives them all, even men well past middle age, something of the coloring of youth.

There were few who did not respond to Rothenstein's talents for friendship. We gather that Walter Pater, surrounded by a company of athletic young undergraduates, was one, and John Sargent another. Pater's vanity was injured by Rothenstein's lithograph, and Sargent, like Henry James, seemed to be ill at ease with everyone. Even at best, the Americans were a troublesome lot, particularly Whistler. Despite Rothenstein's obvious admiration for Whistler's work, Whistler's violent appetite for hero-worship of himself was never gratified by the young man's praise. Perhaps Rothenstein's quarrel with Whistler may be traced to the fact that he saw Whistler (a rare occasion) in a moment of self-depreciation. His story of how Whistler, tormented by doubt of his own genius, reexamined his canvases inch by inch by the light of a candle is a memorable portrait and one that Whistler would never have approved.

Rothenstein's friendships in Paris, though somewhat limited by his interest in the English-American colony, extended far enough to include an intimate relationship with Verlaine. He was responsible for bringing Verlaine to England for a brief series of lectures. He realized at once, and not without a sense of pathos, that given assurances of continued hospitality Verlaine would never have left English soil. Returning Verlaine to Paris—by actually bundling him off—was a sterling test of Rothenstein's ability to handle a difficult situation with the tact for which he was famous. It is evident that he remained even to the end of Verlaine's life, wrecked as it was by poverty and disease, one of the few to whom the poet could turn for a sympathetic hearing.

Rothenstein's present volume closes, appropriately enough, with the end of the nineteenth century. In the last few chapters another generation slowly emerges from the background. We are told that Watts-Dunton refused Epstein's offer to make Swinburne's death mask. Augustus John becomes the center of interest, a young man whose attraction for young ladies seemed indestructible. John takes charge of Rothenstein's London house in his host's absence, and we find him five nights out of seven climbing in first-floor windows because it is impossible for him to remember that the front door has a key. Young Masefield appears worshiping Joseph Conrad, who, in dismay, cannot return the compliment. We are left waiting for more, and we have every reason to assume that Rothenstein's intelligence and charm will not desert him as he enters middle age and the first two decades of the present century in his next book. HORACE GREGORY

The Unwise Thrush

Fatal Interview. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

WHATEVER may be said now concerning Miss Millay's poetry will have little or no effect upon her position in American literature. Nor will the oblique attack of certain critics who prefer the intellectual and less personal poetry injure her. Such critics may not like personal lyrics, but this type of poetry from a true poet remains authentic. And Miss Millay's best lyrics will endure when the critics are very dead; in her own domain she is the artist. Miss Millay is preeminently the poet of the senses, the poet living in the intensity of the moment and capable of creating that intensity in the poetic image. She is able to project her own ego directly into its artistic complement: when the personal emotion is intense enough, the fusion of image and emotion in words is perfectly accomplished. There are times, of course, when Miss Millay is flippantly attitudinizing in verse, and these are sorry times; but when, as a result of the immediate, personal, and therefore somewhat limited play of her senses over the materials of life, Miss Millay writes poetry, she writes such lyrics as will live. The only cause for regret is that Miss Millay's sensitivity has not expanded with the expansion of the world about her; it assimilates nothing that is not, has not always been, very personal to herself.

Miss Millay has grown older, but she has made no adaptation to her own maturity, has accepted no wisdom. She cannot change herself from the lover of life at its full tide; anything else is repugnant to her. Therefore her dilemma. In "The Buck in the Snow" Miss Millay confesses her own inability to accept change; she realizes that her senses have betrayed her, that neither pain nor joy continues to have its earlier vitality. The rhythm of her poems in "The Buck in the Snow," the whole tone of them, is lowered in direct ratio to her loss of personal intensity and conviction. "The Buck in the Snow" is a sad book and a terribly honest book. Within its pages only one solution to the poet's dilemma is hinted at: the irony of such fine sonnets as the one beginning "Country of hunchbacks" suggests that the love of life, always Miss Millay's theme, might have its passionate darker side, the irony of life.

But it is not toward any philosophy or mood of irony that Miss Millay moves in her latest book, "Fatal Interview"; here she retraces her own earlier work and would again be known as the writer of love sonnets. Her earlier manner, somewhat more elaborately turned, is here; but her earlier mood is not recaptured. "Fatal Interview" is, therefore, not an honest book, it springs from no inner compulsion. One finishes it convinced that Miss Millay has faked her emotions—the one utterly destructive crime against her art. We cannot believe a beautiful word of these sonnets.

Let me be specific about one point: I am not concerned here with the autobiographical truth or lack of truth in "Fatal Interview"—that has nothing to do with the artistic sincerity of the sonnets themselves. There may or may not have been love—it does not matter. What does matter is that the emotional core of this sequence of sonnets is unreal—and in Miss Millay's case the emotional core is, with peculiar force, the personality translated into the artistic form of poetry. The stated emotional core is humility, and this humility is unbelievable. Not that Miss Millay's earlier arrogance and passion in the treatment of love would prevent her, personally, from humility; but that the humility written about has no intensity; we cannot feel it to be true. It is clothed in every conceivable literary image—Greek, Shakespearean, and Millayian—but it lacks reality. Despite Miss Millay's every trick—beauty of language, turn of phrase, knowledge of the beautiful image and of rhythm—this sonnet sequence is a shell wherein nothing lives.

And why? How can we know whether poetry is sincere or insincere, save intuitively? I have read the late sonnets alongside the early: most of the early sonnets—not all—are sincere, most of the late—not quite all—are manufactured. Within so conventionalized a technique as the sonnet sincerity is particularly difficult to analyze. And yet we do recognize it when it is there. Why, otherwise, would we be in agreement concerning the sincere sonnets among the many merely well-turned of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries?

Since the fusion of emotion or idea with the image is not solely the result of excellent craftsmanship, Miss Millay has in these later sonnets employed her technique to no avail. Lack of this fusion is indicated by rhythm, by a disparateness between the elaboration, the detailed working out of the image, and the value of the emotion which the image carries. One might point out that, save for the metaphysical school and its amazing facility in keeping decoration and idea in adherence, poets seldom find themselves able to refine upon an image without some loss of intensity. The process seems to be this: the poet recalls or notices certain details of life; a few of these details take on emotional value (they might do this for any man); still fewer become symbolic of larger meanings than themselves and take shape in the poet's mind as images. Usually only one or two aspects of an image are significant emotionally and symbolically; therefore in poetry only these aspects are emphasized, other aspects are either emotionally or deliberately ignored. In her earlier sonnets Miss Millay, concerned with her emotion, used only such aspects of the image, whatever it might be, as pointed the emotion. In these later sonnets she begins with an image and works it out completely. The result is pretty but unconvincing. Now and then, to be sure, she steps free of her literary reminiscences—including her own earlier poems—and in such an image as this one of the island women—certainly from personal memory—speaks again sincerely and intensely:

> There in the autumn when the men go forth,
> With slapping skirts the island women stand
> In gardens stripped and scattered, peering north,
> With dahlia tubers dripping from the hand:
> The wind of their endurance, driving south,
> Flattened your words against your speaking mouth.

But very seldom in this last book do we get that emotional rightness which is absolutely necessary to fine lyric writing. This, and this alone, makes the fine phrase, the exceptional image significant. This vehemence was there in these lines from an earlier sonnet:

> Dust in an urn long since, dispersed and dead
> Is great Apollo; and the happier he;
> Since who amongst you all would lift a head
> At a god's radiance on the mean door-tree,
> Saving to run and hide your dates and bread,
> And cluck your children in about your knee?

It may be there again when Miss Millay turns from reminiscence of an earlier self to feeling which absorbs her now.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Wilson Interpreter

Wilson the Unknown. An Explanation of an Enigma of History. By Wells Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WELLS WELLS, we are told, is the pseudonym of a New York corporation lawyer who has been a lifelong Republican notwithstanding that he voted for Wilson in 1912, and whose studies of Wilsonian politics have "consumed almost twenty years." A book produced under such circumstances ought, one would think, to be important, but such light as the author in this instance throws upon Wilson's career is overshadowed by a theory so startling as to give one pause. Wilson, we are asked to believe, is not an enigma at all, but an extraordinary personality who steered a circuitous course in strict accordance with a grand design. What Wilson wanted was to be President not only in 1916 but also, and more particularly, in 1920 and perhaps longer, not in order that he might become a mere personal dictator, but to give the United States a "new frontier" as far south of the Rio Grande as it could conveniently be located, and to make the United States, molded and controlled by the unique Wilsonian mind, the dominant influence throughout the world. As Wilson would be President all the while, what the grand project amounted to was that Wilson himself would be the world's autocrat, of course for the world's supreme good.

It is this, we are assured, that explains the stiff course with Mexico, since only with success there could Wilson hope for reelection in 1916. Wells Wells actually pictures Wilson contemplating a Mexico and Central America overrun by "several million Americans" busily exploiting the country ("a benevolent protectorate" is the chosen phrase) and demanding American goods, with perhaps half a million military police to keep things in order, and "all in the name of civilization, religion, and humanity." It was, he thinks, a "perfect strategy" then, and "it is today. Economic urge will sometime unite with altruism to spur us in that direction."

When the World War suddenly put the Mexican scheme in second place, Wilson turned his attention to fooling the American people into believing that he meant to remain neutral when in fact he intended to go in, and to championing the League of Nations as the best device for insuring Wilsonian world rule. The supreme moment, one gathers, of this continuing strategy came in 1918, when Wilson appealed to the country for support in the Congressional elections knowing pretty well that his party would be rebuked, but planning to use defeat to rally the people to him and enable him to absorb Mexico on the one hand and assert world autocracy on the other. The dream was dissipated only when Wilson's health broke down. The key to it all is audacity, "sheer, shining, superb spirit." Wilson was "eternally conscious of the audacity of his mind. He was *daringly* different! He was the Amazing American Adventurer!" The author can hardly take it ill if critics see in his bizarre book something of the same quality.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Back to Superstition?

Lo! By Charles Fort. Claude Kendall. $2.50.

AT first glance one is tempted to regard this book as a clever hoax in which Mr. Fort is having a good time with orthodox science without believing anything he himself puts forward. But a closer examination of the book, together with a reference to Mr. Fort's previous works, shows that we have to do here with somebody who is taking himself quite seriously—and who is taken even more seriously by a coterie of enthusiastic followers. In other words, Mr. Fort must be classed either as a genius or as a crank. Now a prosaic examination of his thesis will certainly not sustain the view that Mr. Fort's ideas will revolutionize our scientific conceptions about the universe; on the contrary, it will show how Mr. Fort is simply offering a new version of prescientific superstitions.

Mr. Fort has specialized for some twenty years in compiling records of unusual and incredible occurrences. The reports of these occurrences are taken partly from the daily press, partly from scientific periodicals. They vary widely in their authenticity. Some are doubtless hoaxes and hallucinations (as Mr. Fort disingenuously admits); others pertain to genuine occurrences in which a knowledge of the circumstances is incomplete and hence a scientific explanation necessarily conjectural; still others perhaps contain the secret of new relationships as yet uncharted in the scientific scheme. Mr. Fort cites them all without discrimination in order to bring out that science is prejudiced in its approach since it always tries to explain such reports or occurrences by invoking only known principles.

One class of facts which Mr. Fort particularly delights to cite is showers of frogs and fishes. The ordinary prosaic scientists would explain such showers by the operation of whirlwinds, but Mr. Fort thinks this is too timid an explanation. For him these frogs and fishes come from the firmament on high. Then there are the reputed coincidences between earthquakes, falls of meteors, and lights in the sky. Scientists, for lack of any known and verifiable connection, must perforce talk of coincidences. But that is too easy. One may as well, says Mr. Fort, talk of coincidence when children are born after marriage. Finally, there is the garden variety of facts that fill the psychical-research journals—transportation of objects without visible agency, vanishings and reappearances of persons, and the like.

On the basis of such facts Mr. Fort arrives at a blanket conclusion that the universe is an organism, and that all the unbelievable facts are to be explained by "functional teleportation." Functional teleportation is the principle by which the organism suddenly redistributes bodies according to the needs of the whole. Let Mr. Fort speak for himself:

> In every organism there are, in its governance as a whole, mysterious transportations of substances and forces, sometimes in definite circulatory paths, and sometimes specially, for special needs. In the organic view, Teleportation is a distributive force that is acting to maintain the balances of a whole; with the seeming wastefulness sometimes, and niggardliness sometimes, of other forces; providing, or sometimes providing, new islands with vegetation, and new ponds with fishes: Edens with Adams, and Adams with Eves; always dwindling when other mechanisms became established, but surviving sporadically.

In order to make room for this higher wisdom, Mr. Fort finds it necessary to revise astronomy. The world, in the first place, is not so large as the astronomers tell us. In fact, a good expedition could get to the roof or ceiling of the world without great effort. The earth is more or less motionless in the center, and the stars in heaven form a rotating, shell-like vault, exactly as our common-sense impressions tell us. The stars are not countless, nor are they at unbelievable distances from us. In most cases what are taken as stars are just the reflections of light upon the lands and lakes of the upper shell. When earthquakes occur, these lights in the sky are warnings of impending changes in the higher metabolism of the world organism—for in the organic view there are always warnings, portents, and revelations of cosmic purposes.

Such in bare outline is Mr. Fort's doctrine. As a revolutionary coup d'etat upon science it falls completely flat because it seeks to restore the prescientific method of explaining phenomena through the operation of cosmic purposes and occult qualities. Mr. Fort pretends that there is a good deal of the philosophy of Spinoza in his doctrine, but if he had read the author of the "Ethics" a little more carefully he would have found an explicit condemnation of everything that he stands for. "The truth," wrote Spinoza, summing up the spirit of the new science, "would have remained hidden from the human kind for all eternity had not mathematics, which deals not with final causes, but with the essences and properties of figures, shown to man a new standard." It is characteristic of the mathematical form of truth and its physical corollary, the mechanical principle of explanation, that they make possible a science which is a progressive intellectual analysis of phenomena. On the biological basis, which Mr. Fort would restore, all that we have is a harmony of the whole, which turns out to be quite verbal in the present and which offers no hope of biting deeper into phenomena in the future.

One good purpose that Mr. Fort's book may serve—if it is read properly—is to bring out the deliberate, voluntary character of scientific method, as against the conventional idea that science merely transcribes naked experience. Most books on scientific method defeat their own purpose because they begin by seeing the universe in terms of the simplified, mechanical picture which it is precisely the function of science to construct. As a result, scientific method becomes an obvious, tautological affair, and the pupil gets the feeling, not that Galileo was a great man, but that the people before Galileo were diabolically blind because they could not see the obvious. By reading Mr. Fort's book one gets a vivid sense of what scientific method deliberately has to reject—the biological categories which are so spontaneous to the human mind and yet so misleading, the multitude of individual facts which strike the imagination and impede clear analysis. Mr. Fort's book really ought to be adopted in all the colleges as a textbook of "don't's" in scientific method.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A New Faust Translation

Faust. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by Alice Raphael. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

THE publication of a new translation of Goethe's "Faust," done in verse, is a real literary event. It means years of scholarly and poetical endeavor, first, to decide after listening to conflicting arguments what each word means and connotes, and then to find the best English equivalents, cast in approximately the same metrical mold and suggesting the same or a corresponding cultural picture. The new version of the First Part by Alice Raphael was announced recently by a brochure entitled "A Note on Faust Translations," by Carl F. Schreiber of Yale University. The "Note," and Mark Van Doren's Introduction, give welcome information on how this work came to have its present form. Large credit for scholarly advice and painstaking criticism is given to that rare Goethe enthusiast and scholar, the late William A. Speck, the founder of the priceless Goethe collection in the Yale library. A labor of love and devotion, fifteen times revised under such supervision, could hardly fail to achieve distinction.

This translation seeks to turn Goethe's masterpiece into the poetic English of today, avoiding archaic and out-of-the-way words and constructions, and employing no metrical patterns that would strike the present generation of readers as distinctly exotic. As it is neither humanly nor divinely possible, as a general rule, to translate rhyme-words into rhyme-words, it shows good judgment not to let rhymes stick out like sore thumbs. Since the Anglo-Saxon element of the English language, the idiom of warm and deep feeling, is so poor in feminine rhymes, very few of these are employed by the translator. But they are not missed by the reader. Further, it was wise not to employ such pungent rhymes as Goethe often uses. It is always better to recreate the form with slightly diminished technical brilliancy than to distort the sense and put the chief stress upon words of minor importance in the original.

The general rhyme scheme is followed quite closely, with occasional variation from the order Goethe employed, but taking no more liberty in this respect than Goethe exercised. The language itself is clear and simple, in keeping with Goethe's practice, whose poetry is singularly free from bombast.

This sumptuously printed "Faust" deserves warm commendation. It appears as a fitting overture to the celebration next year throughout the world of the centenary of Goethe's death.

WILLIAM A. COOPER

Cosima's First Husband

Letters of Hans von Bülow. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Count du Moulin Eckart. Translated by Hannah Waller. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

THIS collection, correctly titled "Neue Briefe" in the original, is distinct from the seven volumes of letters which Bülow's widow published many years ago. The greater part of this fresh material had been in the possession of Bülow's eldest daughter, Frau Daniela Thode, in Italy. During the war the Italian government seized the Villa Cargnacco and placed it in the custody of Gabriele d'Annunzio. In 1921, with Daniela's sanction, Count Eckart undertook a diplomatic mission to d'Annunzio and obtained permission to take whatever letters he wished. Those presented here were written to Daniela, Richard Wagner, Cosima, Karl Klindworth, the pianist, Karl Bechstein, the pianoforte manufacturer, and Bülow's stepmother, Louise von Bülow.

Of Bülow's great interpretative artistry as pianist and conductor nothing remains outside the memories of those who heard him. To his bitter disappointment he was unable to compose music of lasting moment, but he could and did write letters which rank among the best from the pen of any musician. Spontaneous, witty, humorous, and frank, they reflect his temperament and character clearly. Musical subjects naturally occupy the foreground, but his frequent references to other matters reveal his keen judgments in politics, philosophy, painting, architecture, and literature.

In literary flair he surpassed many professional critics of his day. He found Baudelaire "most refreshing" in 1861, and he zealously elected Stendhal as "one of my favorite literary carnations." One finds him savoring the subtleties of Paul Bourget's "Essais de psychologie contemporaine," and the catholicity of his preferences encircled Goethe, Herder, Hugo, Calderon, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Gobineau, Hawthorne, and Alfieri. A polyglot in his reading, he wrote as fluently in French and Italian as in his native language.

3 GREAT BOOKS

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JUST 40 YEARS AGO

In May, 1891, Pope Leo XIII issued his epochal Encyclical Letter to the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world. It dealt with the social and economic problems of that time—strangely similar to those that now distract the world, such as (to quote):

*"the CONDITION OF LABOR; the enormous fortunes of individuals, and the poverty of the masses, * * * the general moral deterioration; the momentous seriousness" of it all.*

In a spirit of unqualified esteem for the Pope's elevated personal character, and profound respect for his high office, Henry George, great American philosopher and economist, wrote a now famous ANALYSIS of the Papal Encyclical, pointing to the insufficiency of the remedies proposed, and to the causes and cure of the world's social and economic troubles. These historic documents—the Encyclical of Pope Leo, and the Analysis of Henry George, entitled "THE CONDITION OF LABOR," each fitting today's conditions, are now reprinted VERBATIM—40 years after, in a 334-page volume, containing two other books by Henry George explaining his philosophy.

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The most delightful letters are those to Daniela, in which the fondly admonitory tone of the early ones, adapted to her childhood state, is gradually replaced by an allusiveness indicative of their close mental sympathy. On the other hand, the most formal and punctilious (and at the same time the most moving under their dignity) are those to Cosima after their separation—pages that disclose the true spiritual stature of the man. As Count Eckart says, "a man who can write such letters is indeed truly great of soul."

Chronologically, the letters cover a period of thirty-eight years—from 1854, when Bülow was twenty-four, to 1892, two years before his death. To one who reads them discerningly they offer material for a well-rounded and just estimate of the man.

The translation is so deft and supple that one can take exception only to slight shades of meaning. For example, "our poor lonely great man" (Wagner) does not quite catch the spirit of "der arme grosse Einsame." One wishes that Mr. Scott Goddard's editing had been as sparing as his footnotes. "Having in mind the making of a manageable volume," he made many cuts in the text, in one case as much as seventy-two lines. Moreover, he omitted 110 letters entirely, with the result that the 712 pages of the original have been reduced to 434 in the translation.

RAY C. B. BROWN

Books in Brief

Gin and Bitters. By A. Riposte. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

The jacket on this book calls it "a novel about a novelist who writes novels about other novelists." The victim then would seem to be W. Somerset Maugham, who recently wrote "Cakes and Ale," which was a novel about two other novelists. Leverson Hurle bears so many superficial resemblances to Maugham—chief among them being the fact that he usually bases his fiction upon known lives, his own or others—that there can be no doubt about the direction of A. Riposte's animus. The only difference is that Hurle, unlike Maugham, is an insignificant author; and the only defect of the present work is that it loses all its force by being completely infantile in its anger. A trivial performance.

Civilizations of the East. Volume I. The Near and Middle East. By René Grousset. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

This is certainly one of the most impressive undertakings in recent publishing. M. Grousset is an official of the Guimet Museum in Paris, which is devoted entirely to Oriental civilizations. The present volume, the first of four, deals with Egyptian, Mesopotamian, Hittite, and Persian art in ancient times, and with the Islamic art of the later Arab and Persian civilizations. M. Grousset adds to the savant's virtues literary skill and a supple understanding of how art explains and is explained by the social and political features of a culture. The book is exceptionally well printed and bound and contains 313 illustrations in half-tone.

World Without End. By Helen Thomas. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Helen Thomas's "As It Was," published four years ago, carried the story of herself and her husband, Edward Thomas, as far as his last term at Oxford. "World Without End" continues it to the day of the poet's departure for Gallipoli, where he was killed. The present volume, reprinting "As It Was" along with the second narrative, gives the whole story, then, as Helen Thomas sees it. As a love story it is extraordinarily convincing and touching; the book as it stands may very well become one of the minor classics of our day.

The Flame of Islam: The Later Crusades. By Harold Lamb. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

The faults of Mr. Lamb's first volume, "The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints," are exaggerated in his concluding volume. The very book titles indicate the faults. While Mr. Lamb is too conscientious a historian to romanticize the matter, he observes little restraint in the manner. This would be well if he were a natural stylist, which he is not. He interrupts his otherwise well-handled narrative with set passages of dull and irrelevant description. The romanticism edges over into his conception of character. Relieved of its verbiage the book would be an excellent account of the Christian attempts to recover Jerusalem from Islam by new crusades whose failures were chiefly due to their exploitation for political ends by kings and popes.

Films

Children for the Grown-ups

I HAVE always had great admiration for writers of children's books. It is, of course, possible that their knowledge of child psychology consists only of a few tricks which, as they have learned from experience, never fail to impress their young audience. And yet much more than this seems to be present in a book or a play that is really popular with children. This is, I presume, mainly the ability to see and interpret the world with that freshness and innocence of outlook that gives the quality of adventure to most of the child's experiences. It is here, too, that the mystery of the adult metempsychosis makes its entry. For an adult author to regain the innocence of childhood while thriving on the forbidden fruit of knowledge seems to be as marvelous a feat as that of the proverbial Russian virgin who knew how to combine innocence with the benefits of sin. Many a time, as I recalled my early delights with the little Brownies, I have regretfully had to admit to myself that I no longer found anything amusing about them. But it is scarcely possible that Miss Mulock, their gifted authoress, felt similarly indifferent in describing their triumphs and tribulations, for she would have failed to convey them to her readers if she had not seen them herself through a child's eyes.

The conclusion to which I am impelled by this fact is rather disconcerting to me. It would appear that nothing short of a revelation from above could open my eyes and my heart to a masterpiece of art that sends into ecstasies my fellow-humans of a less cynical age. This probably accounts for my utter failure to be amused by newspaper comic strips. I say "probably," because I am not at all sure that the strips are primarily intended for children. On the other hand, I have every reason to suspect that a book or a film dealing with children that appeals to me is most unlikely to make an equal impression on children.

Now, "Skippy" (Paramount), although based on a comic strip, is a thoroughly delightful film. Grown-up men like myself find it both droll and wistful. It has humor and pathos that make one feel like brooding over one's own memories of that blissful age. Moreover, its youthful actors bring to their parts a more than usual amount of convincing naturalness, and there is a similar absence of stage heroics in its simple plot. A reserve like this, which is so rarely encountered in the offerings from Hollywood, merits every praise and goes far to make the film a decidedly pleasant entertainment. But it is unmistakably an entertainment for the grown-ups. Most of its comedy is of the type in which the ingenuousness of the thing done or said is its only claim to being amusing. Its pathos,

BOOKS FOR EVERY TASTE

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE AND THE NEW HUMANISM
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too, seems to be a little oversentimentalized. And this brings me back to my initial problem: can the majority of us grown-up people ever see children as they really are? I am inclined to think that we cannot, although some of us may come perilously near to what is known as "juvenile mentality."

No particular subtlety of any sort will be found in "Dirigible" (Central), but the film has merits of a different kind, and these place it considerably above the Hollywood average. An aerial adventure involving the cracking up of a dirigible in mid-air, a flight in an airplane over the South Pole, and bloodcurdling incidents on land provide the spectacle and drama that lie in the grand tradition of the movies, and it is to the credit of Mr. Capra, the director of the film, that he has made such an effective use of his material. The film cannot boast of the photographic excellence shown in some of the scenes in "Hell's Angels," but its story is visualized with convincing vividness, and is told intelligently.

A more imaginative, if humorous, treatment of aerial thrills is presented in "Birds of a Feather," a Walt Disney animated cartoon (last seen at the Cameo) showing a striking advance in the application of rhythmic movement to linear design. By comparison, the Soviet picture "Cities and Years," shown on the same program at the Cameo, is pretentious but unconvincing, despite some originality of treatment.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

A Play for Tom Mooney

IT is difficult to imagine what a person who had never heard of the Mooney case would think of "Precedent," a play at the Provincetown Theater which deals with this case under the thinnest of disguises. The author, I. J. Golden, a St. Louis lawyer, has for the most part been content with a mere change of names, Mooney becoming Delaney, Fickert becoming Riley, Oxman becoming Rossman, Older becoming Fremont, and so on. Otherwise he has rendered what I understand to be an unvarnished account of the case as he sees it and as all liberally disposed people have been seeing it for fifteen years. He has made his hero the victim of prejudice and plot, and he has made his villain, the district attorney, as black as villains can be made. But what would an outsider say? My guess is that he would find it all an improbable fiction—as life generally is, and as this particular set of events certainly is. He would call the play a melodrama; he would not know why it had been written; and he would have to conclude that it dealt with actions whose motives he could never expect to comprehend without a key. On the face of it, then, "Precedent" might be set down as incredible. Such things, it might be said, do not happen; only in a play could one man desire the death of another as Riley (Fickert) desires the death of Delaney (Mooney).

It is perhaps equally difficult to predict what effect "Precedent" will have upon those who are conservatively disposed—who either decline to believe that the war between capital and labor is as simple as this, and as simply enlists the service of the law on one of its two sides, or agree to overlook an occasional example of injustice in view of the protection which on the whole the present system assures them. Riley, they might admit, is a rascal, but let him be forgiven in that he is a district attorney. Of the man who would resemble and feel with Riley I do not speak, as I assume he never enters the theater except to get his mind off himself. Well, would "Precedent" convert a conservative? I doubt it. "Precedent" may be true in every essential detail, but to the unbeliever it must appear as biased as Bedlam, just as to the uninformed it must appear, as I have said, fantastic. That is how much good its truth will do it among the indifferent and the ill-disposed.

Among friends the case will of course be different. They are precisely the ones for whom the play was written; for them, believing as they do, the more truth the better. The audience I sat with on the opening night was already convinced. It came only to be moved. And it was very deeply moved. Mr. Golden knows how to write a propaganda play. He knows how to make it clear that he is writing a propaganda play, and how not to apologize for doing so in any line or gesture. The result, since the writing is intelligent and impassioned, and since the acting at the Provincetown is sincere and serious, is effective polemic. I, who was more than friendly but who had my doubts as to what sort of spectacle would offer itself for my sympathy, remained to be profoundly impressed. My only regret is that I cannot with any confidence of conversion recommend "Precedent" to those who believe Mooney guilty or to those who, if they are not sure of this, think he ought to remain in prison on general principles.

"Peter Ibbetson" as dramatized by John Raphael and a revised by Constance Collier has returned to the Shubert Theater with Dennis King playing the role once played by John Barrymore, and playing it in exactly the same way, walk, talk, and all. Since I am prejudiced against plays which exploit children and employ dreams, I cannot be expected to say much for "Peter Ibbetson." The recognition scene between Peter (Mr. King) and the Duchess of Towers (Jessie Royce Landis) was all that a recognition scene can be—and a third of my prejudices is that such scenes produce the most powerful moments possible on the stage. But after that moment the dreams came much too thick and fast. Particularly thick.

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Canada First

By JAMES BURNS

Ottawa, April 15

UNDER the leadership of Richard B. Bennett, Premier of Canada since August 7, 1930, the dominion is giving the world a demonstration of economic nationalism in an acute form, and the results so far are such as to justify the worst fears of those who opposed the Bennett formula for prosperity in the 1930 elections. In pursuance of a policy described by the slogan "Canada First," the Bennett Ministry has raised the Canadian tariff, closed the door to immigrants, and barred Russian imports. In spite of these salves to the country's economic wounds, business continues to be slow, farm prices do not improve, and unemployment is still widespread.

By birth and experience Mr. Bennett was well suited to lead a crusade under the banner of "Canada First," and to offer himself to the electors as the efficient architect of prosperity. He is descended on both sides from United Empire Loyalists, which is the Canadian equivalent of descent in the United States from signers of the Declaration of Independence, and is therefore "100 per cent Canadian." Born in humble circumstances, he has amassed, partly by his own efforts and partly by inheritance, one of the largest fortunes in the dominion. His associates are the most successful business and professional men in Canada.

By a "Canada First" program Mr. Bennett meant, to put it most briefly, a thoroughgoing upward revision of the tariff. He holds the extreme protectionist view that the dominion should import only what it cannot possibly grow or manufacture for itself, and he made it plain in his 1930 election speeches that no industry, primary or secondary, would ask his government for protection in vain. To sugar-coat the pill for sections of the country which tend to free-trade views, Mr. Bennett coupled with the promise of "adequate protection" a pledge to prevent the exploitation of consumers. He would do this, he said, by rescinding tariff increases if manufacturers took advantage of them to raise prices.

Almost the first act of Mr. Bennett on taking office was the abolition of the tariff advisory board which had been created by the Liberals in 1927 to study tariff questions and to hear representations from consumers and producers. At an emergency session of Parliament last September the Bennett Government raised duties on a wide range of goods, principally foods, textiles, metal products, and machinery. At the same session a bill was passed giving the Cabinet virtually supreme authority over the customs schedules. These may now be altered by executive action, without consultation of Parliament, and this dictatorial power has been employed several times to protect Canadian industries. Up to the present the beneficiaries of tariff changes have obeyed the warning against "exploitation," but no one can tell yet to what extent the official ban on price-raising has been, or will be, evaded by changes in the quality of goods. Further, it is a tenable view that manufacturers' prices would have come down in recent months had they not been held at the 1930 level by the emergency tariff.

The prize example of the Bennett Government's trade policy has been its stand-offish attitude toward commerce with Russia. Some time ago Colonel H. J. Mackie, a former Canadian M. P. who is now an unofficial Russian trade representative in the dominion, presented an offer from the Soviet Union to buy $10,000,000 worth of Canadian farm implements if the dominion would take payment one-third in goods and the rest in gold. The Bennett Government rejected this proposal, and capped the rejection by placing an embargo on Russian lumber, pulp, pulpwood, coal, asbestos, and furs. A memorandum announcing the embargo declared in grandiloquent terms that Canada could have no truck or trade with Communists.

The "Canada First" idea has been expressed also in immigration policy. For a generation the dominion has held out a welcome sign to the land-hungry of many nations, but today the door is all but closed. Financial assistance formerly given to British settlers has been withdrawn. Drastic regulations now in force admit only British citizens (not including Asiatics), American citizens, farmers, and their wives and children. And all these must be in funds and free of any suspicion that they may become public charges, a rule so severely enforced that immigrants to Canada in 1931 are not expected to number 25,000. Since the war the annual influx has run from 100,000 to 150,000.

Using the weapons of tariffs and embargoes in the economic sphere, Mr. Bennett's Government has taken over without a qualm the political nationalism of the Liberals. Between 1921 and 1930, when the Liberal Party was in power in Canada, Premier Mackenzie King successfully asserted the "national status" of the dominion, brought home from the 1926 Imperial Conference the famous Balfour report describing Britain and the dominions as equal nations, and launched Canada on a diplomatic career by sending ministers to Washington, Paris, and Tokio. By Mr. King's critics these achievements were alternately belittled and decried as likely to disrupt the British Empire. In office Mr. Bennett has decided that no Canadian prime minister can safely take the line that Canada is less than a nation. At the 1930 Imperial Conference he assented to a report extending dominion sovereignty. At the same gathering he was anything but a meek colonial when he presented his demand that Great Britain tax foreign-food imports.

Thus Canadians are witnessing the rather extraordinary spectacle of the Tory Party, supposedly the guardian of the old imperial tradition, espousing a full-blown and even slightly blatant nationalism. Yet no one denies that Mr. Bennett's policies correspond exactly with his election pledges. In the 1930 campaign he preached "Canada First" from end to end of the dominion, gaining not only normal support in Conservative Ontario but sufficient backing in usually Liberal Quebec and the west to put him in office with an impregnable majority. Quebec was enormously attracted by the slogan. Western Canada, populated by free-trade farmers, proved willing to try anything once, and turned to Mr.

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Bennett in dismay at the failure of the Liberals to make really substantial reductions in the tariff.

Mr. Bennett has redeemed his election promises, but unfortunately for his prestige, the results he predicted have not so far appeared. He came into power in the midst of depression, and in flaming words undertook to set matters right, but the situation today is worse instead of better. The price of wheat, keystone of Canada's economic arch, was $1.02 a bushel when the Bennett Government took office, and for some months past has hovered between 50 and 60 cents. There is acute distress on western farms. The employment index, based on 100 for average employment in 1926, fell from 118.8 on August 1 last to 100.7 on February 1 of this year, more than the normal seasonal decline. In January 16 per cent of trade unionists were out of work, and unemployment and the poverty it brings would be more noticeable but for large programs of public works and relief which have sapped public treasuries. Internal and foreign trade have not picked up, and public revenues show such a decline that an increase in federal taxes cannot be avoided.

These are embarrassing facts for Mr. Bennett, and since he first met Parliament at a regular session on March 12 he has been subjected to a steady fire of criticism. The burden of it is that Canada, of all countries in the world, can least afford to attempt a policy of economic isolation, since Canada lives by exporting a food surplus. Lack of a profitable market for this surplus is the root of the country's economic troubles at the moment, and the question is how soon it will become clear to everyone that tariffs and embargoes can only aggravate the present distress.

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PHILIP SNOWDEN'S BUDGET was a surprise. Facing a prospective deficit of $187,000,000, the Chancellor trusts largely to economy and improving trade, and proposes no added taxes for the next year except a four-cent increase on gasoline. But he recalls the glorious Lloyd George days of 1909 by renewing the revolutionary proposal for a land valuation and a tax on land values—the centrally important feature of this budget, and the one that will be hardest fought. As an emergency measure for the coming year he proposes to meet his deficit by raiding to the extent of $100,000,000 the dollar-buying fund that Great Britain maintains in New York, and by pushing forward income-tax payments. With income taxes (at the standard rate of 22½ per cent) yielding nearly $1,250,000,000, surtaxes an added $330,000,000, and death duties (running up to more than 50 per cent on the largest estates) nearly $400,000,000, it is not strange that Mr. Snowden has tried at all costs to avoid raising these rates this year. Sturdy free trader that he is, the Chancellor bravely denounces the very idea of protection, even in the bewitching guise of a revenue tariff. Great Britain actually collects nearly $500,000,000 in customs duties, however, on a handful of widely consumed articles, and a somewhat greater amount in excise taxes. Despite its temporary expedients, Mr. Snowden's budget, worked out under the greatest difficulties, is a piece of honest and uncompromising labor finance, economically sound and intelligently progressive. It will distinctly strengthen the position of the MacDonald Government against possible attacks from its political opponents.

MAYOR WALKER must surely have enormously increased the number of his critics by his ill-advised and intemperate remarks before the New York Fire Department Holy Name Society on April 26. There must already have been plenty of persons to see that he would not make satisfactory answer to the attacks on himself and his administration by calling his critics names. When he indulges in a performance that consists of waving his arms and shouting "Communist," "parlor reds," and "reckless charges . . . actuated by prejudice and bigotry," he displays prejudice, bigotry, and recklessness of the worst sort. Nor will he help his case, one suspects, either with Governor Roosevelt or Commissioner Seabury—before whom it will probably come eventually—by referring to "the glittering charges [against himself] I read hastily just once, and that was enough." It is possible that among the thousands of New Yorkers who voted for Jimmy Walker and would vote for him again there are many who, either for religious or other reasons, would be moved by such a defense as this, superficial, injudicious, and meaningless as it is. But there must be other thousands, and those among the most impartial minds in the city, who will, whatever their opinion of Tammany Hall or even of the Mayor, realize that to answer charges of the gravest nature, made by responsible and sincere citizens, with choleric mouthings is less than might have been expected of the usually astute Mr. Walker. It is not only bad taste but bad tactics.

ARE THE REPUBLICANS about to abandon their unbending support of a high protective tariff? Are they preparing to adopt a more intelligent attitude toward this uneconomical but long-cherished government policy? It is almost unbelievable, yet there are definite indications that some of them are beginning to see the light. First came Representative Snell of New York, member of the Republican triumvirate that for years ruled the lower house, and himself an outspoken proponent of tariff-grabbing. Mr. Snell has now decided that we have gone high enough in our tariff rates. Next came William Wallace Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, high in the councils of the Republican Party, and citizen of a State that has been loudest in its demands for ever-higher rates. Mr. Atterbury has concluded that among the factors "which must be corrected" before the world depression can be overcome are "the tariff walls which nearly all nations are building against one another, tending to separate the different countries into hermetically sealed compartments so far as commerce is concerned." Who will be next? The press has recently presented evidence that a movement to lower the tariff is afoot, particularly among the automobile-makers, railroad officials, public-utility magnates, and bankers. If the tariff ever is reduced, it will probably be in response to pressure from our export manufacturers. When Congress is convinced that public opinion is opposed to extortionate tariff rates, the rates will come down; but in the opinion of Mark Sullivan Congress next December will be faced with a demand for a prohibitive tariff on crude oil instead of lower rates.

IN ADDITION TO OUR TARIFF, official American policy on war debts and the sharp reduction in the amount of American lending abroad are expected to come in for heavy criticism at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce opening in Washington on May 4. This business men's organization is given to plain speaking on questions affecting world trade, and it is to be hoped that the Washington meeting may be no exception. With the piling up of gold in France and the United States and the obstruction of imports by our tariff, foreign loans by American bankers and investors have become more rather than less important as a means of keeping international trade going, and we are now getting an impressive lesson in the impossibility of continuous prosperity for the United States in isolation from the rest of the world. The recent visit of Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, gave rise to wide discussion of the possibility of a great international institution to finance long-term loans in countries where they are especially needed, such as the Eastern European states or the producers of raw materials like South America. Dr. Herbert Feis, however, suggestively points out that if the individuals and concerns seeking such loans were in fact good credit risks, they could get loans from private banks. In reality, he suggests, they are too often bad risks because of the international economic and political situation, and it simply makes a bad situation worse to loan money to bad risks, as, for example, to Danubian farmers hampered by high tariffs and increasing competition. The right international allocation of credit becomes more and more important, but the power that would reside in an international institution actually exercising such control is so vast that it could not be left wholly in private hands.

AN END OF NAVAL PARITY and of all the other devices, adjustments, compromises, and arrangements by which the five great naval Powers have been professing to seek the abolition of competitive naval building is forecast in the rejection by Great Britain and Italy of the naval demands of France. Technically the impasse has been reached over the insistence of France upon building, between now and 1936, some 66,000 tons to replace vessels that will become obsolete during that period. Back of the dispute as to whether Great Britain and Italy did not know from the first precisely what France expected, and by what diplomatic hocus-pocus or ministerial forgetfulness the matter was overlooked, lies the intolerably plain fact that France has never intended to accept the Italian demand for parity, and is quite ready to wreck the whole cause of armament reduction and limitation rather than yield. The negotiations which began with professions of Anglo-American agreement at Rapidan that shortly turned out to be over-optimistic, continued with crises and fainting spells through the dreary sessions of the London conference, dragged on month after month in fruitless conversations between Italy and France, and took on for the moment a hopeful air when Arthur Henderson tried his hand at patching things up, have now, apparently, gone on the rocks. The wreck will be bad enough for Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, both of whom desperately need diplomatic successes to offset political and economic troubles at home, but vastly worse for the world which must see naval competition revived because France knows no word for peace except force.

RAILROAD STATISTICS for 1930, just made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission, deserve careful attention. Operating revenues on the 242,169 miles of road operated declined from the prosperous year 1929 by the staggering amount of a round billion dollars to $5,281,196,875. Operating expenses were cut by no less than $576,327,942 to a total of $3,930,940,465, three-fifths of the reduction being in maintenance expenditures. After meeting taxes of $348,584,573 and other expenses, the roads had left net operating income of $868,907,367 and other income of $348,986,595. They paid out $502,673,366 in interest, at the rate of a little more than 4½ per cent on their funded and other debt, and $505,446,351 ($19,145,404 more than in 1929), partly drawn from surplus, at the rate of 5 per cent on the outstanding preferred and 6.6 per cent on common stock, and they transferred $335,633,469 to profit-and-loss account. The income and operating figures in practically all cases show steep declines from 1929; the results, contrary to much current discussion, are impressive evidence of the solidity of the present structure of railroad finance on the whole, to which solidity, we venture to believe, forty years of public regulation have contributed.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, after rather prolonged study of the problem, has adopted final requirements for the listing of securities of investment trusts. What is significant is the remarkable scope and detail of these requirements as well as the "recommendations" accompanying them. Adoption of the latter is not compulsory, but will "weigh with" the listing committee in considering applications. The Exchange expresses its disapproval of the payment of incompletely earned dividends; frowns upon the acquisition by one trust of the common stock of another; lays down precise and detailed rules for uniform accounting practice; and suggests that trust directorates contain "qualified persons not directly affiliated either with the management of the trust itself or with its banking sponsors." These requirements are broader in scope than any previously issued by the Exchange regarding any one class of securities. They are thoroughly justified, however; for the investment trust exists ostensibly as a refuge for the small and perplexed investor, and as such it has been shockingly abused. The Exchange's new requirements cannot fail to have some indirect influence for the better even on trusts that do not apply for listing, but such indirect influence is not enough. State regulation of investment trusts remains as urgent as ever.

NO QUESTION as to what Dantes Bellegarde, Haitian Minister to the United States, did or did not say about the capture of Fort Rivière, or as to General Butler's use of the wicked word "hell" over the Philadelphia Elks' radio in describing that exploit, ought to delay the rapid carrying out of the recommendation of the Forbes commission for Haitianization of the public services of Haiti and withdrawal of the occupation. The Haitian Minister, who speaks English imperfectly, was apparently a victim of misunderstanding. Certain facts about Fort Rivière are too well known. On November 18, 1915, Admiral Caperton reported to the Navy Department: "Fort Rivière captured by forces under Major Butler. All avenues of escape had been previously closed so that none escaped. Fifty-one were killed. . . . No casualties our forces." Such "warfare" looks too much like something called by an uglier name, despite General Butler's medal of honor, and Americans must remember that this action constituted but one incident in the record of General Butler and the marines in Haiti. Small wonder, in view of such memories, that the Haitians long for the ending of the occupation. It is now more than a year since the Forbes commission finished its work, and the Haitians are reported as becoming impatient because Haitianization of the services is not getting forward. We hope that the Administration, in pursuance of its more liberal Caribbean policy, will not fail to give evidence of good faith by proceeding with all speed in the essential task of getting out of Haiti.

THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC appears to be making progress, although faced with difficulties which even the most colorless newspaper dispatches do not conceal. It is gratifying to observe that there is to be, for the present at least, no attempt to avenge the wrongs or weaknesses of the monarchy by putting on trial all of the monarchist leaders who can be apprehended and that plans for parliamentary elections in June are going forward. The suspension of the foreign-loan contract made just before King Alfonso withdrew seems also to have been accomplished without ill-feeling. The enthusiastic reception which Señor Zamora, Provisional President, received on his recent visit to Barcelona did not, however, hide the fact that the demand of Catalonia for something closely akin to independence is still very much alive, and that the formation of a federal republic with a really effective measure of central authority will prove a hard and delicate task. The course of the diplomatic representatives of the new regime, also, will be a matter of concern even though diplomatic recognition of the new state has been promptly accorded. Professor Salvador de Madariaga, who has been named as ambassador to this country, has been exceptionally acid in his published comments upon the United States, its people, and its foreign policy, and has arraigned American abstention from the League of Nations as the greatest present obstacle to internationalism and world peace. A former League official as a diplomat at Washington will make a situation worth watching.

DECLARING FLATLY that the payment of physicians on the present basis of private practice cannot go on much longer, and expressing strongly his disbelief in any system of state medicine for this country, Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public-health administration at Columbia University, urges the organization of communities into voluntary associations providing medical service for members. The present cost of medical care, Dr. Emerson maintains, is due not to excessive payments to physicians, but to excessive demands by patients in hospitals and drug-stores (a statement that will certainly not be accepted without question) and to their failure to organize their medical expenditures. He believes that an adequate service could be organized at a cost of from ten to fifty dollars a year per individual, and that 20,000 persons constitute the smallest unit to which a complete service could be rendered at such prices. Irrespective of the sharp differences of opinion over the possibility of satisfactory government medical service, and despite the social conservatism of the physicians themselves, the opinion is rapidly gaining ground that the social organization of medicine in some form is becoming absolutely necessary if the ordinary family is to get adequate care without bankruptcy.

A FEW WEEKS AGO the Federal Council of Churches, in approving birth control through its Committee on Marriage and the Home, recognized "the necessity for some form of effective control of the size of the family and spacing of children." Now comes the unanimous approval of birth control because of economic and other considerations by the Special Commission on Marriage, Divorce, and Remarriage of the Presbyterian church. The report of the commission also makes some interesting recommendations concerning the education of young people with regard to sex and marriage in their physical as well as spiritual aspects. Church opinion, like all respectable and institutionalized opinion, is slow to change. For that reason it tends to be the brake rather than the leader of thought, sometimes with extremely harmful results. In the matter of birth control, for instance, it is largely the influence of the church which has prevented the spread of birth control among the very poor who need it most. On the other hand, once the church admits the necessity and desirability of controlling the size of families, the spread of knowledge on the subject will be immeasurably accelerated among those who most need it. Both pronouncements recorded here represent an attempt to narrow the discrepancy between church dogma and the exigencies of modern life, and they are as welcome as they are long overdue.

IT IS A PLEASURE to record that the suit for plagiarism brought by Miss Georges Lewys in United States District Court against Eugene O'Neill in the sum of $2,000,000 has been won by the defendant, with costs of $17,500 assessed against the plaintiff. Judge John M. Woolsey, in an admirable decision that should be a rebuke to any reckless charge of plagiarism in the future, took occasion to compliment the case for the defense, "in pleasing contrast with the plaintiff's case," and especially the testimony by George Jean Nathan, "whom I found . . . the most acute and competent of witnesses and I accept his evidence in toto." Miss Lewys could not, again in Judge Woolsey's words, "claim a copyright on words in the dictionary, or on usual English idioms, or on ideas." And her attempt to do so, in the form of this suit, resulted in a large monetary loss to herself which, for the sake of the defendants, it is to be hoped she can pay. It is a pity that the suit also resulted in a loss of time, thought, and energy by the defendants, the witnesses, and the defending counsel. But as a consequence, an interesting proposal has been made by a group whose spokesmen are Channing Pollock and Harry Weinberger, attorney for Mr. O'Neill. The plan is to introduce a bill in Congress providing that when a suit is brought for plagiarism, the judge, after considering the two works, may require from the plaintiff a surety bond to cover the costs, unless he considers that there is a prima facie case. Fewer irresponsible suits would probably be brought if this were done.

The Church Pacifist

OUT of 19,372 Protestant clergymen replying to a questionnaire sent out by the *World Tomorrow,* no fewer than 12,076, or 62 per cent, believe that the churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war; while 10,427, or 54 per cent, are personally prepared to state that it is their present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as armed combatants. These are surprising figures. Eighty per cent of the clergymen favor substantial reductions in armament even if the United States is obliged to take the initiative and make a proportionately greater reduction than other nations are yet willing to do, while 62 per cent believe that the policy of armed intervention in other lands by our government to protect the lives and property of American citizens should be abandoned and protective efforts confined to pacific means (critics of the Administration's present Nicaraguan policy please copy); only 43 per cent regard distinctions between "defensive" and "aggressive" war as sufficiently valid to justify their participation in a future war of "defense"; only 45 per cent could conscientiously serve as chaplains on active duty in war time; and only 13 per cent favor military training in schools and colleges, while 66 per cent favor immediate entry of the United States into the League of Nations.

The questionnaire, signed by ten prominent clergymen, was sent out to all the ministers of more than a dozen leading denominations, constituting 53,000 clergymen (including 3,000 theological students) out of the total of more than 100,000 in the United States. Unfortunately, because of limitations of time and expense, the inquiry was not extended to the Jews, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Southern Baptists, and Southern Methodists, so it is impossible to make comparisons among some of the largest and most important religious bodies in the country. It is probably true, as Kirby Page suggests, that the opponents of war replied in larger proportion than did the friends of the military system, and the published returns offer some confirmation of that idea. It is probably true also that the pulpit is more pacifistic than the pew, and certainly everyone is much more in favor of peace at a time like this than at a period when Mars has displaced other deities as the object of state worship. Nevertheless, we find it impressive that more than half of the clergymen replying, constituting a fifth of all the ministers canvassed and a tenth of the total number of clergymen in the country, have declared their purpose, for whatever their declaration may be worth, to take no part in any future war. The friends of peace without undue elation may well thank God and redouble their efforts.

An examination of the returns by denominations yields interesting results. Taking the most searching question, that on personal participation in any war, the denominations stand in the following order, beginning with the most pacifistic: Evangelical Synod, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed, Disciples, Unitarians and Universalists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, United Brethren, Episcopalians. On the other six test questions (omitting that on the League), the Evangelical church stands consistently in first, second, or third place, except on the question of unilateral disarmament, where it suddenly drops to ninth place. May German antecedents and sympathy with a disarmed Germany in an armed world be in any degree responsible? The Methodist Episcopal communion, whose great numbers give it large influence in the total returns, runs along pretty consistently in second, third, or fourth place, followed in order by the Reformed and Disciples churches. At the other extreme are the conservative Episcopalians, who stand consistently in tenth place on every one of the seven test questions, with the Presbyterians eighth or ninth on all of them; the United Brethren doing generally a little better; the Baptists standing seventh or worse on every question; and the Congregationalists sixth, but with a strange individualistic aberration to second place on the question of armament reduction; and the Unitarians and Universalists fifth. We do not undertake to explain these differences on religious grounds, but leave to the students of such questions the interesting correlation of these results with the economic and social status of the various religious bodies concerned. Broadly speaking, in the church as outside it, wealth, social position, and in some measure intellectual sophistication are accompanied by a favorable view of the war system.

We have left the League of Nations question for separate examination. One might guess, perhaps, that the more pacifistic the group, the more strongly it would favor the immediate entry of the United States into the League. The opposite comes nearer being true, though the returns are not conclusive. The Evangelical clergymen stand first in their opposition to entering the League, while the Episcopalians, at the foot of the list in all that makes for peace, are surpassed only by the Unitarians and Universalists in their eagerness to get into the world organization, and are followed by the Congregationalists. The Methodists, however, desert their pacifist colleagues on this question, standing next to the Congregationalists, with the Presbyterians in sixth place. Putting the thing in the light most favorable to the League, it appears doubtful whether the pacifists in the churches believe that American adhesion to the League would really make for peace.

It would be foolish to attach too great importance to the results of this questionnaire, or to undertake to draw from it too fine-spun conclusions. No one can tell today how far the present pacifists in the pulpit or out of it would stand the test of war; and no one knows how far a pacifist clergyman, even if he were willing to go to the last extreme at such a time, would be able to carry his congregation with him. The church historically has been closely tied up with the war system, and those bonds are not broken today, however many the individual clergymen in actual or threatened revolt. None the less, making all necessary allowances, we welcome this showing as an encouraging sign that there is at work within the churches a powerful leaven, and that those great organizations are not likely to be swung over without powerful protest to the support of our next military adventure. Let the watchmen on the towers of Zion, then, cry aloud and spare not.

Midwest Discontent

OUT in the Middle West a member of *The Nation's* editorial staff, who has just returned from an extended trip through that region, found the voters filled with discontent. In their present mood they have had more than enough of President Hoover, and they display a striking eagerness for an opportunity to turn him out of office. Of course there is no telling what may happen between now and November, 1932, but if the election were to take place tomorrow it is a fair question whether the President would not lose three out of every four normally Republican States in the Middle West. The present revolt is directed against Mr. Hoover as the leader of his party, and the voters, in their present temper, would apparently be willing to accept almost anyone in his place. In the absence of unforeseeable developments, such a situation may give the Democratic nominee a chance to sweep the Middle West eighteen months hence, for of all the opposition groups the Democrats alone are actively seeking to benefit by the political unrest in that area.

In Wisconsin voters and political leaders alike declare that the Progressives, who are in a majority in that State, will support against Herbert Hoover any Democrat presently being discussed except Owen D. Young; and even Young, if he were nominated, it was said would have better than an even chance to win the State from President Hoover. Republican leaders in Illinois candidly admitted their belief that there was nothing the Republican Party could do either nationally or locally to win back enough lost ground to carry the State for Mr. Hoover next year. In Indiana a rapid growth in anti-Hoover sentiment was everywhere apparent. The Republican politicians, while admitting the State would go Democratic if an election were held within the next few months, expressed the hope that the party might get some sort of lucky break before the summer of 1932 so as to give Indiana to Mr. Hoover. The situation in Ohio was similar to that found in Illinois, while only in Michigan was there discernible any likelihood of a Hoover victory in 1932, and even there the Republican politicians were seriously concerned over the unrest in the industrial centers.

Reasons for the impending political revolt are not far to seek. With hundreds of thousands of workingmen's families if not actually starving certainly going without sufficient or adequate food, there is bound to be resentment against the constituted authorities or, more precisely, against the political party in power. Those out of work, however, are not only undernourished; they have not sufficient clothing, their children do not get the medical attention they need, they cannot pay their rent, they are going heavily into debt, they are losing their homes by the thousands, innumerable families are being split up. They are not sure who should be blamed for their predicament, but they are always ready in their despair to strike at the nearest head, and in the present case the head happens to be that of Herbert Hoover. But the workingmen's families are not alone in their suffering; as many middle-class families if not more are also plainly in distress. Throughout the Middle West thousands of lawyers, doctors, and engineers were found complaining about their reduced incomes; shopkeepers were working and living on a hand-to-mouth basis; bookkeepers and stenographers, or at least those among them fortunate enough to have jobs, were working at salaries far below those they had been getting two or three years before; other white-collar workers, including particularly retail-store clerks, had almost without exception had their pay cut, and in the case of several Chicago department stores the cut had amounted to more than 50 per cent.

Doubtless Mr. Hoover would have been the target of much of the rebellious feeling that abounds in the Middle West even if he had done everything in his power to relieve the situation, but his refusal to recognize the magnitude of the depression and particularly his failure to call Congress into special session have hurt him beyond measure. The Hoover do-nothing policy irks the Middle Westerners more than anything else. For one thing, they feel that the tariff has been harmful, and they would have liked to see Congress busy this summer restoring some semblance of sanity to our tariff rates. From a purely selfish point of view Mr. Hoover ought to realize that by going through this summer without Congress he is not only assuming sole responsibility for the economic situation as far as the government is concerned, but is also drawing upon himself, and upon himself alone, the perhaps unreasoning but none the less bitter criticism of those for whom the depression means want or privation.

A National Newspaper

THE session of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, just ended in New York, has brought up anew the problems that face any ambitious publisher, any journalist, and the newspaper-reading public today. Bruce Bliven, speaking at Princeton on April 23, predicted that the next few years in newspaper publishing would see a mechanical revolution more striking than were the tremendous changes of the past decade. Mr. Bliven said:

> My judgment is that we are just at the beginning of a revolution in journalism based on mechanical invention, the like of which we have never witnessed. I look to see half the linotypers of the country out of work within a decade because of the teletypesetter. Transmission of photographs by wire or wireless, plus air mail, has put a national newspaper just around the next corner, one made up in New York each night, page proofs photographed and transmitted electrically to half a dozen key cities, the paper printed in each of them, and distributed, partly by airplane, to the breakfast tables of a continent.

How far this idea of a mechanized national newspaper is from the old notion of a newspaper that should express the personality of one man and at the same time purvey news of interest to the many is easy to see. The tendency to merge newspapers, to develop the chain-store daily, has resulted so far in one-third of the 40,000,000 copies of newspapers that are daily distributed to the American people being published by chains; and that percentage is increasing every day. If Mr. Bliven means by a national newspaper one that shall reach and be of interest to the nation as a whole, the signs point to our having one. And the larger the publishing unit, and the wider the territory its products cover, the lower the average of intellectual content it must reach in order to be acceptable to so many thousands, even millions, of new readers.

A survey of "reader interest" conducted with nine dailies published in five large cities and with four smaller dailies in correspondingly smaller towns gives a fairly good idea of just what a national newspaper would have to offer. Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Des Moines, and St. Louis were included in the first group in a study made by the School of Journalism of Drake University; Iowa University made a complementary study of the Clinton (Iowa) *Herald*, the Richmond (Indiana) *Palladium*, the Richmond (Indiana) *Item*, and the Freeport (Illinois) *Journal*. What do the readers of these papers read? They read the romantic serials—50 per cent of the women read them; they read the cartoons and comic strips—as high as 90 to 100 per cent admitted that they faithfully followed the nationally known comics; they read syndicated "columns"—71 to 75 per cent of readers confessed to this; and from 18 to 25 per cent of them read the editorial pages. After that they give their attention to the news. Local news is, of course, by far the most popular. Only about 5 per cent of the readers of one newspaper would admit following the Washington news letter. Less than 10 per cent of the total readers were interested in foreign news or even in national politics with an international color. Curiously enough, the survey indicated that interest in sports pages is being greatly overestimated by the editors; the reader interest here ranged from 5 per cent of the women to only 29 per cent of the men. And a great lack of ardor was displayed for news of Wall Street or other financial matters; from 3 to 18 per cent followed the Stock Exchange reports and a much smaller number showed any interest in bond tables or the curb market.

What then would a national newspaper contain? Published from New York it might well be. But it would, if it were to be read by millions to whom New York is but a name, look little like the handsome and well-filled pages of the present *Times* or *Herald Tribune*. There would be national advertising in abundance to make up probably half of a fifty- or sixty-page paper. A couple of pages of local news could be added by the town in which the paper was printed; a modest page or two of international and Washington politics would just about fill the national need; a dash of "educational features" carefully selected might fill another page. And the rest could be safely devoted to editorials, mostly local, to Advice to the Lovelorn, Mutt and Jeff, Stories from Life, the Confessions of a Secretary, How to Be Happy Though Married, and Boots and Her Buddies.

The situation cannot, of course, be quite so bad as this. For the various metropolitan areas across the country there must always be a newspaper full of the real news of the day. But there is no question that some such boiling-down and leveling-off process will take place in the production of newspapers that will in time number their readers by the tens of millions. The days of the Greeleys, the Godkins, the Bennetts, even of the Pulitzers are gone. And in their place has come a great, impersonal, competent, all-inclusive newspaper which in its turn is threatened by boiler plate, journalistic vulgarity, the intellectual level of the comic strip. If the threat materializes it will be far simpler to cease publishing newspapers altogether and depend on the radio for news of what is happening in the world.

Revolt at Yale

It ought to be a matter of more than passing concern to the members and friends of Yale that the thing which has put the university "on the map" during the present academic year is not the pronouncements of its president or governing boards regarding educational policy nor the scholarly achievements of its faculty, but the pungent criticism of its methods and ideals by the editors of an undergraduate publication. Harvard has a reputation for indulging at times in rather frank self-criticism, but the extremest outbursts ever heard at Cambridge seem feeble and timid in comparison with the drastic excoriation of Yale methods and Yale men which has been administered by the *Harkness Hoot*. In the latest issue of that publication one of its editors, William Harlan Hale, returns to the charge in a valedictory well calculated to scorch the toughest academic hide.

What Mr. Hale complains of is that Yale does little or nothing to foster individual culture, and that the ideals which it follows and the methods it uses are such as to make such culture all but impossible. Instead of confining its efforts to the comparatively few who are able to respond to them, it has gone in for mass production and welcomed the unfit in larger numbers than the fit. It has lavished money on mongrel architecture and grandiose schemes for synthesizing "human relations," while ignoring the intellectual quality of its faculty and saturating its instruction with formalism. The resulting paucity of intellectual and social interest is now to be met by inaugurating an imitation of the Oxford college, and herding groups of students in houses where, under the benign supervision of selected members of the professoriate, the culture and social solidarity of gentlemen are expected to grow; all this, meantime, with the harassing restriction of an outgrown four-year course studded with elementary required subjects, and of accumulating endowments for the maintenance of useless show.

The situation at New Haven is not, unhappily, unique. Yale has yielded to the same educational trend which, with most American universities, has been a fatal lure. If it has not gone in for the danger of superficiality of the Meiklejohn Experimental College at Wisconsin, or aped the educational novelties that Rollins College seems to prize, or offered the imposing bill of fare which Columbia spreads out, it has nevertheless dallied with education in ways that stir amazement and invite rebuke. The rebuke now comes from a senior who, examining the bread which has been handed out to him for four years, finds it a stone.

The indictment has importance far beyond the academic limits of Yale. It matters a good deal to our national life that a great university, rich beyond avarice in present wealth and in reasonably assured access to more, should seem to its thoughtful undergraduates to have done so little to develop the proper function of a university and subordinated intellectual enrichment to academic formalism, grandiloquent notions of organizing the incongruous, and material display. The revolt of youth against the education that is offered to it is a warning of intellectual discontent which no university can afford to ignore, for unless such evils as have been courageously exposed at Yale are done away with, the revolt is likely to carry far and wide.

Easy Times in Middletown

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

South Bend, Indiana, April 16

MY purpose in coming to South Bend was to learn how Middletown, America, has been faring in the current panic. South Bend is not the real Middletown, but it is located in the same State, has most of Middletown's social and economic characteristics, has a very similar population, and has all of Middletown's problems. Three or four industries dominate the city; its church leaders are heard and respected; the American Legion has a strong voice in its civic affairs, as have also the various luncheon clubs, women's clubs, and literary societies; radicalism of whatever color or stripe is and long has been discouraged; the conservative elements are definitely in control. South Bend, moreover, has become famous for its Notre Dame football team, for being the home of Rome C. Stephenson, president of the American Bankers' Association, and for many of its products, including the Studebaker automobile, the Oliver plow, the South Bend watch, and the Singer sewing machine. In short, South Bend is an average American town, growing healthily, normally prosperous, and incurably optimistic. Its population numbers approximately 100,000.

Reading the local newspapers one would never guess that hard times had come upon the city. The press rarely mentions the fact; it refrains from calamity howling, but on the other hand it is not over-boisterous in predicting a sudden return of prosperity. It takes for granted, as do almost all South Bend's leading citizens, that good times are now returning, and that soon all the honest members of the community will be back at work. Outwardly everything in the city appears calm and serene, as though Middletown were enjoying easy times rather than going through a period of depression. Very few of its spokesmen seem to be at all seriously concerned; they will admit that South Bend has experienced a slump and that some of its working people have been out of jobs, but the slump they describe as a temporary depression, and the number of unemployed they estimate at less than 3,500. Anyhow, they add, nobody is going hungry or without clothing and shelter; the generosity of the well-to-do residents is seeing to that. Finally, they say, the working people are facing the situation more bravely than are the business and professional people; there have been no grumbling or protests of any kind from the workers.

Thus encouraged, I looked about me for confirmation of the general belief that South Bend was passing through the Hoover panic with as much stoicism and as little real difficulty or loss as this picture suggested. The Chamber of Commerce and one of the local newspapers I found trying to stir up a revival of the real-estate boom of the last decade. Full-page advertisements pointed out that certain persons who invested in South Bend real estate during the 1921-22 panic realized fabulous profits within a few years. Column-ength articles carried messages of faith and confidence rom the local bankers, manufacturers, and politicians. The alk of depression was minimized; everything was pointed toward further progress for the city. The suggestion throughout was that this is just another "business depression," without real significance to the city of South Bend, which is bound to grow until it has a population of 150,000 by 1940. Again, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon and at various business men's meetings, this hope and belief were voiced. Two editors, a number of lawyers and real-estate men, and a leading banker poured it into my ear. Depression? In South Bend we are laughing off all such nonsense.

Dinner-table conversation among the polite folk of South Bend followed a slightly different vein. Most of the people whom I met were of the professional class. They talked principally of the state of business—with frequent references to their own reduced incomes; prohibition ran business a close second. Minor subjects included automobiles, the newest fashions, the local scandals, politics, bridge, the troubles of housekeeping, the current talkies, the latest books, and the Spanish revolution. Wall Street and stock speculation were rarely mentioned; the South Bend real-estate boom, despite the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to pump life into it, had apparently been forgotten; the condition of the workers and the problems of labor generally were passed over very lightly and hurriedly; national politics, except in so far as it facilitated an unkind reference to President Hoover, was ignored; possible solutions of the country's economic problems were not talked about at all; every suggestion that these problems might be solved by a nation-wide plan or by organized effort was ridiculed. "We just have no use for panaceas," as one woman put it to me. These professional people were interested in the hard times only because their incomes had been cut a few hundred dollars a year; they entertained a blind hope that if everybody would behave in the accepted American manner business would soon recover and their normal incomes would be restored.

Among the clubwomen there was apparent a more sincere, though woefully ignorant, interest in the present problems of industry and labor. A group of these club members listened a week ago to one of the women officials of the Indiana State Federation of Labor. She talked to them about unemployment, gave them facts and figures, and suggested a possible solution for the local unemployment situation. After her talk the clubwomen held a round-table discussion and eventually came to the unanimous conclusion that the problem could be solved by compelling all married women to quit their jobs in the factories of the city. The labor representative retired in disgust.

Even the labor leaders in town, notwithstanding that they are much more alive to the reality of the situation than are any of the other dominant groups, took the position that the talk of hard times had been overdone. South Bend is largely an open-shop town. Its employers, supported by the bankers, insist on keeping it so. The typographical union is strong here, the building workers are organized, and so are a few minor trades; but the mechanics and laborers in the factories, normally numbering 30,000, are not organized.

These factory workers have been hardest hit by the depression; right now they are in the mood for organizing into unions, but organized labor has refused to lend them a hand. The American Federation of Labor, according to one of its local spokesmen, feels it has more to gain by concentrating its present efforts upon the Southern textile workers than by entering the field of the automobile mechanics. Also, the federation feels that no group of workers is worth organizing until the workers themselves are placed under such strong pressure by the adverse conditions under which they labor that they will voluntarily take the first steps toward organization without expert help. The local leaders are either unable or unwilling to assist in this task so far as the South Bend industries are concerned. They are for the most part ultra-conservative—earnest adherents of Matthew Woll and his principles. Their weekly newspaper devotes much more space to exposing Soviet Russia as "the greatest slave state in history" than it does to unemployment in South Bend. Before 1917 South Bend had an active branch of the Socialist Party, supported and financed largely by the trade unionists. Today the Socialists cannot muster enough strength to get their candidates on the ballot. World War patriotism and the red scares of 1919 and 1920 sent them to cover, and they have been kept there ever since primarily through the opposition of the unions. Organized labor in South Bend is bitterly opposed to radicalism of any kind, and in the present depression has been consciously minimizing the extent and significance of the unemployment situation in the vague hope that the spread of radicalism will thus be checked.

After interviewing many of the industrialists, bankers, business men, lawyers, social workers, ministers, and labor leaders of the community I was almost convinced that South Bend was not suffering from the depression. The unemployed were being provided for by private charity and by the township trustees. A representative of the governor of Indiana, who is also a retired official of the Studebaker Corporation, had opened an unemployment registry office in the Chamber of Commerce. Persons who could prove themselves bona fide residents of South Bend and who could also prove that they were actually out of work were asked to register at one of the fire stations. Some 4,800 men were permitted to register (after giving their life histories and satisfying the officials that they were really in need), and each of these men was given an identification card. This did not entitle him to a job, nor was he promised work; the card merely assured the holder that "you are in a better position to apply for work that will keep you going until times are better."

To be sure, some five or six hundred holders of these cards have in the last three months found employment, but not through the efforts of the unemployment committee, for this body considered its work done when the jobless were properly registered. Much of the relief work in the city has been carried on under the direction of the Community Fund, an organization comprising fourteen charities. The Community Fund this season collected $190,000, most of which it has now expended. Three soup kitchens were operated during the winter by this organization directly or indirectly. Other relief work costing the taxpayers of South Bend more than $100,000 has been carried on by the township trustees, while a few minor organizations and one or two churches likewise have distributed food and clothing. All of this relief work has been in the nature of unconditional charity. When South Bend learned that a rival Indiana metropolis, Fort Wayne, was forcing its jobless to work for their doles, and that by this means Fort Wayne was getting its parks cleaned up and much of its municipal construction and repair work done by the unemployed who were paid out of charity funds, many public-spirited citizens demanded that unconditional doles be stopped, and that the needy be put to work. But the storm blew over in time, and those hungry residents of South Bend who can and do present acceptable pedigrees are still being fed by the township or the Community Fund.

That is one side of the picture. The dominant groups are optimistic and unworried. They have documentary proof that the unemployed are being cared for, that there is no general distress, and that the workers are satisfied, if not altogether happy. One wonders, however, what has become of the 12,000 to 15,000 other factory mechanics, with their numerous dependents, who were employed in the industrial plants of the city in 1929. Two years ago the factory pay rolls showed approximately 30,000 men and women employed; today only about 15,000 workers are listed, and a large majority of these are working only part time. The Studebaker plant, for example, with a normal employment of 14,000, this last winter kept going with a staff numbering not more than 9,000, almost all of whom have been working only two or three days a week. It is estimated that some 3,000 men have gone back to the farms from which they came when high wages attracted them to South Bend during the boom period. That leaves about 12,000 workers, not to mention their dependents, who must be somewhere here in South Bend without employment and perhaps without food. These cannot all have been absorbed by the retail shops or personal services; indeed, it is doubtful whether any of them have been thus absorbed, for these services have been laying off rather than hiring help. And what about the part-time workers? Are their families getting enough to eat now that the bread-winners are earning only $15 or $20 a week, and often much less than that, when they were once getting $35 to $50 or more a week? Are they able to pay their rent bills? Have they enough fuel, clothing, medical attention? Are they going into debt?

I went into a dozen homes in the West End of South Bend and asked these questions. Some families had enough food "to get along on"; others frankly said "No," and the undernourished look of their children bore out their testimony. April has been fairly warm thus far, and so they did not mind the lack of fuel and the scarcity of clothing. Only five of the twelve families were paying rent; one family was ten months in arrears and another seven. Not one of the families had had a doctor all winter. Eleven of them had borrowed money on their furniture or other belongings at one time or another in the last six months. The head of one family was in prison, serving a year's sentence for an attempt to steal some pork from a farm near the city. I asked them about charity. Only the prisoner's family was getting charity; the others thought they did not need help; they would "get along somehow, and besides there are people around here who are worse off than we are."

From the real-estate dealers of the city I learned that there are hundreds of homes, mostly shabby cottages, on which no rent is being paid today. The owners either do not want to put these suffering people out into the street, or they feel that since South Bend is overbuilt—six or seven hundred homes are standing vacant—it is wiser to keep their property occupied, even by families who do not pay rent, than to let it stand empty and uncared for. A similar attitude has been manifested by mortgage-holders in cases where the owners of small homes have not been able to meet their interest payments. A foreclosure sale of a home in South Bend today would bring less than half the normal value of the property. By foregoing the interest the mortgage-holders are taking a smaller loss than they would by selling property in the present demoralized real-estate market. The loan sharks of South Bend have been equally practical if less charitable. An inquiry revealed that more than two thousand workers temporarily laid off by a single company here had pledged their household belongings with the loan sharks at interest rates ranging anywhere from 24 per cent upward. The Studebaker Corporation found that many of its idle workers were in similar plight, and loaned these men a total of $150,000, without interest, to clear up their chattel mortgages. Of this sum about $80,000 has so far been repaid.

The rest of South Bend may be ignorant of the struggle for existence confronting its working people, but the working people themselves are not. Many of them are facing the future with despair, and not a few of them are turning toward communism. I was asked upon more than one occasion what I thought of communism, what progress Russia was making. The Communist Party, unlike the A. F. of L., has seen fit to send organizers or agitators among them. Two of these agitators came down from Chicago a few months ago. One of them led a demonstration in front of the City Hall; his followers were dispersed, and he himself "lectured" in the police station. The newspapers carried no account of this incident, though some of the business men did not hesitate to boast about the manner in which the agitator was driven out of the city after having been beaten with the end of a rubber hose. The second man has been organizing meetings of factory mechanics out of work. These meetings have had to be held in a different place every night in order to dodge the police, who have instructions to break them up at any cost. The business men and police believe they have now put an end to these Communist gatherings. They say they have driven the agitators out of town and have lured their followers away with free meals. However that may be, I visited a Communist meeting held in an obscure hall in the West End night before last. More than two hundred men, all of them young and all of them with the mark of the experienced factory mechanic about them, were in attendance. The Communists are also reported to be publishing a clandestine newspaper and conducting a training class for school children, but of these I could learn little.

It is obvious that a small minority of the workers of South Bend are ready today to try something like the Russian experiment in this country; others among them are talking and thinking seriously about the Five-Year Plan, but are not yet ready to exchange their own insecure futures for the doubtful future of a Communist state. But for the rest of this Middletown called South Bend such a country as Russia actually does not exist. It is true, of course, that members of the Notre Dame faculty occasionally talk about Russia, but usually only to attack the Communists on religious grounds. The business men, or at least a few of the more intelligent of them, do not like Washington's Russian policy. South Bend has automobiles and sewing machines and plows to sell; before the war many of these were sold in Russia; the business men blame Washington for hampering this lucrative trade. They do not, however, want our Russian policy liberalized; they merely want it adjusted so that they can sell more of their goods in the Soviet Union.

The middle and upper classes in South Bend may think that the hard times have not been affecting them; yet beneath the surface of their life there is noticeable a vague feeling of insecurity. Thousands of them every week patronize the twoscore clairvoyant shops and fortune-tellers' parlors located in and about the city. I visited four of these seers. One, a woman, admitted that her income has trebled in the last year. A male fortune-teller and healer said that whereas his income averaged $35 a week in 1929, it is now running close to $200 weekly. The other two clairvoyants had similar tales to tell. Middle-class Middletown is groping for reassurance. The churches that have something in the way of mysticism to offer—the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Christian Science churches—report increased attendance and contributions in the last year or so. The other Protestant churches, on the other hand, have experienced a slump in both attendance and revenues.

South Bend, then, is on the surface not seriously concerned with the depression, partly because it has not been so hard hit as some of the larger industrial centers, partly because it has chosen to close its eyes to some of the hard facts of the panic, but also partly because it neither understands nor seems to care what caused the depression or what its consequences may be. A few of its leaders, but only a few, realize that the city cannot afford to go into next winter in such blissful ignorance, unless a miracle occurs and the boom days of 1929 suddenly and unexpectedly return. The workers' debts are piling up, their children and to a considerable extent they themselves are undernourished, they are not getting proper medical attention. If in their weakened financial and physical condition they are brought face to face with another long winter of unemployment there doubtless will be trouble of one sort or another. A prominent lawyer declared frankly that "this thing cannot go on forever. We have had control of the situation up until now, and the warmer weather will help us, but if we have to go through another winter like the last one, it is not only possible but probable that we'll see any number of disturbances on a scale that will do grave injury to South Bend, but perhaps also wake it up." If the rioting that this man and a few others anticipate does come to pass, South Bend will be taken wholly by surprise, for its newspapers and its civic leaders have studiously refrained from keeping the city informed as to the seriousness of the underlying situation. The press did not mention the City Hall demonstration of last February; it has said nothing of several other demonstrations held in the West End; it carried not a line about the riot that took place a few weeks ago at the Bendix plant; it has observed complete silence concerning Communist and other radical activities. This Middletown known as South Bend can be optimistic about the depression, but that is only because it has not been allowed to know what it means.

Behind Spain's Revolution

By DEVERE ALLEN

Jaca, Spain, April 8

THEY say that when King Alfonso was very young he sometimes had to be shut up in a room by himself, whereupon he proceeded to yell at the top of his lungs "Long live the republic" until they let him out. Today the cry is heard all over Spain. It is particularly lusty in this frontier town of the western Pyrenees where the outbreak of last December began—a revolt which was not just a flash in the pan but which had been plotted throughout the kingdom, with a provisional cabinet chosen. This cabinet, be it noted, included both Republicans and Socialists, and for the first time in Spanish history the revolutionary manifesto was signed entirely by civilians instead of by a corps of military men. Military force was relied on to make the coup, but the guidance was non-military.

Under the leadership of Captains Galán and Garcia, two young officers who had a following for their radical ideas, the scheduled rebellion all but succeeded; Jaca's pro-Alfonso troops were locked up, and the revolutionary conquerors, crying "The republic, the republic!" piled into cars and hastened toward Huesca to join with comrades in an attempt to overthrow the royal power there also. But thanks to a telephone message which got through, the loyal troops were ready, and in a short time the rebels were captives themselves. The outbreak had come three days ahead of time, through inadequate organization; and in a few hours Galán and Garcia fell before a firing squad.

Alfonso was saved. But Jaca was still largely Republican, and in the very midst of the royal troopers who were here in large numbers and who were especially vigilant throughout the recent trials of the men implicated in the revolt, citizens carried in their pockets for circulation among all and sundry two fine post-card photographs of the handsome executed leaders. And although the courthouse, with its forbidding windows grilled by heavy iron, was well protected by colorful uniforms, the little chocolate bars that pass for cafes in Jaca did not require hushed voices for frank speech about Alfonso.

You get to Jaca from France by a new railroad winding up across the Pyrenees at an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet. Jaca itself is some 3,000 feet above sea level, and is in a formidable, inaccessible location. The Moors built its cathedral; Charlemagne took it on his Christianizing campaign. It is on the edge of the Basque country from which Unamuno hurls defiance at the throne, and not far from the Catalonian border of Aragon, beyond which exists a perpetual state of discontent where desires range from home rule to Sinn Fein separatism. Through Jaca Alfonso came to dedicate the railroad a year or so ago at Canfranc, the border station, and on that occasion he had the temerity to say in a speech addressed to Briand, who had come to share in the celebration, that Spain was a constitutional monarchy although the constitution was temporarily suspended pending its eventual restoration with certain reservations! The people do not forget these things. Spain is a country in ferment, divided by schisms innumerable and deep, as well as possessing in its temper a highly individualistic, disintegrating trend.

Spain has been a republic once, so voted by the Cortes, in 1873 and 1874. Alfonso XII, father of the present king, when entering upon his powers in 1876 at the beginning of the restoration, proclaimed loyalty to the new constitution, but at once demonstrated that by this he had meant only that he would bend it to his personal ends. Alfonso XIII was born a king, Alfonso XII having died before the birth of his son. Raised provincially under the narrow outlook of his mother, indoctrinated with the military ideas of the army schools, and dominated by the worst influences of the church in its reactionary self-aggrandizement, the young King began to assert his personal will, in violation of the constitution, soon after ascending to the royal power in 1902 at the age of sixteen.

Early he found that when he wanted something, the best response came from the army officers with whom he was always surrounded, or from the ecclesiastics with whom he fraternized. Both of these groups were quite willing to toady, if necessary, in order to win ultimate advantages. That they won advantages cannot be questioned—as witness the persecution of intellectual skeptics in the universities and the suppression of labor activities at the hands of the police and military. And thus, while Alfonso was always outwardly the dominating factor, Spain of the restoration was ruled by an actual triumvirate consisting of king, army, and church. There were army men and also ecclesiastics who stood out against the corrupt and cynical disregard of political rights which such a rule engendered, but they were usually as so many blades of grass before the sickle. Thus, long before the dictatorship of 1923, which placed in Alfonso's hands that directness of government which his mind had always relished, there was abundant unconstitutionality on the part of the king who had sworn, on the day of his coronation, loyalty to "the constitution and the laws, conscious of all that is implied in the solemn engagement contracted thereby before God and before the nation." Already the silver coins declaring they were of *Rey Const. de España* were counterfeit in sentiment.

Alfonso, turning his growing ambitions in the direction of Africa, had made so great a mess of his Moroccan war through his personal interferences that a parliamentary commission was due in 1923 to render a critical report; hence, if he did not deliberately connive at the establishment of Primo's dictatorship, he welcomed it with vast relief. The report was never made; Parliament was suspended—how many American business individualists know the happy feeling when Congress is out of the picture even for a time—and there was a rule of simple force, a method the King could grasp and feel at home with.

Primo de Rivera, truth to tell, did fairly well in many ways. He got things going when the old Spain was too sluggish to meet its surging new interests, created largely by the war; he developed roads and railways, instituted more modern customs, even finally read the handwriting on the wall and drafted a constitution. But the Spaniard does not easily fit into regimentation, and when the smoldering flames of working-class organizations were matched by business disquiet over the secret and futile efforts to conceal a budgetary collapse, Primo had to go.

What next? There was the army still to turn to. In Spain the army exists not for war but for political reasons mainly. You start with a private, who requires two corporals to watch him; these need the attentions of three sergeants, who have to have four lieutenants. And so it goes. For about 200,000 troops, the army has nearly 20,000 officers, more than 200 of them generals. From this group Alfonso picked Berenguer who, though severe in crises, talked glibly about Cortes and constitutions, and after withdrawing a promised election, promised it again. The Jaca revolt, even if it failed, was an ice-cold plunge to the clique in power.

The issue of Catalonia, the land-tenure problem, the stabilization of the peseta, even, are being laid aside for the elections, the first in eight years, granted because the serious danger of holding them was overbalanced by the greater danger of making further empty pledges.

Meantime, as the erstwhile jailbird Socialists and Republicans, imprisoned for their part in planning the December revolution but finally released after serving three months or so, go about their campaigning, they are the centers of tremendous crowds and are popular as never before. And while the prisoners condemned at Jaca for their share in the uprising set sail from Tarragona for island prisons, and their judge, also jailed for using the customary defense that a rebellion cannot be illegal when directed against an illegal government, leaves the port of Valencia, enormous masses of people line the quays, crying "Long live the republic!" The city council of Barcelona, repudiating a document they were constrained to sign in 1926 which attested loyalty and urged conformist behavior on the masses, made the occasion one of true Spanish drama by destroying it in an *auto-da-fé.*

The universities are sullen and angry, particularly the university at Madrid, where the police fired 4,000 shots at student demonstrators recently, killing at least one, wounding others, and hitting a medical ward where operations were being performed on children. Unamuno, who last May urged in Madrid the winning of freedom "in the streets" and was thereafter "escorted" to his home, has just gone to Madrid again and in the same great hall has again made a similar speech, crying out to a huge and cheering audience, "The blood and the deeds of December have separated Spain from her king." *El Socialista,* in a preelection review of the past rebellious weeks, upholds the revolutionaries as the truly legal forces in the country, and of their sentences declares: "Their judges may condemn them, but the nation will not."

Whether or not Spain contains a majority of people converted to the republican principle, the country wants no more of dictators and absolutists, either royal or military.

The Art of the American Indian

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER

AN exposition of Indian Tribal Arts has been announced for New York next November, at the Grand Central Art Galleries. The announcement states that "the art of the American Indian is just beginning to receive its due recognition as one of the world's greatest original expressions of design," and it goes on to say that the aim of the exposition is "to present American Indian art *as art.*" It is just here that interest is stirred. Everyone knows American Indian craftswork as museum material, and there are literally thousands of private collections of "Indian curiosities" throughout the country, varying in size from a few articles to a few tons. But all these represent either the scientific or the antiquarian interest; an interest in Indian creations as art is less familiar and more challenging.

To one fairly well acquainted with the field the classes of objects that may sustain the challenge as objects of art for art's sake are not numerous. Rugs and blankets, baskets and pottery, ornamented skins and fabrics and especially beadwork, jewelry mainly of silver and turquoise—these, along with minor carvings and paintings, nearly exhaust the list. In the main they are utilitarian, having for motive either frank utility or personal adornment. What would seem to be a prime requisite of art for art's sake, namely, abstraction from immediate purpose, is almost wholly lacking. Yet if the Indian's art is genuinely to stand as a great "original expression of design," it must be because the patterns themselves possess intrinsic aesthetic qualities.

This is an exacting test, but Indian design is meeting it. The Navajo rug is an obvious example. Navajo blankets were first taken over by white men for purely utilitarian purposes, as bedding and body protection. The blankets were close in weave and light and strong in fabric; and it was to a great extent army officers, returning home or sending gifts, who were responsible for the first appearance of these blankets for household use. The blanket came to be used as a floor covering, and this development reacted upon both the supply and the design. The weaves became coarser, the texture heavier. The blanket became the rug, with modifications in size, shape, and design, and the craft expanded into an important industry, not only for the tribesmen but for the traders and dealers. It is significant that for purely aesthetic reasons the Navajo rug has come definitely to compete with other carpets. In many instances it has driven out Orientals, perhaps primarily because of its more stimulating color and pattern, but surely also in some degree because its geometric simplicities have so much in common with modern art, which is more concerned with form and motion than with bloom or modulation.

The pottery painting of the Pueblo Indians is certain eventually to prove a source of design even more universal, both because of its intrinsic richness and its more varied applicability. The production of this pottery, like that of Navajo rugs, has become definitely an industry, satisfying a demand for beautiful objects and not simply for curios or souvenirs. Owing to the freedom of the artist, painting at will upon a smooth surface, this art has naturally developed a variety of styles and a multiplicity of patterns far beyond the possibilities of the primitive weaver's craft. Apart from extinct types, displayed on museum shelves, there are today at least six styles of the Pueblo potter's design in active development. Each year from the Hopi villages, from Zuñi, from Acoma and Laguna, from Sia, from Santo Domingo, and from San Ildefonso come not only new patterns but frequently new techniques in pottery decoration. And many of these patterns are immediately adapted to prints of all sorts, paper and fabric. In fact, as a rich and fluent source of ornamental patterns Pueblo pottery is comparable to Greek or Chinese vessels and vases. The polychrome is limited. There are no beautiful glazes (though there is some hand polishing). Naturalistic forms are seldom employed with adeptness. But the conventional patterns are astonishing, for both their intricacy and their beauty. That the source of it, the imagination of the Pueblo Indian, is actively at work, inventive today as perhaps it has never been before, is certainly reason for felicitation. It represents one of our most important genuine artistic resources.

A third source of Indian design, which again is rich and varied, is the beadwork of the tribes of the Great Lakes and Plains regions. Their work is almost exclusively concerned with costume and accouterments, and is essentially the art of semi-nomadic peoples, concerned with the hunt and with the outdoors generally. Here are sunlit rather than shadowed spaces, glints caught in the distance, and, above all, motion, whether of dancer or horseman. Feathers and fringes, dressed skins and painted leathers go with it, combining to give us a picture of the costumed Indian as the theater would have him.

In detail, however, there is much that transcends mere costume in the beadwork patterns to be found, now on bands and bags, now on moccasins, dresses, cradles, horse gear. Here again there are schools of both technique and design. Sometimes beads are employed for outline, again they are blocked in in masses, as for color work. Patterns may draw heavily, now upon floral sources, now upon purely geometric sources, or again upon conventional symbols. The designs match those of Pueblo pottery for variety and far exceed them in change and beauty of coloring. At the same time there are almost no elements common to the two. As yet little transfer has been made of Indian bead design, which unfortunately lags as a living art, but in at least one notable instance its possibilities have been demonstrated. The ceiling of the Senate chamber in the State Capitol of Nebraska is covered with glazed tiles bearing a pattern which is wholly built up of Plains Indian beadwork motives, the work of Hildreth Meière.

In the three branches of Indian art which have been mentioned as fruitful sources of design, one may fairly inquire how much is unalloyed native, how much is due to the influence of an incoming race. The weaving of Navajo blankets is certainly recent, since it began with the flocks which supplied the wool. The wool is definitely of Spanish origin, but the weaving and the patterns may have existed among Pueblo populations who were working in cotton and other materials long before the day of the white man. There is no pronounced similarity in the designs of prehistoric and historic fabrics, though they belong to the same family, being composed of simple geometrical elements which are, after all, universal; and it seems altogether likely that the Southwestern Indians took many ideas both from the Spanish colonists and from the Mexican Indians who accompanied the Spaniards. But the important fact is that, whatever the impulse, the Navajo have made the design essentially their own and have developed it to a point where it embodies a living taste. Likewise in the case of the later art of silver jewelry—while the metallurgy came with the white man, the design and the art are native. Pueblo pottery has older and certainly native origins, but none can say that its modern florescence is entirely uninfluenced by the taste of the white man. The only example of obvious continuity from the prehistoric to the current style is to be found in Hopi pottery, and here it is due to the keenness of one woman, Nampeyo, who in studying the jars and shards unearthed by white archaeologists in her neighborhood mastered and revived the older fashion, to make of it one of the most notable expressions of the potter's craft. Latterly the potters of San Ildefonso have captured the white man's fancy, and deservedly, but while their art is full of invention it shows no tendency whatever to copy Caucasian forms.

In the case of beadwork, it is again apparent that its main reliance, as an art, is upon materials furnished by French and English manufacturers, and there are definite adaptations of motives of European origin. Yet the essence of the design is still autochthonous, harking back to wampum, quillwork, and cut-leather patterns rather than to any foreign ideas. In short, the materials—wool, silver, cloths, beads—have come with the trader, but the craft is native.

But all this has to do only with surface decoration; what is to be said of form in Indian art, form in its tridimensional developments? Here one may not so readily make a case. Indian jars and baskets are characteristically shapely, often finely proportioned; but they rarely show either classic grace or Oriental elegance, and certain of the later shapes are clearly after white men's models. It is quite true, as it is often said, that the birch-bark canoe is one of the most beautiful of boats, but here we are dealing in part with an accident of material. Many pipes, bowl and stem, are interesting, or even beautiful, yet this is a small art upon which to base a reputation. Carved masks are commonly grotesques, and modeled forms generally are crude. It is only among the tribes of the Northwest Coast that carving is outstanding, and here, in spite of the beauty of form of wood and stone vessels, the dominating note of animal-form heraldry leaves mainly an impression of the bizarre, even if this be in quality unforgettable. Indeed, there are few pieces of American Indian sculpture—the Singing Girl of Peten is one of them—even among the barbaric builders of the Mayan south, that are notable as sculpture in the round; the highest expression of their sculptors' art, the painted bas-relief, was still of the nature of the picture, still of the surface. African carvings probably surpass Indian, as certainly even the cruder examples of Oriental sculpture do also.

When it comes to painting, another story is to be told. The art, unfortunately, is one which invites ready destruction, and even from the Mexican civilizations few examples have survived. But these few include such a masterpiece as the Dresden Codex, along with fragments of fresco that immediately command our respect. In the United States virtually all of the older skin-paintings have disappeared. Those which do survive belong to the past century only, and mainly to the latter half of it. Yet among these survivals are enough examples of a quality which makes us understand that here is a genuine expressive art—no longer merely ornament. This is particularly true of the art of the Plains tribes, in which feats of arms and the chase of the bison are the dominating subjects. The power of the Indian in portraying animals in action is equal to that of the Magdalenians of paleolithic Europe, while his ability in handling picturesque groups of both men and animals, his power to compose impressively, is far superior to that of any other primitive people. Indeed, one is tempted to ask if any art of pictorial illumination has ever rivaled for excitement and motion the battle scenes of Amos Bad Heart Bull, or if any horse lovers have been so economically true to their animal as another Siouan artist, Kills Two. The art of both men, as of the Plains Indians generally, is wholly native and unsophisticated. Native also are the recent remarkable developments of Kiowa and Pueblo painting.

Only a blind imagination can fail to look forward with keen interest to the promised exposition, and there are many admirers of what the Indian has already achieved who feel that the exposition will lead to an awakened appreciation, and to renewed stimulation, of Indian art.

Among Those Surveyed

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

THE fact-finding procedure called the survey has become indispensable to research technique. And as object to be surveyed it seems that the Negro has become equally indispensable. When, momentarily, every socially misfit condition has been exhaustively studied, those whose investigative itch remains unsatisfied seek a human maladjustment to which to direct the attention of opulent philanthropic foundations, and having found it strive by talk to elevate it as a cause for alarm to such an extent that it will release funds for office space, salaries, travel, and questionnaires. If this calculated effort fails to produce a "problem" which "demands" a survey, there is always the Negro.

Such surveys usually adopt one of three methods. First, there is the casual exploratory visit. This is not properly a survey. It is, however, the favorite device of interracial bodies, classes in sociology, and mission study groups. For example, students of the State school at Auburn, Alabama, spend a few hours at Tuskegee Institute visiting shops, classrooms, and farms, are entertained with "spirituals," and thus acquire first-hand knowledge of the Negro. A class at Ohio State University makes a tour of business concerns owned by Negroes, parades through halls and offices, glances vacantly at clerks and equipment, comments in the semi-whispers one associates with deathbed scenes, and returns to the university, having gained in three hours' sight-seeing as much information about the Negro as the same effort in a zoo would yield about the home habits of the caged animals on view. A further illustration of this happy and useless method is the recent Pullman excursion through the South of the American Interracial Seminar.

The second method has more serious pretensions. Its chief instrument is the questionnaire. It concerns itself frequently with some particular phase of Negro life. A Negro, any Negro, may find one of these questionnaires in any day's mail. Here is one concerning illicit sexual relations between white women and black men—a question which however cosmically significant it may be to the interrogator is not likely to alter perceptibly the course of human progress. This questionnaire asks about white prostitutes entertaining colored men, about bastard offspring of white mothers and black fathers, about white common-law wives of Negroes. Unfortunately for the maker of the questionnaire, I am without experience or information in the field indicated, whites and blacks go right on intermingling sexually without legally registering their intentions, and I am forced to ignore the questionnaire.

The third method of studying the Negro is modern to the minute. It has efficient machinery and ample finance. There is a headquarters, which may be a desk in the office of a city welfare institution, independent quarters downtown, or the department of sociology of a big university. There will be a commission, a director, assistants, stenographers. Charts, graphs, data cards, "studies" in manuscript, and discussion will multiply amazingly. The survey may be a specialization or it may embrace the entire "life" of the Negro. The work of the Chicago Vice Commission and the study published last year by Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University are illustrations.

To many among those surveyed, the personal worker—the distinguishing feature of this method—is particularly disquieting. Sometimes he gains access to intimate facts through friendship or by failure to make a completely truthful statement about the use to which the facts are to be put. Or he simply approaches a home like a canvasser, armed with pad, pencil, and questions devastating to self-respect. Was your grandmother married to your grandfather? Was either white? Is there syphilis or insanity in the family? But the machine is efficient. Despite an occasional abruptly shut door information pours into headquarters, files choke with data-filled cards, and walls disappear behind pin-stuck maps.

Two questions arise here. First, what becomes of the material gathered? For the past three decades the Negro has been repeatedly surveyed. A vast store of material must have thus accumulated. Where is it deposited for public use? For these surveys have been undertaken in the public interest. So rich philanthropists have been persuaded, foundations have announced, and the unheeding public has been assured. Reports, necessarily limited, are given to and buried in the press. An occasional book appears, with a price so high or with subject so circumscribed or so technically expressed as to foredoom general interest. Ceremoniously embalmed by graduate-school faculties, much of the matter reposes as doctors' dissertations on shelves in university libraries. Where is the remainder?

Second, what good are these never-ending surveys? The stock reply the researcher gives to this question is that they furnish bases for reform programs. A summary of all programs for social betterment resulting from surveys would be illuminating. Considering the prodigious work involved, concrete benefits arising therefrom seem disproportionately small. Certain advantages to a limited number of individuals are apparent—well-paid jobs, public recognition of talent which might remain otherwise obscure, intellectual stimulation of scholastic groups. But that the general welfare is discoverably improved is doubtful.

A third question presents itself to the Negro. If he were either superman or missing link, that would have been discovered long ago. For he has been minutely examined, from his adroitly advertised nonesuch thick skull to his equally cleverly advertised nonesuch flat feet. Brain tissue, blood composition, bone formation, muscle distribution, nerve reaction have been compared. Over and over again his pet diseases have been card-indexed, his crimes catalogued, his sexual behavior described, his occupations listed, his housing conditions noted, his lack of grandfathers indicated, his birth- and death-rates determined. These labyrinthine examinations disclose only that he is mere man, with the common frailties and glories of all mankind. Then why postulate that he is still a thing apart to be separately studied and specially treated?

From the contemplation of the extensive labors and the unceasing flow of talk which these recurring surveys create, a thoroughly disillusioned Negro arises. For assurance has been given him that these detailed reviews are for his good. Nevertheless, he finds that after all this labored effort to reveal what he is and the conditions under which he exists nothing fundamental happens. A school may be built, an apartment erected, a playground provided, a community center founded, a Y. M. C. A. established, an urban league organized. But the Negro is still held down to the lowest economic level among the socially unwanted.

In the Driftway

WITH spring on and "public works" under way the Drifter grows anxious about trees. And he wishes, for once, that he were ubiquitous—that he might be present to speak a piece in favor of going around every giant oak and maple that will fall this summer to make way for barren asphalt, to make a straight way for foul-smelling, speeding automobiles, in order that fewer reckless drivers may smash their fenders and their necks in the mad rush to reach their destination, which most likely will turn out to be a place where there are trees. Thus we preserve, if not increase, the number of reckless drivers while we speed on toward the complete annihilation of trees. Yet, judged on its merit, the tree would win every time. That goes for any tree. As for the great oaks and elms, the maples and beeches that are lighting up the woods and fields and the back roads this month with red buds and green-gold leaves, the Drifter marvels that any man, merely because he has an ax or a saw or a contract to straighten out a curve, can take upon himself the responsibility for snuffing out the life of a tree that was growing when his grandfather was young, that will still be growing, but for his presumptuous ax, when his grandchildren are gathered to their graves. Yet thousands of trees fall every year in a holocaust that would fill the Drifter's heart with sorrow if it did not make his blood boil with fury.

* * * * *

PROGRESS is a fearful and wonderful thing, and the Drifter has no desire to impede its march. He would almost as soon—not quite—live without trees as without telephones. But he cannot, for the life of him, see why a choice is necessary—why ten young maples must be required, if not to give up their lives, at least to be disfigured forever by the lopping off of limbs to make way for poles and wires over which Mrs. Jones may gossip with Mrs. Smith to the great detriment of Mrs. Brown. Yet for some occult and apparently mighty reason the wires and the poles can never be set six feet to the west or to the east. They must go just where that line of maples has been growing since father was a boy. The Drifter thinks the reason is usually no reason at all. It is merely that a high-handed dictatorial telephone company, with an arrogance born of too much monopoly and too little contact with trees, orders the sacrifice; and the subscriber, overawed by progress, carries out the order. The public utilities of this country have committed many a sin according to what the Drifter reads in the editorial pages up ahead, but there is none more grievous than the ruin they have brought to fine trees. If only one could be sure that all tree-killers when they die would be consigned to a treeless desert and there be chased round and round forever by live, hungry axes and playful nipping saws.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows one woman who thought, and proved, that the choice between trees and telephones need not be made. She wanted a telephone. The company assured her it would be necessary to lop off half the limbs of a row of twenty-year-old maples that she had set out with her own hands. "Never," said she, and meant it. The lady has a telephone, though. They brought it to her from another direction. It seems to fulfil its function—and the trees are among the most beautiful the Drifter knows about. For contrast there is the sad tale of a town in Connecticut where at least six magnificent elms a hundred feet high and more than a hundred years old were cut down only last spring. With what advantage to the town? Well, it is possible now to stand before the garish painted front of one chain store, look across a wide and desolate paved street, and see the garish painted front of another chain store without a single branch or trunk to obscure the vision —and what a vision!

* * * * *

AS for roads, has anyone ever thought to ask why every single curve must go? There are curves and curves. Some are dangerous, to be sure, and should be straightened. But some are so slight as to be dangerous only to morons. Must our roads, like our movies, be as dull and smooth as a moron's mind? Yet so far as the Drifter can make out, thousands of dollars and millions of bright branches are spent each year merely to keep fools from killing themselves. At the risk of appearing brutal, the Drifter submits that the game is not worth the candle if the candle is a maple that spring lights up. He will be told that the morons kill not only themselves but others who may be worth more to the community. That is true, but the Drifter holds out still for the occasional subtlety of a curved road and a spreading tree. It is still possible—though it grows admittedly more difficult every day—for intelligence to protect itself against stupidity. And the Drifter might, if pressed, even go so far as to point out that lives have been sacrificed for things much less worth dying for than trees in spring.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Word to the Dirt Farmer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Our friend the "Dirt Farmer," who admits, in your issue of March 4, to being very much puzzled, would cut the earth in two if he had a big enough saw. He gives the impression that the government at Washington should, at one fell swoop, abandon its agricultural research and fire its entomologists, because these tend to increase production while the Farm Board—ill-fated though it may be—attempts to accomplish what the worms would do free of charge if left to their own devices.

If, on the one hand, the Farm Board advocates curtailment of production, the government does not necessarily oppose itself by ordering its entomologists to go after the very last insect. The true purpose of the agricultural department is to increase the production per unit area of land, per man, or per some other similar unit. It is only by eliminating insects and evolving more efficient methods that the present output will be realized from a smaller area and with less labor. Fewer worms and more efficiency do not necessarily mean more output but less energy in securing the same production.

Montreal, April 1 Louis de Savoye

Chicago Needs a Liberal Press

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A short time ago the Chicago *Evening Post* was put up for auction. The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* purchased it, and its editions are sold on the streets of Chicago without any apparent change.

Many intelligent Chicagoans often wonder why a liberal newspaper has never attempted to gain a foothold in this city. We have Hearst, the McCormicks, the Strongs, a tabloid, and the above-mentioned brokers' organ. We wonder where the Scripps-Howard company and other liberal publishers were when the *Post* was put up for sale? In my opinion there is no city on earth more capable of supporting a liberal daily than Chicago.

Chicago, April 9 Tom Rylands

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: And now that the Chicago *Tribune* has triumphed, it can well pat Big Bill on the back, acknowledge that he put up a good fight, and shake hands all around. For almost twenty years "Bill the Builder," single-handed, fought one of the greatest powers in history, and got the decision in most of the rounds. The result, of course, could have been foreseen. How could one man, or a million men, conquer the Chicago *Tribune*? Yet Thompson never outgrew the spirit of American democracy taught him in grammar school, and childishly believed that Americans would not permit such powerful giants to dictate the government of a great city.

To us citizens of Chicago the change of mayors makes little difference. We shall continue to be ruled by self-seeking politicians allied with criminals. Cermak's myriad of job-seekers are not one whit better than Thompson's henchmen. And the people of Chicago will continue to bow their heads under the rule of crime and criminals just as long as their thinking is prescribed by the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago *American*, and the Chicago *Daily News*. We need a press in Chicago attuned to the ideals of *The Nation*. Under existing conditions no one paper of the sort can achieve the necessary circulation. A score of neighborhood papers edited by Americans of the Villard school could do the trick. Meanwhile, we must multiply the circulation of *The Nation* in Chicago.

Chicago, April 8 Harry G. Wexler

The Barbarous "Wozzeck"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that Arthur Mendel, in his article If the Metropolitan Should Go Musical, is rather dictatorial.

If anyone wishes to see the barbarous "Wozzeck," let him journey to Philadelphia. That is not too great a punishment for those who would help to discourage what few strongholds of conservative culture we have. Let there be a few institutions that will not be swept aside by every occasional wind of fad that blows through the field of art, or what in these materialistic and mechanical days passes for art.

Wenoneh, N. J., April 16 Elbert M. Conover

Mooney and Billings

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer would like to hear from all *Nation* readers in Montana and nearby places who would be interested in attending a conference to be held in Helena or Butte during the early summer of 1931 for the purpose of discussing plans to secure justice for Mooney and Billings. And I suggest that *Nation* readers in other States and other liberals would do well to hold a similar conference for the same purpose.

Plains, Mont., April 15 Wade R. Parks

Another Macleod

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Contrary to your note about me in the contributors' box in your issue of April 1, I did not write "German Lyric Poetry." The Norman Macleod who did is, I think, an Englishman.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 5 Norman Macleod

Contributors to This Issue

Devere Allen, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, has been spending the winter studying conditions in Europe.

Hartley Alexander, professor of philosophy at Scripps College, is a member of the advisory committee of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts.

Gustavus Adolphus Steward has written occasional articles for *The Nation* and other magazines.

Horace Gregory will publish shortly a translation of Catullus.

Cuthbert Wright is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

Maynard Shipley is president of the Science League of America.

Ellen N. La Motte is the author of "The Opium Monopoly."

E. P. [illegible] ME PUBLIC LIB.

Books, Art, Music, Drama

Birthday in April

By HORACE GREGORY

This is the day that I began; this is new year's
in the terse calendar that opens with my name.
April and south winds in the sky repeat the same
rhythm and the identical body sleeps, hears
Spring at morning waking the same trees that always
wear the sun on slender branches that somehow rise
out of dark streets curved downward at night and men's eyes
cannot discern the roots coiled and unwinding under doors
and hallways.

It is not the season but inevitable
return of seasons that destroys the days, the hours
fixed in a man's brain and builds them new again; flowers
and grass covering a ruined city. And full
of these quick seasons, I retrace the day my breath
first issued toward my third decade. Let stones, spires,
earth,
O Trinity, answer death.

Economics: The Lively Science

The Nemesis of American Business. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.

LIKE everything else that Stuart Chase writes, this book is alive. There is the same difference between it and the average economic textbook as between an athlete doing a pole vault and a skeleton hung in a classroom. Mr. Chase can dramatize his subject as few men can. He deals very little in abstractions, very much in concrete facts, specifically the facts of 1930 and 1931. His economic men are not calculating ghosts, windy concepts; they are fellows who wear fancy neckties, catch the 8:17, and dodge Buicks and Chryslers on the way to work. A distressingly large number of them, also, are men in frayed trousers, who stand stolidly for hours, three, four, and six abreast, in lines winding around the block, on the slim chance of getting a job. Mr. Chase does not talk solemnly and vaguely about Supply, Demand, the Principles of Distribution; but he tells you how the A. O. Smith Corporation, in Milwaukee, makes automobile frames with a machine filling a whole building, replacing 2,000 robots with 200 skilled men; or how integrity has become a luxury that few of us can afford; or how group-insurance rates are causing big business to refuse to hire men over forty; or how complicated and perilous the modern city is under its sidewalks. He contrasts the quiet economic life of the self-contained Mexican Indian village with that of the insecure worker in New York, Detroit, or Pittsburgh. He gives us the most vivid portrait ever penned of our obscene national messiness: he simply looks out of railroad-car windows and reports what he sees—rickety cottages, littered yards and inclosures, tobacco barns, abandoned motor cars, signboards and roadside eruptions generally, cut-over woodlands, factory sidings, coal and wood yards, dumps full of soggy newspapers, tin cans, go-carts, kerosene stoves, spring beds, glass bottles, tires, banana peels, farm machinery. In brief, the economics Mr. Chase gives us is not a blue-print diagram, but an oil painting in full colors, and even full stenches.

Yet this pictorial economics has the defects of its qualities: it is impressionistic, and a bit slapdash. Mr. Chase's diagnoses and remedies are sometimes too confident and racy. Let us take an example or two. Like many other recent writers, Mr. Chase is constantly referring to excess plant capacity as "the most immediately critical factor in the whole 'overproduction' situation." Now I doubt that this factor is as important or as necessarily evil as it is commonly represented to be. Plant capacity was even more "excessive" in some lines in 1921 than it is now; there were economists then who pointed to it as perhaps the most important reason why no recovery could be looked for from that depression; nevertheless, the recovery came. It is well known that for a factory to operate at its theoretical maximum is wasteful. And if only half the capacity is being used the situation is not necessarily desperate. A modern mass-production factory working at only 50 per cent capacity may still be immensely more economical than an older-type factory working full blast. The real question, it seems to me, is whether big mass-production plants can work at 50 per cent capacity *and still make a net profit;* and apparently many of them can, as shown by last year's record for the leading motor-car manufacturers. Moreover, it is better to have room to expand in than to have to throw up new factories in haste should a sudden increase in demand appear. When plant capacity becomes too excessive, the marginal plants, the older and less efficient plants, must be scrapped; it is real economy to scrap them; and so the situation tends to cure itself. The loss for foolish plant expansion, further, falls on the producer, who is compelled to write off its cost, and not on the consumer; the latter, in fact, reaps the temporary benefit of the price-cutting which excessive competition brings. I am not trying to show that plant expansion that is really foolish confers an actual social benefit, but merely that it is certainly not "the most immediately critical factor" in the present situation.

Perhaps we can recognize both the strengths and weaknesses of Mr. Chase's economics more fully if we consider, say, the seven brief recommendations in his chapter on the End of an Epoch. We may list and comment upon them:

First Remedy: Call "an immediate international conference on *economic* disarmament." Comment: The chief party to such a conference would be the United States. The chief things it could do would be to reduce the tariff and readjust war debts. If the will to do this existed in Mr. Hoover or in Congress it could be done without a conference.

Second Remedy: Get Congress to enact laws revising the credit structure. "The physical structure was never more sound. The basic difficulty seems to be a paper one—greenbacks, stock certificates, notes, foreign drafts, ledger folios. The engineer is a century ahead of the banker." Comment: Currency and credit do not seem to be Mr. Chase's forte; he has apparently taken too seriously the garbled nonsense of such writers as the Messrs. Foster and Catchings. His own doctrines of excess capacity, technological unemployment, and technological tenuousness (if I may use an *ad hominem* argument) mean that the physical structure is *not* sound; they mean that the engineer is one of the chief culprits responsible for our present predicament. Waiving this, however, it seems to me that our credit and currency structure is on the whole remarkably sound and smooth-working. As a cure for maldistribution of income or of "purchasing power," any tinkering with the currency would be largely irrelevant; the remedies here lie much deeper, involving such questions as minimum-wage and child-labor laws, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, inheritance and income taxation, birth control, decent childhood nourishment, technical training. There is much to be said, of course, for revision of the *banking* laws (principally those of the States), chiefly in the direction of insuring the solvency of individual banks; but recent experience emphasizes the fact that such legislation by itself is futile unless our bankers are in the main careful and honest, and our State and federal supervisors incorruptible and alert.

Third Remedy: Set up a National Planning Board to prepare a Ten-Year Plan for "coordinated economic development." Comment: The program of such a board could probably not be carried through without a complete dictatorship, supported by force. When attempted on a limited scale, most recent governmental "planning" and "stabilizing" schemes have ended disastrously—e.g., the Stevenson rubber-restriction plan, Brazil's coffee valorization, Australia's wool scheme, Egypt's effort to bolster cotton, and the activities of our own Farm Board.

Fourth Remedy: "Amend the Sherman anti-trust law, and permit the regularization of production and the allocation of markets, but only when consistent with a proper regard for the conservation of natural resources, and with due protection, through public regulation, for the consumer against monopoly prices." Comment: An excellent statement of the problem; but the real difficulties lie in its detailed application.

Fifth Remedy: A vast slum-razing and home-building program. Comment: Admirable. But here again it is the details that raise the really difficult problems. To what extent can the cities go farther into debt? Are the cities to be permanent landlords and house sellers? If houses cannot be rented or sold at cost, shall they be rented or sold below cost? How much below? Who is to decide which particular persons are to benefit as tenants and buyers? Incidentally, there would be rich opportunities here for graft and corruption, as the post-war reconstruction in France showed; and the history of our cities does not indicate that such opportunities would be missed.

Sixth Remedy: "Abolish stock-exchange gambling." Comment: Organized speculation, in commodities as well as stocks, performs an economic function of immense importance, even though it is subjected to many abuses. No legal formula has yet been found that would separate reckless and ignorant gambling from intelligent and informed speculation, or even investment. Nearly all radical legislative interference with organized speculation—e.g., that in gold during the Civil War—has ended calamitously.

Seventh Remedy: "A determined resistance by all and sundry against wage reductions." Comment: This is a complicated question, not to be solved by any general slogan. There is no general "wage level"; that is merely a mathematical average, a fiction; each industry presents its own problems. Thus *if* we assume that a fair wage was being paid before the price collapse, and *if* there is little possibility of increasing in the near future the individual worker's productivity in a given industry, then intransigent resistance to any wage reduction in that industry may simply delay a necessary readjustment, and keep men out of work who could be otherwise employed. Further, to the extent that there is an actual fall in living costs through lower prices, a corresponding cut in money wages would not be a cut in real wages. So many employers, however, are eager to seize upon any excuse for cutting wages that no union ought to accept a reduction without a most careful scrutiny of all the relevant facts.

In sum, Mr. Chase has a tendency to gloss over the concrete difficulties, to offer all-embracing solutions which have not been thought through; he puts too much faith in magic words like "planning." But I should be leaving a very false impression if I failed to add that his profound awareness of the evils which the routineers accept with complacent blindness, his earnest and persistent reforming spirit, his remarkably fresh and realistic insight into what is actually going on, make him one of the healthiest seminal forces in American economic thought today.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Bathos of Mr. Walpole

Above the Dark Tumult. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

TO notice properly Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest novel of Piccadilly blackmail on one winter night, one should really quote verbatim the whole first chapter of Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," a method of reviewing which would hardly be fair to the readers of this paper, or to the reviewer. Unquestionably Mr. Maugham has done the job for all time, and any mere reviewer who finds himself prodigiously bored by any Walpollyanna (he has already written thirty-one books, and is still a fine, upstanding young man, six feet in his socks) has only to underwrite: "Hugh Walpole's latest masterpiece! *Vide* Maugham: Vol. I, chap. i!" Somewhere in that fine, understanding, infinitely malicious performance there is mention of the celebrated tripe about genius being only the art of taking infinite pains. Mr. Walpole has swallowed this saying hook and line, and produced, as we see, thirty-one volumes.

My first introduction to the works of Mr. Hugh Walpole came by way of a nice little thing entitled "Prelude to Adventure," which might never have seen daylight had not Dickens once written his greatest book entitled "Little Dorrit." Having discovered his formula, the cool appropriation of another man's atmosphere, Hugh went virilely on to pastures new. He even went to Russia, and discovered the Russian novel; hence "The Dark Forest," "The Secret City," and what not. He found out that there was an Englishman named Trollope, much admired in the best circles, hence "The Cathedral," and a couple of others like it. In course of time the whimsical romance of childhood and school days had its innings, and Hugh shot out the Jeremy series, including a thing called "Jeremy at Crale," which is, without exception, the most odious example of sham-manly, bogus-virile adult infantilism I have ever read.

This is all very well, and there is no law against writing thirty-one books were it not that Mr. Walpole is acclaimed far and wide as one of the heads of his profession and masters of the English novel. He is a man without enemies, so we are told, and is cordially loved by everyone, especially his publisher. He is so manly, so ingenuous, so horribly wholesome. Every time that a new masterpiece crosses the Atlantic, in which the genius of Dickens, Dostoevski, Trollope, or Tom Hughes is wedded to the art of taking infinite pains, with a strong dash of cheap and spurious and watery mysticism, all Mr. Walpole's own, thrown in, the American undergraduate stirs on his pennants, and the American club lady goes off into the ecstasies peculiar to her.

I suppose the Piccadilly novel will be no exception to the rule, but I see that I have left very little space to deal with it. It seems to be an attempt to do for post-war London what Shorthouse did so consummately for post-Renaissance Italy; to establish some eerie plane between fact and fantasy, cruel realism and genial madness, with a rather nasty little plot of blackmail and murder as undercurrent and the dark turmoil of Piccadilly Circus playing ground-bass. Having got his idea, as usual, from somebody else, Mr. Walpole does his best with it, with the result that it is thick with his peculiar "atmosphere," and there are one or two very neat treatments of the Circus with its electric fires and falling snow done by a practiced hand, as what hand would not be after turning out thirty-one books? When the author, however, mounts his high romantic horse, and the mock-heroic, grand moral complications begin, we refuse to go farther with him. His Pengellys who make a religion of blackmail and dote upon their victims, his Helens more flatly unreal than any ringleted heroine out of Dickens, his blonde Elizabethan giants like Osmund, screaming shrill platitudes, make us, depending on our mood, either snicker with unintended mirth or, to use Miss Rebecca West's accurate phrase, "whimper with boredom." The great trouble with Mr. Walpole is that, like many Englishmen with a sound classical education, he has been blessed or cursed with an enormous verbal fluency, without anything to say. Bless his heart, he wants so to express himself in print, and, heaven knows, in this case, he does. He has all the literary temperament in the world, and absolutely no talent. It is the old story of the frog who thought greatness depended on auto-inflation. So—to adopt for a moment the style of Mr. A. A. Milne—the nice creature swelled and swelled, and . . . we all know what happened. Only it doesn't seem to be happening to Mr. Walpole. On the contrary, he announces that the second volume of the "Herries series" will appear in the autumn, and no one of his admirers appears to find anything indecent in the announcement. CUTHBERT WRIGHT

From Atoms to Galaxies

The Stars in Their Courses. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Flights from Chaos: A Survey of Material Systems from Atoms to Galaxies. By Harlow Shapley. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

SIR JAMES JEANS, who has led us of late "into the deep waters" of abstract physics and metaphysics, cannot be said in his latest book to return to earth, for he deals with the vault of heaven, the planetary system, the stars, and the nebulae; but certainly in these enlarged and amplified radio talks he is speaking once more a tongue that any intelligent and interested reader can understand. Entirely up to date, clear, simple, and copiously illustrated, there could be no better volume to put into the hands of an inquirer, young or old, who has hitherto known nothing of astronomy but wishes to gain an aeroplane's-eye view of the sky and "that which in it is."

From this compact but compendious book the reader may be graduated to Dr. Shapley's survey of material systems, which leads him from light quanta, electrons, and protons to planets, stars, galactic and globular clusters, gaseous and meteoric nebulae, internal and external galaxies, multiple galaxies, and supergalaxies (forming together a vast Metagalaxy); finally—by including interstellar particles and radiation and terrestrial organisms—to an, at present, immeasurable Cosmoplasm. And the length of these words need discourage no lay reader: there is nothing in the book he cannot readily understand.

Perhaps the most astonishing facts set forth in this highly important volume are those tending to prove that our Milky Way is really a galaxy of galaxies, many of its contained star clouds being isolated universes or stellar systems. As Dr. Shapley says: "If we treat some of the Milky Way clouds as comparable to the Magellanic clouds, and therefore, effectively, as galaxies, should we not also consider as a galaxy the system of stars that closely surrounds the sun?"

Our sun is near the center of a "local" star system, or galaxy, and quite remote from the real galactic center. Our local system is inclined some twenty degrees to the plane of the Milky Way, and is displaced about 50,000 or 60,000 light-years (equivalent to 5,900,000,000,000 miles each) from the center of the supersystem outlined by globular clusters. Our local system has a diameter of the order of 6,000 or 7,000 light-years, although its dimensions may be considerably larger. Our local system may be "like a typical spiral or spheroidal galaxy, or irregular and broken like a Magellanic cloud." It appears that our local system is speeding northward toward Cygnus at a rate of about 250 miles a second.

As the title of the book indicates, these are flights from chaos, but no flight into an obvious plan and purpose. Dr. Shapley describes the twelve great ordinal systems, with their subsystems, as he finds them, effecting a fairly satisfactory progressive classification, but talks of neither evolution nor devolution, in a genetic sense. He may be thought of by the future historian (at least as far as this book is concerned) rather as a Linnaeus of astronomy—the first successful taxonomist of inanimate systems—than as a Darwin of cosmology. His classification, he explains, "represents progress toward order but not a complete escape from chaos." In any sample region of the universe we find evidences of apparent, if not actual, confusion. The layman has so long been regaled with pious references to the "perfect order" of the universe of stars, clearly pointing to a finished plan and an omniscient Designer, that he can but agree with Professor Shapley that it is "a relief to find that we need not assume our galactic system to be an organization of unique type and of abnormal consequence."

In place of the astronomical photographs which illustrate "The Stars in Their Courses," "Flights from Chaos" has illustrations both charming and unusual; Miss Muriel Mussells, the artist, is to be congratulated on her original drawings.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Three Poetesses

The Matchless Orinda. By Philip Webster Souers. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

The Singing Swan. An Account of Anna Seward. By Margaret Ashmun. With a Preface by Frederick A. Pottle. Yale University Press. $3.50.

Christina Rossetti. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. English Men of Letters. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

BY a curious coincidence these three volumes deal with three women each one of whom was the most conspicuous poetess in England while she lived, and each one of whom flourished at a different century's end from the others. Katherine Philips, "The Matchless Orinda," was born in 1631; Anna Seward, "The Swan of Lichfield," was born in 1742; Christina Rossetti, nickname her what you will, was born in 1830. Coming thus at regular intervals, they nicely represent the minor poetry of their respective times; and their stories, in so far as they are more than personal, have something to say, I suppose, about the growing status of women in this greatest of English arts.

Yet it would be difficult to prove that Mrs. Philips, for instance, found the world any less disposed to accept her than Christina Rossetti found it. The Matchless Orinda was incredibly well known during at least a quarter-century after the Restoration; and Professor Pottle, speaking of Miss Seward's circle, says "it is hard for us to realize how famous these people once were." No, the poetess in England during any portion of these last two hundred and fifty years has inhabited a friendly world. If there is any moral to be drawn from the three books, it is that the friendliness has been excessive and undiscriminating. Had Mrs. Philips been a man and written the same poetry I think we should never have heard of her; the same goes for Miss Seward; and Christina Rossetti escapes by a bare half-dozen lyrics—enough, to be sure.

This is not to say that the three narratives were not worth writing. Mrs. Philips's mild Platonism, applied as it was to the business of friendship, makes her correspondence, and sometimes her poetry, quite worth talking about; she is symptomatic of much that is interesting in the intellectual life of her century. Mr. Souers has studied the documents in her case with excellent care, and has achieved, in addition to a definitive biography of his subject, a just understanding of the importance which her friendships had in her career. Miss Ashmun's subject has the least to recommend her of the three—unless the reader is so smitten with the desire to step into Dr. Johnson's circle that he is willing to enter it hand in hand with one whom the Doctor despised. For Miss Seward's chief claim to fame is that both Johnson and Boswell disliked her. They may very well have been wrong, as they so often were, and as Miss Ashmun in her graceful essay probably proves; but I cannot see that it matters in view of the poetry Anna Seward wrote. Miss Stuart, working with a much more picturesque and significant case, has made the most of it on the biographical side, where the relations of Christina Rossetti, first with her famous family and then with the two men whom she loved yet renounced for religious reasons, offer an almost sensational opportunity. Critically Miss Stuart is weak, as are so many of the biographers whom J. C. Squire has chosen to carry on the English Men of Letters series; weak, lenient, and perfunctory. Christina Rossetti can properly be praised only for her early lyrics—the ones everybody knows. Miss Stuart praises too much else; nor does she point to certain very definite flaws even in the gems; nor, as she might have done, does she go for perspective to the one really distinguished poetess in the modern world, Emily Dickinson of Amherst, who also was born in 1830.

MARK VAN DOREN

Notes on Fiction

Plagued by the Nightingale. By Kay Boyle. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

It is not unlikely that this novel was written before some, if not all, of the stories contained in Miss Boyle's recent "Wedding Day and Other Stories." In that case it would be beside the point to compare it to her previously published work. We had better judge it simply as her first novel. The story is that of a summer spent by a young American woman with the family of her French husband. The husband is slowly being crippled by a hereditary disease and bitterly refuses to have children. His family, however, wants them. There is also a young doctor, regarded as a suitor by the three daughters of the family, who falls in love, however, with the young American wife. The reader who has followed Miss Boyle's work is pleased by the first part of this novel. Her dainty eye and her dainty sentences are once more in evidence. Quite effectively she employs the device of reticence, and it gives to her slowly unfolding story, as the summer days pass one by one, a Turgenev-like peace—and the illusion of a Turgenev-like mastery (in other words, nothing new, but the signs of an intelligent apprenticeship). As the end approaches, however, when death and disaster appear, the reader is appalled by the unreality of what he reads, which becomes the more striking as Miss Boyle's pretty sentences go on and on and her supposed "mastery" continues to the end. Looking back, one discovers a shocking inadequacy, a fundamental lightness of mind and feeling, which makes the greater portion of the book, even the beginning, appear to have been inspired by the most artificial of motives. Characters whom one had accepted at first are seen now to be supported by the flimsiest of tricks. Page after page appears to have been the expression of mere cuteness. The reviewer hopes that this first novel was written long ago, and that the next work of Miss Boyle's will proceed from where the best of her short stories left off.

That Royal Lover. By Konrad Bercovici. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

"That Royal Lover" is an exposé of the Rumanian royal family and its musical-comedy activities which have undermined the economic strength of a nation. Mr. Bercovici, himself a Rumanian, is honest in his presentation of gossip as gossip and fact as fact; he thereby succeeds in convincing us that his amazing picture of royalty is true. Since this is the day for debunking rulers in general, the book should have a large popular appeal. The story of the amazing Marie and her tremendous ambitions, her many love affairs, her violent sentimentalities is a dramatic story. And this, following upon her visit to the United States, the purpose of which Mr. Bercovici discusses in detail, her constant public appearances, her photographs taken here, there, and everywhere, will prove illuminating. Mr. Bercovici has a more earnest purpose than this outline of his narrative would suggest—the purpose of discussing the sad position of the Rumanian people who suffer from misgovernment, and whose poverty is due in great part to the machinations of their rulers for power.

Tales Grotesque and Curious. By Akutagawa Ryunosuke. Translated from the Japanese by Glenn W. Shaw. Tokio: The Hokuseido Press. $2.

Akutagawa was only thirty-five years old when in 1927 he drank poison and ended a career of the greatest promise for Japanese literature. He was a stylist, precious in his tastes and with a strong tendency toward the macabre. His tales show a strong, frequently forbidding imagination. Mr. Shaw has chosen his best-regarded volume for translation, and though the graces of the author's style have probably escaped, he has preserved the curiously deforming vigor and the somewhat unpleasant humor of the original. So few works of contemporary Japanese literature find their way here that we must add to our thanks to Mr. Shaw for this interesting volume a plea that he give us more.

Music

Concerning the Chorus

THE Dessoff Choirs, which make a distinctive and valuable contribution to New York's music, are ill advised to include in their publicity material a critical comment to the effect that here, for once, is choral music without any "if's" and "but's." They are ill advised because choral performance depends on many "if's" and can rarely be praised without several "but's." Musicianship and taste, for one thing, are notoriously less wide and less thorough among singers than among instrumentalists. And, unfortunately, choruses made up of trained singers tend to be inferior to those whose members bring more enthusiasm than knowledge to their singing, for the former are rarely able to blend their individual vocal timbres in a common choral tone. The differences between ensemble and solo performance are much greater and more fundamental in vocal than in instrumental music. The chorister, unlike the orchestral musician, needs comparatively little preparatory technical training; his best training is singing in the chorus. This makes the conductor a much more important figure in the chorus than in the orchestra. Conductorless orchestras have serious obstacles to overcome, but a conductorless chorus of any size is hardly to be thought of.

Despite the all-importance of the choral conductor, he has, fortunately, largely escaped the attention of audience and critics, so that he is still concerned more with the music performed than with the eloquence of his own reading of it. If few choral conductors rise to the heights attained by the greatest orchestra conductors, they are not tempted, on the other hand, to the exaggerations and distortions in which their idolized colleagues indulge. Mr. Bodanzky's climaxes may be, as one of his critics recently said, more dynamic than spiritual, but he gives, at any rate, as good a performance as he knows how—competent, musicianly, alive, and free from affectation. Given as good a chance as this, the "Saint John Passion" and the "German Requiem" do not lack spiritual force, even though Mr. Bodanzky may not give them all the blinding splendor they might have.

If the first "if" concerns the conductor, the second concerns the repertory. For different styles of choral music demand radically different treatment, and since voices are less neutral and stylistically less flexible than instruments, concentration on one style may unfit a chorus, to some extent, for another. The Harvard Glee Club, for example, is often adversely criticized for stressing refinement instead of lustiness, and it does, of course, at times lack volume and power. But Dr. Davison has chosen to concentrate the Glee Club's attention on the unaccompanied music of the sixteenth century, undoubtedly the greatest period in the history of choral music, and that music demands great purity of style, sensitiveness in phrasing, and precision in diction, with especial attention to the rhythmic and emotional importance of consonants. In all these respects the Glee Club seems to be much the best chorus New York hears, and it is futile to complain that it makes less noise than other groups.

Similarly, the Friends of Music devote themselves chiefly to the greatest large works with orchestral accompaniment, and they are perhaps wise to leave the *a cappella* style to those choruses—at the moment a rapidly increasing number—which can give it the time and study it needs. For performances of more unusual works we need not look to them either, as the Schola Cantorum, with very creditable performances of the stirring "Stabat Mater" by Szymanowski, the lively "Rio Grande" of Constant Lambert, and many other interesting works, contributes generously in that field. For our familiarity with the latest developments in this as in most other fields, we must thank the League of Composers, who opened their season with a program containing some excellent choral music of Petyrek, Hindemith, Saminsky, and others. The league, too, has just sponsored the performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," with Mr. Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Harvard Glee Club, while the Schola recently joined forces with the Boston Orchestra for Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes" and with the Philharmonic for the "Te Deum" of Verdi.

The summary of the Friends' achievements during the ten years of Mr. Bodanzky's conductorship reminds one of so many deeply moving experiences afforded by them that one hesitates to complain of the few omissions. I know of no other chorus that gives so much great music so well every year as the Friends. They sing almost nothing but masterpieces, and if, in order to do the greatest works, it is really necessary to exclude many of the slightly less great, I think they are entirely justified in doing so. One wonders, though, whether the preponderance of German works need be quite so great as it is. The statistics issued on behalf of the Friends were said to prove that there was no such preponderance. But closer examination revealed that many of the German works had been repeated many times—which is as it should be—and that the non-German works performed were almost all orchestral and not choral—which is as it shouldn't. Certain omissions remain difficult to explain: the choral works of Elgar, for which he is especially eminent, and of which we know practically nothing; those of Holst, Vaughan Williams, and Delius, leaders in the recent brilliant revival of choral music in England; the third of the Debussy Nocturnes, "Sirènes," almost entirely unknown in New York, in great contrast to its companion pieces, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," and the other choral works of Debussy—"L'Enfant Prodigue" and "La Demoiselle Elue"; the Requiem and other choral works of Berlioz; the Requiem of Fauré and his "La Naissance de Vénus." With some such works as these the Friends' list could profitably be expanded.

The performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," referred to above, was an excellent one in most respects—much better than the première in Paris four years ago; but the work seems to me as empty now as it did then—an ineffective hodge-podge of unpleasant memories of a dozen composers, with occasional spots of interest, like the last part of Jocasta's aria. Nor did the very decorative puppets of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, with their slow-motion gestures, make things any clearer, as far as I could see. If one did not know that the works that have come from Stravinsky since "Oedipus" are made of different stuff, it would be distressing to think of "Oedipus" as having been written fifteen years after the "Sacre," of which Prokofieff's "Pas d'Acier" was a pleasant echo. Mr. Lee Simonson's lively scenario was excellently adapted to Prokofieff's work and helped to make the second half of the evening diverting and at times exciting.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Art

A Defense of Sensibility

THOMAS CRAVEN'S measurement of the greatness of the heroes of Western painting* will agreeably surprise both those who remember his former art criticism and those who tend to associate the imprint of Simon and Schuster with ideas that are merely golden. Something of the old dryness and press-agency so apparent in Mr. Craven's former classical arguments persists in this new volume: the concluding section, relative to America, introduces appreciations of such artists as Yarrow, Burchfield, and Sloan, deplorably out of focus with the rest of the book and touching the field of politics. The work remains a popular mixture of historic, aesthetic, and psychological criticism, none of it actually profound or original. Yet the liveliness flowing from a genuine interest in a glorious subject plays over its solid pages.

Mr. Craven shows a refreshingly real feeling for the great originals, the individuals who have modified the form and language of Western painting. He has felt their largeness of nature, their courage, devotion, relish for life, and deep emotional and imaginative susceptibility; and brought us into touch with their health again. He does not derive art from environment and climate. He knows an individual will, an individual energy, a genius, in these men; and his work is a measurement of this root-feeling and of its realization in the material of art. He knows a sensibility toward life; and his book is its glorification and defense.

Thus, it is an attack on academism and all efforts to make art by recapitulating "the inspiration of men who are dead and gone"; all efforts to withdraw from direct contact with things and substitute for feeling the process of "sifting, measuring, and reassembling forms evolved by other artists through direct communication with the world." It is an attack not only on painting, but on poetry and music, made from "knowledge." The issue is clearly stated in the pages on that greatest of all French academicians, Nicolas Poussin.

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* "Men of Art." By Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $3.

> He confused knowledge in the abstract with knowledge that is living and useful. For knowledge . . . is both static and dynamic . . . the accumulation of facts, and the *knowing* of things. The first, without the leaven of direct experience and under no necessity of putting its store of facts to *new* uses, settles into molds, deifies precedent, and distorts a realistic view of life. It . . . declaims against and finds unsatisfactory all conditions of life which do not square with traditional observances. . . . The other form of knowledge [sees in facts] not an accumulation of fossils picked up on a dead seashore, but a procession of living things intrinsically related, living because directly experienced; related not through any conformity to precedent but because of their bearing upon one another, a unity determined solely by the creative insight of the artist. Here precedent may be useful if it facilitates technical procedure. . . . The cardinal weakness of the academic mind is the inability to separate the technique of procedure from the things affected by procedure. While scholarship of this sort may be defensible in certain fields . . . it has no place in creative art, which, whatever its subject, is occupied wholly with the organization of experienced things. When knowledge is divorced from current activities, from new needs and new experiences, it becomes the tool of the historian and the archaeologist.

How much our time stands in need of this defense of sensibility toward life must be known to many persons concerned for other things than art, and to all concerned with it. In the neo-classicism dominant in aesthetics today, at least in such champions as Eliot, Picasso, and Stravinsky, we have a school attempting to make poetry, painting, and music out of "knowledge." A dusty academism is concealed in the absurd humanistic Horse of Troy. American art houses a dozen little academies founded on Cézanne and Picasso; some of Mr. Craven's proteges are to be found not far from their doors. Consequently, it is not only Raphael and Poussin, Ingres, Picasso, and the better part of Parisian art Mr. Craven is attacking. It is the spirit of a time dominated by a victorious official France; for which reason one regrets that Mr. Craven's understanding is not always equal to his spirit; and that his vision is so literal. Less narrowly, more largely, finely equipped, he could not but have struck a better, more enduring blow. His point of view is sympathetic, attentive to general human experience and its expression. Art for him is a heroic affirmation and embrace of the world; and while occasionally coarse, his individual judgments remain consistent with his robust premises. His definitions of ideas and artistic problems are succinct. His narrative is fluent and forceful; his reference ample and literary.

Unfortunately, his interest is circumscribed. It is doubtful whether Mr. Craven ever sees a picture as an entity. At least he never sets us before one as before a physical reality, so that we experience the imponderables expressed by the abstract components of art— shape, color, and line. He does not seem to recognize the symbolic function of art, its apprehension of the unknown, the unseen, the impalpable by means of the known, the visible, the substantial. This is immensely apparent in the page devoted by him to the Cena of Leonardo: in attempting to interpret the picture, Mr. Craven arrives at nothing more significant than "the appalling effect on men of ordinary clay of the presence of supreme intelligence." Indeed, it is to be suspected that what Mr. Craven chiefly sees is subject matter, the literary element of painting; exaggerating its importance for that reason. Apparently under the impression that the subject is the creator, that the greatness of a painting is proportionate to the universality and heroism of the point of reference, the illustration, he is easily misled by depiction of heroic matter. He finds an expression of great sensibility in the anatomical nudes of Signorelli; attributes spiritual vigor to Goya; and utters a panegyric on the evasive Rembrandt almost

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incomprehensible to anyone with an eye for the completeness of the canvas and the tension of forms. Indeed, one suspects that were Mr. Craven directed toward literary criticism, he would be found placing "Paradise Lost" above the "Iliad" for the reason that heaven, hell, and the human soul are "greater" subjects than the wrath of a Greek chieftain during the siege of an obscure Asiatic city; and Josh Barlow's "Columbiad" above the epic of the wanderings of the petty prince of Ithaca. To such absurdities are we led whenever we take our eyes away from the artist's grasp of his subject and the intensity of his imaginative and plastic processes; or whenever we allow ourselves to be persuaded that powerful stimulation at the hands of life invariably releases itself through a naturalistic representation of the object through which stimulation appears to come.

It is also a pity that Mr. Craven's enthusiasm for murals, his theory that they constitute the supreme form of painting, and his desire for a reunion of art and architecture should prejudice him in favor of much that is merely large, herculean, grandiose. No doubt the glowing contents of the Salle Rubens in the Louvre are magnificent. And still, it can serve no worthy interest to disregard the fact that in all their pompous acreage there is to be found no expression comparable for depth and comprehensiveness to that which swells from Rubens's nude portrait of Hélène Fourment in Vienna, or from the little picture of her in a feathered cap in the Old Pinakothek. Or that anything but wilfulness can permit one to see weight and power on the wall spaces of the New School for Social Research decorated by Benton, and thinness in the small landscapes and still-lives of Georgia O'Keeffe.

Again, it is irritating that Mr. Craven should have weakened his effect by excluding the painters of the Upper Rhenish school, particularly Grünewald and Baldung Grün, and Cranach and Dürer, from an argument which admitted Hogarth and Ryder. And almost compromised it by an attitude toward modernism and photography savoring as much of quaintness as of sheer imbecility. But it is proof of "Men of Art" that for all its partiality the volume should remain so rewarding. Mr. Craven's deflation of French art, his description of the nefarious role of the dealer in the realm of painting are timely deeds. His attack, we repeat, is healthy. And while the chief effect of his book may be the introduction of many persons hitherto ignorant of the meaning of art into a great field of reality, it will not fail of entertaining many others able to appreciate its many excellent points and performances.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

The Child Husband

TO say that Henri Bernstein's "Melo," adapted from the French by Arthur Pollock (Ethel Barrymore Theater), treats what is called the eternal triangle is not to say that it is stale or trivial. If the triangle is eternal it cannot be unimportant; neither can it grow stale, since by definition it has as much future as it has past. Certainly it has an infinite variety, for I can imagine no mathematician who could establish the limit of its possibilities. We not only have three persons at the three extremities; we have two sexes to distribute among them; we have a choice of love or marriage, not to speak of friendship and ambition, as the thing that two of them are to be rivals for; we have perhaps a hundred social relationships in which the principals can stand—father and son, brother and brother, friend and friend, stranger and stranger, husband and wife, employer and employed, and so on to the bottom of this page; then on top of all that we have the innumerable accidents of personality. No matter how many triangles have been constructed for the stage, we can be sure that as many more are waiting to be constructed.

M. Bernstein's triangle is a new one not in the sense that it is unique but in the sense that it belongs to a new class. Its distinguishing feature is already familiar, but so far as I know it has not been familiar very long, and I suspect that it has a special significance for today. This feature is the child husband, who, now that all of our literature demonstrates the superiority of woman over man, takes the place of the child wife. He is virtuous and simple-minded; he prattles and plays charming little games; sensitive as a seven-year-old, he just must *not* be hurt; he needs protection, and gets it in the form of a compassionate deception; he almost never knows, even as the play ends, that his wife has been completely transformed by her love for some nice man who perchance is his oldest friend. There is a husband like this in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"; he emerges in a kind of foolish and incredible triumph from "As Husbands Go"; he was in "Strange Interlude"; and with a struggle he can be recognized in "Candida." M. Bernstein, who calls him Pierre Belcroix, makes him almost intolerably pathetic. I wonder if women from their high eminence weep to see him lose the love of his little wife Romaine, who as the play opens is herself a child, but who within fifteen minutes has left her playmate centuries behind in the company of sad, mature Marcel. Not, of course, that Romaine ever lets Pierre know she has deceived him. No, she will commit suicide first, and does; the child husband must not be hurt. Compassionate deception, it would appear, could go no farther; yet it is carried by M. Bernstein to an end beyond this end, for the last scene, a long and very good one, shows Marcel, still sad and mature, shielding Pierre from the truth with an elaborately acted lie. The child husband may be broken and in a sense abolished, but he never must be hurt.

Possibly this sort of situation is more interesting just now than it ever will be again. Possibly, on the other hand, it is the situation of the future, with the result that we shall never return to the husband who raged around and committed murder, or to the fumbling old fellow of seventeenth-century comedy whose jealousy, which nobody kept him from feeling, made him undeniably ridiculous. At any rate M. Bernstein has been interesting. There are touches of bathos in his text, and certain moments of the performance the other night were less convincing than they could have been. But Edna Best as the wife, Earle Larimore as the husband, and Basil Rathbone as the lover played their parts as if they understood them, and "Melo" altogether came off more than average well.

The revival of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" at the Bijou Theater, though it brings to Broadway a better play than "As You Desire Me," brings also to mind the central weakness of this dramatist, which is that he is not dramatic. At the same time that he announces an excellent, even a thrilling theme, he announces an idea which he has about it; and all that happens thereafter is that one or two characters insist with an awful patience upon the importance of this idea. Since we get the point at the beginning—or should, Pirandello being so very explicit—there surely is no need of our having to hear it labored for two hours with a positively insect shrillness. Which is not to say that "Six Characters" lacks its interesting moments, or that in the present performance Eugene Powers as the father lacks the intelligence and the power to convey them.

"Company's Coming," a farce already closed, made all that could be made, which apparently was not much, out of the pawning of a tennis cup by a champion who had not yet earned it.

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International Relations Section

Opium—China's Ancient Enemy

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

CHINA, for a century and a half, has made a gallant fight against opium. She fought two wars to keep out opium from British India. She lost both times, and paid high penalties for her protests. She had to pay indemnities. What was worse, she was forced to open treaty ports which later became the foreign concessions. Into these treaty ports Indian opium flowed by the ton, and the Chinese, bound by the treaties of two unsuccessful wars, could only stand by helpless.

Next, China, determined that all her money should not be drained away in the purchase of foreign opium, began poppy cultivation herself on a gigantic scale. This meant a double quantity—an immense supply. Things went from bad to worse—China became a nation of addicts, with the consequent poverty and demoralization. Finally, in 1907, the United States took a hand. President Roosevelt called a conference in Shanghai to see what could be done.

The upshot of these Shanghai gatherings was an agreement between Great Britain and China by which the imports of British opium (from India) were to be decreased at the rate of 10 per cent annually, at the same time that China agreed to reduce her opium cultivation by the same amount—10 per cent a year. Both sides kept the bargain, and by 1917 the incredible had happened—China had ended her cultivation of opium.

This extraordinary achievement took place under the old monarchy. Meanwhile, the European Powers, safe in their concessions, did nothing to aid China during this ten-year struggle. At any time a Chinese could step across from China, where opium was forbidden, to European soil, the concessions, and get all he wanted. In spite of this, however, by April 1, 1917, the long struggle was over, with China the winner against an age-old vice.

There are no statistics as to the extent of opium addiction during the heyday of the traffic. Some say that certain provinces counted as addicts from 50 to 70 per cent of the population. Certain it is that if no steps had been taken to rid China of opium in 1907, the whole country might have succumbed. But the fighting spirit, the determination of the people themselves to end this habit, won for them a victory the like of which has never been known.

Then what happened in 1917? Civil war, and a gradual return to the cultivation of the poppy. It was a contraband crop, but so disturbed were the conditions that no suppression was possible. Since then the country has been gradually slipping back into its old habits, until today opium is being produced on an immense scale with vast profit to the various rebel chiefs and others who engage in it. .At the same time European drugs, such as morphine and heroin, are being smuggled into China in great quantities. The outlook is dark. China faces the double menace of being drugged from within by home-grown opium, which the present government seems powerless to combat, and drugged from without by high-powered drugs made in Europe and smuggled into China.

The Hague Opium Convention was signed in 1912 by various European Powers having colonial possessions in the Orient. Great Britain has eight such colonies—the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States, North Borneo, Brunei, and Sarawak. France has Indo-China. The Portuguese have Macao; Holland has the Dutch East Indies. In these colonies opium is sold by the government to the native peoples. The revenues from the sale and from the licensing of shops where opium may be purchased or smoked have always been large, ranging from 10 to 50 per cent of the total revenue, according to the colony. The average for the lot is 25 per cent. The revenues are so large, in fact, that the Europeans living in the colonies have always been lightly taxed.

The Hague Convention among other things provided for "the gradual and effective suppression of the use of opium for smoking" in these various foreign colonies. Nearly twenty years have passed since that agreement was signed and ratified; more than ten years have passed since the League of Nations undertook to see that the obligations of the Hague Convention were carried out. Yet nothing has happened. Opium-smoking goes on just the same—it has never been stopped—and the revenues continue to pour in, to the benefit of European administrations and European colonists. The excuse of the European Powers is that if they gave up their opium monopolies the sale of contraband opium would replace legal sale—contraband opium from China. China is always the scapegoat. And now that China is slipping back into the cultivation of opium, China becomes more than ever the scapegoat, the excuse for preserving a source of revenue and for repudiating an international contract.

And now comes the rumor that China itself is about to establish an opium monopoly. After fighting against opium for more than a century, China, if the rumor is true, is about to give up the struggle and go in for government control and sales, with revenue. It is pointed out that through monopoly China can make from fifty to one hundred million dollars a year in revenue, and that is dazzling bait. Good collateral, these opium revenues, for foreign loans!

The League of Nations recently sent a committee of inquiry to the Far East to make a report on opium-smoking in the various foreign possessions. This report runs in part as follows*:

> The expense of addiction being out of proportion to the smoker's income; insufficient funds left for the sustaining of the smoker and his family, resulting in impoverishment or impossibility of improving the standard of living; increasing dependence on the temporary stimulation of opium for ability to perform work, and, as a consequence, gradual decrease of working ability and a possible total loss of earning power. . . . Judging by the evidence, the possible reduction of the earning capacity would be, on the average, as high as 50 per cent.

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* Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Control of Opium-Smoking in the Far East, Geneva, 1930, p. 27.

In the case of wealthy people, the harmful effects of opium-smoking may not be so generally apparent, but they cannot be disregarded. The working classes and small merchants feel all the effects of addiction in a far more serious degree than the well-to-do, and contribute more to the retarding of economic and social progress. As for the opium-smoker of the coolie class, he spends on opium from 40 to 70 per cent of his daily earnings. What little is left has to provide for food, housing, and clothing of the smoker and his family.

China faces a momentous decision: Shall she establish a monopoly and gather in revenues to the tune of a hundred million dollars a year? Or shall she protect her people from a vice which cuts their earning power in half, and diverts from 40 to 70 per cent of these lowered earnings into the purchase of opium—a diversion, by the way, which falls hard upon the dealer in foodstuffs and the manufacturer of clothing, textiles, and other commodities, since millions of potential customers can afford to buy only one commodity, opium.

There are protests in the Chinese newspapers. They refuse to accept the sop thrown out—that the monopoly, if established, will be discontinued in fifteen years. The *China Weekly Review* for February 14, 1931, has the following to say:

> It was alleged that the creation of a government monopoly in China would have the effect of prolonging the evil similar to what has occurred in the various European colonial administrations in the Far East. It was also alleged that certain European interests connected with the League of Nations had been responsible for suggesting the scheme to China, as a means of prolonging the opium monopolies in various colonial dependencies in the Far East.

The same paper on February 21 said:

> The scheme for the establishment of an opium monopoly in China undoubtedly would be beneficial if there could be any assurance that such a system would eliminate the evil, but the practice has been that the monopoly system does not prohibit, but on the other hand leads to perpetuation, owing to the revenues derived from the monopoly. Every colonial administration in the Far East (with the exception of the Philippines) has an opium monopoly, and while most of them were designedly for the announced purpose of curbing the use of the drug, the actual experience has been that they serve to perpetuate the system, because governments do not want to relinquish this important source of revenue. In fact, there is strong evidence that China has received her inspiration from the European colonial administrations, which desire a perpetuation of the system.

European influences have undermined China in the past. Will China let them put it over on her again? Or will she listen to Bishop Brent, one of her best friends, who during the opium conferences at Geneva in 1924 made this impassioned appeal:

> The greatest service we can render China is to induce her government to resist all temptation to establish a monopoly. It is monstrous to maintain that if we do not reap a golden harvest from the nefarious trade, somebody else will; or for a nation to think it possible to build up an honorable and righteous commonwealth with revenue gained from the exploitation of the weakness and vice of human beings.

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TO ROBERT FROST for his collected poems the Pulitzer prize for poetry is justly awarded. Mr. Frost is a poet whose worth and reputation grow steadily with each year; his poems are strong, sharp, and unforgettable. He has long been recognized as in the front rank of poets, living or dead, and that recognition is only made more sure by rereading of his works. With the rest of the awards it is, as usual, possible to quarrel violently. Mrs. Barnes's novel, "Years of Grace," is good second-rate work, but since it is concerned with three generations and since it faithfully depicts a corner of the American scene, it is considered to be of prize caliber. Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House" is not nearly so good a play as Mr. Kaufman's "Once in a Lifetime," which is equally concerned with an aspect of American life. But since the latter play is comedy it is evidently not quite suitable for anything so ponderous as a prize. The prize-winning history, Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "The Coming of the War," has already been criticized as heavily partisan and as inferior to Sidney B. Fay's book, and it is only incidentally concerned with American history. The newspaper awards are interesting. That to the Atlanta *Constitution* compliments a paper with a long and honorable tradition of public service; that to Edmund Duffy for his cartoon honors one of the best American newspaper artists, although the prize-winning cartoon is hardly up to Mr. Duffy's average. Mr. Ryckman's editorial on Senator Norris is little more than bad-tempered. Thus the balance wavers from one side to the other, missing good work here, honoring good work there. To be a prize judge is not easy; to be a prize winner is not always glorious. It would seem, however, that the Pulitzer judges this year had distinguished themselves by the mediocrity of their choices.

WITH THE DEFICIT on April 30 at practically $879,000,000, indicating a Treasury shortage for the fiscal year rising to the staggering sum of $1,135,000,000, and no indications of prompt business recovery in sight, the need for tax increases becomes plainer with every passing day. Secretary Mellon is in no such position as that of Philip Snowden, who faced the practical impossibility of raising most of his tax rates farther. On the other hand, our individual income- and estate-tax rates are at an extremely low level, as modern taxes go, and both could be raised without threatening further disturbance to business, however distasteful such action might be to great numbers of individual taxpayers. In view of the existing outlook, there is no valid economic reason for refusing to raise taxes, and there is every reason for raising them; so the Treasury's reiterated determination to recommend no change, but to meet anticipated deficits by increasing the public debt, cannot be defended. It is a purely political move designed to prevent further popular dissatisfaction in the coming Presidential year. We wonder whether the Administration would not be better advised, even politically, to do the honest, straightforward, and fiscally sound thing, instead of trying to play good politics.

WHAT A CHANCE the Democrats missed when they let Alfred E. Smith sell them out by indorsing a protective tariff in the campaign of 1928! If there had been a courageous reaffirmation of the party's historic and economically sound opposition to the protective fraud, how impregnable would have been its position today, with Republican leaders one after another coming forward to the mourners' bench ready to do penance for the Smoot-Hawley abomination. Best Friend Julius Barnes is the latest to follow Messrs. Snell and Atterbury. Beyond the immediate issue of American prosperity, and underlying it, is the larger question of restoring world trade, in order that Europe may not sink deeper in unemployment and misery. An honest free-trade party in the United States would find itself today on the right side of an issue that seems to involve literally the whole future of Western civilization—and by reason of their apostasy the Democrats are in no position even to make effective political capital out of that issue. Truly it sometimes pays to have political principles, even in practical politics!

TYLER DENNETT, one of the foremost students of international relations in this country, has resigned his position as chief of the State Department's Division of Publications to become professor of international relations at Princeton University. His decision to accept the latter post was given in the official announcement as his reason for resigning. However, according to Drew Pearson, diplomatic correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun,* the resignation was in fact "inspired partly by the rivalry between two State Department cliques," and "partly by Secretary Stimson's suppression of many important diplomatic notes which previous secretaries of state have published about ten years after they were written as a matter of routine." Mr. Stimson may have been justified by circumstances of which we are not aware in withholding some of this correspondence, but that a man of Mr. Dennett's high standing should resign in protest against this action is a strong indictment of the Stimson policy. More serious is the suggestion that Mr. Dennett felt compelled to step out because of factionalism in the department. There have long been two cliques in this office, one made up mostly of the wealthier "career" diplomats, the other of the permanent department staff, whose rivalry more than once has embarrassed the government in the execution of its foreign policies. Factionalism has driven more than one good man out of the diplomatic service. It now appears to have lost to the government a man who for many years worked quietly and faithfully to bring about a better public understanding of American diplomacy.

TALK OF A WHEAT POOL of international scope that is going on in Europe has not progressed very far, although the signing of the Chadbourne sugar-marketing agreement naturally suggests that the world wheat market might also be brought under some central control. Aside from the difficulty of inducing wheat-growers anywhere to reduce their acreage sufficiently to prevent the production of a huge surplus, it seems unlikely that Canada, the United States, or Argentina can be induced to cut down their exports in order that European producers may have a larger share of the European market. At the recent grain conference at Rome the Argentine representative vigorously resented the charge that overseas importations were the main cause of the European wheat crisis, and the Canadian delegate pointed out that no democratic government could order its farmers to plant so much wheat and no more. The crux of the situation, it is generally recognized, is the huge American surplus, estimated now at some 275,000,000 bushels, and the proposed dumping of 35,000,000 bushels upon world markets by the grain subsidiary of the Federal Farm Board. Russian dumping, too, is an obstacle to price regulation, although fear of the Russian wheat menace will grow less as Russian consumption increases. The whole subject is to be discussed at the wheat conference which meets at London on May 18, and it is entirely possible that something will be done to induce restricted production and point out how cooperative marketing arrangements can be improved. It is acknowledged on all hands that something must be done if the position of the wheat-growers is to experience the prompt improvement so sorely needed.

OHIO'S criminal-syndicalism act has been declared unconstitutional by Judge Walter B. Wanamaker of the Court of Common Pleas of Akron. This is one of the many vicious laws directed against radicalism which were enacted by several State legislatures in that hysterical period of red scares after the war. The Ohio law was designed to curb the Communists and other extremists; in effect it has tended seriously to limit the right of anyone disagreeing with the constituted authorities to give free expression to his opinion. This is the view of Judge Wanamaker. He made it clear in dismissing the indictment against Paul F. Kassay, Goodyear-Zeppelin mechanic, who was charged with having attempted to sabotage the work of building the navy dirigible Akron. Not only is the Ohio law "insufficient to protect the rights of the people of the State, as guaranteed to them by the Constitution," the judge ruled, but the State "has not the right to prohibit the liberty of speech to the extent that mere doctrines, as such, cannot be exchanged and used and considered in the exchange of ideas on the public forum." Pointing out that when carefully examined the charges against Kassay simply accused him of having boasted that he would resort to sabotage, Judge Wanamaker declared that "mere talk, in and of itself alone, unattended with the evil consequences that might reasonably be expected to flow therefrom, cannot be made by law a crime in Ohio." Here is a return to honest and forthright Americanism that is most welcome in this dark time when civil liberties are being threatened on all sides.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS are spreading rapidly. New Jersey has just enacted a law providing that all dependent persons seventy years of age shall receive a dollar a day whether they live in the homes of relatives or in public institutions, and it is expected that the age limit will be reduced to sixty-five years as soon as the plan is in operation. Seventy-five per cent of the cost will be met by the State, the remainder by the counties, administration being left in the hands of county welfare boards. In order to insure the permanency of the pension fund, the State will set up a reserve fund out of the proceeds of inheritance taxes. Agitation for old-age pensions has been active for some years, but the problem of finance proved difficult. The recent death of John T. Dorrance, proprietor of Campbell's Soup, leaving a fortune estimated around $150,000,000, and without leaving a dollar to charity, brought the State a windfall of about $20,000,000 in inheritance taxes and suggested the idea of using the proceeds of such taxes as a reserve to insure the permanency of the pension fund. Mr. Dorrance thus builded better than he knew. There is a dispute between Pennsylvania and New Jersey as to which shall collect the tax. In the hope of becoming a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose directors must be residents of Pennsylvania, Mr. Dorrance had for some years maintained a Pennsylvania home, but he voted in New Jersey and died there, and his will has been probated there. There seems little doubt that New Jersey will be able to establish its claim, and repair an outstanding example of the lack of public generosity in the bestowal of a fortune that runs up into the hundreds of millions.

A PARIS CABLEGRAM to the New York *Herald Tribune* asserts that "France has decided to negotiate a commercial agreement with Russia to start trade with the Soviets on a larger scale." While the correspondent is careful to point out that the negotiations "are likely to be slow and laborious," and may eventually prove fruitless, the suggestion that France is even thinking of taking such action is interesting in view of that country's long-standing antagonism toward Soviet Russia. The post-war foreign policy of

France has been largely based upon this antipathetic attitude; French assistance to the Little Entente countries and Poland has been undertaken as much with a view to strengthening them as buffer states against possible Russian expansion into Western Europe as it has been to use them as pawns in preserving the European status quo; most of the proposals brought out since 1918 to erect a *cordon sanitaire* about Russia have emanated from Paris. Today, however, with France engulfed in the world-wide economic depression as are all of its neighbors, that country likewise must look where it can for the foreign markets it needs. It has seen much of Russia's trade going to Germany and Italy; it has seen its own people buying Russian goods, despite all the anti-dumping barriers it has raised, without at the same time being able to dispose of French products in the Soviet Union. It would not be entirely surprising if Paris should seek to come to terms with Moscow on the question of their commercial relations.

WITH THE ADVENT of warmer weather China again is moving toward civil warfare. Several of the southern provinces, including Kwangtung, of which Canton is the principal city, have joined the Kwangsi rebels in declaring their independence of the Nationalist Government sitting in Nanking. In reality this means that the war lords of the south have tired of giving lip service to Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist group, which is all their allegiance amounted to, and are now preparing to challenge Marshal Chiang for control of the potentially wealthy Yangtze valley. According to Shanghai dispatches, the Cantonese troops are already "moving northward." American diplomats in China have been hoping against hope that the country would settle down to a period of peace. They have felt that a few years of quiet would do more to help China economically, and incidentally to revive China as a market for American goods, than could any kind of silver or other loan; but apparently the war lords are not yet prepared to do themselves and the American manufacturers that favor.

ANOTHER DICTATORSHIP has, to all appearances, been brought into existence in Europe, this time without any advance publicity of a bombastic or chauvinistic nature. King Carol of Rumania has heatedly denied that he and Premier Nicolas Jorga have laid the groundwork for a new government patterned after the Italian Fascist regime, as charged by Julio Maniu, former Premier and leader of the majority party in Parliament. Nevertheless, recent political developments point strongly to the creation of such a dictatorship. Julio Maniu resigned last October, but his Cabinet was continued in office under the premiership of George Mironescu. The Mironescu Government lasted until April, when it fell, according to report, because of pressure from the monarch. Nicolas Titulescu, Minister to Great Britain, then undertook to form a coalition Cabinet, but his failure to include M. Argetoianu, close friend of Carol and a sworn foe of parliamentary government, caused Carol to refuse to accept the Cabinet. In Titulescu's place the King named Jorga, his boyhood tutor and an educator rather than a politician, who promptly selected Argetoianu as Foreign Minister and Minister of Finance. One of the first acts of Jorga was to dissolve Parliament, which Maniu's National Peasant Party controlled by an overwhelming majority. Jorga did not even wait for a vote of non-confidence, which surely would have been forthcoming. He then announced that new elections would be held early in June, adding, according to the New York *Times,* that 60 per cent of the seats in Parliament "will be reserved for representatives of non-political professional organizations and supporters of the government," the remainder going to the parties that will agree to the conditions of the election as laid down by the government. Here certainly is the framework of a dictatorship. Whether the Rumanian people will welcome it remains to be seen.

AT LAST a really significant student demonstration in one of our American institutions of higher learning, and our faith in the colleges is restored. The students of St. Lawrence University, incensed at the calling off of the upper-class "paddling bee" for freshmen, presented an ultimatum demanding the extension of time for parties until 2:30 a.m. and the abolition of a ruling "forbidding the parking of girls on fraternity porches during the daytime," and threatening, if these demands were not complied with, to call a strike "against all extra-curricular activities." Here are real issues and a threat of real action. Let those who despair of American students note the incident and take courage; for the spirit of Lexington and Bunker Hill is not dead. Consider a strike against all extra-curricular activities with the baseball season nearing its culmination and outdoor theatricals and Commencement festivities approaching! The blood in the snow at Valley Forge becomes pale pink by comparison, and Gandhi's non-resistance movement in India appears like a Sunday-school picnic. Owen D. Young to the rescue! Let not this threatened sacrifice of our dauntless young heroes become a grisly reality!

THE CAREER of the late George F. Baker, one of our greatest American capitalists, who died on May 2 at the age of ninety-one, was synonymous with the tremendous capitalistic development of modern America. Always modest and unassuming, never willing to make a public address, he came to New York practically without means, and through the success of the First National Bank over which he presided, together with most powerful connections in the financial world, he amassed one of the greatest American fortunes. If it is right and just for a single man to obtain such means and power, the country was probably fortunate to count him among its leaders, for his personal life was blameless, his modesty incomparable, his industry unfailing, his generosity without bounds—far greater than most people realize because so many of his benefactions were anonymous. That his business methods were sometimes challenged deeply pained him and his friends and others who honored his personal integrity. It is a fact that he simply profited by the methods and opportunities of his time; his business life was so long that when new standards and new ideals began to appear, it was naturally hard for him and his generation to adapt themselves to them, or to reconcile themselves to criticisms of policies which had for many years not only gone unchallenged, but had seemed to be of the utmost value to the country and to society. He will be long remembered as one of the ablest, most conservative, and most successful of American bankers.

Business on the Defensive

WITH the Chamber of Commerce of the United States meeting at Atlantic City on April 29 and the International Chamber of Commerce opening its sessions at Washington five days later, the public has had an unusually good chance to learn something of the best business thought about the present depression and what is to be done about it. Business leaders plainly realize more clearly than they did a year ago the threat to their control of our social arrangements that is involved in a continuance of present conditions. Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, in discussing at Atlantic City the necessity for business stabilization, declared, according to press reports, that unless business begins improving soon, "angry discontent will spread rapidly; changes will be demanded and some of them will be put into effect." This moderate professorial statement reflects a view that is plainly becoming rather widespread among thoughtful business men, and the Atlantic City discussions give plenty of proof of this.

The new attitude of business men toward unemployment insurance offers one of the plainest examples. For years students have pointed to the growing insecurity of American life as one of the greatest weaknesses of our present organization; but while the years of prosperity continued there was no effective interest in the matter, and business leaders paid almost no attention to it. Security yielded no profits. At Atlantic City things were changed. No one, apparently, wanted compulsory insurance against unemployment, and it was attacked from many angles. Yet despite all criticisms and objections, the conviction appeared widespread that unless industry itself initiated measures of security on a voluntary basis, government action was inevitable. Edward A. Filene pointed out that at least twenty State legislatures have the matter of insurance under consideration, and other speakers agreed that the present depression is creating an irresistible demand for action of some kind.

The same point of view was apparent in other discussions. According to press reports, "the keynote of the many addresses which concerned the need for industrial stabilization was that it was industry's problem to integrate production and consumption and set its house in order rapidly to avert threatened political action." Various speakers advocated the budgeting of production, the organization of industries separately, and the coordination of industries with one another so as to prevent undue expansion and recurring crises. Our business men, as a means of protecting themselves and maintaining their dominant position in our present society, seem to be feeling their way toward a "planned economy" such as has been advocated with increasing frequency by students during recent years. In order to be free to carry out joint plans they are demanding the repeal or modification of the anti-trust laws and other measures that have been enacted to protect the body of the people from the dangers of monopoly. They are unlikely to meet with great success in such efforts until they can guarantee greater public benefits than have yet appeared from giving industry a free hand, which it has used in the past primarily to increase its own profits.

In the international field business faces staggering problems of another kind, and the Washington meeting needs the uttermost of industrial statesmanship. In his address of welcome President Hoover dealt exclusively with disarmament, thus serving notice on the conference that our government was not officially interested in the commercial and financial questions that are agitating every thinking mind. But despite official discouragement the business men were bound to discuss those questions.

Tariffs strangle trade, and peoples are standing idle and going hungry because of inability to buy and sell goods. The only remedy for the situation that politicians can devise is to raise the tariffs higher and strangle trade more completely. But the politicians are not responsible for the tariffs. They enact those measures in response to the demands of blackjacking business interests seeking their own immediate advantage at whatever cost to the general well-being. In the mad surge of nationalistic feeling during the war and the years that succeeded it, we completely forgot the commonplace fact that the very existence of modern peoples is based on their ability to buy and sell, and the Europeans have engaged in a process of mutual starvation by making it progressively more difficult for one another to carry on trade. The United States, fortunate beyond all others, was for years apparently free of the disasters that it helped bring on the rest of the world; today it too is in the depths of the depression.

But tariffs are only part of the story. The financial equilibrium necessary to orderly and regular trade was completely upset by the enormous changes brought about by the war, whereby the United States was suddenly transformed into the world's leading creditor nation. Not only were huge new commercial obligations created, but the world was left with a heritage of government debts and reparation payments that have hung like a millstone around its neck during all the period since the armistice. During all these years political jealousies and war-born hatreds have blocked successive efforts at adjustment and settlement in Europe, and the United States has refused to use its tremendous power to help bring about a state of affairs in which people might once more work and live. Instead, it has insisted on the payments which its debtors have ultimately wrung out of the German people. Instead of reconciliation has come further misunderstanding; instead of good-will, hatred. As this development has gone on, the task of business has become harder and harder, until now trade has gone down in a disastrous crash that stopped the plow in the furrow and brought to a standstill the wheels in the factories. Are the business men of the Western world capable of meeting this situation? Will they put on political leaders the pressure necessary if anything effective is to be done? The prompt reduction of tariffs, the readjustment of debts and reparation payments, the provision of international control of gold and materials and markets — are matters such as these beyond the understanding and competence of the men who today direct business in the United States and Europe? If so, the outlook is dark for the industrial order they represent.

The Naval Crisis

THE deadlock that has been reached in the negotiations between Great Britain, France, and Italy leaves the whole question of naval reduction and limitation in a highly perilous position. When Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, intervened some months ago in the Franco-Italian controversy, it was with the hope of inducing France and Italy to accept a compromise that would keep the vexatious issue of naval parity in abeyance until 1936, when the London naval treaty comes up for reconsideration. The accord which was announced at the beginning of March was understood to have accomplished this purpose, and there was considerable felicitation of Mr. Henderson, M. Briand, Signor Grandi, and others for the amicable way in which they had dealt with the matter and for their success in clearing the path for the general disarmament conference in 1932.

Unfortunately for Mr. Henderson's diplomatic reputation and the world's peace of mind, the Italian government was not informed of a French claim which, if it were conceded, would not only insure to France practically all the tonnage superiority over Italy that it had insisted upon having, but also upset the balance of naval strength that the London negotiators had labored to arrange. What France claims is the right to begin in 1934, 1935, and 1936 the construction of tonnage which it would be entitled to have after the latter date to replace tonnage then obsolete, the total of such replacement aggregating some 66,000 tons. The French aver that there was never any secret about this demand; the Italians declare that they never heard of it until a few weeks ago, long after Mr. Henderson had announced that all was well; while as for Mr. Henderson, it is not denied that he knew of it but for some unaccountable reason failed to mention it when he was at Rome.

The mere announcement of the French claim was sufficient to transform the March accord into no accord at all. It was pointed out that if France were allowed to begin its replacement construction by 1934, its superiority to Italy after 1936 would consist almost wholly of new tonnage, whereas its present tonnage excess is mainly old. The British government promptly repudiated the French claim, and let it be known that if the program were carried out the "escalator" provision of the London treaty would probably have to be invoked to keep the British navy from being outclassed. The Italian government stands firmly with Great Britain, rightly insisting that disarmament means less building, not more. Various compromises, of course, have been talked of, but none of them appears to be more than a mere device for fending off a definite decision, and none meets with any real favor in France.

The resulting situation is serious in the extreme. The MacDonald Government is in no position to make further concessions even if it were disposed to do so, since any move in that direction would invite a Conservative attack which a very large section of British opinion, inveterately sensitive about "the fleet" no matter what the party alignment may be, would unquestionably support. French opinion, on the other hand, averse from the outset to conceding anything to Italy and well aware that no disarmament conference would be likely to approve the French demands, is stirred to resentment at what it regards as a denial by Great Britain of a fundamental French right, and the near approach of a presidential election in which M. Briand may be a candidate makes the great French pacifier discreetly cautious.

The reported feeling of the Washington Administration that the dispute is not serious, and that in any event it concerns Europe and not the United States, is mischievous camouflage. Irrespective of whether a Franco-Italian accord should be regarded as a supplement to the London treaty or as an independent arrangement, it is clear that if there is no accord and Great Britain proceeds to build, the old naval-armament race will be on and the "big-navy" forces, in Congress and out, will move heaven and earth to bring the United States into the competition. There is only too much reason for fearing that Mr. Hoover is in favor of building up to the limits set by the London conference and that the next Congress will be asked to vote the money. Once that policy is officially launched, we shall be well on our way with preparations for the next war.

Governor and Tiger

THE City Club of New York on March 7 presented to Governor Roosevelt charges against the District Attorney of New York County of incompetence, ineffectiveness, and futility in the conduct of his office. These charges made up a document less than 1,000 words in length, and contained the following sentences, after the general introduction:

> Without limiting the generality of the foregoing charges, your petitioners specify thereunder the following:
>
> A. He has been guilty of misfeasance of office in failing to prosecute persons whom a diligent public officer would have prosecuted.
>
> B. He has failed to enforce the criminal law against persons evidence of whose criminality has been adduced in the investigation of the magistrates' courts. . . .

At no subsequent point in the charges were these two accusations elaborated. Nevertheless, the Governor, without such elaboration, and considering the charges sufficiently serious to warrant immediate action, took that action on the following day by appointing Samuel Seabury commissioner to investigate them.

On March 17 the City Affairs Committee preferred charges against Mayor Walker. These charges, verbally five times as long as those made against Mr. Crain and easily ten times as detailed, were acted on by the Governor not after a day but after six days, when he sent them to Mayor Walker for reply. The reply was made public a month later, on April 21, and after another week the Governor dismissed the charges against the Mayor in a statement that, among other things, said: "The present charges are so general in character . . . that I hesitated as to whether I should take any action on them at all." The Governor found no such need for hesitation in considering the charges against District Attorney Crain, and since his behavior in the two cases has been so different, one may ask why.

The Tammany Hall rulers of New York have been under fire for months; the Governor of New York has been urged to do something about it; but after all the Governor of New York State can personally do little to eliminate graft and corruption in the city of New York. It is true that the charter has conferred upon the Executive certain powers of investigation, but the initiative is rarely expected to come from him individually, unless he is petitioned to act to set aside the principle of home rule in municipal affairs or the legislature itself empowers him in a given case. As it is, the Governor has been quick to act in the matter of the District Attorney. Mr. Crain was being criticized on every hand for doing nothing and doing that badly. The lesser game in this case plainly offered the greater and easier prey. Mr. Curry, personal friend of the District Attorney as well as leader of Tammany Hall, grumbled at first and was particularly disgruntled by the choice of Judge Seabury to conduct the investigation. But Tammany is a practical political organization. When the charges against the Mayor were filed, it began to feel less keenly about Mr. Crain's jeopardy; it knows well that goats can have their value.

As for Mayor Walker, far from being a goat he is Tammany's darling. He is not one of those sometimes troublesome Al Smiths who on occasion desire the Tiger to reform. He is regular; he runs the business of the city in the time-honored Tammany way. There is not the slightest desire to sacrifice him. No one else could be so eminently satisfactory. Any effort to disturb him was therefore bound to bring down upon all who participated in it the wrath of Tammany Hall. Hence it is extremely regrettable that the Governor has by his action in both cases placed himself in a position where multitudes are bound to believe that his political ambitions dictated the courses he has pursued. He has lately openly entered the lists as candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination by giving permission for the formation of Roosevelt-for-President clubs. It was plainly of the utmost importance that he should take no step which might be construed as being influenced by the thought of the votes that the Tammany Hall delegation will cast in the next Democratic Presidential convention. Had there been no other alternative course as to the charges against Mayor Walker, such impressions could not have arisen. But there were other courses open to the Governor, even if he could see, what we cannot, that there was some genuine difference between the vagueness of the charges against Mr. Crain and those formulated against the Mayor.

There was no need for Governor Roosevelt summarily to dismiss Mayor Walker. He had the machinery for investigation of the Mayor and of the Mayor's conduct of office ready to hand, in the form of the legislative committee which Judge Seabury heads. He might quite properly have refused to act at all on the Walker charges; the fact that he sent them to the Mayor the day before the legislature voted the investigation makes no difference. He might quite properly have turned the matter over to the Seabury committee for investigation; he might have returned the charges to their authors, declaring that it was no longer incumbent upon him to act since the investigating committee was actually sitting. Instead, he took a step which must pain deeply his warmest friends. For he has played directly into Tammany's hands, so that Mr. Curry has said of his action: "It is but another vindication of Mayor Walker's splendid and unparalleled record." In consequence, the Governor himself today occupies a most unenviable position and will find himself faced with the charge of playing politics.

Edwin A. Alderman

THE turn of the century found Edwin A. Alderman president of the University of North Carolina, from which he went to the headship of Tulane University in New Orleans, to be quickly called to lead the University of Virginia. More important than that, he was one of the group of men who in 1900 determined to bring about a new era in education in the backward Southern States to which they were so loyally devoted. With Governor Charles B. Aycock, Charles D. McIver, and numerous others in North Carolina and other States, he was ready for the undertaking begun from the North by Robert C. Ogden, Walter Page, and J. L. M. Curry, which with the aid of the Rockefellers resulted in the formation of the Southern Education and General Education Boards. He was regularly a member of those "excursions into ennobling experiences" which from 1901 to 1906 were made possible by the generosity, the tact, and the talent for headship of Mr. Ogden.

No one who was present on these occasions could fail to realize that besides being a great leader he was one of the greatest of American orators and one who in later years spoke all too rarely. Here was a man with extraordinary oratorical gifts who refused to exploit them for private profit or personal political advancement. Had he so desired he could have ranked as high as his great personal friend Woodrow Wilson, for whom he kept to the end a profound admiration, and to whom he paid a magnificent tribute, by invitation of Congress, in the Capitol on December 15, 1924, when he called Mr. Wilson the "one undaunted advocate of hope for a successful world." To the rare beauty, the vision and stylistic charm of his discourses, he added a natural spontaneous humor and a wealth of humorous stories, which was also so characteristic of Woodrow Wilson. Not even Mr. Wilson, however, found stories more to the point or more apt for driving home an argument or enforcing a moral. For example, no one could forget the joy with which he told of his admiration for a certain man who, on being tarred, feathered, and ridden out of town on a rail, calmly remarked: "You know if it hadn't been for the distinction of the thing I *really* would have preferred to walk."

For twenty-seven years Dr. Alderman as president guided the evolution of the University of Virginia from a small but distinguished college into the great, diversified institution that it is today. Through him there came large gifts for its physical development. Through him its small circle of distinguished scholars was steadily enlarged. Yet the changes, often far-reaching, usually came without hurt feelings, as if naturally and easily. It is characteristic of the modesty and simplicity of the man that he refused to obtain for himself as the executive a fine modern office building, but preferred instead a couple of exquisite rooms in one of the buildings dating from Jefferson's days. There he toiled unceasingly, not a radical in education, but none the less open to new ideas, and well aware that in a university as elsewhere stagnation means death. To an extraordinary degree he had the affection and regard of undergraduates, graduates, and faculty, and indeed of the entire State and of the collegiate world everywhere. A great, a useful, and an unselfish career is at an end.

I Work for Russia

I. State Trust and Five-Year Plan*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

MUCH has been written and spoken concerning the Five-Year Plan. Will it succeed? Will it fail? Equal attention has been given to dumping, convict and forced labor, communism versus capitalism, trade menaces, in fact to every possible aspect of what is perhaps the greatest political, sociological, and industrial experiment the world has ever seen. But how the workmen live, how they pay their bills, how these Russian human beings—people of flesh and blood and not mere abstract ideas—react to this gigantic experiment, how they work, how they obtain their food and clothing, what their amusements are, what their punishments—these questions have thus far been neglected in discussions of the Soviet Russia of today. Still another set of neglected questions would concern the everyday life of the American engineer in Russia. How does he work, live, eat, obtain his necessities, amuse himself, travel? What are his relations with the heads of his state trust; with the Russian engineers working with or under him? How does he get things done?

It is the purpose of this series of articles to attempt to answer such questions as these; to set down without varnish or veneer the direct personal observations and experiences of an American engineer who has been doing either consulting or supervisory work for a Soviet Russian trust since 1928 and who has spent the greater portion of his time since August, 1929, in the U. S. S. R.

The locale of this account is the Ural district, geographically Asiatic, politically European, temperamentally and climatically Siberian. On the gentle undulating plain forming the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains, fifty-six kilometers east of Sverdlovsk, the capital city of the district (formerly Ekaterinburg, where the Czar and his family were shot), and some two or three hundred kilometers east of a signpost on the Trans-Siberian Railway bearing the words "Europe-Asia" is the station of Bajenova. It is some 2,200 kilometers east of Moscow and is only a local station at which the "express" does not deign to stop. Yet Bajenova, with its sprinkling of peasants' houses, its little "hotel" for the overnight accommodation of staff employees of the trust who must perforce break their journey there, its store-sheds and store-yards, is in reality an important place. It is the gateway through which has poured an ever-increasing stream of one of the world's important commodities—asbestos. North of Bajenova and the Trans-Siberian, thirty-four kilometers by a tiny narrow-gauge railway, lie what are potentially perhaps the world's greatest asbestos deposits; and from Bajenova there already flows east and west, to the value of several million gold rubles annually, a steady stream of asbestos fiber which has been mined from the ground, separated from the waste rock inclosing it, and processed for adaptation to a multitude of uses.

At the northern end of the little narrow-gauge lies the mining community known as Asbest, where are centered the activities of the state trust "Uralasbest" by which the industry is administered. In this community and its vicinity there are today nearly 40,000 people, of whom more than 13,000 are employed in the many ramifications of the trust's work. Chief among these are the mining and milling of the asbestos-bearing rock. Auxiliary thereto are power plants, railway and transport systems, brick factories, foundries, repair shops—all the instruments necessary to carry out a great expansion program involving mechanization and modernization of existing mines and mills, the erection of new plants which are the largest of their type in the world, and, finally, the carrying out of a housing program for this army of workers and their families, with all the civic requirements of hospitals, clinics, primary schools, trade schools, water supply, lighting, fuel, stores, workmen's clubs, recreation centers, theaters, roads, administration buildings, and even a hotel and a geological museum.

Asbest was the laboratory in which my own work on the experiment of the Five-Year Plan took place. I was the only American engineer there. Except for a portion of the time when my wife was with me, there was no other English-speaking person nearer than Sverdlovsk. German was our main working language with the engineers and executives; at the end of six months I had a sufficient grasp of Russian for our other contacts—the details of the language problem will be discussed later. From August through December of 1929 I was observer and consultant; from the following June through January of this year I was an active participant in the work, with a trip out to America in the interim to orient myself and to permit of comparisons upon return. So much, then, for my apologia.

First of all, let us examine the organization and workings of a state trust of the Soviet Union. Later we will investigate the everyday life of the worker in the mines and in the cities, and finally the life of an American engineer living and working under the Soviet regime.

I believe that it is not generally appreciated how closely the organization of a Soviet state trust follows, externally at least, that of a large corporation under the capitalist system. The larger industries approximate in structure and function what is known in the United States as the European cartel. In the first place, many if not most of the Soviet trusts have a share structure. The shares, however, unlike those of corporations under capitalism, are not owned by private individuals or distributed into the hands of the public; they are deposited in toto with the state bank. Any earnings on these shares accrue to the national treasury and are socialized for use in the ultimate betterment of all the people. An American corporation may have two or three hundred thousand stockholders owning on the average only twenty to thirty shares each (is this a form of socialism?). Each stockholder has the right and is able to dispose of or increase his holdings as his wish or his pocket-book dictates.

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* The first of a series of six articles. The second, The Individual Plant and the State Trust, will appear in the issue of May 20.—EDITOR THE NATION.

In the Soviet trust each and every enfranchised member of the entire population is a theoretical shareholder in each and every undertaking and industry comprising the entire national economy under the present regime. There are, in effect, roughly 150,000,000 shareholders in every Soviet state trust.

The state bank may be likened to a trustee with whom the capital stock is deposited. As trustee, the bank votes the stock and collects and dispenses income accruing thereon; likewise, in its capacity of trustee, it is responsible through the Supreme Council of National Economy for the satisfactory and profitable conduct of operations. So, although in what follows there will be evident a close resemblance in form between the state trust in Russia and the corporation of our experience, it becomes immediately obvious that such similarities are merely those of form and external functioning—the objectives are diametrically opposed. Whereas in the capitalistic organization the aim is the enrichment either of a private closed ownership or of a relatively greater number of people who intrust their smaller capital to the management of this or that corporation, in the Soviet trust the one and only object is to produce a commodity which by its production will benefit the entire mass of the Russian people either through supplying some human need and thus raising the standard of living or through making possible an exchange with some other country which can supply a needed product.

It is particularly in this respect that Soviet industry can be said to be socialized. In the detailed structure of the trust usual corporate procedure and organization are followed, from the duties of the officers down to the method of payment of workers. Now, having shown how the trust is socialized, it may be interesting to point out the other outstanding difference between the trust of Soviet Russia and the corporation as we know it. The Soviet trust is nationalized or, better, "rationalized." In other words, the development or operation of any industry in Russia is dictated in minutest detail by the demands of the Five-Year Plan. But contrary to common belief, the tremendous and varied details of the plan as applied to each industry do not originate from Moscow. They are worked out at the point of production and upon completion are forwarded to Moscow for approval or change.

So much has been written concerning the larger phases of present-day Russian economy that I shall point out here only for the sake of emphasis that the plan operates through the Central Planning Commission and the Supreme Council of National Economy (known in Russia by its initials B. C. H. X., pronounced Vay, Ess, En, Cha) to develop natural resources and industries according to a definite, scientific plan so as to yield without waste, duplication, or lack of conservation what has been established as requisite for the national economy.

When, for instance, it was decided to produce asbestos, the Bajenova deposits were chosen for intensive development and rationalization because of their immediate accessibility, the known extent of the deposits, the extent of former development, and the availability of labor, power, and transportation to markets and points of consumption. The mineral is to be found in many districts—in the Caucasus, in Georgia, in Eastern Siberia—but these other deposits will be held in reserve until such time as consumption justifies their development and operation.

Highly centralized and large-scale operations, with attendant efficiency, minimized waste, and reduced overhead, should eventually characterize Soviet trust operations. The mistakes and ills arising from the magnitude of the undertaking and from the lack of experience and precedent have been emphasized, although not exaggerated, by most observers, who have not taken into consideration the fact that in such a stupendous undertaking as the present Russian experiment a certain inefficiency and accompanying lost motion are bound to be evidenced in the initial stages. Should the mistakes and blunders not be eliminated they will multiply and devour; but if, as I suspect, they are being recognized and will be overcome, the ultimate result—perhaps not in the short span of the remaining two years of the plan, but within the life of the present generation—will be a new standard of efficient, planned, and coordinated production.

Each trust may be said to have its head office in Moscow. There has been a recently increasing tendency to group smaller industries under a major division having a natural, common basis of administration. Uralasbest was until last year an independent trust completely administered from Bajenova, the point of production. Now this comparatively small industry has been grouped with the production of other non-metallic minerals, such as magnesite, talc, and chromite, to form a division of the larger and important national trust known as "Mineralrud" (Mineral Ores). Mineralrud has its executive offices in Moscow, administered by a president and three active vice-presidents. The presidents of the trusts, in all cases that I have personally observed, are members of the Communist Party. So also are the two non-technical administrative vice-presidents. The third vice-president is usually an engineer, who may be a party or a non-party man. Usually he is not a member of the party.

It is the function of the head office to confer with the Supreme Council of National Economy and lay down the production norm for each operating unit under its jurisdiction. Likewise the permanent and operating capital required by each is predetermined and supplied through the head office. All production is routed and disposed of through this office. Credit from the proceeds received from sales is allocated by the accounting department to each unit. The amount of imports—material, equipment, technical services—allocated annually to each operation is fixed by the Moscow office on the basis of the amount of exports either contracted for or estimated as probable. In these matters the final word, again, lies with the Supreme Council in conjunction with the state bank and the Central Planning Bureau. All decisions with regard to major policy emanate from the head office in Moscow.

It can be seen therefore that the head office of a Soviet state trust, generally speaking, performs approximately the same functions as the head office of an American corporation —financing, sales, setting up of production norms for individual units, control of major policies, determination of programs of development and capital expenditure, control over expenditures and receipts, criticism of operations, including production costs, and final word on all matters pertaining to technique.

It will be the purpose of the next article to describe the organization and functioning of one of the typical production units forming a division of a Soviet state trust.

What I Think About

By J. B. S. HALDANE

I AM a fortunate man. The majority of my fellows are engaged in work rather as a means of livelihood than for its own sake. I am a biologist and find my job so interesting that I cannot keep my mind off it out of hours. Today, for example, I have been thinking over three problems. I have been thinking about how ferments work, about the laws of inheritance in dahlias, and about some curious alterations, apparently something like the changing of gear in a motor car, which take place in my nervous system when I go to sleep. They are all of practical importance, the first and third for medicine, the first for chemical industry, and the second for fruit-growing, because the laws of dahlias and apple trees are probably similar.

But if future antiquaries dig up this document, they will find these questions no more exciting than do most readers of the *Daily Express* today. For one of two things will almost certainly have happened. I hope that civilization, and science with it, will have gone on. If so, the excavators will probably be citizens of the world state, and the answers to my problems will be part of general knowledge, as the movements of the planets and the functions of the heart are today. But perhaps we shall have slipped back toward barbarism, and the men of Middlesex will gaze across the Thames from the ruins of north London toward a foreign and hostile Surrey. In that case, too, my questions will not interest them. They will probably be treasure hunters, and uninterested in mere paper.

Now that alternative is one of the things of which I think fairly frequently. For it is quite likely that the fate of our civilization will be decided in the present century. I am intensely interested in the Romans and their forerunners, the Egyptians and the men and women of Mesopotamia whose wonderful works are being unearthed while I write. Rome fell, and the lesson is there for us if we could read it. But we cannot. Some attribute its fall to the provision of free bread and amusements to the poor, forgetting that the Empire survived for nearly five centuries after these doles were instituted. Others believe that Rome should have educated her working classes. They forget that she was conquered by still less educated Goths. But even though I cannot rede these riddles I find this large-scale history far more interesting than the details of more recent years.

Today the old civilization of Europe which we share is adapting itself with some difficulty to the new conditions created by modern industrialism. But it is also threatened by two new types of civilization on its east and west, namely, communism and Americanism, which claim to be improvements on it. Both of these interest me intensely, and I think that we could copy some features of each with advantage. I should like London to have as good operas as New York and as good biological teaching for the average person as Moscow. But I do not desire that London should adopt either of their standards of personal liberty. I follow with immense interest the fierce and sometimes bloody struggles of the American and Russian governments against wets and whites respectively, in which they display a vigor and intolerance to be found only in young and growing civilizations. I am particularly interested in the Five-Year Plan of economic expansion in Russia. If it succeeds it will prove that socialism is a practicable system, and I shall probably live to see some form of socialism adopted in England. If it fails, Russia may revert to capitalism, and socialism all over the world experience a great setback.

I cannot accept the American and Communist ideals because both are too exclusively economic. They agree in taking economic efficiency to be the principal human virtue, even though in one case the benefits go mainly to private individuals, in the other to the state. They are both moving toward the mechanization of life and the standardization of man. Now I am not interested in machinery, and very much so in life. I have not got a motor car or a wireless set, but I have a large and rather beautiful garden. The people who interest me, and with whom I surround myself so far as I can, are not standardized people, but people who do unexpected things, such as carrying messages from Belgium to Holland during the war, and joining a jazz band or the Communist Party.

And the applications of science that interest me are not those to dead matter, on which our economic system is based, but to life. I am interested not only in medicine, but in the attempt to make ordinary people think about their own bodies in a scientific way. Last year about six thousand women died of cancer of the breast in England and Wales. If they had been treated when the first symptoms appeared, at least four-fifths of them would be alive and healthy today. This is only one example out of many. So I think that it is even more important that the general public should learn elementary medicine than the curb-step.

But I find the attempt to apply scientific principles to man in non-medical fields still more enthralling. I am extremely suspicious of most of them. Much of what passes as scientific psychology seems to me profoundly unscientific. The same is true of eugenics, criminology, and many other ologies. The small and cautious army of scientific men and women working in these fields is surrounded by such a horde of vociferous quacks that I can sympathize with the snipers, like Beachcomber, who are fighting a rearguard action against the advance of science. Their verbal missiles generally hit these unwanted allies. But science is advancing. We do know enough psychology to cure some criminals and neurotics, and enough about inheritance to say that some types of feeble-minded should not be allowed to breed. But this does not mean that no criminals should be punished, and no stupid people be permitted to marry. I am interested not only in the progress of science, but in trying to detect the still, small voice of common sense among the shouts of the anti-scientific and pseudo-scientific extremists.

Though not an adherent of any religion, I find religions an absorbing topic. They represent man's attempt to adjust himself intellectually and emotionally to the universe. The intellectual side of this effort interests me mainly because of its fantastic character. The stories of how hundreds of millions of people came to believe in the Immaculate Conception, the uncreated Koran, or the spiritual advantages of bathing in the Ganges are fascinating both as history and as psychology. But the emotional side seems to me an altogether more serious affair. If science is not to leave a gap which will inevitably be filled by superstition, man must learn to feel himself a citizen of the universe as depicted by science. Fortunately I know that such a state of mind is possible.

I am less interested than the average person in politics because I am convinced that all the political principles of today are makeshifts, and will ultimately, though not in my time, be replaced by principles based on science. I am a rather lukewarm supporter of the Labor Party because I consider the present distribution of our wealth unjust, and because in certain industries the age of free competition is passing, and I would sooner see a unified industry controlled by the state than by financiers. I am interested in the movements toward larger economic units, such as the British Empire and the European federation, though I hope that these two movements are not mutually exclusive.

I am only moderately interested in modern literature and art. They are largely experiments with technique, and often unsuccessful. At the moment modern French literature, as represented by men like Giraudoux and MacOrlan, interests me more than English. I am not musical, but even I can notice that broadcasting has improved musical taste.

Women interest me, for I am a normal man, but my interest in them is not intellectual. Children, and especially boys, are another matter. The average boy is something of a scientist, and an artist too. We grown-ups do our best to knock such nonsense out of him, and generally succeed. But until this process has been successfully carried out, a fairly bright boy is far more intelligent and far better company than the average adult. I am interested in our increasing knowledge of the child's mental processes, but even more in the attempts which are being made, in the face of ferocious opposition, to teach the child the subject which most children find the most fascinating of all, namely, human biology.

By this I do not mean "sex education," but a knowledge of the child's place in nature, and how his body works. The child represents the hope of humanity. We are not giving our children a fair deal. Many of those who could benefit most from higher education do not get it. Others are given more education than they either want or can assimilate. Hardly any are introduced to the scientific outlook until their minds have been so filled with prescientific ideas as to make scientific thought very difficult. I think that justice for children is even more important than justice for adults.

These are some of the topics which occupy my mind. But as a biologist I realize that all men are different, and I do not offer them as a pattern for others.

Detroit's Liberal Mayor

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Detroit, April 21

OUTSIDE the City Hall were gathered two or three hundred Communists listening to a red-faced, bareheaded man while he earnestly and breathlessly denounced capitalism and all its works. He centered his fire on "that man Murphy, the mouthpiece of the capitalists of this city." The crowd roared its approval; dozens of passersby stopped to inquire the reason for the applause; the lone policeman in sight shifted his weight wearily from one leg to the other. Inside the Mayor's office, which overlooks the square where the Communists were assembled, sat eight or nine of their representatives. Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit, sat with them while they talked. They complained of the food served at the municipal lodging-houses; they argued that the city ought to pay them fifty-five cents an hour during their idleness instead of asking them to work for their board and keep; they demanded that the city policemen be more courteous toward the lodging-house guests; they asked that the order forbidding policemen to play checkers with the guests be rescinded. Mayor Murphy replied briefly but sympathetically, explaining why the city could not comply with their demands. The Communists withdrew, plainly chagrined over their failure to embarrass the Mayor, or to maneuver him into a position of appearing to be an oppressor of the working people.

Detroit has come through the hardest winter in its history without any sign of labor or other disturbances. More than 200,000 men have been without jobs, most of them throughout the cold months. Virtually all the other factory workers have been employed only a few days a week, their incomes being correspondingly reduced. In consequence, unrest and radicalism have spread over the city. It is estimated that there are some 30,000 Communist sympathizers in the Detroit area. Last winter, under Mayor Charles E. Bowles, the police took to clubbing the Communists whenever they appeared in the vicinity of the City Hall; this winter they have been under strict instructions to refrain from molesting Communist meetings.

Despite the opposition of the industrialists, the press, and the politicians, the Mayor has preserved for the oppressed classes their right to use the City Hall steps as a forum from which to criticize or denounce capitalism and the government. (The *Free Press* believes this forum ought to be abolished "out of consideration for the pigeons" which formerly made this square their feeding place.) He overrode opposition from the same quarters in granting the Communists a permit to hold a demonstration in Grand Circus Park on May Day, although the permit had been withheld by his own police commissioner, who feared that the shrubbery might be spoiled. The Mayor has made it a fixed rule to receive anyone and everyone who wishes to see him, and his anteroom is constantly filled with persons of every description waiting to see him, while an overflow from this crowd usually extends even into his private office.

Frank Murphy was elected mayor last fall as a liberal. The sincerity of his liberalism, based on the eighteenth-century philosophy of personal freedom, cannot be questioned; he has abided by his faith as far as has been possible in a bank-ridden and corporation-controlled city. He has driven the politicians from the public feed-box; he has given the city an honest and efficient government; and he has thus far carried its people safely through a crisis the end of which is not yet in sight. He has found time with all his municipal duties to take part in the fight against the power trust, against the restoration of capital punishment in Michigan, and against the efforts of some of Detroit's wealthier citizens to push a privilege-grabbing bill through the State legislature.

Nevertheless, Frank Murphy has made mistakes, most of which can be attributed, first, to his political inexperience, and, secondly, to his vague feeling that eighteenth-century liberalism is not enough to solve the problems of this era of machines and mass production. He believes that government should be run by experts. So believing, he has gone to the bankers and business men of Detroit for his official assistants and advisers. In doing this he has laid himself open to criticism, much of it justified, from the few political liberals active in Detroit.

Among his appointees are John Taylor and Mrs. Josephine Gomon, his secretaries, who are known to be sincere liberals; Frank Couzens (son of the United States Senator) and Colonel Sidney D. Waldon, two friends of municipal ownership who were put on the commission that manages the city-owned street railways; James K. Watkins, Rhodes scholar, former corporation lawyer, admitted by Murphy to be a conservative, who was named police commissioner; Joseph Mills, erstwhile purchasing agent for one of the big automobile companies, more recently purchasing agent for the city, and now commissioner of public works; Douglas Dow, son of Alexander Dow, head of the Detroit Edison Company (an Insull-controlled property), who was selected to succeed Mills as city purchasing agent; G. Hall Roosevelt, former General Electric man, later an official of the American State Bank, and now city controller and chairman of the Mayor's Unemployment Committee.

Liberal criticism of the Mayor's appointments is for the most part directed against Roosevelt, Dow, and Watkins, though the liberals point out that all Murphy's major appointees, with three exceptions, are persons formerly connected with banks or corporations notoriously hostile to liberalism of any sort. It is charged that Watkins introduced police censorship, something Detroit had never known, when he ordered a newsstand biography of Al Capone suppressed. Critics fear that this action may prove the opening wedge for the adoption of censorship as a weapon with which to fight labor and the radicals, despite the Mayor's views on the rights of free speech and a free press. Dow's selection is challenged because of his family, which puts him too close to the power trust to suit the liberal opposition. As for Roosevelt, it is frankly asserted that he was named controller because of "the magic of his name." The critics contend that he has been too intimately identified with the power trust and the American State Bank, which failed a few weeks ago under suspicious circumstances, to be an asset to a liberal mayor.

In replying to these charges Mayor Murphy told the writer that he would have been glad to pick his expert assistants from the ranks of the Detroit liberals, but that he found few of them qualified for the positions to be filled. He said that Roosevelt, Dow, and the others were entirely of his own choosing, and that he had undertaken no commitments of a compromising nature by appointing them. Answering the charge that he has been favoring power-trust hirelings, the Mayor pointed out that only a fortnight ago he helped the voters of a nearby town to defeat the attempt of the Detroit Edison to buy the community-owned power plant. In that campaign Murphy spoke in favor of public ownership and sharply criticized the power trust.

The most serious opposition to the Mayor comes, however, from the financiers and industrialists and from the local press, except the Hearst paper. It is based upon his efforts to relieve by direct methods some of the suffering and distress resulting from the industrial crisis. These interests consider his election and administration a huge and costly mistake. They look upon him as a red, his radicalism dating back to his participation in the fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti. Most outspoken of his journalistic critics is the *Free Press,* owned and published by Ed Stair, multimillionaire and corporation director extraordinary. Loudest among his industrial foemen is Henry Ford, who contributes not a penny in taxes toward the maintenance and operation of the municipal government. These opponents try to convince the voters that Murphy is bringing socialism to Detroit, that he has given the city a bad name by his vigor in pushing his relief program and in exposing some of the conditions arising from the widespread unemployment, that he has attracted thousands of bums to the city to be fed and housed at the taxpayers' expense, and that he has brought Detroit to the verge of bankruptcy.

The Mayor's handling of the problems of the depression has been divided into two major sections. First, an unemployment committee has been intrusted with the task of registering and finding work for the men and women let out by the factories and business houses. The jobless have been registered by families instead of individually, upon the theory that more families can be helped by giving only one job to a family. Up to April 19 a total of 112,282 families had been registered. New applicants for work are coming in at the rate of 600 weekly, indicating no lessening of the unemployment crisis. Upon the basis of the registration of April 19 it is estimated that between 175,000 and 225,000 persons are out of work in the city.

The committee has had little success in finding work for those who have registered. It has endeavored to create jobs by persuading employers to readjust work schedules, to reduce hours, and to employ only registered labor, by inducing citizens to hire odd-job men they would not ordinarily employ, by apportioning city jobs requiring unskilled labor to a greater number of persons, by helping unemployed men sell apples on the streets, and by various other means. Yet from September 16, when registration began, to April 19 only 23,926 persons were given work, and in more than half of these cases the work was of a temporary nature. The unemployment problem is far too large to be grappled with successfully by a single municipal government. In addition, most of the great employers of labor in and about the city have refused to lend a hand, and one or two of them have openly attempted to obstruct the work of the committee.

Quite another story can be told about the relief work. Perhaps in no other American city have families in distress as a result of the present depression been helped by their municipal officials as they have been by the Detroit Public Welfare Bureau. When Mayor Murphy took office, he immediately enlarged that organization, filled its headquarters staff with experts, and even went outside the city to recruit many trained field workers. Even then he did not find enough to take care of the immense relief problem. Families in distress need only show that they are bona fide residents of Detroit; the few persons who have come to Detroit for the specific purpose of "living off the city" have been weeded out by investigation. Last month 45,464 needy families were being supported by the Welfare Bureau. In January, the peak month, 47,312 families—approximately 190,000 persons, or more than twelve per cent of the population—were being directly assisted by the municipality. March expenditures totaled $1,448,000, of which $920,000 went for food, $242,000 for rent, $173,000 for fuel, $79,000 for shoes and clothing, $9,000 for sundries, $4,000 for medical and surgical supplies, $1,600 for transportation, $1,600 for boarding of children, and $4,000 for burials.

The Homeless Men's Bureau has been set up by the Murphy administration under the direction of John Ballenger, executive secretary of the local American Red Cross chapter. During the week ended April 11 this bureau fed 6,897 men daily, and gave meals and lodgings to another 4,010 men, making a total of 10,907. Most of the men take their meals at the two municipal lodging-houses, and approximately half the men sleep there, while others are put up at the Y. M. C. A. or at private rooming-houses and hotels. At the municipal lodges it costs twenty-two and one-half cents a day to feed and keep a single man, while the city pays out fifteen cents a night for lodging and twenty cents a day for meals for men who have to be cared for elsewhere.

It has been charged time and again by Henry Ford and others that this bureau has been feeding bums at the taxpayers' expense, but no man is given relief unless he can present a certificate from a taxpayer showing that he actually has lived in Detroit for at least a year. Men without such affidavits are given a bath, a night's lodging, and a free meal, and then told to be on their way. Mr. Ballenger has found that more than 35 per cent of the men fed and kept by this bureau are former employees of Henry Ford, and that 11 per cent of them are married. In virtually every one of these latter cases the man came to Detroit several years ago, found a steady job, and on the strength of it married, bought a home, and started raising a family. Since then he has lost his job, his savings, his home, and his family. These men were not bums a few years ago, though they may fall in that category today.

Mayor Murphy's relief program has unquestionably proved a drain on the city's finances. Detroit faces a heavy deficit, and its uncollected taxes are growing monthly, primarily because of the depression. At the best there will have to be an increase in the tax rate within a year or two, though the Mayor so far has succeeded in preventing an increase by practicing the strictest economy in his administration. He estimates that by eliminating politics and the politicians he has saved the city an average of $1,000,000 monthly since he took office last September, and the records to a large extent bear out this estimate. Nevertheless, he realizes that the tax rate must go up if his relief work is to continue, and he believes that the additional burden should be carried by the city's industries. But most of the persons receiving direct relief are former employees of companies like the Ford, Briggs Body, and Chrysler, whose plants are just outside the city limits and therefore cannot be taxed by Detroit. Incidentally, the officials of these untaxable corporations are among the loudest critics of the relief program.

Frank Murphy has proved himself a sincere, honest, and fearless mayor. He has gone ahead with his plans despite the opposition of the press, politicians, bankers, industrialists, chamber of commerce, organized labor, and Communists. For the time being he appears to have won the confidence of the Detroit rank and file. His weakness is his lack of political experience. It is probable that he will be reelected next November, principally because the two men now thinking of running against him are disliked more than he is by the press and politicians of the city, but after that his political future is none too secure.

Broke at Fifty-five

By FRANK G. MOORHEAD

I'VE done a good deal of thinking in the past year, largely because I haven't had anything else to do. Prior to that, for twenty-five years, I wrote editorials, without thinking—sort of caught ideas out of the air, mechanically, as a riveter catches red-hot bolts.

Most of the editorials were intended to comfort the poor and downtrodden. I didn't know the poor and downtrodden personally. But they existed in large numbers, and subscribed to the paper for which I wrote. It was a farm paper, one dollar a year. A difficult kind of journal to edit, because on the one hand we must espouse the export debenture, the equalization fee, individual loans to farmers on crops, and every other panacea which offered to relieve distress and suffering on the farm; and on the other we must assure the advertisers that no better market exists anywhere in all the world than the farm market.

There was good money in it, for publisher and editor both, as well as a trip back East every little while, usually just before elections when a conference of "farm experts" was called in Washington for the purpose of helping the farmers to vote for the right candidates. It looked as though the condition and the position were permanent. It really wasn't a bad job, as jobs go, telling the farmer how poor he was, for $200 a week, with an annual bonus if advertising remained good.

I had a knack of writing things that would make folks cry, about people who had died and gone to where they were much better off. I used to look out the window and get to crying real hard myself over some person I had never seen, or cared for, or even heard of before. Good stuff, though, when one is editing a paper which is read by a million farmers who don't often get to see better sob-stuff. Some of them weren't so bad. I recall one written after the death of the mother of the man who owned the paper and signed the weekly pay checks. I sent a copy of it to a man in Washington named Hoover, who wrote back: "I had heard of the terrible accident to Mr. ——'s mother and I telegraphed him some time ago with respect to it. I have never seen a finer tribute than that which you sent me." I'm keeping the letter for two purposes: first, to use as a recommendation, if I ever find the right parties; second, to sell as an autograph, as a last resort.

I remember how I used to get down to work early Monday morning, and then taper off, or peter out, a bit later each morning, until Saturday wasn't much of a day at all. One Monday morning I brought in the newspaper early, and found myself out of a job. The paper I had worked for as second in command for twenty years had been sold the day before, on Sunday.

A few weeks later a national bank in which I had invested the residue of what had seemed a small salary, until I lost it, found it advisable to merge with a larger bank. Before that, stock which had cost $250 a share went so low that it made a fellow wake up in the middle of the night, all hot and scared, and hearing every board in the house creak, he was so sure the morning mail would bring the notice of a double assessment on the poor innocent stockholders.

There's the picture: broke at fifty-five, and four hungry people still demanding three meals a day. What was the sensation?

I was greatly surprised, taking my first airplane flight, to find I had no sensation at all. I did not even know I was moving. It was somewhat the same at first when I went broke. I did not even know I had stopped moving. It should have been more dramatic. I should have paced the floor. I should have mouthed tragedy and made a pass at the chandelier with my walking stick, given me by the office force after many years of faithful service. I had written stories (fiction) about men in similar situations. I must admit they acted altogether differently, at rates varying from one to five cents a word. They said an awful lot in the higher-priced articles.

A man's egotism is an anaesthetic allaying the first pains. He works fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years, no matter how many. He is either good or he becomes acclimated and the boss lets him stay on, like an old piece of furniture hardly worth carrying away. He loses his job. He says to himself, "Well, I've worked hard and faithfully a good many years. The last three years I didn't take my regular office vacation, at full pay. Sorry now that I didn't, but a rest won't hurt me. In fact, it will do me good. I was getting in a rut. And while I'm resting other firms or plants or factories will hear that I'm out, and I'll choose from among the good offers they make me."

"Well, you're fixed all right; no need for you to worry; you'll get along fine. You can always get a good job, anywhere." So the home folks said, as they stopped me on the street and then hurried on, remembering I was no longer in the newspaper business and therefore no longer useful to them, and their children's parties, with layout, on the Sunday society page.

"It seems to be the tendency of the times; reducing overhead expenses." This from a few editors, still permanently located and pretty sure of a few years more.

As for the offers, they never came at all. It was weeks before I could figure it out. The little notice about me in the home-town paper had been hidden away between a patent-medicine advertisement and the notice of a concern passing its dividend. Maybe I'd better send out a few letters to prominent publishers and editors to let them know my address. I had opened up an office in one of the bedrooms at home and was typing, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," hour after hour, in order to make the neighbors think I was still writing—for a living.

I have a large number of very splendid indorsements which I shall be glad to loan to anyone prepaying the postage. The name can easily be changed. So many of those to whom I wrote giving them first chance at my services would have grabbed me off just a little while before, but "recent additions to our staff make it impossible," "we have built up a stalwart organization which we hesitate," and so on. "Surprised to hear that *you* should have been let out." No more surprised than I was, and the italics are not mine, either. You can't eat words. You can't even get credit for them at the cash-and-carry grocery stores.

The trusting hopefulness of the first few weeks turned to bitterness. "A fine fellow, when he had a paper back of him; quite a dub without one." "Pretty cocky, wasn't he? Sort of held himself aloof from the gang. Oh, well, roll out another money ball and let the ancient and noble game of Kelly pool continue." I was sore for a while; then I laughed it off. No doubt I had done the same thing many a time. Nobody ever considers anything until it comes right home. I've often wondered if Longfellow wrote "There is no death" with his fingers crossed. He sure slipped it over on them that day.

First, indifference; next, reassuring faith; third, galling bitterness; fourth, morbidity. And the last is what hurts and causes folks to fall out of ten-story windows, accidentally. "Nothing wrong with his accounts; happily married," say the newspapers. How about the rapidly dwindling bank balance; the determination that the loved ones, who were in no way to blame for the bad luck, shall go on having the things they were accustomed to having; the stiff upper lip the grand old Scotch mother used to talk about, before you ever had a penny of your own and were too young to go out in the world and work?

Around fifty a man loses nerve—I don't mean the nerve it takes to accompany Wilkins under the ice to the North Pole, or to fly with Byrd and moving-picture men over the South Pole. I mean the nerve it takes to ask a stranger for a job, when you've turned down thousands of men yourself without batting an eye; to tell a friend how good you are, and watch his face continue blank; to approach the banker whom you puffed in your paper for years and who was only too glad to lend you whatever you wanted at 6 per cent, and not even take the interest out in advance. This time he suggests that the wife sign the note, too, and makes it 7 per cent, in advance, and asks for a credit statement.

You have just as much ability as ever. You've got a book half started—a whale of a plot never used before, good dialogue, nice, clean, moral sort of a book. You'll sell it soon and then you'll be all right. Maybe you'll make $10,000 out of it. But the home folks know you've lost your $200 a week, and that's ever so much bigger. And nowadays if you're counting on a $10,000 book, the home folks are right; the $200 check is much bigger—and surer.

Finally, in course of time, you begin to feel toward yourself as you imagine other folks are feeling toward you. I've never cared a rap for money. I never carried much, however far from home I went. I could always get it somehow, from somebody. There would be whole days at home when there wasn't even a penny in the pockets of any of the two suits. Now that I'm broke I always carry a few silver dollars, so I can jingle them and not feel so downcast. It has the effect on listeners, too.

Have you read Stevenson's "The Amateur Emigrant"? If you have, read it again. He tells of coming over on a steamer, second cabin, when that was different from what it is now, while the class of people with whom he was wont to associate were traveling first class. They ignored him. "In my normal circumstances," he says, "it appeared every young lady must have paid some tribute of a glance, and though I had not often detected it when it was given, I was well aware of its absence when it was withheld." He reflects a bit and concludes, "I wish someone . . . would find out exactly at what stage of toilet a man becomes invisible to the well-regulated female eye."

I have a similar problem. I should like to find out at what stage of your poverty other people realize or sense it, and pass you by as one no longer interesting or useful to them. You wear the same suit, more carefully brushed and pressed than ever before to conceal your poverty. You walk just as cockily. You know as much; you know a lot more, in fact—things you didn't suspect or believe before. I guess, after all, it's the droop in the shoulders, the look in your eyes—furtive, expectant, resentful.

The nights are the worst; the time when all you can see is the unseen. You've done everything humanly possible to avert the inevitable. You've gone over your life-insurance policies, to be sure they are all incontestible after the first year. You've taken out additional accident insurance. You realize that for the first time in your rather carefree, indifferent life you are worth more dead than alive—a good deal more.

The boards in the house creak. Your heart gives a jump. Will it be the last one? Perhaps it's a burglar. Your last chance to be a hero. To have the papers, which you pretend to scorn, use you as first-page copy. X marks the spot where the burglar was killed. Don't laugh! It's all terribly real; no make-believe. But it's a grand joke on the burglar—robbing the house of a man who is broke, at fifty-five. Poor devil!

Another board creaks. You hear Andy figuring his income tax. "Five million." "Seven million." You go over, in your head, the dwindling bank balance. "Three hundred and two." "Two hundred and eighty." "Two hundred and forty-nine."

You're wide awake now. The perspiration runs from you. It's only the ring of the window shade hitting the glass this time. The birds are beginning to sing. Pretty little things. They don't have to work on a salary. They don't take men's words, and find them salty in the mouth. A little light in the east window. Everybody else is sleeping. You've stopped all the clocks. You can't stand them any more. Every tick is one of the few remaining dollars gone.

Another day. Nobody knows, but yourself. And you're getting terribly close-mouthed about things lately.

In the Driftway

NUDITY as a cause is apparently as lusty as ever. Someone has just written a book about a trip around the world of which the points of interest included all the nudist colonies in existence. Meanwhile, the approach of summer conjures up a cloud of clothes being flung in all directions in the business-like and slightly pathetic rush of an urban civilization to pile on its back all the sunshine it can against winter office life. The Drifter will be found rushing with the rest. Being a sun-worshiper of the first water, he will peel off his shirt for any stray sunbeam that is not escorted by a swaggering, icy breeze, and he will stick to that sunbeam's trail with all the persistence of a sunflower until day's end. It is because he is so devout a sun-worshiper, in fact, that he is not a nudist. The reason for a sun bath is pleasure; the result of a sun bath is, or should be, relaxation. Being a nudist, on the other hand, strikes the Drifter as one of the most uncomfortable, unrelaxing pursuits in life. He is not speaking just now of moral considerations and martyrdom. He is speaking of physical discomfort.

* * * * *

HAVE you ever sat on grass or sand in the nude? Have you ever tried to sleep in a meadow with nothing between you and nature but your skin? Of course, it is possible that nudists never try to do such things. It is possible, as someone has suggested, that they spend *all* their time running in circles, pointing their toes, and throwing their heads back. But even people with causes have to sit down, sleep, and eat occasionally. The natural habitat of the nudist the Drifter takes for granted to be the fields and woods, and he has already indicated his doubts about the quality of rest to be drawn from a fir-bough bed without benefit of blankets. When nudity goes into the average house, the prospect is even more pathetic. Between the wicker furniture on the porch and the sharp corners on the dining-room chairs there could be no comfort anywhere except perhaps in the plush divan in the living-room—and plush can prickle a fiendish prickle.

* * * * *

"DON'T be silly," replies the nudist, "your remarks apply only to novices among nudists. Toughness comes very quickly." Still, though he were tough enough to sit plain on a fallen tree trunk all afternoon and not wear the marks, the Drifter could not contemplate life in New York City, say, with any pleasure, even if the whole population were to go suddenly and unanimously nudist, thus relieving him of any possible embarrassment. Brick and pavement, subways and sharp-cornered skyscrapers, not to mention humidity and blown dirt, are not the Drifter's idea of nude living unless one desires to go in deliberately for taking punishment—and the Drifter never did have much admiration for St. Simeon Stylites and his like. And there are other objections. The fallacy still persists to the effect that the human body is beautiful. It is a pretty and comforting fallacy. The Drifter hopes it will not be spoiled by a successful nudist revolution. But grant such a revolution; then imagine a population, not of Greek statues come to life, but of average human beings gone nudist and endowed with the toughness of hide earlier referred to. The Drifter, for one, would not care to stay in the world a day longer. It would be aesthetically unbearable. Personally, he would much rather contemplate a rough-tweed golfer than a tough-kneed nudist on a subway excursion to Van Cortlandt Park.

* * * * *

YET even if the nudists should tear down the cities, invent a velvet grass, put snubbers on the stings of wasps, round off all corners, and by some miracle make all human bodies beautiful, the Drifter would still refuse to join their ranks unless they changed at least one of their arguments. Scratch any nudist and he will protest that the purity of the nudist's mind is such as to make ivory soap go into hiding; to prove his point he will go on to say that your full-blown nudist is so pure-minded that he is unconscious of sex to the extent of not knowing, except intellectually, whether he is talking to a woman or a man. If that is true, the Drifter has as little use for the nudist as he has for the feminist who insists that women are exactly like men. Both would rob the world of all variety and interest. The pure mind, granted that it exists, is immensely overrated. If an active, competent mind is one which grasps all the implications of any given idea—and surely no one would quarrel with that definition—who could find either desirable or useful a mind that saw only those implications which would look well in a Sunday-school textbook? As for a person who is unconscious of the difference between men and women, the Drifter hopes he may never meet one. Fortunately, he never expects to, even though he, too, should visit every nudist colony in the world.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Are Our Fingers Crossed?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was quite gratifying to read *The Nation's* editorial on Americans in Nicaragua. But it seems to me that you could have carried your point a little closer to the mark than you did.

We wonder, some of us, why South Americans fail to return our hearty handshake forever extended to them in such brotherly fashion. It is because they have ample reason to believe that our fingers are crossed. Isn't it going to laughable extremes when, after the President's recent conciliatory utterances, the *Herald Tribune*, one of the leading papers in this country, blandly takes Mr. Stimson to task, in two leading editorials, for attempting to bear out Mr. Hoover with a true act of faith?

The American interests that President Coolidge was so insistent should be protected were literally forced on a smaller and weaker country, and the Americans who invested their money in Nicaragua were not ignorant of the conditions under which they did so. They were thoroughly aware of the fact that American exploitation of Nicaraguan resources was being maintained under the shadow of American battleships. In response to the continued protests of Latin Americans and Americans, it was stated that our marines were to be withdrawn and the

THE KING'S FIDDLERS

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Fulguera

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

MY, my, what a rumpus when the robot appeared! It seems that the Prime Minister, in a fit of economy, had installed canned music and fired the King's rollicking fiddlers. The jolly old monarch was wroth.

But King Cole could remedy the trouble. He had only to order the robot to the attic, send for his beloved fiddlers, and have the Prime Minister publicly spanked.

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JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

control of finance was to be placed in the hands of the Nicaraguan government. Now when actual steps are being taken by our State Department to carry out a policy of hands off, there seems to be considerable doubt as to whether we really want to give up wielding the big stick.

We have been spouting a deal of oratory in an attempt to cover up the truth. The time has come for an open statement of our position. Either the United States intends to maintain control over Nicaragua for the sole benefit of American investors or we will withdraw our marines and battleships and prove the truth of our altruistic statements. Are we going to deserve Latin America's faith in our good-will, or are we going to maintain our present cross-fingered position at the expense of that faith which we insist we desire?

New York, April 30 EUGENE JAY SEGAL

Sorry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some essential words were omitted in the printing of my article on political prisoners in your issue of April 29. Inadvertently I was made to say: "the six industrial unionists who are serving sentences of from twenty-five to forty years in Centralia, Washington." This should have read: ". . . who are serving sentences . . . for defending their hall in Centralia, Washington." The six I. W. W. hall defenders have been confined in the penitentiary in Walla Walla since 1920.

New York, April 27 JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

Librarians Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not agree with Constance Auer in her article on librarians which appeared in *The Nation* several weeks ago, but I think that I agree even less with the letters of her critics. I have been actively engaged in library work for the past seven years. Neither libraries nor librarians are perfect. But Miss Auer is basing her estimate of the profession on information which is pretty much out of date now, and while it has the ring of truth in it because she undoubtedly knows what she is talking about, she loses sight of the fact that libraries are constantly and consistently going forward.

But while the critics of Miss Auer may seem to be more reasonable than she is, it seems to me that they are really much less so. For one thing, Miss Auer's critics declare that library salaries reward at least partly the time spent in professional preparation for a library job. That is simply not so. I do not know what the average library salary is throughout the country now, but I do know that a few years ago the American Library Association compiled a table of statistics which showed it to be somewhere between $1,600 and $1,700 a year—no great reward for a bachelor's degree from an approved university, and perhaps one year of graduate work in library school on top of it all. Library salaries are increasing but librarians are still the most poorly paid of professional workers.

Miss Auer's critics further ignore the fact that most public libraries in the United States are very small, with fewer than 50,000 volumes on their shelves. Work in small public libraries certainly does not proceed in accordance with the latest business methods; routine is not eliminated even from the work of the trained people on the staff. Whether it should be or not is an open question. I firmly believe that it should be in every possible way, but the fact remains that it simply is not.

Santa Paula, Cal., April 15 LOUISE DAVIES

Nivernais Sheep

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel compelled to arrogate to myself the rather pedantic task of calling attention to an inaccuracy in the translation of Rolland's Broaden, Europe, or Die! in your issue of April 22.

I refer to the phrase "Nivernais sheep (they're chamois—it takes but three to strangle a wolf)." The words in parentheses should have been put in quotation marks; the original is simply a rhymed proverb which serves also as an epigraph for the second chapter of "Colas Breugnon." And *moutons de Chamoux* has nothing to do with chamois, but is evidently just a synonym for *moutons du Nivernais*, both of them designating "the soldiers that M. de Nevers, our duke, sent us for our defense."

Washington, April 27 ALLEN D. GARMAN

Ante Wells

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his review of "Rational Evolution," by Robert Briffault, in your issue of March 25 Scott Buchanan makes it plain that he is under the impression that this book is a successor to Wells's outline of history.

All well-informed readers, however, know that Briffault's book was first published in 1919 by George Allen and Unwin, London, under the title "The Making of Humanity." It appeared one year before Wells's outline.

Baltimore, April 1 VERA FULTON

"Dr. Counts' book is an unsurpassed statement of the whole, and not merely of the economic, challenge of Russia to America."
—JOHN DEWEY

THE SOVIET CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

By GEORGE S. COUNTS
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Books, Films, Drama

The Silent Land

By JAMES RORTY

There is wild singing, and the songs
Man makes with nature; this
Is neither, for this land belongs
Not to the old gods who have gone,
Nor to the new, whose unimagined grace
Flees from our question; here is space
Gone voiceless, time gone dumb.

Last night I listened to the hiss
Of the wind between the fallen moon
And dawn's first flutter, pondering this
Invincible revolt of Things.
One voice I heard, the fox's cry;
Four times he circled in the snow
Hunting under an empty sky,
And what he said was like the woe
That cries from windows where bewildered souls
Beat on the bars, and count the idiot sum
Of chaos till the new gods come.

Storm after drought, and stones that speak again;
Song after silence, time gone terrible and loud,
All earth in labor and the fearful rain
Of godhead falling: this, when man is proud.
This is the song we may not sing;
Not now; the new gods have not come.

John Bright

The Diaries of John Bright. Edited by R. A. J. Walling. William Morrow and Company. $7.50.

JOHN BRIGHT would not have approved of this publication. "I am against biographies and portraits and statues. . . . I have been and am a victim of the habit of my time to commemorate the ordinary labors of ordinary men." So he wrote in the last of his diaries, within two years of his death. When it was proposed to bring out an edition of his speeches, he did not object; his life, he used to say, was in his speeches, and to their preparation he devoted much thought and care. But the entries in his diaries were intended for the most part merely as aids to his memory and were jotted down without regard to literary form. He was not an ordinary man, but many of the events recorded in his diaries were ordinary events. Yet even these are often significant for the light they throw upon his character, habits, and interests; and his private and informal comments on current events often disclose, with palpable candor, his opinion on men and measures of his day. The diaries are now in the possession of one of his granddaughters. George Macaulay Trevelyan was permitted to examine them when he was engaged in the preparation of his "Life of Bright," but apart from this no use has been made of them by historians.

The least difficult part of the task that faced Mr. Walling as editor was to select from a journal extending, with some discontinuity, over a period of fifty years such passages as seemed suitable for publication. If these were to be made intelligible to the reader and convey any adequate impression of Bright's public career, they had to be placed in their historical setting, references and allusions had to be explained, and hiatuses in the diaries had to be bridged. This laborious work Mr. Walling has accomplished in praiseworthy manner. It was not his aim to deal fully and objectively with all the great public controversies in which Bright figured, and it may be that he has not always done full justice to causes and policies which Bright opposed. His purpose, as he tells us, was "to intervene as little as possible between the reader and John Bright," and in this he has succeeded. He has made an important contribution to the political history of Victorian England. I have noticed very few errors in matters of fact, the most serious being a statement that President Johnson demanded "severer conditions for the return of the Secession States than Congress was prepared to impose."

Bright's fundamental opinions were formed in youth and underwent little modification as a result of later experiences. His life, as Mr. Walling suggests, cannot be understood without a realization of the influence exerted upon him by the Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light, and the Inner Light is not evolutionary. He lived in an age when the drafts of science and philosophy were blowing through the corridors of orthodoxy, but they seem to have had little if any disturbing influence upon the serenity of his faith. He retained to the end the religious beliefs of his childhood, and it was with deep propriety that he was buried in the graveyard of the Friends' Meeting House of Rochdale, his birthplace. What he thought in his youth about aristocracy, tyranny, monopoly, intervention, war, intolerance, established churches, bishops, and Turks he continued to think in his old age. His diaries begin with the journal of a tour of the Near East which he made at the age of twenty-four—"a kind of philosophical Baedeker," Mr. Walling calls it—and when he reread these early impressions and reflections years afterwards he found nothing to which he could not still subscribe. The inflexibility of his convictions gave him magnificent courage in supporting them, but it also made it difficult for him to appreciate new issues and points of view. A contemporary said of him when he was approaching old age that his mind was singularly inaccessible to novel ideas.

The diaries bear abundant testimony to Bright's sympathetic interest in plain people and his admiration of the homely virtues. He was not one of those humanitarians who love mankind in the abstract but care little for concrete men and women. Such an entry as this is worth a hundred protestations of devotion to humanity:

> Called upon poor Mrs. Hughes and took some supplies of tea and sugar, etc. Her cheerfulness and resignation unchanged. She has been nineteen years confined to her bed. To visit her is a lesson from which all may learn.

His regard for Queen Victoria seems to have sprung from his sympathy for her as a woman who had known deep domestic sorrow; as a Friend and as a democrat he was never awed, as Gladstone was, by the majesty of monarchy.

The diaries shed more light upon the diarist, of course, than upon anybody else, but Bright's long political career—he was a member of parliament from 1843 till his death in 1889—brought him inevitably into contact with all the outstanding political figures of the Victorian Age, and to those who are interested in the personalities of statesmen no passages in the diaries will seem more important than those in which he interprets the characters and motives of his famous contemporaries. On all matters of principle he and Disraeli were as far apart as men could be, but they formed an odd sort of friendship that lasted for some twenty years. Under date of December 15, 1852, following an extraordinary conversation in which Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed a coalition between the radicals and the protectionist Conservatives, Bright writes:

> This remarkable man is ambitious, most able, and without prejudices. He conceives it right to strive for a great career with such principles as are in vogue in his age and country—says the politics and principles to suit England must be of the "English type"; but having obtained power, would use it to found a great reputation on great services rendered to the country. He seems unable to comprehend the morality of our political course, and on this ground was probably induced to seek the interview with me.

When the great careerist reached the goal of his ambition, the premiership, Bright comments:

> A great triumph of intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness, employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness and wanting in brains. The Tories have hired Disraeli, and he has his reward from them.

The list of notables who make appearances in the diaries includes Queen Victoria, Cobden, Lord Brougham, Peel, Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cavour, Garibaldi, William Lloyd Garrison, Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Parnell, Goldwin Smith, Joseph Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Another Epic of the Soil

The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50.

HERE is another of these novels concerning man's love for and struggle with his land, but this novel is different in that its setting is China. Like her first novel, "East Wind: West Wind," Mrs. Buck's second narrative has the peculiar interest which the foreign and exotic always call forth. We read with interest of the Chinese farmer's life in the small village, of the many detailed family customs, of the social and economic changes in status that come about as the family slowly wins its struggle and grows wealthy. We learn, too, of city life in China during one of the uprisings of the poor against the rich. We are given a complete cross-section of Chinese life. All this has a great fascination; it is material which no Occidental writer would attempt without special preparation, and Mrs. Buck, who has lived all her life in China, has of course this special preparation. Her complete familiarity with her material allows her to present her characters as very human and very real, as people who engage our sympathies. It is interesting to note, in this respect, that her women characters, even the most inarticulate of them, are more clearly interpreted than are her men characters.

Such a novel as "The Good Earth" calls at once for comparison with other novels of the same general design—novels of the soil on the one hand and novels concerning Oriental life on the other. Any such comparison brings out the fact that despite Mrs. Buck's very good narrative style, despite her familiarity with her material, her work has a certain flatness of emotional tone that is not characteristic of Knut Hamsun's studies of the toiler in the earth, nor again of the autobiographical narrative of a Korean childhood and boyhood, "The Grass Roof." Both Hamsun and Younghill Kang have much more than an accurate observation and objective analysis of their characters and scenes to present; both of them are able intuitively to penetrate into the emotions of their characters. This ability derives from their own traditional knowledge and racial inheritance. The result is that they write books which are more convincing and more exciting. Mrs. Buck is undoubtedly one of the best of Occidental writers to treat of Chinese life, but "The Good Earth" lacks the imaginative intensity, the lyrical quality, which someone who had actually farmed Chinese soil might have been able to give it.

EDA LOU WALTON

Lenin

Lenin, Red Dictator. By George Vernadsky. Yale University Press. $3.

Lenin. By D. S. Mirsky. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Lenin. God of the Godless. By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

THE thing that made Lenin really great was what he wanted. When the goal is a villa in Florida or the director's office in a New York corporation, success makes one a little big man. But Lenin's goal was the forging of a new world. Even partial achievement, especially when coupled with the living legacy he left to complete the task, therefore places him above all other modern statesmen. It is the stupendousness of Lenin's conception that increases his stature a thousand-fold. Ossendowski and Vernadsky have no eyes for such perspectives. Only Mirsky suspects them.

A biography of Lenin should reveal first the man and the workings of his mind, second the revolutionary leader and his role in history. Weighed in these very simple balances, all three volumes under review will be found wanting. The man does not emerge from any of them. Mirsky attempts no estimate of Lenin's human qualities. Ossendowski writes pure fiction. Vernadsky has facts, facts. But facts without the infusion of understanding are sterile. In the few pages of Krupskaya's reminiscences or of Trotzky's "Lenin" there is more of the human being than in all three of the present biographies combined. Lenin, for instance, liked poetry. He read and reread Pushkin, and preferred him to the revolutionary Mayakovsky. Yet you wouldn't think it from Vernadsky's tale or from Mirsky's. They create a non-existent, dried-up, fanatical, mechanical Communist-Jesuit.

Still less do we see how Lenin's mind functioned. It was plastic but tempered by inordinate intransigence when the occasion demanded. Mental agility fathered opportunism. Opportunism, however, represented a compromise with conditions, never with principles. Vernadsky is totally unequipped to grasp this. Ossendowski is not concerned with the real Lenin.

A good biography of Lenin is yet to be written. Biographies can be written only of dead men. A true "Life" of Lenin would reflect the effect of his work on the second half of the twentieth century. Few dare or are able to look so far ahead.

In a society that had any serious regard for truth Ossendowski would be ostracized. His work passes as a biography but makes no pretense to being a historical record. There is no photograph of Lenin, no quotation from Lenin, no bibliography, no date of Lenin's birth. Ossendowski bothers with few dates, and most of those are wrong. Speeches Lenin never made and proclamations never issued are given in full. No respect for facts checks Ossendowski's inventive talents. He quotes long dialogues that allegedly took place in Russian brothels between the young Lenin and prostitutes. The Winter Palace, he asserts, was looted on the opening day of the revolution with Lenin's approval. This is untrue. On the same November 7 Ossendowski takes Lenin into a Petrograd cathedral, where the leader of the victorious coup d'etat personally stops the services and argues about God with the priest. Then the tombs of the Czars are opened and sacked while Lenin looks on. None of this ever happened.

Polite pornography and sadism abound in Ossendowski's tale of the ascetic Lenin. There is just enough eroticism to excite the sex-starved without inviting the Post Office's ban. One scene is classic disgrace: Dora Frumkin, a ravishing Jewish beauty, has tried to assassinate Lenin. He wishes to witness the cross-examination in the dungeons of the Cheka. He goes with Dzerzhinsky. As they enter, Dzerzhinsky's first assistant is buttoning on his jacket while Dora is still lying on a velvet-covered couch. He boasts to Lenin of the delectable morsel he has had. The examination commences. Dora remains naked. Lenin's "thoughts were animal"—the Song of Songs runs through his mind—and Ossendowski quotes them at length. But the questions interrupt these reveries. Who inspired her to fire at Lenin? She is silent. The Chekists cover her with oaths and threats. They beat her aged mother. Dora is silent. At a signal from Dzerzhinsky, four Chinese mercenaries thereupon seize her and cut off her beautiful breasts. Now will she tell? She will not. The Chinese then dig out her eyes with their long sharp knives, while Lenin watches. "She wept tears and blood." Again the demand for a confession. Dora is silent. But Lenin can stand it no more. "Finish her off," he cries. A Chinese stabs and kills her. Hot stuff, what?

LOUIS FISCHER

The Situation of Labor

Labor and Coal. By Anna Rochester. International Publishers. $2.

Labor and Lumber. By Charlotte Todes. International Publishers. $2.

Labor and Textiles. By Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy. International Publishers. $2.

LEFT-WING unionism has enlisted the services of one of the most able labor-research staffs of America. Publishing a series on "Labor and Industry," of which five volumes have already appeared, the Labor Research Association has thrown out a challenge to the industrialists of America as well as to the American Federation of Labor. The three volumes under review treat of the situation in three of the most demoralized sections of American capitalism. They are indispensable to any student of labor, whatever his point of view.

"Labor and Coal," by Miss Rochester, contains many hard facts concerning an industry which has for a decade been the despair of the nation. For ten years workers have averaged less than 200 days of work a year, one-fifth of the men being employed less than 150 days. Cutthroat competition between areas has reduced wages to an average of barely $1,100 a year. Stupid union leadership during a prolonged depression has made unionization of such little force that the annual earnings of the unionized Illinois miners ($1,098) are below those of non-union West Virginia and only equal to Kentucky. Annually 2,100 miners are killed in the course of their work, many because of inadequate precautions by employers. Living conditions for workers in company "patches," who buy goods from company stores and have justice administered by company-dominated police, have usually been miserable. Mechanization of the mines has aggravated the employment and wage situation.

In "Labor and Lumber" Miss Todes deals with another depressed industry employing more than a half-million workers. After tracing the dubious origin of the titles to lumber areas, she turns to a treatment of the concentration of ownership which has brought the Weyerhäuser syndicate into possession of 50 per cent of Idaho, 37 per cent of western Washington, and 15 per cent of Oregon timberland. Elsewhere similar concentration is taking place. With the decline in the production of lumber from 44,000,000,000 board feet in 1909 to 34,000,000,000 in 1927, and the use of improved mechanical devices, fewer men have been employed. In 1930 forces had been cut more than 30 per cent below the 1926 level. Wages have been low, the average in 1927 being less than $1,000. In the South wages are especially depressed. In Mississippi the average is $15.35 a week, in Georgia $10.76. The ten-hour day is universal in the South and applies to more than half the Western lumber workers.

In the description of unions in the industry the rise and decline of the "Four L" organization is noted. This curious hybrid union was launched on a wave of war patriotism to crush the I. W. W. and to head off A. F. of L. advances into the industry. The organization has since become largely a welfare unit of certain employers, with little vigor to press worker demands. As for the I. W. W., the writer declares it to be practically non-existent, suggesting that "only the fighting traditions of the past remain." The only functioning union organization appears to be the International Shingle Weavers' Union, which remains independent of the I. W. W., the Communists, and the A. F. of L.

The Dunn-Hardy book is an amazing indictment of the textile industry. After careful research into the profits and investments in the mills, tidbits of gossip are introduced from the trade papers. The enthusiastic chamber of commerce of a South Carolina city is found to advertise, "Labor in Spartanburg is free, unchangeable, and contented." The Atlanta organization, not to be outdone, adds, "Put your plant where labor helps instead of hindering," while Houston boldly proclaims, "Unorganizable Mexican labor in inexhaustible numbers can be secured in Texas for new textile mills."

But the unbelievably long hours and low wages of the Southern mills are not alone indicted. Attention is also given to New England and New Jersey. There a concealment of profits is found to be common. The ever-increasing "speed-up" of workers is condemned. Employment was found in 1928 to be 35 per cent below the 1923 level and wages also suffered considerably. The Massachusetts cotton-mill workers averaged in 1928 $16.46; those in South Carolina $9.56.

The union struggles in textiles are next passed in review. The United Textile Workers is indicted both for apathy and for its policy of attempting to conciliate employers. The "Pequot Plan" is especially condemned.

Through all the books runs the note that these industries are in chaos, that workers are subjected to insecurity and low wages, and that the American Federation of Labor has launched no effective organizing. Constant reference is made to the introduction of the seven-hour day in Soviet Russia and to the absence of unemployment there. American miners are urged by the writers to join the Mine, Oil, and Smelter Workers' Industrial Union; the lumber workers, the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union; and the textile workers, the National Textile Workers' Union. These unions are affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League.

Many will feel upon reading these books that the writers have overstressed the promise of the newly launched left-wing unions. For these unions have little financial backing and in addition operate under the handicap of the general hatred of Communists. In the South the belief in racial equality is also a heavy burden for the left-wing textile union to carry in the present situation. President McMahon of the United Textile Workers does not appear able to organize extensively on the platform that "we aren't talking higher wages. We aren't talking shorter hours. . . . We want to sit down with the mill owners, we want to take up their problems as our problems." Can militant believers in the class struggle win the fight with force instead of an olive branch? In the coal fields, likewise, the left-wing union is a poor third in membership strength. Its vigorous struggle in 1928 brought its leaders into jail and exhausted its treasury. Can it secure the millions necessary to wage an effective battle in the coal fields where in ten days evictions are secured and where wholesale jailing is customary? As for the lumber camps, is it likely that the I. W. W. influence is as dead as it is pictured? That organization appears to have an ability to persist long after its obituary has been written.

Still, however optimistic their predictions, it remains true that the writers of these books have produced a careful analysis of the situation faced by labor in three major industries. Can the American Federation of Labor be prodded into effective action or will the left-wing unions be alone in the field? Or will the Conference for Progressive Labor Action secure an active foothold? At the moment it appears that the A. F. of L. forces are being outgeneraled. For solid research, mingled with propaganda for a cause, is a far more solid basis for effective unionization than speeches on the mutual interests of capital and labor. Mr. Green might be reminded that little union organizing has been done in Rotary Clubs.

COLSTON E. WARNE

The War at Home

Mrs. Fischer's War. By Henrietta Leslie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN a foreword to this novel of war on the home front John Galsworthy remarks that few books have been written on the poignant theme of the war as it was or seemed to mothers and wives. Here, then, one might expect a new angle of vision and perspective on a tale of human ignominy and woe that is slowly losing force through sheer weight of repetition; but Mrs. Leslie, unfortunately, is limited where her material is not. Her characters are, for the most part, puppets moving through an aura of misapprehension and exaggeration that seems as pathetic now as it was real at the time of the war, and one suspects that tragedy which is so limited in time and so local in nature is hardly worth more than an essay.

Any method in fiction that seizes on a theme and draws its characters as mere illustrations of it is likely to leave a bad taste on the reader's tongue. If there is nothing new under the sun there are certainly no new sermons to be preached, and if human beings were really angels there would have been no war at all. The sentimental approach to the tragedies of the World War at this late date seems particularly unforgivable, and "Mrs. Fischer's War" is a piece of sentiment made from whole cloth.

Obviously the predicament of an Englishwoman married to a German subject during the war was not enviable. The war at home threw open the gates for every bit of unrestrained maliciousness of which human nature was capable, and one has only to recall the rabbit hunts for enemy aliens conducted on this side of the water to sympathize with the woes of an Englishwoman whose husband fought in the German army against his own son. But once grant the general nature of such a tragedy, and its implications narrow at once to the individual and specific. Mrs. Leslie is well enough off in presenting her general problem. It is when she tries to give it human and individual proportions that she fails rather badly.

And here at once we come across the only real and valid test for any war book. The business of fiction is neither to lament nor to prophesy. The habit of referring to classic examples would naturally recall Tolstoy's "War and Peace" as a work in which character stands foremost and in which setting and local problems as such are merely incidental color. If we can share in the life of a character while reading a book we realize at once that the stresses of war and those of peace are sides of the same coin. Such a re-creation of life on its own terms Mrs. Leslie is unable to give us. It is the more unfortunate in that her theme is unusual.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Books in Brief

The Magnet. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

This sequel to "Bystander" will be rather heavy going for those who have not a special knowledge of Russian intellectual history between 1895 and 1905. The first instalment of Gorki's great and apparently endless novel took its hero, Clim Samghin, from his birth to the accession and marriage of Nicholas II. Clim's younger years, in which he only dimly became aware that a revolution was brewing in Russia, had their fascination, as did his love affair with Lidia. But the later pages of "Bystander" ran into the shallows of discussion; and now "The Magnet" moves wholly there, if it moves at all. The story is partly of Clim's relationships with three further women—Varvara, Nikonova, and Duniasha—but chiefly of how Russia talked aimlessly for ten years. The last pages deal with the Bloody Sunday of 1905, and deal with it brilliantly. Indeed, the whole work is brilliant; but it is also, in great stretches, a bore. The translation by Alexander Bakshy is spirited and skilful.

Coronado's Children. By J. Frank Dobie. Dallas: Southwest Press. $3.

"Coronado's Children" is fine for a swashbuckling imagination. Spanish gold, pirates, bandits, Indians, cutthroats, gringos, and Mexicanos—all moving in pageant-like glory, resurrected out of a glamorous four centuries of our Western history—these are the theme. The motive is the gold fever, from the tales of Cibola on down to express-train hold-ups, and in particular the search, still going on, for the cached treasures of desperate men who buried their plunder and never came to reclaim it—jack-loads, pay chests, loot, nuggets, millions, imaginings. The dramatic center is Texas (as it should be), but the margins are from Missouri to California, and north to the Kansas line. The stories are drawn from verifiable traditions; they are genuine local lore, with sources given; and while the author has given them an engaging telling, more or less journalistic, the flavor of soil and society is but a part of their justification. This flavor is very real. Here we have a genuine collection of an American, western American folklore, which had not been reduced to form, and which cannot be allowed to escape us. The book's full title is "Coronado's Children: Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest." Mr. Dobie has done a good job of it, and there are excellent illustrations by Ben Carlton Mead, the best being the treasure map that lines the binding and adorns the jacket. Not least interesting is the fact that this well-made volume is published locally in Dallas, Texas.

Religion on the American Frontier. The Baptists. Edited by William Warren Sweet. With a General Introduction by Shirley Jackson Case. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

Attic junk frequently becomes priceless. Though casual readers may think this collection of documents from the Midwestern frontier is valuable only to the religious antiquarian or the professional historian, any serious observer of American life must discover in its pages an authenticity and freshness which no amount of second-hand history can supply. These autobiographies of itinerant preachers, these church letters, records, and minutes introduce the reader directly into a rough and free environment and make real to him what otherwise might seem incredible. Professor Sweet and his associates with this volume have initiated a series which will be a monumental achievement in American history. Both layman and scholar can now have access to materials which have hitherto practically been sealed. The brief chapters of the introduction give us an admirable historical framework which serves to make the source materials more intelligible and more significant.

Wall Street and Lombard Street. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This is a detailed and highly competent description of the collapse of the New York stock market, by the former editor of the London *Economist,* who was in this country during the most dramatic phase of the break in October and November, 1929. There is an account of the international crisis which followed and suggestions for remedies. Mr. Hirst believes that the world depression was precipitated by the Wall Street break, and presents a more than plausible analysis to support this conclusion. His suggestions for remedies, however, seem somewhat unrelated to his original diagnosis. They include: cancelation or a very sharp reduction by the United States of the war debts owing to it, reduction of the American tariff, and a reversal of America's alleged policy of "hoarding" gold. The tendency of the book—and of the widespread European view that it reflects—to centralize the blame for the depression in the United States and to look to us for all the chief remedies does not seem a very healthy one. Surely it is time that British financial writers recognized that our accumulation of gold is the result of deeper world causes than our "currency and credit" policy. Mr. Hirst, moreover, would have done better to throw his emphasis on the need of a *general* reduction of tariffs.

Green River: A Poem for Rafinesque. By James Whaler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

James Whaler's "Green River" is one of the most interesting of recent narrative poems. Here is the history of the great but almost forgotten naturalist who came to America from Italy, fleeing unhappiness, and who found here at last the great cave of Green River. The story is dramatically told in dialogue, the poet thus avoiding dull expository passages; the emotional interest is kept at high pitch, and the character is very well drawn. The symbolic use of the Proserpine myth to indicate first Rafinesque's love of nature in the sunlight and then his rediscovery of her wonder in the underworld, the cave, shapes the whole poem into a greater significance. The verse form is a rather free use of the couplet which allows the emotion of the dialogue to take its own rhythms. Whaler, in his selection of detail and his handling of language and of character, shows definite poetic ability. This is his second book; his first was "Hale's Pond."

Wit and Wisdom of Morocco. A Study of Native Proverbs. By Edward Westermarck. Horace Liveright. $5.

This volume completes Dr. Westermarck's trilogy on the customs and ideas of the Moors, the previous two volumes having been "Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco" and "Ritual and Belief in Morocco." Dr. Westermarck here supplies the Arabic text and the English translation of 2,013 proverbs with commentary. The long, pithy introduction is the most valuable part of the book, however, the proverbs rarely being as interesting or in the translation as aptly put as analogous European proverbs.

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by ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER

Introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

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Films

The German Invasion

FIVE or six years ago the German films were the great sensation. They demonstrated to the general public that films could be made with intelligence and imagination, that there was such a thing as the art of the film. Although the lesson of this demonstration was clear to all who cared to see it, the hopes for a renascence of the film in Germany and under the German stimulus in Hollywood were doomed to an early disappointment. The Germans in Germany and the Germans in Hollywood, succumbing to the same system of commercial mass output, lowered their standards to suit the big public almost as quickly as they had sent them rocketing to the heights of "The Last Laugh" when their main concern had been to express themselves with the utmost power of conviction. To complete their downfall the Russians displaced them from their leadership, and the talkies delivered the coup de grace by disorganizing their production and introducing a new technique.

Thus, for a couple of years we heard very little about German films. Then one German talkie after another found its way into the smaller movie houses of New York, and today, if we glance at the list of films current in this city, the number of German films on it is likely to give us quite a surprise. This week, for example, out of the twenty-one first-run films shown in New York, fifteen are American films and six are German. That does not mean, of course, that a third of the movie audiences of New York patronize German movies. Probably the entire daily audience of the six little theaters exhibiting the German films does not reach a quarter of the number visiting the Roxy alone. The significant fact is not the number of people who go to see the German films, but the emergence of the German work by the side of the American and the apparent eagerness with which it is sought by the so-called little theaters.

In the face of such an unmistakable revival of interest in the product of the German and Austrian studios—an interest that is only partly accounted for by the presence of a large German-speaking public in this city—it is worth inquiring into the quality of this product. Do these new German talkies contain a message or even a promise of an art essentially different from the banalities of Hollywood? Do they suggest a new understanding of the use of sound and dialogue on the screen? Do they place the Germans again in the van of cinematic progress? Without attempting any hasty generalizations and speaking only on the basis of what has been seen in New York, the answers to these three questions must all be no. A brief review of the German films shown this week—and they are fully representative of other weeks—supplies the reason for this unfavorable, though provisional, verdict.

The film that more than any other is responsible for the present German invasion is the famous "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt" (Europa), famous because of its continuous run now entering upon its eighth month, which is an unprecedented figure for any foreign film. What, it may be asked, is the reason for this extraordinary success? Despite some authoritative opinions to the contrary, I am convinced that the reason is not so much in the picture as in the New York audience. There is a marked reaction in certain sections of the public against the jazz tempo of our life, and a nostalgia for the quieter, more romantic moods. Moreover, the public and the critics have, happily, forgotten what a good waltz is, which makes them ready to acclaim as a masterpiece anything that reminds them of the old days. If we add to this that "Zwei Herzen," besides being tuneful and romantic, is also as entertaining as any Hollywood comedy, the success of this ordinary, if well-made, film will contain no further mystery, particularly if the inertia of success is also taken into account.

To take another film that has had a fairly good run, "Wien, Du Stadt der Lieder" (Little Carnegie), one again finds a musical comedy of the stage type made more authentic and entertaining by an old-world setting. "Skandal um Eva" (Eighth Street) is another old-world comedy, with all the music, romance, and oddity of manner that go with it. Though probably the best of the German pictures here reviewed, it is rather slow and deliberate in movement, and certainly does not come up to the artistic standard set by the German silent pictures. By appropriate contrast, "Das Mädel von der Reeperbahn" (Fifth Avenue), acclaimed as a masterpiece, suggests the pitfalls that brought about the downfall of the German films. It is the familiar pseudo-profundity of treatment that makes this picture, with its completely trivial theme, so pretentiously inflated and unconvincing. I only have to mention the perfectly stagy farce "Lumpenball" (Cameo), not particularly funny and rather crude in performance, to confirm the already suggested conclusion that so far the German producers have shown us very little that is valuable in itself or significant of future developments.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

The Color Line

IT would be hard to imagine a directer and clearer statement of the fact that prejudice against color exists in the South than is made by DuBose Heyward in "Brass Ankle" (Masque Forty-fifth Street Theater). Mr. Heyward has invented a story, or perhaps used one that he has heard, for no other purpose than to put this fact outside the circle of things that can be doubted. Whatever else the play means, it means that the prejudice in question is something to be taken seriously—or, failing that, something that is as a matter of record taken very seriously by those who possess it at all. More than one moral may be derived from the spectacle presented; patrons of the play may go away with a variety of opinions as to what ought or ought not to be done about the "situation"; but none of them will forget what he saw in the theater.

He will have seen a young South Carolinian and his wife, both of them to all appearances white, happy in a house which contains one child (played by the whitest child actor, apparently, who could be found in North America) and is soon to contain another. The story is of how while the father, Larry Leamer, waits for his son to be born, he leads the agitation in the town against a family of whites who have suddenly turned out to be tainted with Negro blood. Much is made of this agitation, and of Larry's blind loathing for black blood generally—no matter, either, in how little amount. Much is made, because that is what gives point to Larry's unspeakable horror when the doctor announces to him that his son "shows traces," and explains to him that the mother, though she never knew it until now, comes from a family of Brass Ankles—people neither black nor white who live in strangely isolated communities and have a special, only semi-recognized status. There is so little of the Negro in Ruth Leamer, the doctor says, that her child's color amounts almost to a miracle of nature. But there it is, and Larry must decide what he shall do about it.

What he does, or rather what Ruth does when after two acts she is made to realize how her husband's mind and life have been blasted, is the contribution of the play. Larry loves Ruth. That is still clear. But Ruth is able to decide that he will be better off without her than with the knowledge that she and her two children—for the first one now comes in for retroactive contamination—belong to the despised race. So she calls in the neighbors and in their presence, as well as in the presence of the doctor, who significantly says nothing, tells Larry that she is not tainted after all in the way he thinks. She is tainted in another way; she has borne an illegitimate child, and a Negro was its father. This lie clears the older child and so clears the mind of Larry, who now knows what to do. He chases his beloved wife out of the room with a double-barreled shotgun and performs two executions, one on her and one on the son she holds at her breast. Larry now will have to go on living with the conviction that his wife was vicious and with the memory that he had killed her in a particularly bloody fashion. But this will be better, it seems, than the consciousness that one small drop of a certain kind of blood still runs in his family.

"Brass Ankle" would seem by this report to be a shocking play, and it is. Evidently it has not tried to be anything else—for instance, tragedy. Tragedy is never harrowing in the way "Brass Ankle" is harrowing, and the reason is that its heroes are great and complicated individuals whose ruin is impressive even while it is terrible. Larry is so barely, so nakedly a representative of his section and class, so thinly drawn for a specific purpose, that he fails to be other than a fearful case with a painful history. He was played very efficiently toward this end by Ben Smith, who with Alice Brady as Ruth conducted the piece to its conclusion. Miss Brady, powerful and vivid as usual, gave, as usual, one of the best performances of the year. Lester Lonergan as the kind country doctor was likewise admirable. Indeed, the entire performance was nicely sharpened to show the purpose of the play. What the purpose was, or what the result is, might remain a question. I can imagine an outsider saying: "If this is the way you feel in the South, then something has to be done about it." I can also imagine a Southerner saying: "This, sir, *is* the way some of us feel. And since we *do* feel this way, what *can* be done about it?"

"The Bellamy Trial" has been made into a better-than-average murder play by Frances Noyes Hart and Frank E. Carstarphen (Forty-eighth Street Theater). The whole thing takes place in court, and the mystery, which is mild but real, is largely the mystery of what goes on in witness boxes.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains since 1929.

J. B. S. HALDANE, Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University, is one of the most distinguished of British biologists and author of many important scientific works.

FRANK G. MOORHEAD was for twenty years editor of a chain of farm papers in the Middle West.

JAMES RORTY is the author of "Children of the Sun."

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER is professor of history at Columbia University.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

COLSTON E. WARNE is associate professor of economics at Amherst College.

EUGENE LÖHRKE is the author of "Deep Evening."

DEVERE ALLEN, editor of the *World Tomorrow*, has been spending the winter studying conditions in Europe.

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International Relations Section

Spain Wins Freedom

By DEVERE ALLEN

Madrid, April 16

IT is April 16 and the people of Madrid are going about their business as if nothing had happened. The order is perfect; anyone reaching the city today would never know that matters had been different for a feverish five days. But out on the squares the white-helmeted traffic cops wear red bands around their sleeves, something no man could have done in this city six days ago and stay out of jail or keep his skull intact. On faces everywhere there is an air of satisfaction. This is a happy town. And it is happy because the people of Spain have won something most of them desperately craved, and won it by magnificent self-control and revolutionary discipline.

On Friday, April 10, I arrived in Madrid. There was, all over the city, an air of tension and uncertainty. The royalists were afraid, though not going so far as to believe themselves seriously menaced by the voting—a lot of agitation, possibly, but it was only rubbish to think the Spanish people wanted to shelve the monarchy. Business groups, foreign and Spanish, were afraid, because they knew that at any moment widespread violence might break out, upsetting the normal life of trade for an incalculable period. The student and working-class youth were afraid, and rightly, of the police swords and guns, which nevertheless, by demonstration, they had determined to defy. And the Republican leaders were afraid that their cause and their strategy, carefully prepared, might be demolished by unruly elements.

All Friday afternoon bands of labor, Socialist, and Republican youths scamper about the city distributing red handbills and white fliers, calling upon the students, the workers, the elders, to throw away old fears and hesitations, take faith in their own ability and power, and at the polls strike a great victorious blow for freedom. The sins of the monarchy are repeated in fulsome rhetoric, but less against Alfonso or any specific policy is this barrage of argument directed than against monarchy as an institution. When a group of these youths descend on a street with their "literature" they take three swift looks at the nearest policeman or carabineer or civil guard, and proceed to weave their way like lightning through the crowd that invariably gathers. The people want this stuff. They seize it hungrily, go off reading it, stand and debate in clamorous forums of two and three. The cafes are alive with people, alert, interested, talking, talking, talking. And out in the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's huge central open space, are police. Police on horseback, on foot, at the steps of the Gobernacion, or administration building, at the corners, up the side streets, in front of statues and all public places.

The weather is campaigning weather. We have had only mild air and sunshine for a week. Saturday, when the sun is still low in the east and the first workers are clattering to their jobs—for nobody ever walks, talks, rides, drives, or runs a tramcar quietly in Madrid—the campaign organizers are at work. In the morning it is much the same as on the preceding afternoon. But soon there comes a change. Somehow, around three o'clock, the masses of people always present in the Puerta have become a crowd—a milling, jostling multitude. If anything ever breaks in Madrid, it is sure to break at the Puerta del Sol. The police are even more numerous than before. To the outlying districts are sent the civil guard; they carry rifles and wear green uniforms, with hats nobody could describe but which perhaps look most like a cap that grew into a sofa pillow at the rear and was hit by a stuffed club and knocked flat. Other troops are on reserve in the Gobernacion building.

Suddenly, from down one of the ten side streets that empty into the mammoth rectangle of the Puerta, comes a raucous shouting. The automobiles pouring into this thoroughfare, which leads in the direction of the royal palace, are blocked. They pile up far out into the square. Fifty feet down the street I can see what is happening. Several youths hold armfuls of red stickers fifteen inches long, while others rub sponges across the gummed backs of the stickers and slap them against the cars. When a car is covered with three or four labels it is allowed to pass. Not till then; and inside some of the cars expensively dressed gentlemen grip their canes tightly, their mouths set in thin lines across white faces. By the time the police have shouldered their way into the mob and dispersed the youths, a half-hundred automobiles are on their way through other streets crying out in red: "Viva la República!" Promptly, as if by a mysterious wizardry, the horde of youths evaporates—but in ten minutes the same scene is repeated four streets away.

As the afternoon wears on, many more cars blossom forth with stickers. From up the side streets come groups of youths marching abreast, carrying red flags or crying revolutionary songs. And now, alas, hoodlumism has added its own excuse to the policemen's orders. These squads of youngsters from fourteen to twenty-one years old are broken up at once. If they do not give way to threats they have to run furiously into alleys and duck into friendly stores, for the mounted police with drawn swords rush down upon them. Now and then a rock comes hurtling out of nowhere and lands near a policeman, though most of the missiles sail wide of the mark. Once, when a horse is struck and a mounted officer is nearly upset, he draws his revolver and gallops into every available alley; even two soldiers walking harmlessly toward the melee look up, stand paralyzed for a second, and dash into a church. Nobody knows what will happen next; when a car backfires, fifty people jump.

Yet the people stay. More keep on coming. Every street, as far as you can see, disgorges people who want to get on to the Puerta del Sol. These are allowed to filter through, a few at a time. But the students are not allowed to demonstrate. By eight o'clock the students have become only a small percentage of the rioting youths; every last youngster in search of adventure and a chance to be a hero is out to bait the cops. Periodically the rushes continue. Policemen, many of them already anti-monarchists in their hearts but bent on carrying out orders, are touched in a ticklish spot when in front of thousands of people they are jeered at and called prostitutes. Ugliness begins to creep into the conflict, and cracked heads are on the increase.

By late evening it has settled down into a determined battle. The students and hooligans and demonstrators are bound to get to the front of the Gobernacion building. The police won't let them if they can help it. Three of us, with more zest than discretion, convince the *jefe,* or chief of the police forces, that we are writers; he had never read a word that we had written and so was prepared to believe it. Although we were shoved around at times by nervous officers, and ordered a dozen times in vivid Castilian to get out of this privileged box seat, friend *jefe* intervened to give us an unobstructed view. But what we saw was not exactly reassuring. Judging by the signs, hell was going to be let loose.

On Sunday the twelfth I walked about Madrid for nearly thirteen hours. In the morning I went through almost every accessible section of the city. There was no violence; order was kept at the polls; not only were the official police out to prevent disturbances, but representatives of the Republicans and Socialists were on hand for the same purpose. These latter had another purpose also. It is well known that votes have been habitually counted out by the reactionary groups in Spanish politics. This, plus the local boss and the use of money to buy votes wholesale, used to be effective. It was not effective now. The bosses were watched; I am told by astonished Republicans that in several places all over Spain where votes have always been for sale, they could not be bought for a hundred pesetas, ten times the usual price; and to insure correct counting, 2,000 watchers in Madrid alone stood at the polls and checked off their men as they went in to ballot. In many districts the voting, which legally closed at four, was all over by ten-thirty. I doubt if there was ever a finer job of organizing votes.

Late Sunday afternoon, as the results begin to trickle in, fear seizes the police still deeper. Their tormentors, feeling with every bulletin the rising of the anti-government tide, make up their minds that this time they will break through. It is a grim time for a while; many are the backs bruised from truncheons, and right into the middle of the mob the police, blinded with rage, swing swords and cut their way through to arrest such culprits as they can. The red flag appears in the streets, and groups begin to sing the "Marseillaise" and revolutionary songs of the Spanish workers. One, apparently concocted for the occasion, roars vociferously "Alfonso, Alfonso, Alfonso, you must go!" A policeman, enraged at something someone has done from inside the refuge of a tramcar, plunges his sword through the glass of a window and jabs and flays about, with no mortal results it seems. A young man of twenty-five whose head is bound up and who wears a red badge on his coat is paraded past the doorway of the Gobernacion headquarters as a rebuke to the police. He gets ten feet past, when he and his companions are efficiently collected and taken inside.

Meantime, the results of the polls continue to pile up. They are indeed amazing. It became perfectly obvious by Sunday evening that a grave decision rested with Alfonso and his Cabinet. All that night jubilant Republicans were demonstrating their exultation in the streets, and there was apparent a lessening of the tension. Monday, Madrid had the most foolish-looking police force one could well imagine. They were caught between two masters. They were hesi-

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tant. They used no force this day, but rode and walked around, joked quietly by the crowds and grinning sheepishly back. By afternoon, whenever they appeared in impressive numbers, they were greeted by handclapping and cries of "Long live the Republican guards." That evening Alcalá Zamora, Republican leader who was still in prison a few weeks ago for his part in planning the December revolt, received a telegram from Barcelona addressed to "Zamora, President of the Provisional Republican Government, Madrid." It was from the chief of the anti-monarchist forces in Barcelona. In the evening there were further demonstrations, and one worried and angered official gave an indiscreet order; down on the Paseo, the promenade of the town, a group headed for Zamora's house was stopped, sharp words were exchanged, and several Republicans were soon lying in the street, wounded badly by police bullets. It was shortly after this that Zamora, a man with no authority but with virtual control of the situation, held a conference with the heads of the guards and police and demanded that they allow the people freedom to demonstrate, arguing that this way would be safest.

Tuesday morning the contrast was breath-taking. The people had possession of the Puerta del Sol; but police, civil guards, troops, business men, and workers all chatted amiably, and traffic went on. It was a city of order, despite the expectancy in the air. The Cabinet, following a long consultation the previous night, told Alfonso frankly that in the face of the returns they could not hold power any longer.

All that afternoon, throughout the cities of Spain, the republic was proclaimed and peaceable possession taken of the government buildings. In mid-afternoon, when a Republican flag was run up on the government headquarters in the Puerta del Sol, a policeman in front of the building turned dramatically and kissed the new Republican flag of red, yellow, and purple. An official leaned out of a high window, signaling that he, too, wanted a flag; and in a moment a daring human fly scaled up the straight front of the building and put a flag in his hands. Red armbands appeared on the arms of soldiers; flags came from everywhere, some of them hastily improvised, with the colors in all possible orders; badges of the new colors were being sold on the streets. Here was a danger-point. There was reason for apprehension. A mob of young enthusiasts rushed to the Plaza Isobel near the palace and pulled down a statue of Queen Isobel II, breaking off the head and wantonly defacing all but the pedestal. The name "Plaza Isobel" was immediately torn from the wall of the corner building, and "Plaza de Galán and Hernandez" tacked up in the form of a cardboard square. The Plaza Orient soon became the Plaza de la Republica. Wondering what might happen in other places, we found at the Plaza Mayor a gang of irresponsibles in the act of tearing down a really fine equestrian statue of Philip III, pounding with iron bars at the inscription, inoffensive enough of itself. Was this going to be the signal for a general outburst of unrestrained vandalism ending in bloodshed? True, the subways were running; the post office was open; trains were coming and going on time; the radical leaders had asked the employees on public conveyances and works to stay calmly at their posts. But where were the leaders now?

The leaders, 250 of them, although we did not know it at the time and it has not been published in the press over here, were camping for the night in the palace. Alfonso, early in the evening, had decided to depart; at half-past eight he was gone. And the Republican and Socialist leaders had determined above all else to prove their ability to govern the masses and prevent that "anarchy" which has been for years the helpful slogan of the monarchists to hold their supporters in line. It was enough to make one's faith in human capacity rise high in the glass to see a thin line of policemen around the palace, without force and only by advice and pleas, keeping back the thousands that swarmed around the neighborhood. Never before, I venture to think, was there a revolution such as this.

On Wednesday the provisional government had already taken power and declared a day of festival. Everything was closed that could be closed, while essential services, even to the washing of the streets, went on unchecked. Procession after procession marched all over the city from early morning until dawn of Thursday. How they kept it up, I cannot say. The trade unions had their banners and insignia; the youth groups and students' and women's organizations were all out en masse. Trucks roared through the town, tramcars contained hundreds of free riders on the roofs. Cafes remained open most of the day, but there was almost no drunkenness. This country was drunk on a very different wine. Great pictures of Galán and Garcia were carried around, and men and women kissed them repeatedly. Colors, music, the "Marseillaise," cheers, "Viva la República," more "Marseillaise," dogs dressed in flaming red blankets, children with red jackets, men with red suits, youths performing mass around an impromptu bier for Alfonso, a dozen imitation kings hastening nowhere very fast with suitcases in hand. The revolution, incredibly peaceful, had been won.

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THE OUTBREAKS against the Catholic church in Spain are not surprising. If ever there was a priest- and nun-ridden country it is that. Under the old regime there were fully 100,000 or more priests, nuns, and monks, one for every forty families, all of them enjoying special privileges and all immune from civil punishment except for serious offenses. Not only did high church dignitaries occupy important posts in the government, they were prominent in the personally chosen assembly of Primo de Rivera. In addition, that dictator subsidized the religious press, the Jesuit periodical *El Debate* being practically an official organ. Small wonder that the church should seem to the public to have been part and parcel of the monarchy, or that the republic should have moved at once to separate church from state. These facts would seem to be a sufficient explanation of the public hostility which was unquestionably further aroused by the pastoral letter issued last week by the Primate of Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo, in which he called upon all Spanish Catholics to vote for deputies in the coming elections of the National Assembly who would "defend their religion." What could be more stupid or more tactless than such an appeal at such an hour? It therefore does not seem to us necessary to attribute the deplorable mob excesses wholly to Anarchists or Communists as does the Spanish government. Beyond question, however, the new regime is still in a critical stage. We hope that it will profit by the sad example of Kerensky and that it will act promptly, vigorously, and radically.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S radio talk on May 9, telling about the work of the State Department and reviewing some phases of American foreign relations, was, like most such addresses, significant for its silences as well as for its declarations. The country should be glad of the renewed assurance that the American army and navy are not to be used to collect debts abroad, and that American citizens in Nicaragua are not to be denied the protection to which they are entitled under international law. The emphasis upon the efforts to "eradicate the sore spots of Latin American diplomacy," while it comports with the rather obvious bid for Latin American good-will that stands out in the address, nevertheless represents a thoroughly commendable Administration policy. It seems strange, on the other hand, or it would if Mr. Stimson were not a politician, to hear the London Naval Conference, with its aftermath of a complete naval deadlock between Italy and France, touted as something which has given a "great stimulus" to "the prospects for success of the European conference on general disarmament" which is scheduled to meet next February, and at the same time to be left quite in the dark as to whether any preparations for that conference are being made by the United States. It would have been just as well, too, if Mr. Stimson had not pointed with pride to his ill-starred irruption into the Russo-Chinese quarrel as a reason for praising the anti-war pact. None the less we are heartily grateful for a restatement of our historic policy toward Latin America, from which we should never have departed.

THE SUGAR PACT which was signed at Brussels on May 9 is a unique and interesting attempt to deal by voluntary agreement with a world industry which for years has been almost hopelessly disrupted. Under the lead of Thomas L. Chadbourne of New York, representatives of 80 per cent of the sugar-exporting industries in seven countries, with a capital investment of more than $2,000,000,000, have agreed to a plan which contemplates the adjustment of sugar production to world consumption through the gradual liquidation, over a period of five years, of a surplus of 2,500,000 tons of sugar whose menace to the market has kept export prices below the point of profit. As the price of sugar rises, the council which is to administer the agreement will release designated percentages of the surplus. It is hoped that the price may reach 2½ cents a pound within the period covered by the agreement, that being the figure at which the Cuban industry can make a profit. It would be hasty to conclude that other world industries can be subjected to similar stabilization, for the sugar industry has its own peculiarities, the Chadbourne plan has yet to show that it can work, and the reaction of public opinion to rising sugar prices under an agreement that has some of the attributes of a monopoly is an element of importance. Nevertheless, the scheme is highly significant as an example of international industrial cooperation.

INEFFICIENCY AND WASTE have long been considered cardinal sins in Soviet Russia. Yet American engineers working in Russia have for months been complaining—without result—of the lack of efficiency, the great waste, the fear of responsibility, and the tendency toward sabotage on the part of their Russian colleagues and assistants. They have sought to convince the Soviet officials that the success of the Five-Year Plan depends largely on their ability to eliminate inefficiency and economic waste, which thus far have taken an exceedingly high toll. These complaints have taken definite form in a report prepared by the American firm of Stuart, James, and Cooke. The Russian authorities now appear to have awakened, though rather belatedly, to the sound logic of the American argument, and they are proceeding with their characteristic vigor to correct the situation. Nine officials of the automobile factory at Nijni-Novgorod have been brought to trial on criminal charges of "wilful neglect and suppression" in connection with forty-two projects recommended by American engineers. Doubtless the Soviet authorities hope by means of this trial to instil the fear of prison sentences in the hearts of their workers who either cannot or will not keep up with the furious pace demanded by the Five-Year Plan, but it remains to be seen whether a threat of imprisonment will suffice to make the Russian worker any more efficient than he is today.

FRANCE IS DETERMINED to defeat the Austro-German customs union if it can, or, failing that, to develop a counter-plan which will make the Austro-German scheme relatively unimportant. The chief argument of the French, naturally, is that a customs union is a first step toward a political union, and no amount of denial that a political union is intended receives the slightest credence. European opposition to the customs union, however, has become somewhat attenuated now that Italy declines to worry about it and opinion in the Little Entente is divided, so the supple M. Briand has been turning his attention to evolving something competitive. To the meeting of the League Council and the European federation committee at Geneva "France will go," he told the Chamber of Deputies on May 8, "with a constructive plan for the absorption of the excess harvests" of Central and Eastern Europe, "for financing their agriculture by loans, and for the organization in Europe, which is totally without it, of a system of production and exchange." The reception of this ambitious proposal, which seems to include in its scope most of the economic disorders from which Europe is suffering, will be awaited with interest. Meantime the German and Austrian chancellors hold their ground, and Foreign Minister Curtius quietly remarks that the Briand plan would merely supplement, but not replace, the proposed customs unions. The idea of supplementing a German effort instead of leading off can hardly be very agreeable to M. Briand.

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN and the German writer Heinrich Mann have publicly accused the Jugoslav government of being responsible for the murder on February 18 of Professor Milan Sufflay, the noted Croatian scholar. While walking to his home in Zagreb, Professor Sufflay was struck down from behind with an iron rod. He died within a few hours. The Einstein-Mann letter, which was addressed to the League for the Rights of Man, asserted that the name of the murderer is known, but the government has refused to take action against him. The murderer is a member of a terrorist organization called Young Jugoslavia, the letter said, adding that during his visit to Zagreb in January King Alexander addressed this organization and "told how the Croatian representatives to Parliament had been put out of the way at his request." After the King's speech the government press openly called for the assassination of the political and intellectual leaders of Croatia. Several murders resulted, including that of Sufflay. This sort of terrorism has been visited upon the Croats time and time again since Jugoslavia was created after the World War. It is the price that they have had to pay for refusing to submit peacefully to the illegal domination of the Serbs, who have sought to run the country for their own benefit to the exclusion of the Croats and Slovenes. It is a striking commentary on the interest the United States takes in these European questions that the Croatian murders should have run along virtually unnoticed until this protest by Albert Einstein.

THE PUBLIC INTEREST guided Governor Roosevelt when he selected the personnel of the newly created New York State Power Authority. He could hardly have found five more competent men than Frank P. Walsh, James C. Bonbright, Fred Freestone, Delos Cosgrove, and Morris Llewellyn Cooke to serve on the board which has been charged with the important task of supervising the construction, financing, and operation of the projected State hydroelectric plant on the St. Lawrence River. Mr. Walsh is the noted liberal lawyer; he has devoted much time and thought to public-utility problems. Professor Bonbright, of the School of Business at Columbia University, is an authority on the power question. Mr. Freestone is master of the New York State Grange, and thus represents the farmers of the State. Mr. Cosgrove is a lawyer practicing in Watertown, where he has been active in furthering the interests of his fellow-citizens in their management of the local municipally owned power plant. Mr. Cooke, an efficiency engineer whose home is in Philadelphia, has gained wide renown for his public service in the power field. Not one of these men is a professional office-holder. Governor Roosevelt is to be congratulated for his selection of men who can be counted upon to serve the people rather than the power trust or one of the political machines.

SEVERAL PEACE ORGANIZATIONS and liberal groups in Chicago have decided to stage a counter-demonstration to the army air show scheduled to be held in that city on May 20, similar to the one to be held in New York City on May 22-23. Their plan is not only to voice their protest against the air show, in which 670 military airplanes are to participate, but to use this as an occasion for countering the militaristic propaganda of the War Department with propaganda designed to promote world peace. May 18, anniversary of the founding of the Hague Tribunal, will be observed as International Good-Will Day. Arrangements have been made by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Y. W. C. A., the League for Industrial Democracy, the Chicago Church Federation, the Workmen's Circle, the League of Nations Non-partisan Association, the Chicago Federation of Labor, and the Socialist

Party for a public mass-meeting to be held on that day on behalf of peace. Peace programs have also been arranged for in the churches and schools, while on May 20 the Cinema Art Guild Theater will present an anti-war program sponsored by the Good-Will Day committee. Thus the residents of Chicago will have an opportunity to learn that there are two sides to the question of war and peace. One wishes that every city over which airplanes will presently roar could be similarly edified.

WITH ONE AWARD of the Pulitzer Prize Committee we are entirely in accord—its choice of the series of articles on Russia contributed to the New York *Evening Post* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* by their Berlin correspondent, H. R. Knickerbocker. As a piece of clear-cut, straightforward, and honest reporting it won the admiration of all journalists who are familiar with Soviet conditions. That those articles were hastily written is true; that the style was journalistic and by no means beyond improvement is also true. But no one can question Mr. Knickerbocker's sincerity or his desire to be entirely objective. He undertook an extraordinarily long and difficult trip, from which he returned physically exhausted, for he spared himself not at all, even clambering down into deep mines where there were no lifts to see for himself. Unfortunately his editors unduly sensationalized much of his work; the headline fiends did their uttermost to convey the impression that his articles were lurid to a degree. Even the title of the American edition of the book in which his articles were given more permanent form was misleading and unfair—"The Red Trade Menace." None the less, these articles gave, we believe, the very best picture we have of Soviet Russia as it was in the fall of 1930, and they mark Mr. Knickerbocker as one of the most promising members of the corps of American correspondents now stationed in Europe.

THREE GERMAN LADS who had the bad judgment to fight and die for the Fatherland—though they fell before the entry of the United States into the World War—may have their names inscribed in the new and costly Harvard memorial chapel, but on a separate tablet to distinguish them from their more fortunate fellows who died for the Allies. This puts God on the right side and at the same time indicates that He is not without pity for an enemy. President Lowell has explained that under the conditions on which the Harvard alumni gave money for the chapel, it would have been impossible to admit the German soldiers on the same terms as those who fought on "our" side. To the suggestion that the question of doing so might have been put to a vote of the alumni, emphatic answer was given by Harvard authorities that merely at the suggestion of making the chapel other than strictly an Allied memorial much of the money already pledged would have been withdrawn. Since the memorial chapel is an indefensible monument to war and neither a necessary nor a desirable adjunct to the university, this would have been an excellent outcome. But as things stand, Harvard insists that it has been as liberal as it possibly could be. Inspired by the Cambridge example, however, Cornell University is refusing to inscribe on its war memorial the name of Hans Wagner, a graduate who died for Germany. One can only recommend that nowhere on either memorial building appear—except it be with proper qualification—the ancient and time-honored inscription: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE Sigmund Freud has lived to find himself, with Albert Einstein, one of the two minds that have most profoundly influenced the thought of our time. It is true that the physicist's work seems much more securely established than the psychoanalyst's, and that many of Freud's theories are still the subject of heated controversy. But to one person who understands the theory of relativity or its implications there are a hundred whose outlook on life has been deeply colored by the theories of Freud. The influence of his work is felt in every social field—in the treatment of insanity, in criminology, in education, in morals, in literature, in the "normal" man's understanding of his own motives. No matter what the ultimate fate of Freud's ideas may prove to be, it will never again be possible, as Dr. William A. White, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, pointed out in his admirable address at the recent birthday dinner in the Viennese doctor's honor, for the world to think of the human mind as it did before his work appeared. The mind is a vastly more complicated mechanism than our ancestors ever recognized it as being; the hard-and-fast dividing line between the "normal" and the "abnormal" has disappeared, probably never again to be restored. We have learned that pathological processes are different from so-called normal processes only in degree, and that disorder and disease are experiments of nature from which the rest of us can hope to learn about ourselves.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST, who died in New York on May 6, was one of the finest examples of the American of means and position who devotes himself to civic service. A member of the most distinguished group of really old New Yorkers, born to wealth which he steadily increased by honorable service at the bar and as the painstaking and high-minded executor of great estates, he gave his long life to notable public service, with an extraordinary catholicity of interest. Thus at his death he was president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (to which he donated the superb American Wing), of the Charity Organization Society, of the Russell Sage Foundation, of the Associates who publish the *Survey*, and of the National Housing Association, besides being honorary president of the Welfare Council of New York, a vice-president of the Prison Association and of the State Charities Aid Association. For fifty years he was general counsel of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and for twenty-two years one of its vice-presidents. For forty-three years he headed the Charity Organization Society; indeed, it can be truthfully said that under his leadership charity in the metropolis emerged from a state of chaos and went far in its effort to become intelligent, organized, and scientific. Mr. de Forest was, moreover, the sponsor, if not originator, of the Committee on Regional Plan for New York, as he was the city's first commissioner of its Tenement House Department. If anybody was entitled to be called the first citizen of New York it was Robert W. de Forest. Certainly no man in America ever recognized more selflessly and more devotedly the duty of *noblesse oblige* which birth and inheritance and personal character imposed upon him.

The United States Blocks the Way

THE members of the International Chamber of Commerce had a remarkable experience in Washington during their annual session. Coming to this country in the expectation of attending the meeting of a non-governmental organization, offering a forum for free discussion of all important international business questions, they found themselves blocked at almost every turn by the influence of the United States government. They discovered not only that there was to be no free forum, but that they were expected to be guided in all they did by consideration for the American political situation. Many of the foreign delegates were actually warned to "go easy" on the question of tariffs, on debts and reparations, and on the gold problem. Since these are perhaps the most important economic issues facing the world, the delegates can hardly be blamed for feeling that the entire conference was emasculated, or for resenting interference by our government for selfish ends.

Throughout the entire session this conflict was reflected in the news dispatches and the headlines. It was the United States against everybody else and especially against the united front presented by the Germans and English on the question of debts and reparations. Finally, on the last day, a compromise was reached between the foreigners and what the New York *Times* correspondent described as "the opposition of the Hoover Administration against action on so-called political topics by a convention of business men," and a couple of mild resolutions "were permitted." Waiving entirely the question of manners involved, the impudence of this Hoover interference with the sessions of the chamber leaves one gasping. As a result, many of the foreign delegates are leaving this country so indignant that the question presents itself whether the conference was not more harmful than helpful. One can be sure that the delegates will return to their own countries convinced that more than ever the government of this country seeks to block the way to the world's economic sanitation.

And that it does. The weak resolutions passed, containing such general phrases as "while the integrity of international obligations must be maintained . . . the observance of this essential principle, however, is not inconsistent with an impartial examination of the effects of these obligations upon international trade, if warranted by changed economic conditions," and "tariffs should not discriminate unfairly between nations," speak for themselves. They contribute not one whit to the solution of any problems and, except as face-saving, are not worth the paper they are written on.

So another opportunity to bring the United States to a realization of the international character of the world crisis, the necessity of dealing with it in an international way, and the need that the United States should lead in this matter has been thrown away. We are continuing to refuse to face obvious facts; we are trying to ignore our partial responsibility for the crisis and are still cherishing the delusion that we can recover and become prosperous while the rest of the world remains in economic chaos and drifts toward violent social changes. The unfounded optimism of Washington was clearly shown by the address of Secretary Mellon, who declared that the present crisis is "not unprecedented." Ten years ago, he said, "the problems left by the war had not been settled." "Banking and currency problems were in a chaotic state; debts and reparations were a source of great uncertainty, paralyzing action in every direction"(!). Now, he asserted, everything is much better and "no one should be discouraged about the ultimate outcome." Then, finally, emerged one bit of startling frankness: "I have no means of knowing when or how we shall emerge from the valley in which we are now traveling."

Exactly. The Administration of Mr. Hoover, who as late as March 7, 1930, assured his fellow-countrymen that "all the evidences indicate that the moral effects of the crash upon unemployment will have been passed during the next sixty days," now admits that it has no remedy to offer and no suggestion as to when relief will come. In this it is justified as long as it persists in its refusal to admit publicly that this crisis is different from any other and calls for international action and cooperation if it is to be ameliorated. That is the fundamental step to be taken by the Administration. If it should take this action and if it then should ask the heads of the leading European governments to meet with the United States to consult as to joint remedial action, the whole aspect of affairs would be changed. The mere announcement of this change of policy would send an electric thrill of hope and courage throughout Europe, even around the globe. But Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon will not. They are politicians facing a Presidential campaign, for one thing; for a second, they have sold themselves, body and breeches, to the protected interests in this country.

Yet we venture to prophesy that, unless through some now undiscernible events there should be a sudden revival of world trade, they will be forced to act by dire necessity. At home they will be compelled to face not only a dole for the unemployed, but a rising tide of protest against the Hoover tariff, of which the formation of the Council for Tariff Reduction in New York is a welcome sign. Abroad, Chancellor Brüning in his latest speech at Kloppenburg has declared that Germany will endeavor to put its own house in order before it seeks further amelioration of its reparations burden. That is the correct, and a most excellent, move. But when one reads the latest figures as to the German railways, it is hard to see how the Chancellor can have much time left for house-cleaning. By cutting expenses and salaries and dropping 30,000 employees the company managed to earn in 1930 $110,000,000 of the $157,000,000 reparation charge on the railways, to say nothing of dividends and interest and service on loans. Only by the Reich's cancelation of a loan of $34,000,000 and by using the greater part of its reserves was the company able to meet its obligations. No one in Germany believes that a request for a moratorium can be put off twelve months longer. When that comes, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon will have it unmistakably brought to their attention that neither reparations nor war debts are settled, that they must yet be grappled with as one of the most disturbing influences in the industrial world. Meanwhile, the United States blocks the way.

Hoover and Our Army

IN addressing the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington President Hoover diverted for the moment the attention of the assembled foreign business men, bankers, and industrialists from such delicate problems as the tariff and war debts by calling attention to the terrific drain on the world's economic resources caused by the heavy expenditures of the leading Powers for armament. He asserted that "the world expenditure on all arms is now nearly five billions of dollars yearly." "Endeavor as we must," he continued in his amazing English, "in support of every proposal of international economic cooperation that is just to our respective peoples, yet we must recognize that reduction of this gigantic waste of competition in military establishments is in the ultimate of an importance transcendent over all other forms of such economic effort." He closed by urging the "business men of the world to insist that this problem shall be met with sincerity, courage, and constructive action."

Splendid, Mr. Hoover. Every honest advocate of world stability and world peace will agree with you. Let us get at this important task immediately. If you have the sincerity and courage that you mention, and the will to constructive action, then you can tackle this job at once and without getting up from your chair in the White House. You can begin right here at home, for we in the United States are spending more money on armaments than any other nation. This we are doing notwithstanding your statement that "the United States has a less direct interest in land-armament reduction than any of the foreign nations, because our forces have already been demobilized and reduced more than all others." Your statement is misleading in that it gives only half the picture. We have cut down the size of our standing army, it is true, but at the same time we have doubled our national guard, added 110,000 men to our reserve officers' corps, increased the scope and efficiency of military training in the colleges and summer camps, and redoubled our efforts in other directions where it has been possible to build up important trained reserves. Even Mr. Hoover's conference with the army chiefs on May 9-10 dealt only with economies in methods, rather than with radical cuts.

It may be, of course, that the White House has not in its possession any comparative statistics concerning military expenditures in this and other countries. In that event Mr. Hoover doubtless will be interested in the following table (taken from the "Armaments Year Book" published by the League of Nations) showing the sums laid out by the principal Powers for their military and naval services in 1928-29 (except in the case of Russia, where the figures are for 1927-28):

United States	$772,984,000
Great Britain	550,080,000
Russia	422,916,000
France	357,556,000
Italy	221,096,000
Japan	215,876,000

This table puts France, reputedly the most militaristic of nations, fourth in the list, and Italy, land of the saber-rattling Mussolini, fifth. Leading all is our own United States. It has been argued that we spend a smaller proportion of our national income on arms than does any European country except Switzerland and Austria, but after all $772,984,000 is three-quarters of a billion dollars, almost one-fifth of the total of the world's armament expenditures. If Britain's half-billion or France's one-third of a billion is a drain on the world's resources, surely our three-fourths of a billion must also weigh heavily on the world's economic structure. Had we reduced our military outlay a year ago we should not now be facing a Treasury deficit of perhaps $1,200,000,000. Moreover, our expenditures are out of proportion to our need for security. European countries which consider themselves beset on all sides by potential enemies are spending less than we are. If it could be reduced to a dollar-and-cents basis, the security given this country by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would probably be found to be worth several billions of dollars.

Why, then, this great military expenditure, especially in the light of the fact that we have one of the smallest armies? A few days ago the Japanese Military Commission decided to recommend a reduction of 28,000 men in its standing army, using the money thereby saved in developing and improving military ordnance and equipment. This shows the trend of militarism; it is toward smaller regular armies and more efficient *matériel* to be used in killing men. A large part of our huge military budget goes toward the development of aviation, ordnance, and the chemical-warfare service. This is far more significant than the number of men we have in our army, for these are the weapons with which our military leaders expect to fight the next war for which they are preparing. It is idle to boast about the small size of our army, Mr. Hoover. Your plan to help the world economically by cutting down armaments expenditures should and must begin here at home.

The People's Land

WHEN Philip Snowden entered the House of Commons on April 27 to make his budget speech he was greeted by Labor members singing the well-remembered song of twenty years ago, "God Gave the Land to the People." The scheme of land-value taxation proposed in the budget speech was approved by the Commons on May 6 by a vote of 289 to 230, and will be included in the finance bill for consideration by the House of Lords. Conservative objections to the tax in the Commons took the form of protests against "proposals not for taxation but for political tactics," and it is perfectly true, as was made clear by Philip Snowden in the course of the debate, that the economic and political implications of the measure are more important than its fiscal aspects.

On their face the Snowden proposals are moderate in the extreme. In fact, the Chancellor apparently proposes nothing that we have not had in the United States throughout practically our entire history, and it is only when their implications are considered that the importance of the suggested measures appears. Mr. Snowden proposes a valuation of all land, to be repeated at five-year intervals, and a tax at the rate of a penny in the pound (5/12 of 1 per cent) on its capital value. The new tax will not apply at first to agricultural land unless it is used for other than farm purposes, or to small allotments or market gardens, to sites for churches, hospitals, or almshouses, to cemeteries, or to land owned by the national trust and local authorities. Interestingly enough, university lands and playing fields are to be taxable. The tax will be remitted to any individual whose land tax does not exceed ten shillings, so it is figured that practically all the working class will be exempt. While the full details of the measure will not be known until it appears as a part of the annual finance bill, what Mr. Snowden proposes, so far as appears from the press accounts, is a trifling tax on the capital value of non-agricultural land. The extreme moderateness of the proposal is evident.

Why, then, do the Conservatives denounce it as an extreme piece of socialistic class legislation, and why do the single taxers acclaim it as a great step forward in their long battle against private receipt of income from land ownership? To answer these questions it is necessary to consider both the history of land ownership in Great Britain and the announced purpose of the Labor Party in putting forward this new taxation measure. From the days of the Conqueror the rights of the British nobility have rested primarily on land, and the privileges of the landowner have carried with them no corresponding burdens of taxation. With the World War and its staggering loads for all classes of the people, however, the process of breaking up the great estates got under way, and now Mr. Snowden boldly suggests that the present tax measure is really the first instalment of a policy of nationalization. He says:

> By this measure we assert the right of the community to ownership of the land. If private individuals continue to possess a nominal claim to land they must pay a rate to the community for the enjoyment of it. They cannot be permitted to enjoy the privilege to the detriment of the community.
>
> Land differs from all other commodities in various respects. Land was given us by the Creator, not for the private use of the dukes but for equal use by all His children. Restriction in the use of land is a restriction on human liberty.

Americans may well rub their eyes in astonishment at seeing such revolutionary implications ascribed to a land tax to which they have been accustomed all their days. When they consider British history regarding land taxation, when they consider the British method of bringing about fundamental changes, and when they consider the announced purpose of this measure in the light of present British conditions and needs, they will realize that they are witnessing the first steps in a process that will perhaps end only when the ownership of all natural resources has been transferred to the state as representative of all the people. What Russia accomplished by the sudden process of violent and bloody revolution Great Britain may yet bring about by the method of peaceful and orderly change. If so, we shall see another triumph of British common sense and British genius for intelligent political action. In the present position of world affairs, the methods of social change are of scarcely less importance than its ends, and Americans may well contemplate the meaning of the peaceful revolution that Mr. Snowden proposes and the methods by which he would bring it about.

Albert A. Michelson

ALBERT A. MICHELSON, who died on May 9 at the age of seventy-eight after a singularly well-rounded career, had the distinction of having made with his colleague, Edward W. Morley, the most famous and revolutionary scientific experiment in modern times. The intent of the experiment was to determine the nature of the mysterious "ether" through which the earth was supposed to move. Did this ether move with the earth or remain fixed? Clerk Maxwell had suggested this could be determined by measuring the speed of light in two directions—in that in which the earth was traveling on its orbit and at right angles to it. Maxwell had no instrument to make this exceedingly fine measurement, but Michelson, by developing the interferometer, was able to do it. The two beams of light showed exactly the same speed. This crucial experiment was made in 1887. Professor Fitzgerald of Dublin offered in explanation the theory that all bodies shrink in the direction of their motion. Professor Lorentz of Leyden extended this view and introduced the idea that time is "local," and varies in different parts of the universe. From this the step was made to the conception of space and time not as two separate entities but as measurements or aspects of a single space-time continuum, and on this foundation Einstein erected his revolutionary theory of relativity.

Thus without the Michelson-Morley experiment the great theories of Einstein might never have been developed. But Michelson's reputation by no means rested solely on this crucial test. His development of the interferometer made possible accurate measurements of the stars; Michelson himself demonstrated by means of it that the diameter of Betelgeuse was 260,000,000 miles. He possessed what to the non-scientific mind must have seemed an almost morbid passion for accuracy. His incredibly fine experiments had established the speed of light at 186,213 miles a second, with a probable error of only about one mile a second, but just before his death he was trying to eliminate even this.

If the widespread notion that the man of science is a mere prosaic fact gatherer had not already been completely discredited, Michelson's career in itself might serve as a sufficient refutation. Like Einstein, he was constantly fascinated by the aesthetic side of his subject, by those "higher beauties" of nature which appeal to us, "not directly through the senses, but through the reasoning faculty." Far from being unresponsive to sensuous beauty, he was, again like Einstein, himself an accomplished violinist; more, he was proficient as a painter. His capacity for enjoyment and his zest in life were reflected not only in his interest in the arts, but in his other diversions. He was fond of chess, and when he was nearly fifty he started to improve his tennis game.

He was, finally, another example of that essential humility which science seems to breed in its votaries. In his later years he was loaded with honors, but he seemed completely indifferent to them. Perhaps all great scientists come to realize, far more than the rest of us, the extent of our ignorance, and seem to themselves, as in Newton's unforgettable comparison, like boys playing on the seashore and diverting themselves with a few pebbles or shells, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before them.

Europe's Darkest Hour

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EIGHT months in Europe—ranging from London to Constantinople and studying conditions at first hand. What is the final upshot? What are one's ultimate opinions? What does one make of it all?

Primarily, the gravity of the situation and the dangers which overhang Europe stand out in my mind: the economic and financial chaos on every hand, the bad psychological state of one country after the other. And then the dread specter of militarism and war that looms over all. Everywhere it appears as if the present economic system were tottering to its fall. To one of the foremost German statesmen I summarized my impressions by saying that there was agreement among those with whom I talked in Germany that if Europe continued to be governed as it is there would not be a capitalist government left in ten years. To which the statesman replied that the figure was entirely too high; that it would be nothing like ten years if things went on as they did. He himself is, moreover, terrified by the tension on the Polish-German border; he had just returned from there and was astounded by the state of nerves and the absorbing fear of his countrymen. What would happen if an officer commanding a Polish or German patrol should lose his head and permit some minor aggression? He did not know; he lived in dread of it.

Fear, hate, hunger, poverty, the deadly lack of work, the loss of hope—one meets them on every hand. They dog one's footsteps in the streets of Istanbul, the byways of London, in every lane of every German town. Turn where you will they are there. You cannot escape them among the bare hills of Sicily, on the plains of Rumania, on the mountain slopes of Bulgaria, wherever farmers produce and cannot sell. "How is Budapest?" you ask of friends when you arrive there. "Dead, dead," is the answer. "And no hope anywhere." Yet everybody knows there are ways out—if only statesmanship could lend itself to the task; if only old hatreds, old nationalist ambitions, old, long-since-outworn rivalries and jealousies did not prevent. Let no man look upon this scene and declare that there is a bright side to war, or that war accomplishes any moral reform, or frees men's minds, or safeguards democracy, or creates a new order of life. The truth is that you cannot wander about Europe and believe that the World War is over; it will not be in its consequences in our lifetime.

Next to the danger of economic collapse the specter of war and the preparations for war remain, I repeat, most vivid with me. Soldiers everywhere. The late General Tasker H. Bliss, when acting as one of our peace commissioners in Paris, said to me: "Don't let anybody fool you about the causes of this war. It came just because there were too many fellows running around Europe with rifles in their hands." There are a million more fellows running around Europe with rifles in their hands than there were when the murder at Sarajevo started the disaster. Why should anyone think that Europe is safer with all this additional preparation for war than it was then? President Hoover is right to insist that disarmament is absolutely necessary for the financial sanitation of Europe. Far more than that, it is absolutely necessary for the moral sanitation of Europe. I have come back more than ever in favor of the canceling of war debts and the stopping of reparations, but I certainly do not wish to see America take a step in this direction without exacting the most definite pledges for radical disarmament on sea and on land.

Everywhere nations are helping to impoverish themselves by keeping fellows, often ragged and dirty, with rifles in their hands. There is Angora, the new capital of Turkey, placed high up in a desolate region purely for military safety by that able dictator and despotic ruler of his country, Kemal Pasha. It is hardly safe to drive in any direction out of Angora because of the military zones you constantly run into. Sometimes you may enter under restrictions; into other zones it is a deadly offense to set foot at all. But Kemal only remembers that under the peace treaty Constantinople can be neither fortified nor defended; that he defeated the Greeks in the war after the World War when they were within twenty miles of Angora. And so he arms, arms, arms. The suffering of his people is very great; Constantinople, the goose that laid the Turkish financial egg, is steadily decreasing in numbers and waning in power, but Kemal arms and arms and drills and drills and thus robs his people of much money they sorely need.

Please let no man think that I am unduly impressed by this. Hubert Griffith, the English journalist, has just published a "travel notebook" of a journey over much the same ground that I have covered. He is not a pacifist, but he surely has the right to talk as a pacifist, for from his seventeenth to his twenty-first year he was a private, a staff officer, and in the flying corps. And this is what this ex-soldier writes:

> What have I seen tragic? . . . The last thing, and the continuous thing that includes all other things, is armies. I have seen armies, I am sick of armies. One cannot get away from them. I saw an army in Poland—at my first cafe in Warsaw I thought I was at a military musical comedy; Hungary has an army, Jugoslavia has an army—and policemen wearing bayonets and revolvers; Turkey has an army—not only armies proportionate to the country's population, but large armies, and armies that swarm up and down the streets with swords and medals and spurs and uniforms. . . . A present peace-time army is the idlest, most mischievous, and most dangerous thing in creation, and to dress it up in a Hollywood dream of gold braid and scarlet or blue cloth is a senseless provocation of mob mentality.
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> How many wars can a man even now only in middle age recall in his lifetime—the World War, the Balkan War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Boer War, the Sudan campaign, Somaliland. . . . Has the river of blood ever for more than a few years together ceased flowing? The only method that has never been tried is the method of there being no armies. . . . My quarrel with half the nations of Eastern Europe has been that one cannot go into a cafe without tumbling over someone or other's sword. One officer at least resigns his commission.

Thus Mr. Griffith in an impassioned plea for the United States of Europe. He held no brief, when he made his trip, for anybody or anything. He had no orders from his newspaper as to what he should write; he owed no allegiance to any political party or creed, and yet as he took his way over this same track he found his whole soul crying out against the monstrous doctrine that because wars have been they must be again, that the United States of Europe is a chimerical dream. His conscience revolted against these preparations for the next war that struck him in the face at every turn, and spelled not the avoidance of war, but invitations to the final disaster of Europe.

So this is what Europe looks like today, dressed up in its uniforms, in its old uniforms of hate, oppression, and slaughter, those uniforms meant to hide the most grinding poverty, suffering, and despair. Not in Germany, of course, nor in Austria or Hungary, for these are disarmed. Yet so strange is humanity that in those countries the demand grows steadily that they, too, shall be armed, shall dissipate their resources, shall have the right to waste man power, to pile up debts upon debts, to be as stupid and as foolish as all their neighbors. Mr. Griffith is right, there are ways of escape from all this chaos. I have stressed in my letters from Europe during the last eight months the various problems to be grappled with, the tariffs which throttle one country after another, armaments, the psychology of fear and of hate, the heaping up of gold in Paris and in Washington, the folly of reparations and of the war-debt payments. These and others are the breastworks to be taken. They can be conquered only by international action and cooperation. Let no man be in any doubt about that point. The present crisis is the worst in history because it is world-wide. It is the simple truth that no one nation can hope to work out of it except by some fortuitous happening. Why are the nations not working together, through their rulers? Why are the latter not meeting like the executives of a great endangered bank, if only to get to know one another, if only to exchange views, to plan for united action and a united front? One of the best-known diplomats in London declared not long ago that he had never been able to see why the rulers were not meeting for just this purpose. It is an international problem, he said, not a national one, and can be solved only by men with authority sitting in almost continuous session.

The beginning has been made. The British Prime Minister has invited the German Chancellor to come to Chequers to talk. Not until June, unfortunately, and M. Briand will not be there. Perhaps by that time the latter will have fallen, or will be so very securely settled in the presidency of France as to have lost already his influence in the European scene. And this brings us to the chief obstacle to a better world—France. If Europe goes down in the next five years the responsibility and guilt of France will be greater than those of any other country. Rotten with gold, still the victims of a psychology of fear, constantly whipped up by conscienceless politicians, the French seem bent upon throwing themselves in front of every movement that makes for the peace of Europe, excepting always Briand's adoption of the plan for a United States of Europe. But even here M. Briand has his limitations and his country its blind eye. They are outraged at the proposal for a German and Austrian Zollverein, although that is the most statesman-like move since the peace of Locarno, and Germany's renunciation of any possible reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine and a long step toward a united Europe. I do not deny that there is in France much genuine fear of Germany. It is groundless, and the French state of mind could be cleared up on this question if there were only French leaders honest and unselfish enough to undertake it. Instead, the politicians and dishonest journalists play upon it as the politicians in our South so long played up and whipped up prejudice against the Negroes for their selfish ends. Today, one feels like writing, France is the enemy of mankind. For it arms and arms and arms. It makes no determined effort for immediate economic cooperation; and M. Briand plots for a customs union against Germany and Austria.

All this instead of another step which could be taken at once—a genuine rapprochement between Germany and France. Either side could move in this direction. Because of political ineptitude, or because of a fear of rebuff, or for some other reason, Germany has not made the advances that it could, though there is a strong group in and out of the German press which knows that that is the quickest way and the soundest way to lay the specter of hostility. In France the will to a complete union in friendship is sadly lacking. Yet the very first move on the French side to proceed in the spirit of Locarno would be acclaimed in Germany. Instead, they are lining the German frontier with the most up-to-date defenses. Yet the more they defend and arm and prepare, the greater appears the funk in which they live. Their vast superiority in airplanes, poison gas, tanks, and heavy guns, all of them absolutely denied to the Germans, apparently means nothing to them. They are credited with having 5,000 military airplanes. With these they could destroy every city on the Rhine with all their men, women, and children in forty-eight hours. Against them the Germans have nothing but relatively few commercial airplanes. That by itself would seem to be military superiority enough for the French. But they apparently cannot be reasoned with as long as their politicians and their journalists capitalize their fears. Exceptions there are enough. There are many men and women in France with good-will toward Germany and every other nation. All last winter Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of distinction were accepting invitations to Berlin and other German cities and making welcome addresses upon the subject of German-French fellowship, but officialdom prevents these voices from becoming the voices of the nation.

I thought it highly significant that when Frederic R. Coudert of New York recently returned to Paris after some time in Germany he gave to an American newspaper in Paris an interview which constituted a vigorous criticism of the French attitude in European affairs, quite along the lines that I have written. He declared that Germany was disarmed and pacific, and suffering the greatest distress, and that French policy was all wrong. I cite this because nobody has been a more distinguished friend of France in the United States than this New York lawyer who is himself of pure French descent. The truth is that the French are now as self-satisfied and as smug as were the Germans before the war; their praise of their own culture sounds highly Teutonic. More than that, they feel, even at the moment when they proclaim their fear of Germany, that they are in a highly favorable position since they have most of the gold in Europe and the largest army on the Continent, while they are developing their colonies as vast military reserves.

The only hope in France is that the coming elections will produce a violent swing to the left; that the pinch of the industrial crisis, which is becoming acute, may make them realize that after all they are of the economic fellowship of Europe, and that they cannot rise superior to that for anything more than a short period; that if Germany goes down and Austria and Hungary starve, France will inevitably follow suit; that if bolshevism conquers in Germany, their own doors will not be unassailable. Time should bring reason with it. Unfortunately there is little time to wait, to lose. That was what leading German statesmen said when I told them that public opinion in America was changing on debts and reparations, but very slowly. "We cannot wait so long," was what they said. Quite true. Europe cannot wait. It must move. The roads to safety, peace, and happiness I have named are open. Will they be taken?

Upon the answer to this question depends the fate of more than one nation. Meanwhile, if I were a Bolshevist, the last thing I should do would be to propagandize, to seek to convert others, or to stir up unrest and rebellion within any other country. I should just sit still. For the rulers of Europe are deciding, and not the men in the Kremlin in Moscow, whether Europe shall go Bolshevist or not.

I Work for Russia

II. The Five-Year Plan in Action

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

I AM attempting in this series of articles to record only my personal observations and experiences together with information given to me by persons whose statements I have reason to feel are authoritative. It follows that everything I record here is specific in nature and I make no attempt to generalize. It is a truism that it is impossible to draw general conclusions regarding Soviet Russia from the study and observations of one person, even though that person may travel throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. Russia occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the world. To traverse it would be in itself a tremendous task; and as soon as one had finished one's tour of observation, conclusions drawn at the beginning of the trip would no longer be valid.

Soviet Russia is a land of continual flux, of shift of commodities, resources, and man power from "front" to "front." Everywhere one hears war terminology; "shock-brigades" is an everyday expression in the mouths of man and babe alike. The psychology of 160,000,000 people, made up of more than a hundred races, speaking as many, if not more, different languages, is being deliberately influenced and controlled by a handful of men who stand at the helm of this gigantic experiment. It can easily be understood why generalizations are impossible—why a condition which exists on this "front" today may be totally changed tomorrow, perhaps for something better, perhaps for something worse.

I discussed in my first article the functions of the head office of a Soviet state trust. Now let us turn our attention to the organization of the operating units of the trust—the producing end. The unit, in this case Uralasbest, of the state trust Mineralrud, has its own president, who under the new organization will probably be called director, and three vice-presidents, who, similarly, will be called vice-directors. The director and two of the vice-directors are party members. Incidentally, it must be remembered that there are only about 1,100,000 full-fledged adult members of the Communist Party; that to become a member of the party seems to be a very difficult undertaking. To those 1,100,000 men and women falls the gigantic task of administering politically and industrially the entire Soviet Union.

The director or president functions in practically every detail of his work as does the president of an American corporation. Subject to Moscow's approval, his word is final in every phase of administrative activity that falls within the scope of production, development, and new construction. One vice-president, a Communist, is administrative assistant to the president. The second, also in this instance a Communist, is director of building operations; in the case of Uralasbest he is director of a subsidiary known as "Stroiuralasbest" (Construction Department of Uralasbest). The third, not a party member, is an engineer who is called the technical director and would correspond to the works manager or perhaps the general manager in America.

Under the authority of the administrative vice-director is the commercial director. His duties correspond quite closely to those of the treasurer of an American corporation. He is responsible for inventories and for shipments of finished products. He also provides the financial liaison with the head office in Moscow—he must obtain the necessary money for the pay roll every fortnight from the branch of the State Bank at Sverdlovsk. He is concerned, too, with the product after it reaches the market.

Also under the authority of the administrative vice-president is the office manager, usually a party member. As his title implies, this official is responsible for the detailed conduct of the general offices. He directs the stenographic staff, all incoming and outgoing communications, the bookkeeping department, all cash expenditures. Under him are the chief secretary, the head bookkeeper, the clerk in charge of dispatch and receipt of communications, and the pay clerk.

The administrative vice-president, who is, of course, primarily an assistant to the president but who takes full charge when the president is absent, has authority also over the department of the chief economist. To me this department was perhaps the most interesting of the trust. The chief economist is responsible for all the control figures of the Five- (now Four-) Year Plan as applied to his particular industry. I cannot overemphasize his importance or the magnitude of his responsibility. Assigned a norm or quota set by Moscow, it is his duty to work out all the day-by-day

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[*] The second of a series of six articles. The third, The Worker at Work, will appear in the issue of May 27.—EDITOR THE NATION.

details of the plan—the costs of production, capital required, and every other problem involved.

To most Americans the Five-Year Plan means hardly more than those three words; it is a mysterious economic program stating what the production of each and every industry shall be for each year for five years; its consummation may or may not, depending upon the personal bias, destroy all the institutions with which we are conversant. Actually, as I saw it, the plan is best described as an intensively developed budget system. Budgets are drawn up for each industry and activity. But these budgets are constantly being revised to conform to the results of day-to-day experience, and it is indeed true that the revisions are usually designed to increase the tempo. For example, at the expiration of the last fiscal year—October 1, 1930—it was decided by Moscow that the fiscal year should be brought into conformity with the calendar year. This made necessary the creation of an extra quarter extending from October 1 to December 31. Coming as it did almost exactly in the middle of the five years covered by the plan, the change in calendar meant a change in all detailed as well as general control figures for the remainder of the five years. I personally saw the plan, as it related to our industry, changed at least five times in fewer than five months. But the net result was to increase by nearly 25 per cent the planned production for the coming year in total tons of output. It is a byword in Russia today that when the control figures are changed it is always a revision upward in production and downward in costs.

To one inexperienced in the application of the Five-Year Plan it may appear that Moscow is concerned only with setting the figures for the production norm for each industry. Production, to be sure, is the *ratio existendi.* But setting the control figure is only the beginning. Here, again, it is necessary to remember the extent of the Soviet experiment. The plan concerns the lives and needs of 160,000,000 people representing a hundred races, nationalities, and languages, whose customs and demands vary as they inhabit arid desert, mountainous semi-tropics, frozen steppes, or the forest tundras of Siberia. The requirements of a wandering nomad tribe as well as those of a city of two million people were predetermined and planned for five years ahead. It is no wonder that mistakes occur in the accomplishment of the plan, that revisions must be made, that in some cases, in some industries, blundering inefficiency creeps in. An attempt to transform, even partially, a backward and essentially agricultural country into a dominantly mechanized and industrialized nation within five years would seem to one who has not actually observed what is going on in Russia today nothing short of madness. Yet it is being done.

The plan is not only being carried out. It is being speeded up. Let us take a case in point. The tempo of steel production is stepped up. Each ton of steel added means so much added mechanical equipment and plant capacity, which in turn requires so many more kilowatt hours of energy to make the wheels go round. Each furnace turning out steel must be supplied with the necessary pig iron, fluxes, and other necessary materials. Each ton of pig requires coke and limestone; these in turn mean a greater demand on quarries and mines. All the materials necessary to produce this extra ton of steel must be transported to the plant and the finished product removed. This requires railway building, which in turn requires the manufacture of rails and rolling stock. Everything requires maintenance. Above all, everything requires man power. And man power must be housed, fed, clothed, schooled, supervised, and paid.

Trucks, tractors, and cars are built. The plan is speeded up. More are required than was at first planned. These require brake-linings. Brake-linings mean asbestos. The production of asbestos must be speeded up. And always in the background lurks the bogy of counter-revolutionary activities, the "enemy from within," and the equal bogy of short-term credits and imports purchased with cash which must be paid for on time by the only device possible—the exporting of more, or at least no less, than is imported.

What is expected of the chief economist can best be exemplified by studying his duties as I observed them at Uralasbest. He starts with the production norm sent him from the head office in Moscow. This has been arrived at after painstaking and infinite calculations by the Central Planning Commission which correlates the entire plan. This production norm is predetermined for each year of the five. The production must then be allocated by months—and it must be borne in mind that in few if any industries can production be maintained at an even rate throughout the year. In asbestos production, where the greater proportion of the rock removed comes from open-cut mines, winter conditions slow down operations. Then, too, the available labor varies, seasonally and otherwise. Finally, during this expansion program, just when and at what point newly projected plants will come into production must be judged to a nicety, as well as when rationalization of old, existing ones will be effected, along with the accomplishment of mechanization of mining methods. So, in his monthly distribution of production, the chief economist must report in his plan the amount of imported and Soviet-made machinery, raw materials, and other supplies required, and the amount of money needed by the trust each month, first for capital expenditures, secondly for pay rolls and other direct operating costs. Man power, also, must be predetermined for each month and this man power allocated to the various phases of the industry from the office force to the "Mops"—a small army of roustabouts, cleaners, and others not involved actually in the production of the asbestos. Finally, he must calculate not only the requirements for the production of asbestos, but also for the maintenance of more than 13,000 employees and their families.

The chief economist, moreover, is responsible for the daily, monthly, quarterly, and annual statements showing the amount of production of each grade of finished asbestos and the itemized costs of producing the various grades. These reports are similar to those required in an American corporation, with this difference: the Soviet economist must report not only what has been done each day, week, and month of the year; he must show, in a second column, the predetermined control figures set up for each item by the plan, and in a third column he must show realization of the plan in plus or minus percentages, daily and cumulative.

The next article of this series will be an attempt to describe the daily life of the worker and his relation to the trust and to his superiors. And since the technical director, whose responsibilities and duties we have not yet discussed, is directly connected with the actual conduct of the operations, which means with the man power, we shall take up his activities along with those of the worker.

Power for Public Profit

By MAURICE G. POSTLEY

THE report of the St. Lawrence Power Development Commission contains an interesting body of evidence, completely overlooked by most observers, that is highly encouraging to advocates of public distribution of power.

The commission in its study employed three groups of specialists—engineers, lawyers, and cost analysts versed in the intricacies of marketing electric current. The marketing board comprised Dr. John Bauer and Colonel John P. Hogan, who submitted to the commission the results of a minute survey containing as striking a set of facts on municipal ownership and operation of power plants as is to be found in any official report in recent years. In summary, their figures bring out the following facts:

1. Forty-nine municipalities in New York State which are now in the business of selling electric current to small consumers are doing business at rates which compare very favorably with those of private corporations immensely larger in scope.
2. These municipalities, notwithstanding handicaps that will be shown here, are distributing electric current at costs measurably below those of the private companies and in fact below the average costs of the whole State.
3. The lowest rates in any city in the State are those in Jamestown, where the municipality owns and operates its power plant and sells current to its citizens in competition with a private company.
4. The twenty-three municipalities of Ontario, Canada, show definite economies in rates to domestic consumers and in cost of distribution superior to those of any private company in New York State.

The St. Lawrence Power Commission is deeply interested in the cost of distributing electric current for the reason that once the power is generated, the price at which it can be sold to consumers depends upon how much it will cost to bring it to them. The marketing board's report clearly shows that in New York State the municipalities have done a more economical job of distribution than have the private companies. This conclusion is arrived at by a comparison of ascertainable, relevant facts. The record of operating expenses per kilowatt hour involved in distribution was applied by the board as a measure to both types of operation, private and municipal. The figures do not include generation and transmission costs, taxes, interest, return on investment, or depreciation, which are not concerned with the question at issue, namely, the actual operating expense involved in distributing the current. This is what we find Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan reporting in the appendix to their formal statement to the commission:

> The municipal plants [in New York State] taken together as a group show [a distribution cost of] 5.21 mills per kilowatt hour, which is only slightly higher than for Mohawk-Hudson—4.53 mills—*but lower than for any other company or system. The municipal plants serve mostly small communities and have relatively few power consumers* [italics mine].

The Niagara-Hudson Power system, which includes the Mohawk-Hudson, the Buffalo, Niagara, and Eastern, and St. Lawrence Securities, sells a relatively large amount of power to industry. Such sales are highly important factors in striking averages, for bulk sale is possible at prices that are not to be compared with those affecting small consumers. Recognizing this fact, Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan select the Mohawk-Hudson as a "more nearly typical condition for the State." The choice appears charitable; for the average of the whole State, private and municipal plants included, but with Niagara-Hudson excluded, is 11.52 mills, against 4.53 for the Mohawk-Hudson. Even with the Niagara-Hudson system included, the State's average is still 6.35 mills, compared with 5.21 for the municipal plants. The Mohawk-Hudson may therefore be "more nearly typical," but the "nearness" depends upon how near 4.53 may be considered to 11.52 or 6.35.

Any further consideration of the showing of the municipalities in the electric business requires a glance at the sort of communities involved. It is the view of this writer that the municipalities in New York State running their own power plants are, on the whole, of such negligible nature from the standpoint of profit for private enterprise that few companies would have accepted franchises in them as a gift when the municipal plants were first opened. In short, the view is here held that municipal operation is a reality where private enterprise would not undertake it because it would have been deemed unprofitable. According to the Legislative Manual of the State of New York for 1930, the forty-nine communities involved boast a total population of 227,621. The largest is Jamestown, with a population of less than 45,200; the smallest is Dering Harbor, which is credited with thirty-nine residents. There are only three cities in the group. They are Jamestown, Dunkirk, with a population of 18,021, and Salamanca, with 9,570. All the rest are villages.

During 1928, the Bauer-Hogan report shows, these communities spent $2,508,660 on their power-plant operations and collected $3,389,915, showing a profit of $881,255. This money "spent," however, is partly a hypothetical cost, as it includes not only actual operating expenses, but also computed interest and depreciation on capital invested, but no charge for taxes. In many cases the computed figure is much higher than the actual amount expended—for example, where the municipality has created improvements out of its earnings and where there is no bonded indebtedness. In short, the municipalities have been treated as if they were private companies, but of course they are tax free. The average total cost per kilowatt hour, including depreciation and interest on investment, was 3.28 cents and the average revenue was 4.43 cents. To take a specific case or two: the village of Arcade, home town of Senator Knight, the Republican Senate leader, with a population of 1,643, incurred a total cost of $38,094 during 1928, and received $56,013 from its consumers, showing a clear profit of $17,919 for the community coffers. Some audacious souls assert that the municipal plant in Arcade is so profitable that the village does not have to impose any appreciable taxes. Jamestown, which has the lowest rate of any city in the State, had a total cost of $347,088 and collected $551,541, returning $204,453 in profit. Records like these, in view of the plainly limited opportunities for savings in the operation of small plants, are definitely significant to anyone who can understand the multiplication table, or who pretends to an interest in the "facts."

To return to the telltale 5.21 mills per kilowatt hour, representing distribution expenses, what do we find when we compare that figure with those of the behemoths of private power? This is a list casually selected from the Bauer-Hogan report. Outside New York City: Consolidated Gas, 21.84 mills; Central Hudson Gas and Electric, 14.10; Long Island Lighting, 13.54. In New York City: Consolidated Gas, 11.48; Queens Borough Gas and Electric (Long Island Lighting), 21.08; Staten Island Edison, 8.83.

The Niagara-Hudson reaches the low figure of 1.77 in this grouping. While this showing is not to be discounted as utterly worthless, for the present consideration it is palpably inapplicable. The Niagara-Hudson makes relatively large sales of industrial power. One can no more compare such a system with one in a small community than one can compare the square-foot output of a coal mine and a diamond mine. The problems of each system differ. Each system must be given special allowances in any study. No pretense is made here that precisely the same rule can be applied to all companies. In general, however, the only system that, because of its fundamental nature, may be omitted for comparative purposes is the Niagara-Hudson. That is the position taken by Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan in their report.

Little need be said in behalf of the much-heralded Ontario plants, for it is generally known that they have shown splendid results, despite the supposed handicap of municipal operation. The Bauer-Hogan summary comments as follows:

> The Ontario municipalities show an average expense of 5.8 mills per kilowatt hour for all the municipalities computed on domestic and commercial sales alone, compared with 6.35 mills for New York State, where, however, power as well as domestic and commercial sales were included in the divisor.
>
> Including the estimated power sale for Ontario, the average distribution expense for the twenty-three municipalities comes to 2.9 mills per kilowatt hour. This is much less than for any New York company except the Buffalo, Niagara, and Eastern and St. Lawrence Securities, which deal largely in industrial power.

The two experts then listed over-all costs in Ontario and arrived at a figure of 6 mills per kilowatt hour as compared with 12 mills for New York State municipal plants. This sounds worse than it really is. The Ontario communities studied had populations exceeding 10,000 each. The New York State average population in the forty-nine communities studied was substantially under 5,000. The comparative figure for private companies was unfortunately not available.

An idea of the importance of population can be had from a comparison of the distribution expenses per kilowatt hour in the city of Jamestown with the average in the municipal plants of the State. The figure in Jamestown is 3.1 mills, compared with 5.21 as an average for all municipal plants in the State, and even at that the 3.1 figure, including general expenses, is high. In arriving at the figure of 5.21 Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan excluded general expenses. Thus the distribution cost in Jamestown, with general expenses thrown out, would be in the neighborhood of 2.5 mills, compared with 5.21 for all municipal plants. In short, the larger the population, the greater the probability that exists for lower distribution costs.

Just one ironic fact of major importance remains to be recorded: in Jamestown, where the municipal plant has been selling current at 4 cents per kilowatt hour to domestic consumers in the smallest classification, 20 kilowatt hours a month, there is a private corporation doing business. That company is the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario, a part of the Niagara-Hudson system. It, too, charges 4 cents. Recently the municipal plant reduced its rate to 3.5 cents and the company is now reported ready to reduce its rates accordingly, though it tried, in an unsuccessful court action, to prevent the city from putting into effect even the 4-cent rate.

The record of how the municipal plants have benefited domestic consumers and others, based upon the facts to be found in the commission's reports, cannot be related here in detail. To give one example, the municipalities have succeeded in making a better showing in "promotional rates," that is, in lowering prices proportionately with the increased use of current. The purpose of the promotional rate is to encourage use by providing current at an economical price. The private companies, in the main, have fallen behind in this as in other fields.

Lack of space also prevents a minute presentation of a comparison of consumer rates. No direct ratio of this kind, comparing municipalities and private companies, is available. The best authority on the subject is the St. Lawrence Commission itself. In its report only one direct reference to the benefits of municipal plants is made. That statement reads as follows:

> Your commission is aware that a considerable number of municipal distributing systems are already in existence in New York State and that they are charging rates which compare very favorably with the rates charged by private companies operating under similar conditions.

The commission's report does not include, presumably because it was considered not pertinent to that body's major problems, the clear savings in distribution that the municipal plants have effected, which are described here, but Commissioner Thomas F. Conway, who filed a dissenting report, made this observation: "Their success [the municipal plants] is attested by the benefits they have brought to consumers in greatly lowered rates."

If these facts prove nothing else, they prove that the presence of municipal plants assures a healthy competitive spirit that may have some influence in keeping rates reasonable. Unfortunately, municipalities cannot institute and operate their own plants whenever they wish to do so. The law does not permit them. Those communities now operating plants do so only by specific permission of their charters. It is obvious that a more general permissive method is desirable from the point of view of the consumer.

Is Advertising Honest?

By T. SWANN HARDING

A GOVERNMENT study was recently made of the material advertised as fine-quality honey sold by 411 retail stores in New York City. The study at once disclosed how easy it is to fool the American people on quality and quantity, provided your advertising and your containers are attractive. When sold in tins honey was found to be from 10 to 15 cents cheaper per pound than when sold in glass jars of the same size. In five-pound tins honey sold at a rate of 23 cents a pound, while in two-ounce glass jars it sold at $1.20 per pound. To show how discriminating the consumer is, it is startling to learn that both two- and five-ounce glass jars of honey regularly retailed at the same price, while fourteen-ounce containers were very popular because the consumer almost invariably mistook them for full pounds in spite of the fact that the net weight appeared plainly marked on each container. In some cases fourteen-ounce glass containers of honey sold for more than sixteen-ounce containers in the same store.

When governmental regulation of advertising truth was recently proposed, protestants exclaimed: "From the standpoint of its application and its effects, such censorship would be costly, troublesome, and unnecessary. From the standpoint of principle, it would run counter to the tide of American ideals." This comes very near to stating a great truth. It does actually seem that a demand for truth in advertising would run counter to the tide of American business ideals. The research department of the National Confectioners' Association itself, in its frenzied eagerness to combat the increasing popularity of the cigarette, actually sponsored in advertising the grotesque statement that eating sugar would make you thin, because "fats burn in the flame of the carbohydrates." This phrase, sometimes used by physiologists to describe picturesquely the interrelationship in the intermediary metabolism of dextrose and fatty acids, is here used to give pseudo-scientific warrant to the idea that a diet high in sugars (such as candy) would effectively inhibit obesity. The reference cited a textbook of Bodansky as authority; the author immediately wrote to medical and scientific journals denouncing this use of his work.

This is in line with the general spirit of much American advertising. There has long been a celebrated ginger ale which featured in its advertising the statement that it had been "aged six months." This was said to make it taste like good old French wine. The prospective consumer was asked if he would eat a green apple and was then implored, for his health's sake, never to drink green ginger ale. All this seems too grotesque to believe, but when printed with a properly signed certificate by a distinguished "scientist," with his degrees attached, this rigmarole had decided sales value or it would not have been used. Then in the summer of 1929 the manufacturers "signed a stipulation agreement with the Federal Trade Commission to discontinue advertising its product as 'aged six months' unless and until such time as this beverage is in truth and in fact aged for the length of time specified. The respondent agreed to discontinue use of the statement 'aged six months,' or any other statement so as to imply that its product was and is aged six months, when such is not the truth." There seems some legalistic excess verbiage here but the point is plain. The ale was not aged six months. It was advertised in the best magazines as aged six months. Its advertising bore the certifying signature of its chemist to this effect. It found sales value in such advertising. Does advertising need regulation?

The same year, "The manufacturer of a tooth paste sold as 'The Iodine Tooth Paste' has agreed to cease and desist from the sale of this tooth paste under unjustifiable claims." Why? The advertisements, again in the best magazines, ran: "The Iodine Tooth Paste." "Its iodine protects you." "Contains just enough pure, active iodine to accomplish the purpose." "The full iodine efficacy is there." "The chemical element—iodine—has been in general use for about one hundred years. Dentists have used iodine in their general practice for over forty years. Its germ-destroying power and stimulating effect upon inflamed tissues have been fully tested and accepted beyond any question. Iodine is one of the finest elements that can be used in a tooth paste to keep the gums and mouth in a healthy condition." "That is why this development in the use of iodine will interest you." This sounds very erudite and convincing. It had sales value. What were the facts? "As a matter of fact the tooth paste in question did not contain any free iodine, but did contain potassium and calcium iodides, which do not possess the antiseptic or germicidal qualities of free iodine."

About the same time the United States Food and Drug Administration delivered a severe blow at the insecticides sold to farmers and advertised as capable of curing the external parasites of poultry and farm stock if given internally in the drinking water! Other spurious preparations were widely advertised as capable of being absorbed by the sap of trees and bushes in order to control insects and fungi on the outside of said trees and bushes. One of these preparations was sold for $64 a gallon and could be prepared at a cost of 18 cents a gallon. Finally, glittering and attractive little cases said to contain deadly chemicals which would kill moths and other insects if they were only hung in the room were found neither to purify the air nor kill insects. Obviously there is money in fraudulent advertising.

Shortly before this the administration announced that the market had been recently cleared of fake "worm expellers" which were glibly advertised to cure live stock of worms, when no drug or mixture of drugs at present known to medical science will act as a vermifuge for all types of animal and poultry worms; many of the drug preparations examined do not act at all. Some of these "honestly" advertised preparations were found to contain 95 per cent water, a little gum, and cod-liver oil.

Americans are unbalanced on the subject of health. They are particularly insane about what is politely called "chronic intestinal stasis." So many clever charlatans and crooks have lied about constipation in so many cleverly worded advertisements of subtle mendacity that laymen will buy almost anything to rid them of an evil which is not, physiologically, half so dangerous as they imagine, as many competent medical specialists well know and frequently proclaim to their colleagues. The market was and is quite naturally loaded with bran cereals and "health foods" of all sorts. They are advertised not only in popular magazines but in the best medical journals, where they entice physicians into menacing the intestinal health of patients too sensible to do that on their own account. For roughage, used excessively, is very dangerous.

After completing an investigation, the Food and Drug Administration announced that many of these products, advertised as laxatives, contained only from 25 to 36 per cent bran, which should really be the predominating ingredient if they were to be truly laxative. "If the manufacturers do not desire to make them at least one-half bran, we insist that they refrain from representing them as laxative and that they label the articles so that the purchasers will not think they are getting products high in bran." So reads the official press release. Then there are the products advertised as "100 per cent bran" or "all bran," though the administration's analyses demonstrated that they contained as high as 20 per cent flavoring materials. A more important point may be given in the words of the administration report:

> Practically all the bran products were held forth as remedies for constipation. This disease, or rather symptom of many diseases, may arise from many causes. Bran is not a competent treatment for many forms of constipation, but is contraindicated in some cases. It is our position, therefore, that the unqualified term "constipation" should not be used on the labels of these articles. . . .

The position of the administration is scientifically sound. Human physiology backs it up. But the products may still be, and still are, advertised in the same old way, even though their package labels are rendered honest by legal compulsion on the part of the government.

Yet once more, after a long investigation which had some publicity, the administration came out with a statement on radioactive waters and drugs. It found that but 5 per cent of hundreds of such preparations examined were actually radioactive, and declared that the use of radium-containing substances should at all events be strictly supervised, as it was exceedingly dangerous. Meantime, as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* remarked in an editorial (September 7, 1929), the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association some years ago admitted to "New and Non-Official Remedies" various preparations containing radium and various devices for causing radium emanation to pass into drinking water. Why had this not been done some years ago? For any scientific reason? Let the editorial explain in its own words: "True, the evidence was not extremely well controlled or profuse in amount, but there seemed to be a demand by physicians for such preparations." In short, while the American Medical Association, which represents organized medicine in America, and which claims to guard so cautiously the scientific character of its advertising, felt there was little scientific reason for the use of such preparations at the time, it yielded to the importunities of individual physicians.

However, light came at last. In September, 1929, the council (the United States Food and Drug Administration having acted in July) at long last decided to reject such solutions and devices, whether for bathing or injection, for even if they did contain radium there was no evidence that they would remedy the diseases they claimed to remedy—arthritis, anemia, boils, and pimples—or that they would rejuvenate! There never was any scientific evidence to show that the products or devices would so act. It actually seems that if organized medicine would do its part to keep its own advertising honest and ethical, the work of the government would not be so difficult. Nothing whatever is said in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* editorial about the work of the Food and Drug Administration. It is apparent that the advertising supervision of the best medical journals leaves much to be desired; hence it is unreasonable to expect laymen not to be duped when physicians themselves are so careless. Finally, there is need for some impartial, objective agency, basing its findings on science, to make health advertising honest—a thing manufacturers in keen, competitive business can never be expected to do.

This is not all, but it is enough. The recital could continue through many pages. Advertising is not and perhaps cannot be honest in a competitive society where, even in medical therapy and pharmacy, the existence of a physician or of a manufacturing house depends absolutely upon ability to get money. In medicine this means a conniving at all sorts of abuses which are ethically objectionable. In industry it means the cutthroat tactics so common in American business, and of those tactics untruthful advertising is a necessary by-product. The objections of part of the drug trade (for the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association has gone on record as indorsing the Food and Drug Administration policy and also governmental control of advertising honesty) are beside the point. Impartial government regulation, based on science, is needed. Let money be made from human credulity or vanity in spheres of luxury and the superfluous where deception is relatively harmless. Health is too fundamentally important to be trifled with. Advertising related to health should be truthful. It is demonstrably false today in hundreds of cases. Certain agencies would prefer to see it restricted to fact. The public so far has not been heard from.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has chosen this week as letter week. The first letter, from Normal, Illinois, is brazen enough to mention another columnist and another paper, but the Drifter will be generous and let the advertisement stand—especially since the paper no longer exists.

> Since I am a subscriber to *The Nation* [writes John A. Kinneman] and also to Consumers' Research I must write you concerning razors. F. P. A. in the *World* used to remind us of his campaign to eliminate dry sweeping. Since I am a lay expert on straight-blade razors, you and I might begin a campaign for the restoration of the manly blade—you providing the publicity and I obliging you with some of the technical nuances of edge, honing, and stropping. While some of my neighbors take great pride in their golf sticks (or maybe it is clubs), in their water lilies, or even in their tomatoes, I have found no small amount of pleasure in conditioning my four straight blades. I am confident that I have one of the few "three-line" Swaty hones outside the ranks of the elder statesmen of

barberdom. Do you know the Swaty? Ask your barber.

When you cease drifting and I stop teaching, we'll buy a tinker's outfit in partnership. You'll do the umbrellas, I'll do the scissors and razors, if there are any open blades left then.

* * * * *

WORSE ways of spending one's old age might be found than setting up as a tinker. But the Drifter will not promise to undertake the partnership so long as there are still some open roads left in the world. And he might as well make it clear right now that he will have nothing to do with umbrellas. Having scorned them all his life as the refuge of cowards and at the same time a reproach to the reckless, the Drifter will never minister to an umbrella's broken ribs if he can help it, or do anything that might mitigate the reverses that umbrellas so often meet with from disrespectful winds. He might do the roller skates.

* * * * *

LETTER Number Two is also concerned with razors. It comes from Charles James, who lives in Los Angeles, and it reads as follows:

> Much belated, but I hope not too late for publication, I want to add my mite to your correspondent's comments on razors. I agree with all he says except his partial indorsement of the foreign safety blade. While much better than our native product, it still falls far short of an average good razor, necessarily so, for the latter is hollow-ground and individually tempered—two essential processes for a good razor which are impossible in a mass-produced, thin blade—especially the tempering, which even in the hands of experts is far from being uniformly successful. That is the reason why buying razors is largely a matter of luck and why really good ones are so highly prized. I shall never cease to mourn the accidental loss of two Wade and Butcher razors, and I am guarding a Wostenholm and one unnamed blade like the apple of my eye.
>
> I sometimes wonder if the benighted users of these much-advertised instruments of torture—so they appear to me—realize what crude contraptions they are. Perhaps the following test will convince them. Let them try to cut a hair with one. I have never succeeded with anything finer than a horsehair, while with one of my pet blades I can *split* one of my very fine hairs half a dozen times into almost invisible shavings.
>
> The best thing I know about Calvin Coolidge, whom I regard as the smallest of the goodly collection of nonentities who have rattled around in the chair of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, is the fact that he uses an old-fashioned razor which he knows how to keep sharp. It is his only claim to greatness, if we accept, in the inverse sense, Napoleon's dictum that great men shave themselves. By that standard Coolidge is greater than Napoleon, who had his razors kept in shape by his barber, for Calvin sharpens his own.

* * * * *

OTHER letters, many others, press for publication. There are many among them full of excellent wisdom. But the Drifter cannot with any conscience follow up with another letter one which manages to get Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Napoleon, and Coolidge into one paragraph. That is as great a feat as splitting a hair six ways.

THE DRIFTER

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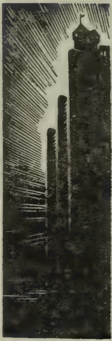

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York

Correspondence

Australia's Wool Scheme

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Hazlitt, in his admirable and remarkably concrete criticism of some of Stuart Chase's proposals for making our economic system somewhat less insane than it now is, mentions Australia's wool scheme as an example of the failure of government planning on a limited scale. This does the Australian experiment somewhat less than justice. Professor Edward Shann's "An Economic History of Australia" touches on this matter. Professor Shann writes:

> After August, 1922, the wool-selling brokers refused to be bound by the association's allocation of quantities of wool, old and new, to be submitted at the Australian auctions. The plan's success, however, in removing the fear of unlimited offerings had by then made possible a sharp recovery in prices, especially for merino wool. . . . The powerful wool-selling brokers were active in hostility to the proposals for the continuation of the plan, for they were not ready lightly to submit their excellently run and lucrative businesses to a central control. . . . The vast majority of pastoralists mistrusted anything that would put their wool nearer to the grasp of governments in whose policies they have seldom had part or trust.

In concluding Professor Shann quotes the closest student of the plan's operation as saying, "The Australian wool industry as a whole lost an opportunity, which is unlikely to recur, of creating a powerful instrument for its own advancement."

It would thus appear that the plan was wrecked by the great conflict that runs through Australian social politics, the conflict between the urge toward state socialism and that toward individual enterprise.

It would be very interesting and perhaps profitable if some radical thinker of Mr. Chase's ability would investigate all these plans and set out the reasons for their "failure."

Elmhurst, N. Y., April 30 C. Hartley Grattan

"All Spots and Jumps"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first requirements of a philosopher are sound logic and good horse sense. Scholastic requirements come second. There are many men possessing much knowledge but very few who have wisdom. That's the reason why philosophers are scarce. Bertrand Russell in his article What I Believe in *The Nation* of April 29 gives a classic example of modern philosophy.

Beholding the topsy-turviness of our man-made civilization, he reasons as follows: "Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. . . . I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness . . ."

How can any earnest student of nature come to such an absurd conclusion? But granted that the above viewpoint is right, how can Mr. Russell draw the following conclusion on the same page: "Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias"? How is it possible for a created or evolved being of nature to be superior to its maker? Is it any wonder that "the universe is all spots and jumps"?

Portsmouth, Ohio, April 30 Frank Wiesner

Contributors to This Issue

Walter Arnold Rukeyser, an authority on the technology of asbestos mining and milling with extensive practical and executive experience in North America, since 1929 has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

Maurice G. Postley is a reporter on the New York *Evening Journal.*

T. Swann Harding contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

Albert Guerard, professor of general literature at Leland Stanford University and author of "The Napoleonic Legend," was an officer in the American intelligence and liaison services during the World War.

James Truslow Adams, author of "The Adams Family," has lived in England for the past two years.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

Stuart Chase is the author of "The Nemesis of American Business."

John Elliott is on the Berlin staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

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Books and Drama

Ambition

By MARK VAN DOREN

Ambition is a white line
Of rock and nervous wrath,
Drawn around the will of one whose knees are burning knives
Upon a path.

Ambition is the knowledge lost
Of how a day pauses,
Letting the sky lift—with seven colors casting off
Their straitened gauzes,

Floating in a loose band
As far as light can go;
Then home again, the seven, while as lazily as air
The streamers blow.

Ambition is a day gained
Against the long night—
Look up at evening, see it there—a phosphorescent, brave
Escaping kite.

In Dispraise of Fine Books

THERE is an immense to-do nowadays about functionalism in architecture, but one never hears anyone discussing functionalism in book-making. It seems high time that such a discussion began, for the ways of the edition de luxe publisher grow more fearful and wonderful daily. Here are two volumes published by Random House, limited editions of 360 copies each, in two colors, measuring 15½ by 11¾ inches, designed by Vojtéch Preissig and printed in Czecho-Slovakia "with the entire resources of the new state printing plant at Prague put at his disposal." One volume is "The Way to Wealth," the preface to "Poor Richard's Almanack," the other Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde!" It would be hard to think of two authors for whom such sumptuous editions seem less appropriate. What would the thrifty soul of Poor Richard think of all this sybaritic gaudery? The expansive Walt, perhaps, would like the immense format, the enormous type, but what would that lusty sloven make of these pure white covers, with their delicate yellow lines? And aside from the appropriateness of these particular volumes to their particular authors, who buys such books as these, and what do they do with them when they have them? Whose shelves are sixteen inches high? Who likes to read Franklin—or anybody else—in such Hear Ye, Hear Ye type?

These two volumes, of course, are merely extreme examples of publishing tendencies that have been running riot in recent years. They could be cured, it seems to me, by a simple return to the concept of functionalism in book-making. Books exist to be read. A book too exquisite to be read is as preposterous as a house too exquisite to be lived in, a car too fine to drive, a bathing suit too lovely to wet. As soon as an edition de luxe becomes so luxurious that it seems a desecration actually to handle it, to read it, its taste has become doubtful, even, at bottom, vulgar. This essentially vulgar taste, which would be condemned by any genuinely functionalist standard, prevails in most limited-edition work today. The current fine-book-making canons are those branded by Veblen as leisure-class canons. Foremost among these is conspicuous waste. The paper and binding, durable or not, intrinsically beautiful or not, must at least be expensive enough to be out of the common reach. On top of this is conspicuous physical waste—waste of margins, waste in type sizes, excessive weight. It seems to be agreed that whatever else it is or is not, an expensive limited edition *must* be bulky and cumbersome. Finally, there must be implied waste of time: reading, if one is so irreverent as to attempt it, must be made as difficult and annoying as possible by uncut leaves. A typical example of all these standards is the limited autographed edition of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," published by Boni and Liveright several years ago. An exquisite book without question, but with about six times the weight and cubic displacement of the trade edition of the same play, with uncut leaves, and with a white and gold binding that it seemed a sacrilege for human hands to touch. Much the same criticism might be made of the edition of the Boswell papers now being printed by Edwin Rudge: those gorgeous Venetian-red covers must literally be handled with gloves or a handkerchief; they take a thumbprint that would have made the late M. Bertillon squeal with delight; the type and margins are extravagantly large, and the books are built to stand upright only on the bookshelves of a Brobdingnagian.

Am I, perhaps, biased against *all* fine book work? Am I merely parading some thrifty personal prejudices under the delusion that they are principles? Well, I confess to a weakness for compactness, for something light in the hands, something that is not ruined or spoiled by a reasonable amount of reading. For my own use, for example, I prefer the neat little one-volume edition of Rabelais published by Simon and Schuster to the two-volume edition, published by Boni and Liveright, with the Papé illustrations; I would rather, for sheer convenience, read "The Decameron" in the little 95-cent Modern Library edition than in the handsome two-volume edition published at $17.50 by Covici-Friede, though I like the garish Bosschère illustrations, and immensely prefer the new Richard Aldington translation to the John Payne translation adopted by the Modern Library. I can stand, of course, a little luxury: to me the ideal editions of the classics are those published by the Oxford University Press in the Oxford Standard Authors series—the two-volume edition of the Trechmann translation of Montaigne, for example, or the three Nonesuch Press books published here by Random House—the Blake, the Donne, and the selected essays of William Hazlitt (the last two, incidentally, remarkable bargains at $3.50). These volumes are compact, durable, reasonably light, able to stand up physically under repeated readings, and admirably printed. Nor do I even object to the rich new $33.50 edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad, with the English on the left-hand pages and the Greek on the right, also published by Random House.

It is somewhat bulkier than I personally like for reading, but the whole-morocco binding has a fine masculine eighteenth-century toughness: here is a de luxe volume that does not look as if it had been designed by a perfume manufacturer.

The nouveau riche book collector, who thinks that money can buy even intellectual prestige, has been debauching our standards long enough. Is it unreasonable to maintain that printing and binding should exist for the sake of books, not books for the sake of printing and binding?

HENRY HAZLITT

Pershing's Three Wars

My Experiences in the World War. By General John J. Pershing. Two volumes. Frederick A. Stokes. $10.

GENERAL PERSHING waged three wars at once and won them all. The one to which he devotes least space in this work is the one against the Germans. Evidently he had no quarrel with them. He fought them because it was his business. They were good soldiers, and so was he. More ruthless than Foch or Pétain, he wanted no armistice at all—nothing short of unconditional surrender. But his sternness was free from rancor. Technically, Pershing and Hindenburg were "enemies" for the duration of the war; in fact, they are of the same breed. Professional types are far more real than national types; true soldiers form a freemasonry the world over.

Pershing does not keep the same serene temper in relating his second war, that with Washington. The memory obviously rankles; no Locarno pact has been signed. No hostility to Wilson; nothing but praise for Secretary Newton Baker; no allusions to politicians, journalists, contractors: the sole enemy is the War Department. The War Department wanted to consider him as their instrument; he was the spearhead, but they should direct the thrust. For Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief was the All-Highest, the sole War Lord. Washington existed only in order to supply his requisitions. He bristled when it was suggested that Goethals might take charge of transportation and the services of supply. He would have liked, instead, to reach back across the Atlantic and bring Washington under his own supreme authority. Washington and Chaumont fought bitterly the Battle of the Sam Browne Belt. On the whole, Pershing was right. Politically, the war could and should be directed from Washington. Strategically, it had to be conducted on the spot.

The third and fiercest fight was with the Allies. Pershing's one idea was the creation of an absolutely complete and independent American army. On this rock he stood impregnably. In 1917-18 the war was a race with disaster. Russia was in helpless chaos; Serbia and Rumania were *hors de combat;* Italy had almost collapsed; ominous mutinies had broken out in the French army; German divisions released from the Eastern front were pouring against the exhausted West. But General Pershing's dominant thought was still to build up his separate army. To the Allies such a policy seemed suicidal. For the common cause: the Germans might triumph before Pershing was ready. For America herself: soldiers can be trained in three months, but to match an improvised staff against the tried German machine would be tempting Providence.

Balfour, Lloyd George, Haig, Pétain, Foch, Clemenceau, blandly, insidiously, petulantly, were urging him; he remained adamant. Tasker Bliss understood the plight of the Allies, but he could not move the Commander-in-Chief. He suggested appealing to Washington; Pershing declined. "Even though the President should lean that way," he would not have budged. He was reminded of his responsibility; he realized it and did not flinch. Obstinacy on such an epic scale ceases to be mulishness and becomes heroism. He was freely accused of personal vanity. He had been appointed—on the strength of his French, which, in France, was found unfit—at a time when the A. E. F. seemed a mere gesture. But he wanted to be the real commander of a real army, not a mere messenger of good-will. His egotism, although undeniable, was not his sole motive. Pershing was purely and simply a soldier, and could not think except in strictly national terms. That a soldier, priest of the flag, should serve under any flag but his own struck him as an absurdity—a rabbi officiating at St. Patrick's. *Amalgamation,* the constant desire of the Allies, to him was anathema.

He claims that "national sentiment demanded a national army." Not at that time. National sentiment demanded that the Germans be licked; we did not care by whom or how. National sentiment was not pleased that ten months after war had been declared, when our Allies were in direst need, we should have brought only 25,000 men to the fighting line. National sentiment was enthusiastically with Pershing when, under the stress of impending disaster, he abandoned his position for an instant and offered his troops to Foch: "I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have are yours; use them as you wish. More will come, in numbers equal to requirements."

His second argument is that soldiers cannot do their best except in their own army. But actual fighters seldom look beyond their regiment; the brigade commander is to them a mythical personage. Some of the finest work done by our troops was in amalgamation with the French, particularly under Mangin. Even the army that reduced the St. Mihiel salient was mixed.

Pershing had his way; but, as the Allies won, everybody was satisfied. Clemenceau, Pétain, Joffre, Foch, Haig, nationalists themselves, could not help sympathizing with Pershing's attitude as soon as the emergency was past. So he will remain in history a fine, sturdy, uncompromising, one-flag man. Had the Germans had a little better luck, Pershing's obstinate refusal would have made his name opprobrious.

On the other hand, we fully understand Pershing's reluctance to subordinate himself to Allied commanders at a time when their prestige was at its lowest ebb. No American wanted to be amalgamated with the British; and amalgamation with the French offered special difficulties on account of differences in language and methods. Frequently the Americans would chafe under the good-natured but no less insufferable superciliousness of the French; not a few wheezy quartermaster officers acted as though they had saved Verdun single-handed. Our men were tempted to retort in kind. I was once ordered: "See what those damn Frogs are doing, and tell them not to." There is something of that spirit in Pershing's book, and generations of hundred-per-centers will love the man who told the French where to get off.

Finally, Pershing felt that an autonomous army, even though not needed against the Germans, would come in handy at the peace conference. A cynical thought, but shrewd—Clemenceau's action fully justified Pershing's foresight. Justice was flung to the winds; minor allies, even Belgium, were swept aside, because the Big Five alone had the proper number of guns for Wisdom and Righteousness. Clemenceau! On the last page we find him and Pershing in each other's arms, choking with tears. They belong together; radically different in wit and culture, they had the same rugged, elemental simplicity in their ideal. Joffre, Pétain, Mangin were also men after Pershing's own heart. Not Foch, although Foch dealt far more diplomatically with him than Clemenceau. Foch was too much of "a student and professor of strategy." To think overmuch is unmilitary. I am sure you want to know whether Pershing actually said: "Lafayette, we are here!" He did not, any more than Cambronne said: "The Guard dies but never surrenders" (or, more tersely, M——). That inspiring and much parodied phrase was obviously not in character. I have but recently discovered what a "Monadnock" is: Pershing deserves that title.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Can England Come Through?

England's Crisis. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

M. SIEGFRIED is that *rara avis,* a much-traveled Frenchman who is keenly interested in countries other than his own. His study of the United States in his "America Comes of Age," although not to be compared in acuteness of observation and philosophic breadth with the now classic comments of his fellow-countryman, De Tocqueville, a century earlier, deservedly ranks as one of the best contemporary analyses of our civilization. His new book, on England, falls very distinctly below the level of his earlier one on ourselves, and one fears for the quality of his third, which rumor asserts is to be one on Russia. It looks a little as though M. Siegfried felt that he had struck "pay-dirt" and was going to make the most of it. As a trained observer, his reactions to any national scene would be interesting and valuable, but it may be questioned whether any man is capable of publishing very profound studies in quick succession of three such different nations as America, England, and Russia.

In "America Comes of Age" M. Siegfried's touch was usually sure and his treatment competent, but in "England's Crisis" he frequently fumbles rather badly. The critique this time has taken the form throughout of an economic study, buttressed, apparently, at all points with figures and statistical tables. Siegfried is excellent so long as he keeps to the high, dry ground of social observation and analysis. One cannot escape the conclusion that he has mired himself in the bog of statistics, which are notoriously dangerous ground for any but a highly trained economist to enter upon. Figures, like Bible texts, can be cited to prove almost anything, and even Siegfried's logic is far from displaying that impeccability that we consider peculiarly French. His deductions are often far from compelling, his thought is confused, and his conclusions are oddly contradictory. Sir Walter Layton, the editor of the *Economist,* certainly a much abler statistician than Siegfried, was able to draw quite different inferences from the figures in an article in the *Revue de Paris,* which may be considered in part a refutation of Siegfried's reasonings.

Interesting as the book is, it may easily prove misleading for the average reader. If the author has shown himself weak as an economist, he retains, in his social and psychological comment, all the suggestive brilliancy of his earlier work. We Americans, as well as the English, may well ponder, for example, his claim that because of the careless lack of efficiency and sensible thrift in domestic economy, the higher wages in England as contrasted with the Continent are only in part needful to maintain a really "higher standard" of living, and that the rest of the higher wage scale represents merely individual and industrial waste. Many of his other thrusts at English characteristics, which in general he greatly admires, are sound as well as shrewd.

For the thoughtful reader one of the most interesting points of the book is one that the author had no intention of making. That is the clear relief in which one aspect of our new age is made to stand out. Siegfried makes both certain charges against the English and certain admissions concerning them. He considers that they insist upon being too much individualists in their lives; that they are too much amateurs instead of professionals in life; that something deep in their nature forced them, unwisely, to bring their currency back to par and to pay 100 per cent of their debts instead of repudiating four-fifths of them, as France, in the author's opinion, more wisely did with spiritual ease; that the best minds in England still prefer statesmanship to business; that Englishmen insist on too much leisure; and so on down a long list. He insists that the nation is going to the dogs economically, yet admits that the condition of the working classes is better than it was before the war; that the life of the upper classes was never so distinguished for social and intellectual charm as today; and that England and the Empire still have "unlimited powers of adaptation and life." This phrase, the last in the volume, is a curious ending to a statistical jeremiad. The whole book is an odd jumble of keen social analysis, bad economics, the application of the new doctrine that national statistics somehow are more important than the lives of the individual citizens, and the apparently unconscious assumption of the Nietzschean philosophy in economics comparable to that of pre-war Germany in statecraft. The moral aspect of England's paying her debts as contrasted with France's repudiation and the possible effect on their several credits in the long run seem never to occur to M. Siegfried at all, in which he is a true son of the "new era" philosophy of life.

As an economic study of contemporary England the book is dangerously misleading. As a social study of post-war Englishmen, which it is to a much lesser extent, it is often brilliantly suggestive. As another of the innumerable portents of the altered scale of social and moral values in a post-war world, it is worthy of serious attention as coming from the pen of so distinguished a citizen of the nation which claims to lead civilization.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

An Ambassador's View

I. Americans. By Salvador de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

NOW that the Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford and former Director of Disarmament in the League of Nations secretariat has been named Ambassador of Spain at Washington, there will be at least a momentary curiosity to know what he thinks of the United States and what policy, if he is permitted to be anything more than a diplomatic rubber stamp, he is likely to pursue. If what he has said in the magazine articles which make up the present volume is an accurate indication, he may be expected to tell us that we are a tolerably decent people, considering what a complex of bad and not so good the world is at the present time, but that we are making a deplorable mistake not to join the League and help develop a world point of view. For his amused and often cynical attitude toward history and politics Professor de Madariaga has, of course, abundant justification, for neither history nor politics need be taken seriously if one does not choose to look at them that way; while as for a world consciousness and a world state, it must be difficult for a devoted member of the League secretariat to get the taste of League ideology out of his mouth even in the sterilized air of Oxford or in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the American Babylon where most of his articles have been published.

At first sight it seems a little unkind for Professor de Madariaga to use "Americans" as a comprehensive label for all those people, heavily in the majority everywhere, who still exhibit nationalistic traits and provincial prejudices, and to whom a world order is still something vague notwithstanding that they have some interest in it. Happily for our feelings, the illustrations of this generalized Americanism are not drawn exclusively from this side of the Atlantic. Peace-loving Britain, for example, keeps a keen eye open for commercial advantage, and boasts of free trade as if that were not, quite as much as protection, an effective means of conducting commercial war. White imperialism appears to Professor de Madariaga to have bedeviled the black races at least as much as it has helped them, and diplomacy and religion make a notoriously ill-matched pair. The rowdyism of parliaments is quite what we should expect since we have always had it, and Fascist rule in Italy gets rid of debate, and hence of thought, by well-known methods of physical persuasion. When, after a great war, the victors settle down to the business of ordering a peace, they are likely to produce such a "jig-saw puzzle" or international "nuisance" as the German-Polish or Franco-German frontiers. On the whole, the political world is a bewildering mess, irrational, fantastic, tragic.

Professor de Madariaga is of course opposed to war, but he cannot be enthusiastic about the Paris anti-war pact so long as there is no international machinery for interpreting and applying it. As for the amiable M. Briand's United States of Europe, that is a chimera, because "no one but God can unite that which God created apart," and a European customs union is not much more practical. The only sure hope of peace, apparently, is in the development of an international-mindedness which in time, through the perfection of the now imperfect League, may work out a world government. Hence the mortal sin of American abstention: "the most republican nation of all is doing more than any other toward maintaining the reign of force in the world." It will be interesting to see whether Professor de Madariaga, from the vantage-point of an ambassador's office, will be able to further a rapprochement with an organization to which successive administrations at Washington have thus far been moved to extend only the assurances of their most distinguished consideration.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Sun-Worship vs. Nudism

Among the Nudists. By Frances and Mason Merrill. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS book is all about the boys and girls—yes, the gaffers and grandams—who strip. Down to the buff they strip, in mixed company, and hurl medicine balls at one another under the pine trees. Our authors blushed, stripped, blushed, hurled medicine balls, and blushed no more. They had become nudists. It all happened in Germany, and later in France. They tell in detail, with formidable statistics, of the inroads of nakedness on the Continent; and they describe in detail—with not too self-conscious photographs—the day-by-day life at a nudists' sanctuary, and just how it feels, from loosening the first shoe lace to the final conquest of all one's puritanical complexes—leaping with wild exhilaration in the sunshine. The movement, indeed, is growing by leaps and bounds. There are already some two million Germans who belong to organizations which either have stripped or are likely to strip at any moment.

To a confirmed sun-worshiper like myself all this is not so novel and exciting as it may be to the gentle reader. Such is the sad penalty of shedding one's clothes; it takes all the tingle out of nakedness. One comes to look upon a human body as one looks at a tree or a horse. Some are worth observing and some are not—and by and large the males stand up better than the females in this entirely casual survey. When one has seen fifty thousand Russians, more or less, devoid of clothes, these cavortings of little groups in *Freilichtparken* seem a bit cloistered. Furthermore, I shrink from the Teutonic organization of the modern nudists. I like to sun-bathe when the mood seizes me, and I enjoy the adventure of finding a proper spot, with due regard for (a) sun elevation, (b) wind, (c) bugs, (d) spectators. But I realize my good fortune in having more time and space than the average workingman. If he and his family are to sun-bathe at all, they must have the facilities organized. I should like to see air parks all over this great Republic, but I doubt if I should spend much time doing calisthenics in them. I do not need company to give me courage, nor do I see why stripping needs to be a social pursuit. The city of St. Petersburg in Florida recently built a beautiful solarium, but after a couple of trials I deserted it for the wild shingle of the Gulf. Perhaps the trouble was that the city fathers segregated the sexes rigorously, which the Merrills say is a most unfortunate arrangement, if not positively perverse.

Of the pleasures and advantages, physical and mental, of shedding one's clothes, our authors give a just, balanced, and well-documented account, including a rich historical background. To the well-known fact that morality varies inversely with the amount of haberdashery they adduce eloquent testimony. Unsegregated nakedness in large doses is undoubtedly the best medicine conceivable for persons suffering from dirty minds, perverse desires, and snooping complexes. When nothing is left to the imagination, the imagination turns to fresher fields, leaving the sufferer free at last. Stripping is also just about the healthiest thing one can do, provided the proper time and technique are selected.

It ought to be anybody's privilege to strip or not as he or she pleases, so long as he does not leave his clothes on every hickory limb. Specifically and particularly, growing children ought to run naked far more than they do. Bathing costumes, on all but the most public beaches, should be optional. But as the Merrills point out, America is less civilized in this respect—I believe there are one or two other respects as well—than Europe. Any movement for health and morality such as this will be greeted with violent, uproarious opposition from every nationally advertised organization, from the Ku Klux Klan to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Its supporters will be ostracized, branded, and stoned. I should like to see the movement come, fight for its life (not too solemnly either), and win. But I cannot wait for it. Do you see that ledge far up on the flank of yonder mountain? It has an enormous flat stone, sheltered from the wind, the despair of ants, and at just the right angle for morning sun . . .

STUART CHASE

Books in Brief

The Letters of John Keats. Edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $14.

This should be the standard edition of Keats's letters for years to come; indeed, there is little likelihood that much will henceforth be added to our knowledge of what Keats wrote to his friends, his relatives, and the mistress of his dying heart during the last five years he lived. Few authors have left so perfect a record of themselves over an equivalent period. Not only are there nearly six hundred closely printed pages in this beautiful edition; the letters themselves are scarcely to be matched in literature for fulness, zest, variety, and budding truth. The wisdom of Keats, which promised to be great, was ripening rapidly between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth years, so that we get here, along with sentiment and gossip, a number of highly important judgments about life and poetry—two things which, whatever his idolaters say he did, he kept wholesomely apart in his mind. Poetry was his life, but his life was not poetry, and he never grew so silly as to say it was. Mr. Forman, who has the great advantage of being the son of Harry Buxton Forman, has radically improved his father's already excellent edition of 1901. He has added thirteen new letters, two of them, those to Tom and George Keats, containing enthusiastic accounts of a walk taken through the Lake Country in June, 1818; and wherever the originals of previous letters were available he has restored Keats's misspellings, which were many and picturesque. He has also put us in his debt by supplying an exhaustive index and a biographical dictionary of Keats's correspondents. Here then is the most authentic text of two hundred and thirty letters by Keats that research at present can prepare. It is a rich and particularly human exhibit.

The Aristocratic Journey. Being the Outspoken Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall. Edited by Una Pope-Hennessy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

The letters printed in this volume were written during a fourteen months' sojourn in the United States by the wife of that Basil Hall whose book of travels is well known to all who are interested in early transatlantic comment on our manners and customs. The couple arrived in 1827 armed with introductions to an extraordinary number of notables, and traveled pretty generally all over the United States of that day, from the coast to the Mississippi and from Boston to Savannah. Mrs. Hall was a keen and, on the whole, a friendly observer. A woman accustomed to high society at the Spanish court could hardly be blamed for noting the fact that at one of the best houses in Washington the gentleman on whose arm she leaned as they proceeded to the dancing room spat his tobacco juice ahead of them as they advanced. The fact is that American society a century ago, with exceptions which Mrs. Hall is glad to note, was almost unbelievably crude. Here and there were cultivated families or groups, but the general criticism from foreigners must be taken as indicating a condition and not a conspiracy. If most travelers see only the surface—in our case tobacco juice spattered—that has been the way of travelers, and we may take satisfaction in seeing how far we have gone in improving some things at least in three generations. The book is worth reading, though one may wonder why the publishers felt it needful to charge five dollars for a volume of this size and format.

I Remember. By Opie Read. Richard R. Smith. $2.

The incident of President Cleveland at a meeting of the Chicago Press Club when the Columbian Exposition was on, at which the Egyptian maidens danced with their faces veiled "but all else exposed to the glaring light," is but one of a long list of Opie Read's adventures in love, war, the newspaper business, and with great men. In his autobiography this old-timer who can remember the opening of the Civil War and who now recalls with glee his early literary struggles has written his best novel and described his most fascinating "character." But it is more than an entertaining personal record; it is the history of a period. Read begins by describing his scapegrace grandfather, who was proud of being descended from Benjamin Franklin's brother-in-law, and follows with his own early schooling and farm life, his love for books, his first character description published in a local newspaper when he was about eighteen, his learning the printer's trade (like Benjamin Franklin), his tramps around the country looking for jobs (including his idyl with a gipsy girl), his marriage, and his newspaper career. He describes in turn scores of celebrities, from Mark Twain and Thomas Edison to Floyd Gibbons and Frank Crane, not forgetting Bob Ingersoll and Adelina Patti and Isadora Duncan. The story is rounded out with the incredible coinci-

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dence of a ninety-eight-year-old man named Carew telling his recently acquired friend, Opie Read, of a Confederate youngster years before who gave him a stolen chicken in gratitude for some verses of Shakespeare—and that youngster was Opie Read himself.

Das Amerikanische Theater und Kino. Von Joseph Gregor und René Fülöp-Miller. Leipzig: Amalthea Verlag.

When Julius Bab in 1928 published his "Theater der Gegenwart" he remarked that the American theater could no longer be left out of consideration in a review of the modern stage, and now the first German book on the American theater has appeared. While Dr. Gregor does not esteem the American drama very highly—even Eugene O'Neill appears to him rather naive when measured against European dramatists—he does find that first-class work is being done in New York in several other branches of the theatrical art. Our stage lighting he considers the best in the world, and he admits American stage designers—Geddes, Urban, Simonson—to the ranks of the very greatest. In the field of the dance America also ranks very high; it was an American, Isadora Duncan, who gave the first impulse to the modern revival in this field. In our Negro population, our Chinatowns, and our Jewish theaters American dramatists have at hand interesting and exotic inspiration, a substitute for the folk-plays of the European civilizations. Finally Dr. Gregor holds that the many college playshops and other experimental theaters are a hopeful sign, quite the opposite of the usual European idea of American commercialism.

Vale and Other Poems. By Æ. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In these poems, intended it seems in farewell, we find the Irish mystic treating the subject of death with a renewed concreteness, stripped as it were of a few of the mystic veils. And how would a mind like Æ's, believing, as it always has, in the essential happiness of life, once it is understood in vision, come upon the subject of death? Must not such a mind of necessity find in death the consummation of happiness?

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> When this shadow show shall be over, the masks we wore
>   thrown away—
> The monstrous masks that veiled us, satyr, demon, and
>   faun,
> And be lovely, starry, and ancient with you as we were
>   in the dawn.

Poetry and the Criticism of Life. By H. W. Garrod. Harvard University Press. $2.

These are the lectures given last year by the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard. Mr. Garrod was previously professor of poetry at Oxford, and it would seem that his doctrine had suffered some dilution by crossing the Atlantic. For his earlier books made a good case for the moral interpretation of poetry; but this one is merely didactic, as if it had been composed for children. Not that Mr. Garrod, who is a very competent critic, has failed to say a number of agreeable things about Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Clough, and "The Testament of Beauty"; but the volume as it stands is utterly lacking in fresh ideas.

Drama

Happy, Happy, Happy Pair

THE lobby of Erlanger's Theater the other night was buzzing at ten o'clock with one of the most blissful multitudes it has been my fortune to see. There could be no doubt that these people were pleased, and pleased so deeply that the last thing to occur to them would have been the necessity of expressing their pleasure. It was already expressed—in countenances that for a moment had lost all care, in an eager, good-natured exchange of cigarettes, in attitudes which spoke of a serene certainty that what was to follow this intermission would be quite as nice as what had preceded it. So far as I could tell there was little conversation about what had just been seen and heard. That too was unnecessary, in the same way that it is unnecessary to talk very long, if at all, about the weather on those evenings when it is obviously and pervasively fine. These people simply beamed.

The neighborhood seemed to know how much happiness was here, for beggars appeared as if by magic on the wide walk outside the doors, and, peering in, entered to do their business. A hunchback with pencils, a swarthy Neapolitan with a bandaged elbow, a blind man with his wife, women with cups for pennies moved among the throng; and not for nothing. Two little Negro boys clogged and clicked in the street till they thought they heard a policeman coming. No policeman came, and they returned to clog and click. Their alarm, I thought, had been unnecessary. Even an officer of the law would have caught the infection that raged within.

The occasion was a revival of "The Mikado" by the Civic Light Opera Company, which during the next month or so will revive in addition "The Gondoliers," "Pinafore," and "Patience." Gilbert and Sullivan, in other words, are here again. It is a familiar enough occasion, yet we should never grow tired of celebrating it—though how to celebrate it in a dramatic article is more than I seem to know. All I know is that this pair is not only happy in itself but the cause of happiness in other men. The music of Sullivan must make anybody feel good in every portion of his person, mind or body. The words of Gilbert, and his antics and his situations, must, by their very perfection of malice if by nothing else, cleanse any soul of malice. There is nothing in the world to fear after one has seen these operas. All has been seen; all has been heard; one mind has contained it all—comfortably, calmly, and with condescension—and has given it forth in rhyme.

The present performances do not promise to be as generally good as those of Winthrop Ames, but judging by "The Mikado" they will be good enough, and in several particulars they will be very good indeed. William Danforth, the best of all Mikados, is in the company; Frank Moulan clowns brightly—sometimes too much so—as the Lord High Executioner; Herbert Watrous and William Gordon make a great, grave pair as Pooh-Bah and Pish-Tush; and Hizi Koyke, a newcomer to the role, adds new charms to the part of Yum Yum. That she is Japanese does not altogether explain her success, or explain it at all, since nothing else about "The Mikado" is Japanese. But her knowledge of how to wear the prescribed clothes may in small part explain her exquisite grace.

Lew Leslie's new Negro review, "Rhapsody in Black" (Sam H. Harris Theater), must be set down as a pathetic failure to rise above the level of Negro reviews thus far. As if that had been low! The high art of this medley was palpably a bore, as art that is higher than it need be always is.

MARK VAN DOREN

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International Relations Section

Germany's Bid for Independence

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, April 13

WHEN Germany arranged the plan of a customs union with Austria, she proclaimed to the world a declaration of independence. For the first time since the war the Germans had taken the diplomatic offensive. The French were at first dumfounded with astonishment and then they roared with rage. Indignation in Paris rose to the fever-point when shortly afterwards it was announced in London that Chancellor Heinrich Brüning and Foreign Minister Julius Curtius had been invited to Chequers by Ramsay MacDonald. Of course, this visit had been arranged long before anything was known abroad about the Austro-German agreement, but the British invitation was rightly interpreted in the French capital as a public admission by Downing Street that in the future the Germans must be consulted on equal terms with the other Powers when the shaping of Europe's future was considered.

This was most unpalatable to the French. The Quai d'Orsay, of course, did not question the British government's right to invite the Germans, but it felt that London was obligated to explain its action. French and English statesmen have frequently in the course of the last twelve years been closeted in confidential conversations, but except for the periodical meetings at Geneva the leaders of Germany and Britain have never come together.

But if the French were annoyed with their English friends at what they somewhat unreasonably considered an act of bad faith, they were positively infuriated by the action of the Germans in arranging their trade accord with the Austrians without so much as a by-your-leave. Briand, it must be admitted, had cause to be offended. The lavish asseverations by the German officials and their press that the Austro-German treaty was only a first instalment of the Pan-Europa scheme were disingenuous, to say the least. If that were so, Briand as the chief apostle of this plan had surely the right to expect to be informed of what Berlin and Vienna had in mind.

Yet it had never occurred to the French to keep the Germans *au courant* of their negotiations with the Italians for a naval agreement, although Germany is vitally interested in everything concerning the great disarmament conference that is to be held next year. France has not yet become accustomed to the idea of seriously treating its neighbor across the Rhine as its diplomatic equal. The most irritating aspect of the Teutonic trade pact to the French was not that it marked a notable advance toward *Anschluss,* although that was bad enough, but that it revealed a display of independence on the part of the Germans which that defeated people had not shown since the end of the war. To France it came as a disquieting omen. She scented a challenge to her hegemony on the European continent which she has successfully maintained since 1919.

The proposed customs union between Germany and Austria challenges the existing order of things in Europe. Just as the old German Zollverein prepared the way for Bismarck's creation of the German Reich, so it is probable that the tearing down of tariff barriers between the two Teutonic countries will ultimately lead to their political amalgamation. And that is the very thing that the French government has worked and intrigued against since the day Clemenceau observed at the peace conference that there were twenty million Germans too many in the world.

The economic union between Germany and Austria, if consummated, spells Germanic leadership in Central Europe. Such a development will end forever the dream of a Danubian confederation which, under French inspiration, was to form one big economic area of all the Succession States along the Danube. The Austrians frustrated that project by preferring to throw their lot in with their fellow-Germans to the north. That does not mean that a Germanic economic bloc is likely to be realized in the near future. For one thing, nationalism in Prague is still too rampant, and many years will probably pass before Czecho-Slovakia realizes that it is to its interest to form an economic entente with the Germans who bound its territory on three sides.

With his usual quiet firmness Chancellor Brüning has told the world that Germany and Austria are determined to go through to the end with their pact. He is willing to permit the League of Nations to scrutinize the legality of the proposed customs union, but he will not tolerate any examination of its political bearings by outsiders. Dr. Brüning spoke with the finality of an American Secretary of State forbidding Europe to meddle in the affairs of Latin America. The German Chancellor firmly repudiates the "policy of adventure" that the Nationalists urge upon him. But he may be counted upon to defend to the limit what he considers the just rights of his country. And for all his quietness and unassuming air, Germany, under his leadership, will pursue a more energetic and aggressive policy than it did or could under the late Gustav Stresemann.

When that famous statesman was at the helm in the Wilhelmstrasse, he acted on the principle that the Treaty of Versailles was being revised by the force of events. He believed that the less openly said about "revision" by German politicians, the more rapid would be the process of altering the treaty. His policy was based on the conviction that by standing for the maintenance of peace and for European co-operation, Germany could gain the good-will of the nations, and so gradually improve its international status. Stresemann kept ever before him one goal. He aspired to be to Germany what Thiers was to France and to win the honorable title of "Liberator of the Territory." He worked with the object of bringing about the end of the Allied occupation of the Rhineland before his death. Ever an incurable optimist, Stresemann expected more immediate and bigger concessions from the French in return for his "Locarno policy" than he could possibly get. Consequently he suffered many disappointments and laid himself open to the reproach from his Nationalist foes that his Locarno policy was one of "give" but never "take" by Germany.

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The situation has radically changed since Stresemann's day. Germany is no longer content to play a mere passive role in the European drama. The evacuation of the Rhineland is now an accomplished fact. As Foreign Minister Curtius predicted during the celebrations in the Rhineland last summer, German foreign policy therewith began a new chapter. The withdrawal of the Allied troops not only gave the Wilhelmstrasse a freedom of action it had not previously enjoyed; it lifted a load that seemed to be weighing down the German people. A vigorous breath of nationalist feeling swept over the land, finding expression in the phenomenal rise in the fascist poll in the September elections.

Whatever may be the future of Hitlerism, it has left its mark on the course of events. Just as Trotzky and the left-wing movement in Russia, despite their proscription, saw their ideas taken over by the victorious Stalin, so National Socialism, though it may perhaps have passed its heyday, nevertheless has influenced to a very notable degree the development not only of German policy, but of European diplomacy. Heinrich Brüning, not Adolf Hitler, is the beneficiary of the "Nazi" wave. But for the menace of German fascism it is exceedingly unlikely that the League Council would have registered in so sharp a manner its disapproval of the treatment of the German minority in Upper Silesia by the Poles. But for the Hitler movement it is highly improbable that the Austro-German customs union would have seen the light of day at the present time. Holding power, as he does, by a thread, Brüning realized the necessity of obtaining a diplomatic success that would satisfy the demands of his right-wing followers and the cry in the country for a more active foreign policy. For a time the German government toyed with the idea of requesting a revision of the Young Plan. But the cold douche that was thrown from London on the suggestions to that effect made by the German Cabinet spokesman at President von Hindenburg's New Year's reception convinced the government that the time was not yet propitious for a demarche in the "tribute" question, and a diplomatic triumph was sought for in the Austrian agreement.

It is, however, only a matter of time before the Brüning Government will reopen the reparations issue. Equality, in German eyes, implies equality of war burdens among all the former belligerents. The rise in the value of gold has made the obligations of the Young Plan resting upon this country far more onerous than the experts foresaw when they drafted their scheme at Paris in the spring of 1929. From the time that he took office a year ago the Chancellor has been preparing for the reconsideration of the reparations question which every responsible leader in this country has recognized to be inevitable. The reform of the national finances which Brüning has made his principal care was undertaken in knowledge of the fact that it was the precarious state of the German treasury and its resultant dependence on foreign credits that compelled Germany to emerge second best from the duel with the Allies at Paris two years ago. Never again must that mistake be made, the Chancellor has stated over and over again. When the hour comes for the next revision of the reparations problem, Germany, if Brüning has his way, will enter the conference hall with her budget in order and with the ability to negotiate as an equal with the representatives of the creditor nations.

The test of French willingness to meet the Germans halfway will of course be furnished by the general disarmament conference. Germany is determined, if the Allies do not fulfil their pledge given at Paris in 1919 that her enforced disarmament was to be but the prelude to general disarmament, to recover her liberty to determine for herself the size of her fighting forces. The debate in the Reichstag on the Reichswehr estimates was an impressive demonstration that all parties in the country with the exception of the Communists stand behind the demand of General Gröner, the Minister of Defense, that Germany is entitled to as much security as her neighbors.

The invitation of Brüning and Curtius to visit Chequers, one of MacDonald's famous "gestures," is England's recognition of the fact that no disarmament treaty can accomplish its object unless Germany is an equal and voluntary partner to it. Will France also recognize this truth? On the answer to this question depends the future of the Locarno policy and of the Franco-German *Verständigung* which Stresemann and Briand have so honorably striven to establish. An obstinate insistence by the French that Europe must be organized upon the basis of French hegemony instead of upon the footing of friendly and equal co-operation between France and Germany will be followed at no long time by the abandonment of the Stresemann course by Berlin. In that event, Germany will probably be thrown into the arms of Fascist Italy, which is likewise profoundly dissatisfied and crying out for "parity" with France.

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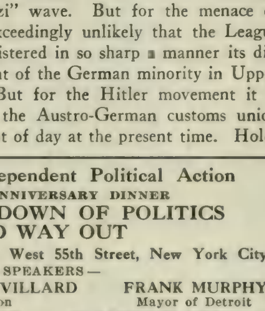

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WE ARE WITNESSING a new and a most interesting division of the Supreme Court of the United States. This has just been clearly illustrated by its vote of five to four that the Indiana law imposing a graduated scale of license fees according to the number of chain stores within the State is constitutional. Five to four votes have been common enough in the past, but usually the liberals on the court have been in the minority. This time the majority comprised the Chief Justice and Justices Roberts, Brandeis, Holmes, and Stone. The conservatives and reactionaries—Justices Sutherland, Van Devanter, McReynolds, and Butler—formed the minority. There is every indication, we are glad to say, that we shall see more and more divisions of this kind. Beyond question the appointment of Mr. Roberts marks a great gain for liberalism, and Mr. Hughes's occasionally liberal votes are in themselves encouraging. The Indiana decision is of great importance. Every State now has it within its power to limit definitely the number of stores which any company may open within its borders. There are similar cases pending for North Carolina and Mississippi and there is no doubt that legislation of this kind will now be passed in those Southern and Southwestern States which have not yet acted. The majority of the court held that "the fact that a statute discriminates in favor of a certain class does not make it arbitrary, if the discrimination is founded upon a reasonable distinction."

FOR SHEER EFFRONTERY and unsurpassable impudence commend us to the speech of Congressman Tilson of Connecticut at White Plains recently. Appearing before the Women's Republican Club, he declared that Mr. Hoover's "steady hand at the helm kept the recent [*sic*] depression from being as bad as other depressions, and Mr. Hoover's guidance can be counted the great factor in saving this country from the serious economic conditions found in other parts of the world." Doubtless he was moved to this bit of oratory by the decorations of the room in which he spoke: "Two large signs were displayed depicting a golden sun emerging from pink and blue clouds. On the sun appeared the word 'Prosperity,' and on the clouds were the words 'Happy Days Are Here Again.'" How delighted our 7,000,000 of unemployed must be by the reports of this meeting! But somehow the harmony chorus isn't quite so complete as it ought to be. We commend to Mr. Tilson and the Westchester County women the following statement made the next day by Dean Wallace B. Donham of the Harvard School of Business Administration:

> America faces the dole system unless the federal government between now and next winter starts work on a large scale. . . . Capitalism is on trial. . . . Our present situation both here and in all the great industrial nations of the world is a major breakdown of capitalism.

Even the American Legion is getting out of hand. Its Executive Committee demands an immediate non-political conference to seek a solution for the crisis, and declares that there are 750,000 veterans still without work in Mr. Tilson's "recent" depression.

TWO MILLION ACRES more of winter wheat for 1931 than for 1930 in eleven countries, with complete returns from Russia not available, is the news with which the Department of Agriculture speeded on their way the American delegates to the wheat parley at London. What with uncertainty about the Russian crop and its probable disposition, and equal uncertainty about the Federal Farm Board policy in disposing of its storage wheat, Russia and the United States easily hold the center of the stage at the London conference, but even without those two countries the estimated surplus of 704,000,000 bushels in Canada, Argentina, and Australia, according to data which the conference appears to be using, nearly equals the estimated importers' requirements of 784,000,000 bushels for the year ending next August, some 584,000,000 bushels of which are reported to have been already shipped, while the United States is counted upon to show a surplus of 240,000,000 bushels and Russia of 120,000,000 bushels. The London delegates obviously have a hard job before them. Few people seriously believe that any international agreement can bring about a limitation of production, and neither Great Britain nor Russia looks with favor upon any kind of quota scheme that would restrict exportation. There is left the alternative of an international marketing organization with its hope of price stabilization, but that again seems hardly practical unless both the United States and Russia join and the great impediment of tariff barriers is removed. On the whole, the world seems likely to continue to see for some time yet the anomaly of vast surpluses of wheat while millions of men and women go hungry.

WHAT'S this? A branch of the American Legion in New York City declaring that

> . . . our fallen comrades who threw to us the torch did not intend it to be a perpetual pillar of hate to be transmitted to children even to the third and fourth generations . . . therefore be it
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> *Resolved,* By the Lexington Post that we urge either new treaties or the revision of old treaties so that love and friendship may supplant envy and hate in the minds of generations in Europe yet unborn and insure that our children's children may never be drawn into the horrors of another war.

This actually happened, and at a dinner given to former German and Austrian soldiers (ex-Huns) who are now either American citizens or about to become such, on which occasion a former German officer was an honored guest. Nothing that has come from the Legion seems to us finer and wiser than this. It was precisely the position taken by ***The Nation*** in its first issue after the publication of the Versailles treaty in May, 1919—for which it was, of course, roundly abused and denounced by almost everybody.

WHY IS AMERICA the most lawless of countries? The more we ask ourselves this question, the more we are compelled to answer that it is because of the persistent and consistent violation of the laws and the Constitution of the United States by the officials sworn to uphold them. We are moved to this comment just now because of a disgraceful occurrence in New York City on May 15. Shortly before noon a perfectly orderly meeting was held in Battery Park to protest against the deportation of a Chinese student by the United States government. What happened is thus laconically described by the New York *Times*:

> A police emergency truck rolled into the lower end of Battery Park shortly before noon yesterday. Two minutes later the park was filled with screaming women and men fleeing from the night sticks of fifteen policemen, and the "demonstration" . . . was over.

A dozen or more Communists, the *Times* adds, left the park with bruised and bleeding heads, and so did a newspaper photographer who did not have time to place his police card in his hat and had his camera smashed, besides being arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct. In this case the lawbreakers were plainly the police. The use of night sticks on this occasion was inexcusable. Any decent responsible policeman would have shooed away the crowd—if he had the right to shoo it—without having to lift a finger. There was not the slightest jeopardizing of order. It was simply an unqualifiedly brutal and lawless attack by men in uniform. This is the best way that we know of to make anarchists and Communists, and to inculcate disloyalty to the United States and its institutions.

IT IS WELCOME NEWS that the faculties of Cornell and Ohio State universities have recommended to their respective boards of trustees that compulsory military training among their students be abolished. Ohio State, with 3,380 men undergoing compulsory training, was last fall credited with having the largest R. O. T. C. unit in the country, while Cornell's unit was fifth in size. During the fiscal year 1929-30 the War Department spent $208,326.66 to train the Ohio State students, of which amount $141,733.04 went to pay the fifty-two army instructors detailed to the school by the department. Cornell's military bill in the same period amounted to $157,838.12. In both cases the action of the faculties followed strong protests against compulsory training by the students themselves. Public opinion also is credited with having forced the War Department to abandon its plans for the night air maneuvers over New York City which had been scheduled for May 22. The daytime maneuvers over various cities are being held as planned, but even these are being subjected to vigorous criticism from many organizations that do not ordinarily concern themselves with pacifism or militarism. It would be well for the War Policies Commission sitting in Washington to consider this increasing sentiment against militarism before it reaches any final decision on the war program it is fashioning.

FAIR WARNING that there may be trouble in Haiti if the United States delays much longer fulfilment of its promise to Haitianize the domestic government services is sounded in a letter to President Hoover signed by seven members of the national board of the American Civil Liberties Union. The letter also strongly urges that the withdrawal of the marines be expedited. According to the signers, the recommendation of the Hoover Commission that there be a gradual withdrawal of all Americans, including both civil and military members of the occupationary force, is not being carried out. They declare that unless this program is pressed, they fear "there may again be outbursts of violent protests against the American occupation. Advices from Haiti are none too reassuring that the Haitian people will indefinitely tolerate an unchanged situation." Mr. Hoover won sincere applause from his countrymen when he accepted the recommendations of his Haitian commission. His action was interpreted by many as a definite turning-point in the imperialistic policy Washington had been pursuing in the Caribbean area. The applause may have been premature, however. Unless Mr. Hoover acts at once, his delay may lead to further serious difficulties in Haiti.

THE QUESTION OF SILVER, increasingly discussed in a number of countries during the past few months, seems likely to be taken up in the near future by an international conference, if the countries particularly interested can agree upon how the conference shall be called. China, which has a silver instead of a gold basis for its currency, appears to be the logical country to ask for a conference, since the fall in the price of silver from over sixty cents per ounce to less than thirty cents has reduced by more than 50 per cent the ability of China to buy goods abroad. The effect upon the United States is seen in an abrupt falling off of trade with China by about one-half in the past eighteen months; in March the decline was 18 per cent compared with February. The fall in the price of silver has been ascribed largely to the dumping of silver bullion by the government of India in pursuit of its policy of putting Indian currency on a gold basis, but overproduction in this country and Mexico compared with world demand, the lowering of production costs, and the general slump in world business have been contributing causes. Financial opinion would almost certainly oppose any attempt by a conference to bring about bimetallism anywhere, but something might be done to secure agreements limiting production, restraining dumping, and providing for the gradual disposition of accumulated stocks of bullion and coin.

LUIS CABRERA, one of the leading lawyers of Mexico and formerly minister of finance in the Carranza Government, was arrested on the street in Mexico City by the military authorities on May 9, was held incomunicado during the night, and in the early morning was deported by airplane to Guatemala, despite legal proceedings instituted by his family immediately on receiving news of his arrest. Two days after the arrest the government gave out word that Señor Cabrera was the leader of a plot to overthrow the government of Ortiz Rubio and attempt the life of the President himself, and that he had been allowed to leave for Guatemala at his own request. Both statements are flatly denied by the friends of Señor Cabrera, and no evidence of the charges has been adduced. A far more plausible explanation of the action of the government (apparently wholly illegal) may be found in its profound irritation at the outspoken criticism of the present regime made by Señor Cabrera in an article published in *Excelsior* on November 10 last and reprinted in *The Nation* of December 31 under the title The Balance Sheet of the Revolution. In a lecture delivered on January 30 at the National Library Señor Cabrera, who during recent years has withdrawn entirely from active participation in politics, amplified his charge that the present government and its immediate predecessors have almost wholly failed to live up to the principles of the revolution in its three chief points, namely, political reform, redistribution of lands, and emancipation of labor. No government can make satisfactory answer to such criticism by illegal deportation of a leading citizen on unproved charges, and every friend of liberty in Mexico will be on the alert to learn the outcome of this case.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S decision to abandon further airship construction is altogether commendable. A nation as hard up as England has no excuse for wasting millions in experimenting with this type of aircraft, and Mr. MacDonald is the more ready to suspend operations because England will benefit by the experiments that will be carried on in the United States and Germany. In the latter country the Zeppelins have been more successful than elsewhere, but the question remains whether that is not largely due to the genius of certain of the men connected with the enterprise from the beginning, and latterly to Dr. Eckener, who has, however, himself had some extraordinarily fortunate escapes. Mr. MacDonald's further reason is that almost all his experts were killed in the disaster to the R-101. With due regard to their gallantry it cannot be affirmed that the English dirigible experts have ever ranked with those on the Continent. We frankly wish that our own government would cease to squander large sums upon these air monsters, whose value in war time is even more disputable than in peace time, which cannot be used in winter storms, and which may be put out of the reckoning at any time by further developments of the heavier-than-air machine. Of the latter an example is the recent introduction by the Junkers of the first Diesel airplane motor and its adoption for experimental purposes by the German Lufthansa.

DAVID BELASCO, who died on May 14, was described in the fulsome praise of the dead which is always voiced by newspapers as one who marked the end of an era. For more than fifty years he lived, breathed, and had his being in the life of the stage. When he began to interest himself in all aspects of the production of plays, the theater in the United States was at a distressingly low ebb. Painted back drops that varied little from scene to scene and pasteboard leaves gummed on to a foundation of gauze constituted the "scenery." The properties were acceptable as they were durable and not too heavy to lift easily. Mr. Belasco descended upon this make-believe in a veritable storm of realism. Where the set called for a stairway, he built one that the actors could walk up and down; where furnishings of a certain period were prescribed, the audience could be sure that that period and only that was represented before their eyes. Not only was every article on the stage of the most relentless authenticity, but off stage the same care and truthfulness prevailed. Did the actors exit into a garden? Then into a garden they exited, with box trees and potted plants to heighten the illusion. It remains only to say that once Mr. Belasco had firmly established his genius at realism, the stage began deserting realism as rapidly as possible. Not to revert to pasteboard leaves, but to renounce leaves altogether. The modern idea of stagecraft, which believes that the illusion is created in the mind of the spectator and not in his eye, was foreign to David Belasco. His era was useful and instructive; but its passing was inevitable.

PUBLIC DINNERS are frequently a bore. Public testimonial dinners at which some luckless individual hears himself the recipient of flowery encomiums and then makes a feeble effort to reply are more often a bore than not. But on May 14 in New York City there was held a testimonial dinner that from start to finish was nothing less than a memorable, exciting, and altogether moving occasion. This was the dinner given in honor of James Weldon Johnson on his retirement from his work as secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was a far cry from a welfare dinner attended by both races about thirty years ago, when the white participants were bitterly lampooned in the press for having publicly dined with Negroes, to the dinner given for Mr. Johnson. At the latter there were hundreds of guests, both white and colored; the dinner was held at one of the largest of the New York hotels; the most obvious spirit of good-will prevailed. More than that, the program, made up of agreeably short speeches by various associates and admirers of Mr. Johnson through his long life as song-writer, poet, diplomat, and public man, was varied and interesting throughout. And the reply of the guest of honor was long, composed, free of false modesty, admirably phrased, and evidenced sufficient emotional strain without reducing its author to speechless embarrassment. There are few men in the country of whatever color who could have called forth such whole-hearted tributes from persons so enlightened; there are few who could have responded to these tributes with such distinction.

An Army of Four Million Men

THE head of the army, General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, appeared on May 13 before the War Policies Commission and revealed the War Department's plan for drafting the man power and material resources of the nation on the outbreak of war. It calls for the immediate mobilization of 4,000,000 men, and for the seizure of all federal, State, county, and municipal buildings to house and shelter troops in place of the huge cantonments of the last war. Purchases of the 4,000 essential items (there are 700,000 on the War Department's shopping list) are to be allocated *in advance*—now—and not to be regulated by competitive bidding, but the contract is to be so drawn as to limit profiteering and "to deal effectively with the over-acquisitive [!] contractor." None the less, there is to be set up "an agency to determine prices for general government buying," so that "the government will not necessarily upset economic and industrial conditions." "Price-control efforts," we further learn, "will be directed gradually, and in general recognition of their necessity and reasonableness."

In other words, the whole pretense that there will be conscription of wealth as well as of men is frankly abandoned. We are again to tear the conscripted man, willing or unwilling, from his home and deprive him as ruthlessly as we please of his right to life, but we are again to treat our great capitalists with courtesy and all consideration. So much for the American Legion's demand since 1922 that "dollars as well as men be drafted" in the event of war. General MacArthur thus not only scorned the Legion, but he went out of his way to oppose Bernard M. Baruch's plan for "price-freezing" at the outset of war, under which prices would be stabilized by federal law at a level existing on a designated "normal date." There is nothing in General MacArthur's suggestions which really offers sound opposition to the profiteering that disgraced our last war. Who would run his "agency to determine prices for general government buying"? The army? Who will be in the army then? The day after war is declared the leading industrialists will be in it. For at previous hearings it has been openly admitted that the War Department has already commissioned no less than 14,000 industrialists throughout the country as "contact men." This is fully half, if not more than half, of the entire number of reserve officers in the German army at the outbreak of the war in 1914. Is there the slightest prospect that these men will not dominate any general purchasing agency? Or that they will even be satisfied with the opinion of the present National Commander of the American Legion that a return of 7 per cent on property during the next war will be "about right"?

As for the rest of the plan, never, so far as we are aware, even in Germany in the palmiest days of its militarism, did any generals advocate the immediate military seizure of all public buildings to house troops. It is quite characteristic of the extreme militarist mind that it brushes aside all consideration of the civil government when war begins—it was this contempt of the Ludendorffs and Tirpitzes for the German civil authority and their defiance of it which as much as anything else brought about the German disaster. What would become of all our federal, State, county, and municipal governments if the military should occupy their buildings on the outbreak of war and throw them into the street? And how in heaven's name could one drill and equip four millions of men in the corridors of our federal courts or post offices or customs houses? If for no other reason, the whole MacArthur plan ought to be thrown out because of this very stupidity.

But the militarists' self-revelation does not stop there. General MacArthur and the War Department have now placed themselves squarely in the position occupied by the worst of the European militarists of 1914—they would refuse exemption from military service to anybody. No Quakers, no clergymen, no men who have given their lives to pacifism, nobody is to be exempted; all are to be dragooned into the ranks to kill or be killed. The conscience of the individual is now entirely to be violated by the Moloch of the state. What punishments our militarists will now decree for those who next dare to keep their souls stainless does not appear—death, we suppose, as was the original proposal of the officers of the Judge Advocate General's department in 1917.

As for the problems of the mobilization of civilian labor, there General MacArthur walks as lightly as he does in treating of capital. "Conscription of labor would be so resented by the workers affected that they would not lend their best efforts to the production of needed supplies." How cowardly! How unworthy of a true patriotic militarist! If conscripted men in the ranks are to have their wishes disregarded, if they are to be compelled to serve by use of torture, the rifle-butt, the solitary cell, as in 1917-19, why regard the wishes of the munition-maker? Let force be applied to him as well. Let him, too, be spread-eagled to cell doors, manacled and chained, hurled into lightless dungeons. Why permit the all-conquering state to be defied by threats of factory slacking, of unpatriotic "soldiering on the job"?

As to demobilization, General MacArthur urges a commission to deal with that problem from the start so as to be ready when the war ends. Ready for what? Victory or defeat? Ready when? Who can say? The General is careful to declare that "this plan does not envisage any particular enemy." No, indeed. How could it? There is not a country in the world today that would contemplate suicide by attacking the United States. There is not one which will ever have reason to war upon us unless we war upon it—not a single one of our foreign wars was other than of our own seeking. As for the waste of war, the General is not interested. So far as reported, he makes no provision for adequate pay or for the bonuses, insurance, or pensions that invariably cost more than the war itself.

And what hypocrites General MacArthur makes of his Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, and of each and every one of us! For we are the ones who declare that we won the war to end war; that we originated, signed, and ratified the pact to outlaw war, and pledged our holy word, our sacred honor, to abide by the Kellogg Pact and never again to war.

Credit or Planning

THE address which Dr. Oliver M. W. Sprague, professor of banking at Harvard and economic adviser to the Bank of England, delivered before the English-speaking Union at London on May 12 offered cold comfort for those who imagine that the business depression has reached its lowest point and that a change for the better is close at hand. In the United States, which he had just been visiting, Dr. Sprague found the depression "more acute, if not chronic," while in the world at large two schools of doctors were seen prescribing remedies for the disease. One school insists that price declines would cease, investment revive, and workers find work if the central banks, such as the Federal Reserve, the Bank of England, and the Bank of France, would unite in flooding the world markets with credit and currency. The other school sees recovery only through the establishment of "a better equilibrium of prices and a better distribution of labor and capital."

It is surprising to find Dr. Sprague declaring that the authorities of the central banks are practically agreed in espousing the theory of economic equilibrium rather than that of cheap money, when the latter theory has for a long time been the one which the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has applied on an unprecedented scale. Long before the stock-market crash of October, 1929, the New York bank began pouring out credit and currency through heavy purchases of government bonds, and since the crash it has continued to swell the stream by lowering its discount rate and its rates on acceptances. A climax appeared to have been reached when, on May 7, it cut the discount rate from 2 to 1½ per cent, the lowest rate of any central bank in the world, and on May 13, for the fourth time in three weeks, reduced the acceptance rate, the rate for fifteen-day bills being fixed at 1 per cent and for five and six months' bills at 1¼ per cent. Meantime the volume of Federal Reserve notes outstanding increased from $1,441,715,000 on March 25 to $1,540,783,000 on May 6, notwithstanding a decline n brokers' loans in the same period from $1,908,000,000 to $1,699,000,000.

The Bank of England, too, seems to have gone over o the cheap-money theory. In October, 1929, its discount rate stood at 6½ per cent. Since that time the rate has been reduced eight times, the latest cut from 3 to 2½ per cent on May 14 bringing the rate to within ½ of 1 per cent of the lowest point ever reached in the history of the bank.

If ever cheap money could bring about an economic evival, it should have done so during the past eighteen months. The admitted object of the Federal Reserve Bank as been to encourage investment in bonds, stimulate commercial borrowing, force money out of New York into parts f the country where rates were higher, and stop the influx f gold from abroad. On no important scale have these xpectations been realized. The response of the bond market, utside of government bonds, has been slight. Domestic bond nancing has been confined mainly to State or municipal overnments and public utilities, the latter less affected than ther businesses by the depression; foreign financing has been hecked by depression abroad, by political instability in arious countries, and by sharp declines here in foreign-bond prices. Total capital flotations fell off more than $1,000,000,000 in the first four months of the present year compared with the corresponding period of 1930, and business failures have remained at a high level.

Is economic equilibrium, then, hovering in the offing? Dr. Sprague was not very encouraging on that point. "There seems to be," he told his hearers, "a growing unwillingness or incapacity in an individualist society to adjust itself to a changing economic condition, whereas we need to be more elastic than ever before." Something might be accomplished, he remarked, through a dictatorship, and there was also "the old-fashioned way of free play for economic forces, which will bring pressure upon everybody and enforce adjustments despite all the suffering involved." Unless, however, there is "sufficient foresight, imagination, and give-and-take" to plan and carry through the changes that must take place if economic forces are to be left to themselves, there is nothing in store for the Western world, Dr. Sprague bluntly declared, except "a slow decline" before the competition of the Russian economic regime.

Rational planning or inescapable decay, in other words, are the alternatives between which world capitalism must choose. A vast deal has been said about the superior wisdom of captains of industry and the conserving and stabilizing power wielded by the great banks, but unless the princes of the ancient house of capital show more intelligence and energy than they have displayed thus far in the business crisis, they and their system may before long be wiped out. The Western world awaits the leaders who can show whether economic planning without dictatorship can be managed, and to what ends the planning shall be directed.

Briand's Defeat

ARISTIDE BRIAND deserves better treatment at the hands of his countrymen than that accorded him by the National Assembly of France. His foreign policy, though by no means perfect, has none the less been a distinct contribution to the cause of peace in Europe. But France owes even more to this wisest of its post-war statesmen; without him in the Foreign Office the country might upon more than one occasion in the past few years have been pushed dangerously close to war by its headstrong and irresponsible jingoists. Yet the National Assembly refused to honor him by elevating him to the presidency. There he might still have guided French foreign policy, for the power of the French President in this respect has grown of late years; there he could still have worked for peace. Instead, the Parliament turned to a conservative, to Paul Doumer, president of the Senate, when it sought a successor to Gaston Doumergue.

Briand's defeat may not affect France alone; it may hold the gravest portent for all of Europe. In electing M. Doumer the Parliament did more than turn to the right; by its action it cast a shadow upon the foreign policy of Briand. Perhaps the National Assembly did not intend to have its rejection of Briand accepted as notice that France had done with his policy of moderation and reconciliation. Indeed, only five days earlier the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of nearly nine to one, had upheld the Foreign Minister against the critics of his pan-European program. Perhaps Parliament's ancient fear of the strong man, or the rumored personal animosity entertained toward him by many individual senators and deputies, was responsible for his defeat, to which the support of him by the Socialists also contributed. Yet, whatever its motive, the Parliament has by its vote undeniably hurt Briand's prestige. The extravagant but ill-timed tribute paid him a day or two later at Geneva by Foreign Minister Henderson cannot disguise this fact.

It is to be hoped that Briand will carry on in his present position, and that he will still be able to speak with that convincing authority which has carried him—and France—through many difficult situations in the past decade. He has played an important part in the diplomatic exchanges and maneuvers connected with the coming disarmament conference, the naval and other questions between France and Italy, the task of effecting a genuine reconciliation between France and Germany, the Austro-German customs union, the plan for a United States of Europe. Some of these depend upon his finesse for their success—the reference of the Austro-German customs union to the Council of the League and to The Hague is largely his work. It would be highly regrettable if France, growing more menacingly nationalistic with the passing of each year, should no longer heed the counsel of this man who has been so largely instrumental in keeping French chauvinism in check, and who made possible the admirable Locarno agreement. It is no wonder that Europe, and particularly Berlin and Geneva, should receive the news of Briand's defeat with unconcealed consternation. The Berlin press even hastily declared that the action of the French Parliament "must be accepted as a plain renunciation of peace." Among the European diplomats gathered in Geneva the reaction to the news was much the same. We sincerely trust that this is a premature and erroneous judgment. If, however, Europe thus correctly interprets the vote of the French Parliament, the outlook for peace on the Continent is black indeed.

Briand is remaining in office, at least for the time being. Since the vote at Versailles he has proposed to the European Union Commission that an all-European economic treaty be negotiated with a view to solving some of the Continent's major problems. His plan provides for a preferential-tariff system which would facilitate the exchange of surplus farm products from Central and Eastern Europe for the industrial products of Western Europe, the natural flow of which is now impeded by rigid tariff walls. Financial assistance would also be extended to needy European countries through some central credit system, such as the World Bank at Basel or a committee of the League of Nations. Special attention in this connection would be paid to Austria, which is now experiencing another very serious financial crisis. Obviously, the new Briand proposal is aimed at the projected Austro-German customs union, but it has the virtue of attempting to meet the issue raised by the Curtius-Schober arrangement by offering a substitute wholly economic in character instead of seeking to destroy that arrangement by means of a political attack. Moreover, the new Briand plan would get more quickly to the heart of Europe's problems than could the more cumbersome and ambitious project for a United States of Europe. It may be that in this proposal Briand has found a formula that will help Europe not only economically, but also politically.

Small Latin, Less Greek

THE decision of Yale University to drop Latin and Greek from the list of subjects required for an undergraduate degree is neither surprising nor a new departure in modern education. It merely points to the trend which university education is taking; it is another step in the direction of education—of the most practical and "worth-while" sort—for everybody. The modern young business man, we are told, who has taken four extra years out of his life to get himself educated desires to study subjects that will be useful to him in the cement business, in the manufacture of washing machines, in personnel management or building subways. Latin and Greek, either by a knowledge of the languages themselves or a complete familiarity with classical culture, are of no more use to him as working tools in the pursuit of any of these occupations than are Sanskrit, the differential calculus, or a good course in röntgenology.

It is idle, therefore, to lament the passing of the classics for the great majority of university students. They are not scholars; they are not even to enter one of the more recondite professions. They are practical men in a practical world, and the less their minds are cluttered with tags of unnecessary information the better off they will be. For the students who are interested in pursuits more purely intellectual, the classics will still be available. They may still learn as much of the languages as they can; they may still delight in the golden age of Pericles, in the grandeur of Aeschylus, in the wit of Horace. That is, they may if they have the good fortune to know a Greek or Latin teacher who is able to impart some of these delights, and if in the preparatory schools there will be those to tell the pupils of the riches these languages contain. For it cannot be denied that a good part of the popular revolt against the classics is due to the ineptitude with which they are taught. For centuries school children have struggled with Caesar's account of his campaign in Gaul without either being able to tell a coherent story of what was happening or being in the least aware that what they read was one of the finest and most stirring reports of a soldier on his military activities that has ever been written. Surely there is something wrong here. Surely Vergil is a finer writer than any high-school student suspects him of being. Surely the "Anabasis" is not the be-all and end-all of young persons desirous of acquiring a little Greek. The acquisition of a language, even one's native tongue, is no doubt a painful process at best. But the poor lads and lasses who have bent in despair over their Greek and Latin have suffered boredom as well, and have had nothing at the end to show for their pains.

It has been said in defense of the Yale action that now the classics will "stand on their own feet." It might have been added that first they must find feet to stand on. There was indeed a glory in Greece and a grandeur in Rome. But this glory and this grandeur have been hidden under a dead weight of Greek and Latin grammar. If we may suppose that some day a method will be found of imparting an agility in the use of these languages, with at the same time a just and unsentimental appreciation of the cultures they represent, there will be rejoicing among a certain small class of university students.

Making the Country Safe for War

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, May 15

SO we are going to war again. Hardly any other interpretation can be put upon the activities of the War Policies Commission now meeting in Washington. Dozens of expert witnesses—industrialists, bankers, army officers, veterans—were heard by this body last March; many others have been heard thus far in the present session. These witnesses, with one or two exceptions, have mentioned peace only in passing, as though world peace were desirable but certainly not to be had, and therefore not worth wasting one's breath in discussing. Instead, the dominant talk has been of war, and of the need of preparing for war. We must be prepared to fight if we would avoid fighting—so has run the time-honored argument of most of the witnesses, although a few, like Daniel Willard, the railroad president, and Newton D. Baker, the former Secretary of War, have spoken bravely of "the next war." Others have used such qualifying phrases as "in the event of war" or "if war comes," but these persons also were certain that we ought to have a comprehensive military and industrial plan to put into operation the moment we were attacked; and some of the latter witnesses were in a hurry to have the thing done as soon as possible. For example, Paul V. McNutt, dean of the Indiana University Law School and former National Commander of the American Legion, urged that the preparedness program be expedited. "I am against waiting," he said, with the air of one who is convinced that war is just around the corner.

It may appear strange that the Congressional mandate under which the War Policies Commission is functioning is entitled "a joint resolution to promote peace and to equalize the burdens and to minimize the profits of war." But the resolution itself says nothing about promoting peace, though it has plenty to say concerning a "study of policies to be pursued in event of war." Hence it is perhaps natural that the commission should have forgotten the title of the resolution. By the same token it is perhaps logical that the commission should have elected to ignore the Kellogg-Briand treaty. In this convention the United States specifically undertook to "condemn war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy." Yet here we have a body of men, created by express will of Congress, at work on the task of fashioning a war policy for the United States. That their mission, if not technically illegal, at least compromises the Kellogg Pact has not even occurred to the war-policy makers. Indeed, they have not seen fit to mention the treaty at all. One witness, Benjamin Marsh, of the People's Lobby, tried it, and he was rewarded in fitting measure for his ignorant belief that the Kellogg Pact means what it says. Secretary of War Hurley, chairman of the commission, was promptly upon him, demanding to know whether Marsh had ever worn an American uniform, whether he was a Socialist, a Bolshevist, or if he thought "the government of the United States was worthy of being maintained and perpetuated."

Few pacifists have ever been as vehement in their advocacy of peace as have the militarists, industrialists, and others in their testimony before the commission. But the peace that they visualize would not be based upon mutual self-trust and understanding; rather would it have its foundation in a strong military organization and in a war policy that would, in the words of Bernard M. Baruch, head of the War Industries Board of 1918, "increase the respect of the people of the world" for the United States. National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil said the American Legion favored a universal-draft law because with such a law "there will be no people in this country who can profit because we went into the war, there will be no one in this country who will seek to draw this country into war in order that he may personally profit thereby. This is primarily a peace measure. On the other hand, no nation in the world would care to lock horns with America if it were known ahead of time that America, if forced into war, would go into it with every dollar, with every machine, and with every man, woman, and child." Then he added, perhaps as an afterthought, that "the American Legion is not a militaristic organization. It is a militant peace organization and is truly working for the peace of the world." General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, frankly held "to the belief, so often reiterated by our first President, that a reasonable preparation for defense is one of the best guaranties of peace." Brigadier General John Ross Delafield carried this point a step farther when he contended that "two unarmed men much more easily come to blows than two armed men; one armed man may do just as much harm as the other, but the mere fact that the other is armed prevents their coming to blows and making a conflict and it goes far to prevent stealing, plundering, and trespassing." Therefore, our plan to create an elaborate defense machine "can never make us a military bully; on the other hand, it is a plan, if we actually live up to it, which will cause all nations to respect us and give us that protection which military strength always gives to the nation or to the man."

Up to this writing—the hearings are not yet ended—all witnesses except Mr. Marsh have agreed that we must have a war-mobilization plan, and a war policy of some sort that would take the profit out of war and thereby make it less attractive. Beyond that their agreement has not extended. The veterans have insisted, to quote a resolution of the Veterans of Foreign Wars read at the hearings, that a policy be adopted embracing a "universal draft both of man power and of industry in all future wars in which this country may be engaged." The American Legion representative urged "the mobilization of men, money, materials, and food." Several plans were presented under which the government would take over everything in the country at the outbreak of war and the President would automatically be clothed with absolute dictatorial powers. Unfortunately for this dream of a "profitless" war, the American Federation of Labor had been active before the War Policies Commission was organized. Through its political influence it had caused to be inserted in the Congressional resolution setting up the commission a proviso that "said commission shall not consider and shall not report upon the conscription of labor." Organized labor, speaking through Arthur J. Lovell, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Enginemen and Firemen, did not seek to conceal its purpose in opposing the conscription of labor. According to Mr. Lovell, the projected universal-draft legislation was designed to "conscript capital as well as labor." Were it possible to do this, he continued, "we would have been for such legislation; but we did not believe that could be done, having regard to the Constitution of the United States, which provides, among other things, that property may not be taken without due process of law."

Representatives of property and capital felt very much the same way. Newton D. Baker answered in the affirmative when Senator Swanson of Virginia, a member of the commission, asked him: "Do not you think it would dislocate all business to have all of the property of the United States, the laboring man's home and everything else, put in a general pot, like the Soviet Government is endeavoring to do now? Would you not have a cessation of business, and a great cessation of business?" For the sake of the record, it may be noted that none of the proponents of the universal-draft legislation has suggested that the government take over "the laboring man's home." By discreet questioning Secretary Hurley brought from Bernard Baruch the statement that in the World War the government had all the power it needed to commandeer property and fix prices, and in that way make war unprofitable. Testimony of like character was presented by other witnesses, all quite obviously with a view to preserving the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. The industrialists and financiers were quite obviously willing to lend their property to the government upon reasonable terms in the event of war, but they were most emphatically not willing to surrender it as the soldier must surrender his body, that is, unconditionally, which they probably would be forced to do were the Fifth Amendment to be modified or repealed. So long as the due-process clause of this amendment remains valid the government cannot take their property, even in time of war, without "just compensation."

Hence it appears that no plan will be worked out looking toward the conscription of either capital or labor. This leaves only the potential soldier to be drafted. But he really has nothing to worry about. Organized labor, in the plan eventually adopted, will be guaranteed a fair rate of wages; at least it will be assured that there will be no reduction in wages. Industry and commerce will be guaranteed a fair and perhaps fixed level of prices; virtually all the tentative plans submitted provide for a price-fixing scheme of one kind or another, the prices to be determined by representatives of industry and commerce. The soldier will be guaranteed a full share of glory for his readiness to risk death for his country. He should ask no more, in the opinion of former Legion Commander McNutt, who contended that "military service is one of the obligations that rest upon every able-bodied man in this country. That is one of the prices he pays for the benefits of his citizenship." With this in mind the War Department is going ahead with its general mobilization plan, which, according to General MacArthur, calls for the mobilization or conscription of 4,000,000 men at the outbreak of war.

There is every likelihood that the War Policies Commission will recommend legislation legalizing the War Department's mobilization plan. It will also put on paper some sort of skeleton organization to be charged with the supervision of the country's industries, commerce, transportation, and agriculture in time of war, though it will, of course, stop short of recommending that this organization or the government itself be empowered to conscript or confiscate property and capital. It may further suggest that final and complete authority be placed in the hands of the President, which would be done in any event. One question that the commission will probably sidestep, however, is that involving the administration of the emergency war organization. Shall the army control this organization and through it the economic activity of the country, or shall the emergency organization control the army? Shall we have a military or an industrial dictatorship in time of war? That the War Department is working toward the former goal was brought out by Representative Collins, the only anti-militarist member of the commission. He showed that the department has already commissioned 14,000 industrialists in the reserve officers' corps, men who will form part of the military machine and who will submit to military orders if war should come. Secretary Hurley sought to deny that the department had any such purpose in mind, but Representative McSwain of South Carolina, another member of the commission, inconveniently recalled a speech by the commandant of the Army War College wherein the scheme for military domination of the country in time of war was explained and warmly defended. Bernard Baruch, Newton Baker, and others testified that they would oppose a military dictatorship, preferring instead civilian boards with the President as dictator.

Despite all the war talk heard at the meetings of the commission, not one of the witnesses or members as much as even suggested that we were threatened with war from any quarter. The potential enemy, from whom our preparedness is to protect us, simply went unnamed, although General Delafield hinted that what he called the "fanaticism" of Russia might lead to war there. Newton Baker guarded the secret with his usual caution; he called the enemy "Nation A," explaining that "we won't name anyone for politeness' sake." Richard H. Aishton, president of the American Railway Association, at one place in his testimony referred to a hypothetical "war with Canada," but he used this merely as an example to emphasize a point he wished to make. Otherwise there was nothing in the statements of the witnesses or in the questions of the members of the commission to indicate that there was any logical or pressing necessity for adopting a comprehensive war program at this time.

There is another side to the question of war and peace, but either by accident or design only one or two representatives of peace societies or similar organizations have so far been heard by the commission. These organizations were not invited to be represented, but upon request arrangements were made to hear them during the last week of the hearings. On May 14, however, and without notice, the commission decided to terminate its sessions a week earlier than originally planned. The peace organizations have been informed that their representatives must appear before May 22 if they would be heard. Very few of them are in a position to take advantage of this new arrangement. The commission will probably close its hearings after having listened almost exclusively to the stock arguments of those who think of peace in terms of war.

I Work for Russia

III. The Worker at Work*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

IN my two previous articles I have discussed the structure and departmental functioning of the Soviet state trust. I now turn to the worker—how he works and lives. The misconceptions which apparently exist here in America concerning the everyday life of the Russian worker were nothing short of appalling to me upon my return to this country. Such misconceptions exist even among intelligent professional and business men who read intensively upon the subject. The reason lies perhaps in the fact that so much of what is written about Russia today attempts to generalize rather than to describe particular conditions, and that it is tinged with the personal bias of the writer or the policy bias of the publication, as the case may be.

Everything in life is comparative. To understand conditions among Russian workers today we really should have as a background for comparison a knowledge of the conditions existing under the old regime. I am frank to say that I have absolutely no first-hand knowledge or experience of Russia prior to the year 1929; but since my connection with the Soviets I have made an earnest attempt to study, through carefully selected reading, the life of the worker in the last days of the Czars. Information obtained by reading has been supplemented by contacts with people who really knew industrial conditions in the country prior to 1917. In setting down here what they have told me I make no pretense to be presenting anything general or typical or even accurate. I can, however, vouch for the accuracy of my own observations as to the condition of the workers at Asbest both before and after 1929.

I have seen the workers' former quarters in the large industrial centers in Moscow and Leningrad. These were characterized by the filth, squalor, and unsanitary conditions which we in this country always associate with the worst of our industrial centers as they existed toward the close of the last century. I have had pointed out to me in Leningrad, by an engineer who has been connected with Russian industry for over thirty years, houses in which more than twenty workers of both sexes and of all ages existed in a single room having less than 300 square feet of floor space. The windows were incapable of being opened. As fast as one bed (?) became free, as its occupant went on shift, the next occupant was waiting to use it. The shifts seldom consisted of less than ten hours' work—usually eleven, twelve, or fourteen. The ten-to-eleven-hour shift, I may say in passing, still exists in the asbestos mines in the Canadian province of Quebec, where I have had personal experience. The average wage of the Russian worker was pitiably low, as may be proved by reference to official reports of the period. One bourgeois engineer in Moscow, a non-party man, told me that in the factory at which he was employed before the war the body of a living woman was hoisted up and down through a chimney flue for the purpose of cleaning it! This anecdote strains all credulity; I state it for whatever it is worth.

At Asbest, upon my first arrival there in 1929, I saw the workers living for the greater part under the conditions that existed when the mines were under private ownership. Most of them were quartered in large log houses consisting usually of one huge room, either unpartitioned or divided by flimsy curtains. An entire family—man, wife, and children—would have a space possibly six feet by twelve in which to live, sleep, and cook. The beds were composed of boards covered by a heap of rags. The workers seldom if ever undressed. There was no attempt at providing latrines or other like facilities. Some families which we observed were living in a sort of earth hovel; others in huts half of which were hardly more than excavations in the ground, rudely roofed over. Today these shelters, where they have not been entirely removed, are being used for cattle.

In 1929 the trust embarked upon an ambitious program to provide new housing in the form of communal apartments and individual houses to take care of between 13,000 and 15,000 workers and their families—probably some 40,000 persons in all. A new town site was planned and laid out at some distance from the mines and to the windward of any dust arising from the milling operations. This town site borders an almost circular lake approximately five-eighths of a mile in diameter, the town being laid out around three-quarters of this body of water in radiating streets lined by blocks of one-, two-, four-, and eight-family houses. In the next article, describing the daily life of the worker, I shall go into these matters more fully.

Let us turn now to the work itself. The shifts have been shortened so that the worker in the open-cut mines or on the surface puts in a seven-hour day, of which one hour is allowed him for dinner and rest. This makes six working hours net. The underground miner has a gross shift of six hours, as does also the mill worker. The working "week" consists of four days, the fifth day being free. In some industries I understand that there may soon be installed a "week" of three working days, with the shift lengthened by half an hour.

The office and technical workers formerly worked from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon with a half-hour's recess at eleven o'clock. The hours were changed last fall to extend from nine till four. In Moscow the offices are usually open from nine or nine-thirty till five.

The average wage for a worker at Asbest closely approximates 100 rubles a month. For his quarters he is charged a very small rental, which is on a sliding scale depending upon his earnings. Thus a man earning 100 rubles a month may pay 5 for a certain apartment; whereas a man earning 200 rubles would pay possibly 10 or 12 for the same quarters. This is more commonly true in the cities than in the newly developed industrial centers, for in the latter the type of quarters furnished varies according to the class of work done. A mine worker, for example, will live in a multiple-family house, whereas an engineer, who may earn up to 800 or 1,000 rubles a month, will have a single or two-family bungalow. The layout of the two-family houses resembles that of similar dwellings here in America. The houses are all lighted with electricity, for which a purely nominal charge is made; all have bathrooms and kitchens and outbuildings for live stock; all are surrounded by ample ground for gardens. Water and sewerage systems are being installed as rapidly as possible. Pure drinking water is now furnished from the underground workings, and the purity of that supply is constantly tested and maintained.

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* The third of a series of six articles. The fourth, on the Worker at Home and at Play, will appear in the issue of June 3.—EDITOR THE NATION.

The number of square meters of floor space per person, as well as a constantly rising wage scale, is predetermined for each period of the Five-Year Plan; the percentage of accomplishment of the housing and wage program accompanies all figures on production and costs in the progress reports. In addition to his actual wages and his low-rent advantages, the worker receives a host of other indirect benefits. These consist partly in insurance, pensions, vacations—a month each year on pay at some resort, with all expenses paid—and free medical and hospital services. Primary and secondary educational facilities are provided, and every incentive is offered to workers as a preferred class to attend institutions of higher learning. Women about to become mothers get full clinical attention and are granted six weeks' leave on pay before and after confinement. Workers' clubs offer inexpensive entertainment and cultural facilities. Lastly, commodities such as foodstuffs are provided, as available, at the state cooperative stores at prices in keeping with earning power.

The workers, in general, belong to their respective trade unions, which make contracts with the trust setting forth the conditions of work. These contracts must be strictly adhered to by the trust. The unions also concern themselves with the safety of actual operations as well as with living and other social conditions. The safety of the men at work is guarded by inspectors, and no mining methods may be installed without their approval. This situation is completely analogous to conditions here in America.

Since our arrival at Asbest the mining and milling plants, old and new, have been equipped with safety devices and sanitary and hygienic facilities such as are found in this country. At the shaft heads are excellent "change-houses" following the best American design, wherein the men *must* shower, hanging their working clothes in specially provided drying-rooms. Cafeterias are rapidly being installed in all plants.

In designing new plants or layouts the American consultant has impressed upon him at every turn that the safety and health of the worker are of primary importance. The plants must be so designed as to give a prescribed minimum of light and air. The machines must be so spaced in any layout that no crowding will result, a minimum of one meter being requisite between machines. All moving parts must be covered over, all dust creators must be equipped with aspirators, and so on. The reader can see that to accomplish all this takes time. It is not done in a day. But when I compare conditions as I found them in 1929 with those existing today, the improvement is impressive.

The workers are paid fortnightly, as is the usual practice in similar work in this country. They are paid in cash. If the bank for any reason should not be able to supply the cash on time, as was sometimes the case during the money-hoarding period last year, the workers are supplied partly with cash, partly with company scrip and credit cards. The inability to pay in cash, which was merely temporary, resulted in a severe manifesto from Moscow that if all workers were not paid promptly, the executives of the trusts, whether party or non-party men, would be held strictly accountable. Shortly thereafter the condition was alleviated.

I mention such incidents to point out some of the enormous difficulties encountered by the men at the helm of the plan. Yet it seems to me that as these unforeseen difficulties arise they are being faced and overcome. It is true that at times one hears a muttered growl from the Russian bear, that one sees a tendency among a small minority toward passive resistance; but in my observation the master-minds in this great experiment have their finger so closely on the pulse of the people, they know so well the psychology with which they have to deal—so many of them being of the people—that they are able to cope successfully with these emergencies as they arise. The advantage of a dictatorship is its capacity for quick action. When prohibition was tried in Russia, for example, and found to be a failure, immediately, without lost motion or political bickering, prohibition was discarded and governmental control of manufacture and sale instituted. At the same time an intensive educational campaign against drinking was inaugurated. The same quickness of action was evidenced last spring when the peasants showed signs of passively resisting further collectivization of their live stock. It is in this way that the fearful tempo of industrialization and mechanization is maintained at just that top speed which will not break down the people's morale—and no faster.

It has been my experience that the Russian worker can be trained to a job as well as any other person of similar mentality. To be sure, the word *nichevo* is heard often, too often; but, after all, the corresponding expression, "What the hell," is to be heard everywhere by those who are actively in charge of labor. Contrary to the common supposition in this country, the present system in Russia does not completely dull initiative. A higher wage scale, with attendant increase of "power" and better living conditions, is always a lure for the ambitious individual there as elsewhere, but with modifications. To be sure, the system is designed to raise the *minimum* standards; and those who are satisfied with the minimum will have no incentive to improve their work. Recently piece-work and bonuses, though taboo as capitalistic devices, have been reinstated—another surrender to the requirements of the speeded-up tempo of the plan. Further, I have found the Russian worker to be at his best when assigned to a piece of work alone. The entire responsibility is then his. He cannot "pass the buck." Everyone can see the results for which he and he alone is responsible. Put twenty workmen on a job, and I grant that Russian love of sociability—the desire to talk, to sing, to smoke—will militate against maximum efficiency. To change the temperament of an entire people in a short period of time is necessarily extremely difficult if not impossible. But it seems to me that in many respects they are accomplishing the impossible in Russia today. The adoption of American methods, the frequent use of such words as *Amerikansky tempo* and *fordismus,* which have become bywords throughout Russia, show that the psychology of a people can be changed. Personally, I found the Russians, all of them, eager and quick to learn, eternally asking about how things are done in America, and apparently "on their toes" to show us foreigners that they can emulate their American brothers in efficiency and ability to learn. I leave the problem for debate by the respective exponents of the theories of heredity and environment.

In the next of these articles I shall discuss the daily life of the worker—how he eats, travels, and amuses himself—the human side of this remarkable experiment.

"Married Love" and Censorship

By MARY WARE DENNETT

THE arresting words—"700,000 sold in England"—recently appeared in a bookshop window which was entirely filled with copies of Dr. Marie Stopes's "Married Love." The books made a striking background for quotations from the decision of Judge John M. Woolsey by which this famous book became a legally permissible publication in the United States, after thirteen years of exile as "obscene and immoral." April 6, 1931, will stand as a very significant date in the long history of the struggle to throw off the shackles of sex censorship. Judge Woolsey's decision has established another precedent by which the absurd obscenity statutes of this country may be slowly but surely broken down.

If we who are living now could come back to this earth a hundred years hence we should probably view with amused incredulity the records of the preposterous doings of our century in the field of censorship. Without official proof no one would believe, for instance, that in two branches of Anglo-Saxon civilization, similar in language, traditions, and experience, could be found such a contrast as that between England's acclaim of "Married Love" as an epoch-making contribution to sex education—a book full of scientific truth, practical instruction, beauty, ideality—and the attitude of the United States, for thirteen years supine under the ruling of a few officials whose unclean concepts of sex made them declare this same book "obscene and immoral" and bar it from importation and the mails. In England "Married Love" has been published in nineteen editions by one of the oldest, most respectable, and most honorable firms; in the United States that same firm—G. P. Putnam Sons—would, until now, have been held criminal if its New York office had issued an American edition of this book.

But so it has always been during the whole history of the effort to capture that dangerous animal called obscenity and keep it behind the bars of statutes and official dictums. No one has ever yet caught the beast itself, though many suspected creatures have been trapped in its stead, only to be released when cases of mistaken identity have been established. It will always be an elusive, unidentifiable creature, until we realize that there "ain't no such animal" anyhow, but only an infected state of mind. Some people are susceptible to this infection, others are not. However, immunity is growing fast in these encouraging days. Psychological sunlight is doing an immense amount of purifying, and many dark corners in mental and emotional closets are being cleaned out. A reflex of this educational reformation is found in the recent succession of court decisions culminating in the "Married Love" case. From the bench and even from juries some fine clean decisions have come of late. While in them all there has been the usual necessary dependence upon legal precedent, there has also been a noticeable new note of independence, based upon recognition of the fact that obscenity is in the mind, not in any particular words; and that the government has no moral right to bar books from the people in general just because certain minds are capable of seeing dirt in them.

Judge Woolsey's decision in the "Married Love" case, by which he dismissed the libel as not presenting sufficient ground for submission to a jury, is a striking document. He quotes the dictionary definitions of "obscene" and "immoral," and then states unqualifiedly: "The book 'Married Love' does not in my opinion fall within these definitions in any respect." He quotes "The Sex Side of Life" case as precedent, and then goes on to say:

> "Married Love" is a considered attempt to explain to married people how their mutual sex life may be made happier. To one who has read Havelock Ellis, as I have, the subject matter of Dr. Stopes's book is not wholly new, but it emphasizes the woman's side of sex questions. It makes also some apparently justified criticisms of the inopportune exercise by the man, in the marriage relation, of what are often referred to as his conjugal or marital rights, and it pleads with seriousness, and not without eloquence, for a better understanding by husbands of the physical and emotional side of the sex life of their wives.
>
> I do not find anything exceptionable anywhere in the book, and I cannot imagine a normal mind to which this book would seem to be obscene or immoral within the proper definition of those words. . . .

Another recent court victory for decency and common sense is the decision in favor of "The Sexual Life in Its Biological Significance," by Dr. Joannes Rutgers of Holland, printed by a Viennese publisher after the author's death. One hundred and twenty copies of the book were imported by C. E. Midgard of Seattle and held by the customs officials as "indecent" and "obscene." The case was taken to the federal court as the first test of the new law, initiated by Senator Bronson Cutting, providing that no customs official could single-handed ban a book, as had previously been the case, but that any question as to importability should be settled by the federal courts. Mr. Midgard protested the forfeiture decision of the customs officials, and his case was backed by the American Civil Liberties Union and by Dr. G. Shearman Peterkin of Seattle. As in the "Married Love" case and "The Sex Side of Life" case, there was not the slightest reasonable excuse for the suppression of the book. No atmosphere of obscenity was anywhere to be found, either in the book itself or in the mind of the author, publisher, or importer. Dr. Rutgers was a distinguished physician in Holland. He was one of the pioneer leaders of the birth-control movement and an internationally known authority on contraception. His book was the result of a lifetime of scientific observation and loving service to mankind. The publisher put out the book in the sober form suitable to its serious contents. Mr. Midgard, who imported it, is a man of obvious ideality in his social interests and educational activities.

Judge George M. Bourquin in his charge to the jury insisted that the book must be judged as a whole and not by any isolated passages apart from the context. He said: "I can see no reason why an intelligent person who should read it should not note the serious intent of its author." Mr. Midgard writes that the judge's charge should be "printed word for word and published throughout the country." Here again we see judicial insistence upon two important factors in the reformation of legal precedent—namely, appraising a publication by its whole atmosphere and intent rather than by excerpts capable of salacious interpretation by obscene minds, and deciding upon the admissibility of a publication on the basis of the intelligence of normal rather than subnormal or abnormal readers.

The criterion in many if not most obscenity cases until recent years was not one of quality of idea but of "how far" the publication went. Anything that went "too far" was suppressible. By "too far" was meant a description of sex functioning; sex physiology was considered tolerable if it was not too explicit, but sex functioning was beyond the pale. It was at just that point that the fear and shame ingrained in our false traditions stepped in, revealing the miserable old concept that sex itself is dirty. It is surely reason for encouragement that the opposition to this old concept, which is more and more being developed among intelligent people, should begin to make itself felt in our courts. What made Dr. Stopes's "Married Love" an epoch-making publication years ago was chiefly the fact that it discussed sex functioning and sex emotion with the same clarity and scientific spirit as sex physiology, and with precisely the same purpose, that is, the greater knowledge and happiness of human beings; and it is that very same thing which makes the book a practical help to blundering, troubled people today.

In this connection one of the most significant of recent legal decisions is one about which there has been no noticeable publicity. The little book "The Sex Factor in Marriage," by Helena Wright, M.B., B.S., an English publication, was held up by the customs officials as "obscene." It has a notably fine introduction by the Reverend A. Herbert Gray, and it discusses in simple, direct, well-chosen language the technique of the art of sex relationship. The official action was protested by Morris Ernst, the attorney who has won so many of these recent victories in obscenity cases; and the decision was reversed without court action on the strength of the precedents established by the other cases. So now the old notion that publications which describe sex union are for that reason indecent and obscene seems, for the present at least, effectively checked. This constitutes a great step ahead, but it is one which must be vigilantly safeguarded, for progress in this field is by no means steadily onward. Periods of revision and reaction seem inevitable.

Excellent as all these decisions are, they are not enough either in number or nature to satisfy the rightful demands for common sense in law and stabilized security for decency and freedom. They do establish precedent, which is all to the good so far as it goes, but there is also a vast amount of contradictory precedent on the court records, and judges and juries can be influenced by the bad precedents if they so choose. An individual writer, publisher, bookseller, or importer must still take the gamble that any book dealing seriously with sex may be made the target for preposterous prosecution, if some complainant or official wants to induce it. Many individuals or firms, when faced with these prosecutions, either cannot or will not fight them out. Questions of expense, inconvenience, or distasteful publicity often make the payment of a fine the easiest or the only practicable way out. And so the supply of bad precedents is kept up, not because those concerned want it to be so, but because of the often overwhelming difficulty in shouldering a legal struggle.

Even when a case is won, the victor is still the victim of a governmental injustice for which there is no redress. Neither Dr. Stopes nor her publisher can recover the losses of the thirteen years during which her book was barred from this country. And on top of that loss comes the necessity of paying the legal costs of getting the ban removed. The pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life" was under ban for eight years, and the court case dragged along for a year and a half, requiring thirteen separate appearances of the author in court, which meant the interruption of all other work during that period. But one cannot sue the government for loss of business, time, health, and strength, or for the nervous strain of a false accusation and unwanted notoriety. Nor can the public be recompensed for being deprived of a suppressed publication.

There is here a cumulative injustice which no mere bettering of precedent is alone sufficient to correct. Various minor or temporary remedial measures have been suggested, such as that requiring the Post Office to go to court when it bans a publication from the mails, just as must any individual citizen when he brings action against another; and that requiring customs officials to publish a list of all publications which are barred from importation, so that the public may be informed and so that cases may be discovered and defended by group action when defense is too heavy a burden for the individual concerned.

These are good suggestions, but they are not basic. The real trouble lies in the nature of the obscenity statutes. Obscenity has never been specifically defined by law. It can be anything which a given judge or jury or prosecutor chooses to make it. It varies ridiculously from time to time and from place to place. The very same book is legally obscene one day and pure the next. There can be no real dependence on court decisions when the crime is undefined. Moreover, there is no use trying to define it or to frame laws which penalize it, for obscenity is a feeling, an attitude of mind, not words or acts. No laws can make a feeling or an attitude of mind a crime. In the course of time it will become clear to all normal citizens that the dirt-seeing faculty can be educated but not legislated out of people. As that discovery is made by larger and larger sections of the public, the demand will grow for dumping the obscenity laws into the legal scrap-basket as just so much useless clutter. And along with that demand will come an increased sense of responsibility for the type of education that will gradually eliminate the obscene mind from the world.

The Wheat Chaos—Pool or Ruin?

By BARROW LYONS

THE inconsistency of official America in crying out against European "dumping," and then announcing that the Federal Farm Board would sell its huge accumulation of more than 200,000,000 bushels of wheat in European markets as rapidly as it could, has caused many bitter smiles in Russia and Germany. But our European customers have done no laughing hitherto compared to what they are doing now when the United States stands in the very uncomfortable position of facing squarely the international situation, as it does at the London conference convened on May 18 to endeavor to reach a world marketing agreement that will control the movement and price of wheat in international trade.

Unless the Farm Board delegation, headed by Samuel R. McKelvie, is prepared to enter a trade agreement with the Soviets and other great wheat-exporting nations, it will stand definitely accused of being willing to ruin not only the farmers of the United States, but of the world, and of thereby doing its utmost to perpetuate the world-wide economic depression. For unless constructive action is taken immediately to raise the price of wheat, the growers of the largest land crop will face utter ruin.

There are three courses the Farm Board might pursue. It could lock up its wheat holdings, as some of the Western Senators have demanded, but it has refused to accept this suggestion and has decided to unload as rapidly as it can. It could sell in an open market in competition with the huge carry-over stores of the Argentine, Canada, and Australia and with the splendid crops that in a few months will be ready to flood world markets with even more unwanted grain; but to do that would inevitably depress prices still further. Finally, the Farm Board could cooperate with the rest of the world on the problem of wheat.

Laying aside political considerations, clearly the only economically sound course is to make a sincere and intelligent effort to bring about an international agreement which will tend to control the movement of grain to the principal markets and eventually regulate production and prices. All the other great wheat-exporting countries are ready for some degree of cooperation. If the United States remains aloof at this point, its attitude can be interpreted only as a challenge to economic combat on an enormous scale.

Whichever way the Farm Board acts, however, it must inevitably give satisfaction of a sort to the Communists, and therein lies the greatest political difficulty. Nothing could afford the Soviets greater mirth than a surrender by capitalism on a major issue of this sort. On the other hand, if the United States wishes to remain in "splendid isolation" and bid its wheat against the surpluses of the rest of the world, it will be aiding the Communists politically more than it could in any other way, for in bringing widespread suffering to wheat farmers everywhere it would be perpetuating and intensifying the conditions upon which revolution thrives most readily.

A few figures make the picture clearer. In Kansas farmers are receiving 48 cents a bushel for wheat on the farm. In some parts of western Canada the farm price is 36 cents a bushel. In the United States the very large farms employing modern machinery grew this wheat for around 60 cents a bushel, according to a conservative estimate. On many farms it cost more than $1 a bushel. The world carry-over of exportable wheat is close to a billion bushels. The Canadian Bureau of Statistics estimated that at the end of February the carry-over in four countries alone amounted to 819,000,000 bushels—325,000,000 bushels in the United States, 232,000,000 bushels in Canada, 141,000,000 bushels in Argentina, and 126,000,000 bushels in Australia. Russia also is known to have a carry-over from the last crop, but the quantity is not known. And now a new crop is piling up additional stores of unconsumable grain. Australia has just harvested a record crop, and has some 140,000,000 exportable bushels to add to the carry-over. Reports from the Argentine indicate a total crop of some 271,404,000 bushels, an increase over last year's harvest of 66 per cent. Reports of the United States Department of Agriculture indicate an exportable surplus from the 1931 crop in this country of some 133,000,000 bushels. Reports from Canada also indicate a large exportable surplus to be added to existing supplies. Russia exported some 90,000,000 bushels of her last crop, but the progress of the Five-Year Plan will permit her to export between 150,000,000 and 250,000,000 bushels from the coming crop, unless weather conditions are unusually severe.

Fortunately for the wheat farmers of the rest of the world, the foreign-trade policy of Russia is being conducted on strictly economic lines. In order to meet obligations incurred for the importation of machinery and technical assistance, Russia is anxious to obtain the best possible prices for what she ships abroad. In fact, the depression of world prices has made it necessary for the Soviets greatly to increase their export program and to stint home consumers more than was anticipated; so there is no question about Russia's willingness to enter a world marketing agreement that would improve the price of grain.

Russia's need has not been overlooked by the foes of communism in this country, and it is reasonable to suppose that they have brought pressure upon federal authorities not to enter into a marketing agreement that would enhance greatly the economic position of the Soviets. Grain dealers, moreover, have seen their business gradually drying up through the organization of farmers' pools, and it cannot be even remotely imagined that they will favor what amounts to a world wheat pool. From "responsible" quarters an international embargo against Russian grain has been suggested.

In spite of the Tory element in Great Britain which would sacrifice almost anyone for the obstruction of Russian progress, the U. S. S. R. has powerful friends in England. Last year when the grain agents of the Soviets found it almost impossible to get commercial credits from other banks, the bank of the Cooperative Wholesale Society put large funds at the disposal of the Russians, and enabled them to move wheat into the United Kingdom, by far the largest wheat-importing country. During the 1929-30 crop year Great Britain took from all sources 206,100,000 bushels of wheat. The Russian strength in this market is further disclosed by more recent figures. During the first quarter of 1931 the imports of Russian wheat into Great Britain amounted to 5,788,974 hundredweight, valued at $7,320,000, while in the first quarter last year Britain took only 321,912 hundredweight of Russian wheat, valued at $778,500. The change is reflected in the decline of United States wheat imports into England, which in the first three months of last year totaled $10,833,930 in value, but this year slumped to $2,192,185. Less of the cheap Argentine wheat also was imported.

Last year Germany was the second-largest wheat-importing country, having bought abroad 47,500,000 bushels, despite a high tariff to protect home agriculture; but there is little likelihood of a serious barrier being put up in Germany against Russian wheat at present. The Soviets recently have placed orders for $75,000,000 worth of goods in Germany on long-term credits, which they will be forced to take up largely through the exportation of raw materials. Wheat stocks in Germany are now at a low ebb. On March 15 they were 350,000 metric tons less than at the same time last year. With Russia anxious to market cheaply some of the best grain in the world, the logic of the situation calls for substantial wheat exports into Germany from the Ukraine.

Belgium was the next largest importer of Russian wheat, and there the government has just been forced to lift an embargo against the Soviet grain. There were special reasons for this. Fifty-one years ago Eduarde Anseele began the establishment of cooperative bakeries in Belgium under the auspices of the Socialist Party. These bakeries formed the basis for a strong consumers' cooperative movement, and as a result in Belgium today bread is selling at half the price it commands in France. The cooperative bakeries want cheap wheat from the Russian cooperative commonwealth, and they wield a powerful political influence.

Italy followed Belgium as a wheat-importing country in the 1929-30 season, with imports of 42,000,000 bushels. Opposed as he is to communism, Mussolini has his reasons for favoring the importation of cheap Russian wheat. While he is protecting Italian agriculture with a high tariff and urging Italians to plant more wheat, he is at the same time building battleships with the import duties he has levied upon Russian grain. The cheaper the grain, the higher the duty can be—and the more battleships for Mussolini.

If anyone is inclined to doubt the force with which Russia is able to inject her products into world markets, let him examine the cases of Austria and Poland. Austria recently placed an embargo upon Russian eggs and poultry. By threatening to cancel $1,500,000 worth of orders placed with Austrian machinery manufacturers, the Soviets quickly compelled a lifting of the embargo. Last summer the Russian grain agent purchased a seat on the Vienna exchange and startled Central Europe by offering Russian wheat at 5 per cent less than any competitor. In some cases Danubian grain, which was by no means the dearest on the market, was being offered at 25 cents a bushel more than Russian.

Still more amazing than this is the development in the trade relations between Poland and Russia. Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent for the New York *Times,* reports that a delegation of Polish industrial magnates is visiting Moscow on business bent. They want orders for about $20,000,000 worth of Polish goods. This seems utterly astounding in view of the bitter political animosities that have existed between Poland and Russia, and indicates, Mr. Duranty says, that "trade is sometimes thicker than blood."

Nothing illustrates Duranty's aphorism more clearly than the Canadian attitude. Presiding over the London conference will be George Howard Ferguson, avowed foe of the Soviet system. Canada has set its face against Russia more sternly than almost any other country. Last February the government passed an order-in-council prohibiting the importation into Canada from the Soviet Union of coal, pulpwood and lumber, asbestos, and furs. The order based its objections to these products on the fact that the Russian standard of living was below anything conceived of in Canada.

> Broadly speaking [this order asserted], all employment [in Russia] is in control of the Communist Government, which regulates all conditions of work and seeks to impose its will upon the whole world. This is communism, its creed and its fruits, which we as a country oppose and must refuse to support by interchange of trade.

Russia retaliated with an embargo upon Canadian products; and now Canada above all others, because its economic system depends to so great an extent upon the export of wheat, must come to terms with the Soviets or face agricultural and industrial ruin for years to come. Mr. Ferguson has his orders from Premier Bennett to support an international pool, and do his very best to raise the price of wheat in world markets—which is what the Five-Year Plan requires more than almost any other one thing at present.

It is, of course, the pressure brought upon the government by the radical farmers of western Canada that has changed its attitude. The farmers themselves have put forward a plan for control of world markets suggested by Aaron Sapiro, who organized the Canadian wheat pools and most of those in the United States. The Sapiro plan calls first for organization within the wheat-exporting countries for control of a major portion of the crops, and then for organization of an international pool. The world pool, under this plan, would set up a base line for normal consumption, upon which a primary pool would be organized. Then a secondary pool for the world surplus would be carried over from year to year, with each country bearing its part of the loss. If the countries increased their acreage, the increased delivery would be put into the secondary pool. Arrangements would be made with a central banking group to finance the international pool, provided the pool secured actual, exclusive selling control of what would be equivalent to 75 per cent of the world's surplus, both the carry-over surplus and the exportable surplus from coming crops. This is a big program, which proposes to bring the agricultural population of the world into working agreement on a purely economic basis. It waives political prejudices and convictions, and substitutes a picture of immediate realities. Ultimately world peace will be brought about on some such basis—through economic ties rather than through any general agreement on political policies.

It is extremely questionable, however, whether this will appeal to Washington. If it were not for the failure of American farmers to reduce wheat acreage to any appreciable extent, and the enormous carry-over in the hands of the Wheat Stabilization Corporation, it might be possible for the Farm Board to pursue the Administration policy of making the United States a non-exporting country so far as wheat is concerned. But words and gestures do not seem to dispose of that embarrassing carry-over, and a huge exportable surplus is in sight from the coming crop. A high tariff may keep out cheaper Canadian grain, and still cheaper Russian grain, but it will help not at all in bidding against those supplies in foreign markets.

How much pressure financial interests connected with established grain-brokerage houses can exert to prevent an agreement at London is problematical; but one thing seems certain—if the present Washington Administration makes a false step in connection with the London conference by obviously allowing its prejudice against communism to influence its attitude toward the parley, it must face the accusation of failing to represent the interests of American farmers engaged in wheat-growing. It must also risk condemnation as an enemy of farm interests in all parts of the world. It will be less expensive for Mr. Hoover to be slightly inconsistent and come to an agreement with the Russians than for him to obstruct a world marketing agreement under which the Farm Board grain surplus gradually might be disposed of at a fair price. He can afford to do nothing more toward ruining the farmer.

In the Driftway

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is returning home from Europe leaving a trail of laugh-laden legends behind him. It is impressive evidence of his power as an actor, though it must be tiresome personally at times, that to the world he is real only in his stage make-up—as a tramp with a pathetic mustache and humorous big feet. Is it possible that even Chaplin, if he were asked suddenly to describe the image that he has of himself, would find himself involuntarily describing the tramp?

* * * * *

ONE of the first things that happened to Chaplin on his visit to England and the Continent might have been taken from one of his pictures. He was being followed along a London street by a crowd of curious people, one of whom had recognized him and spread the news. With the two friends who accompanied him, Chaplin ducked into a candy shop to avoid the crowd, and shut the door behind him. But the lady proprietor, summoned from a bit of tea in the back of her shop, not recognizing the tramp and seeing him close the door, immediately surmised a hold-up. She rushed to reopen the door, and when "the little man" asked for some candy she wrapped it up in fear and trembling while she awaited the terrible denouement. Here is a situation which in a film could be made to yield both the pathos and the humor for which Chaplin is justly famous. The idea of the tramp as we know him being followed as a celebrity is humorous and pathetic enough. The idea of that same ineffectual, unlucky tramp being mistaken for a hard-boiled hold-up man is even more humorous and even more pathetic.

MOST of the "situations" in which Charlie has figured during his triumphant visit to Europe have had, however, only the barest basis in any actual occurrence. Apparently, so far as it was possible, he has gone about his business even more circumspectly than any other traveler would do, for the very reason that he wished to avoid attention. But his public—and who is not his public?—has used its imagination and made of every Chaplin move a Chaplin movie. This account from the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is typical of the sort of tale Chaplin has given rise to all over Europe.

> . . . This droll has impressed himself so emphatically upon people's minds that they cannot think of him without his "business."
>
> That must be the explanation of the story I heard from a staid man who was dining at Simpson's in the Strand on Monday night. Two men came in and sat near him at a central table, and he paid no attention to them till he noticed that one of them, who was eating stewed eel, had got the eel somehow entangled round his neck. Then he saw it was Charlie. The staff of the place from the other rooms and the cloakroom attendants crowded in to have a glimpse of Charlie carrying on his lonely fight with the eel, and even Simpson's waiters could not help telling the other diners that that was Charlie over there with the eel. But the elderly diners sitting in the old pews only said "Hey?" and "What?" and "Oh, the cinema fellow" and things like that; then "Bring me the Stilton, waiter," or "I'll have Cheddar tonight," and went on with their meal.
>
> It couldn't, of course, have been quite like that, but Charlie was at Simpson's and had stewed eel, and Simpson's at night in the men's dining-room when the old English diners are at work is a quiet place.

* * * * *

ONLY once did the Chaplin tales, as reported in the press, depart from their Chaplinesque quality of wistful inadequacy. This was when Charlie was requested—by royal command—to appear in a charity variety performance in London and refused, sending a check instead. He explained that he had not appeared on the stage in person since he had begun to act in the movies; pressed still further, he declared the invitation had not been from royalty but was merely a "request from a music-hall manager named Black to appear in a charity show"; but when the questioners pushed him once more, he showed bitterness that the little man of the films has never shown in all his adversities. "They say I have a duty to England, but I wonder," he said. "Nobody ever cared for me or wanted me in England seventeen years ago. I had to go to America for my chance and I got it there." One is somehow a little sorry that this bit of chagrin slipped out after seventeen years. It is entirely possible that the Chaplin of the London music halls was an altogether different fellow from the clown that millions of movie-goers love. But even if he were the same, it is out of character for Charlie to complain at the turns of fortune. The Charlie who is thrown out of a restaurant, who waits in vain for guests that never come, who is always and invariably the under-dog wins hearts because he will not be other than gallant. He is as irresistibly gallant as Don Quixote. One would like him to remain so.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A School for Peace Workers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An Institute of International Relations will be held by the American Friends' Service Committee from June 8 to 20, 1931, at Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania. There will be three basic courses offered on the economic, political, and spiritual aspects of the struggle for world peace, under the leadership of Herbert F. Fraser, professor of economics at Swarthmore College; Edward W. Evans, instructor in international law at the University of Pennsylvania; Leyton Richards, pastor of the Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, England, and Henry J. Cadbury, professor of Biblical literature at Bryn Mawr College. There will also be courses on the technique of creating attitudes of good-will in local groups, on international issues of the day, and on the effects of military training on world peace, under the direction of Tucker Smith, secretary of the Committee on Militarism in Education, and Dr. A. C. Goddard, executive secretary of the World Peace Commission of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Classes will be held in the morning; the afternoons are reserved for recreation and fellowship, and lectures will be given in the evening. Among the evening speakers will be James G. MacDonald, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association; Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War; Norman Thomas, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy; William I. Hull, professor of history in Swarthmore College; and Rabbi Fineshriber.

Complete information with regard to rates may be obtained from the American Friends' Service Committee, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, May 1 Anna L. Curtis

Townley the Crusader

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A. C. Townley, former head of the Nonpartisan League, is leading a new crusade through the medium of numerous speeches which he is making in farming communities. He begins usually by presenting a picture of present conditions. On the one hand millions are unable to find work to secure wages and buy food; on the other hand is a surplus of farm products which cannot be sold, with the farmer receiving scarcely enough to pay interest and taxes, let alone enough to purchase manufactured goods of which he is in need. Mr. Townley goes back to the time when flour was ground by the miller for one-eighth of the product; that is, out of eight bushels of wheat ground the miller received one bushel and the farmer took home seven. Today that stipulation is almost reversed and the farmer gets the equivalent of about one bushel. The rest goes mostly to the milling interests and in transportation costs. Similarly in regard to machinery. At one time about seven-eighths of the price paid for a binder, say, went for labor costs. Today those workers get around one-eighth with which to buy the farmer's food products. As a result, the purchasing power of the farmer and of labor has been crippled almost beyond repair. The farmer has been able to keep his purchasing power up only by borrowing huge sums of money on his land. Until recently, when things became too bad, he could always move on to cheaper land and again mortgage it. Today he has no more security to offer, and unless there is a readjustment of economic conditions, serious consequences are likely to follow.

Mr. Townley's program consists of two planks. First, let Congress declare a moratorium on the payment of interest for five years. Second, prevent the payment of dividends or interest on watered stocks or bonds. A fair return would be permitted on the actual investment. For this program the financial structure of the country would need to be entirely recast. The government would loan out needed money and charge only necessary operating costs. International finance would also be affected. The immediate benefits would consist in relieving the burden of interest charges not only against the individual but also on all public debts, which would have its effect in reduced taxes. Elimination of the payment of returns on the watered stock of our big corporations would also result in reducing the costs of manufactured products.

Mr. Townley is now holding meetings in North and South Dakota and Minnesota. His program has a great popular appeal to the farmers of the Northwest. Out of a hundred farmers attending a meeting near here, only one was not paying interest in one way or another. Its appeal to the industrial population is more doubtful.

The local papers do not publish any reports of these meetings, but I thought the readers of *The Nation* might be interested in this new movement.

Bijou Hills, S. D., April 15 S. H. Sabin

The Wrong Name

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would you be so kind as to note that my name is Howard Baker—not Howard Baxter, as Mr. Cantwell has it throughout his review of my novel "Orange Valley" in your issue of April 15. The review is intelligent, and I do not want to reproach Mr. Cantwell. Still, you will realize that such a mistake is very damaging to me.

Paris, April 30 Howard Baker

Contributors to This Issue

Walter Arnold Rukeyser, an authority on the technology of asbestos mining and milling, with extensive practical and executive experience in North America, since 1929 has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

Mary Ware Dennett is the author of "The Sex Side of Life."

Barrow Lyons is on the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Irwin Edman is the author of "The Contemporary and His Soul."

Clifton P. Fadiman is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

Lorine Pruette is the author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

Morris U. Schappes is an instructor in English at the College of the City of New York.

R. S. Alexander writes for *The Nation* from South Africa.

Books, Films, Drama

Suddenly in the Desert

By IRWIN EDMAN

Suddenly in the desert rose a thought
Of solitude more anguished and profound
Than any silences the soul is taught
By seas of this companionable ground.
Here is not hermitage, only delight
Of space and peace and undiminished seeing,
Nor any darkness but the gleaming night
Peopled with starry plenitude of being.
But there is a loneliness that cities breed,
A hunger only felt in human places,
The young, though locked in love, have known this need,
Old friends divined it in familiar faces.
I thought thus in the desert, and I cried,
Grateful because the sands were still and wide.

There Is No Road Back

The Road Back. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THOUGH so ticketed, "The Road Back" is not a record of post-war adjustment. It is both more and less than that. Ernst Birkholz, Remarque's mouthpiece, does not genuinely attempt to reconstruct himself in accordance with civilian conventions. Nor do most of his companions. It is too late. The war did not take place in Flanders. It was staged in their blood and bones and there it remains. "That hell of horrors has usurped our hearts." In the trenches a certain civilization was laboriously, agonizingly built up. It was a civilization founded upon the necessity of cooperation in the face of imminent death. It was a culture with its own morals, hierarchy, art, language, history. In four years a soldier became more than a fighting man in a uniform. He became a citizen of Trenchland. He struck roots, roots compact of blood and terror and despair, but roots none the less. That is why Remarque's characters are haunted by a desire to return to the shell holes, to go back to the only native land they know. That is what one of them means when he asks, with simple pathos: "Are we fit now for anything but soldiering?" That is why Albert, when his woman betrays him, shoots to kill—without an *arrière-pensée*. That is why Ernst has nothing to say to the little children intrusted to his care after the war. There is no bridge between these Trenchlanders and the non-Trenchlanders. To "adjust" themselves is to destroy themselves.

But their dilemma is even more terrible than this. Could they merely ignore these strange civilians, they might perhaps hack out some kind of half-life for themselves. But they cannot ignore them because, for the first time in their lives, they understand them. When the war began they were schoolboys. When it ended they were men. They had had a vision, and it was this vision that was to destroy them utterly. In the face of the last extremity of horror, the eternal rationalizer had been at work. Out of blood and muck they had cemented an ideal. "We went through with it," says one of them, "because there was something deeper that held us together, something that only showed up out there, a responsibility perhaps, but at any rate something of which you know nothing and about which there can be no speeches." Call this something foolishness, sentimentality, if you will—but it was something noble snatched from the jaws of baseness. And it is these men who are asked to accept a post-war world—a world of "patriots," profiteers, and paltry souls. The real, the heartrending tragedy of the returned soldier was that he came back a man into a world which consisted mainly of small-hearted children. How "adjust" yourself to something you have outgrown, something you see through? How swallow a civilization which is nothing but one enormous lie?

Upon the rock of that terrible question Remarque's book bases itself. It is a question stated in terms of the most moving and pathetic drama. The book's verity, its indignation are inescapable. One does not read it. One cowers under it. You cannot tell from it whether Remarque is a great writer or, indeed, whether he is a writer at all. The story jets forth like thick blood from a wound. Is it a work of "art"? Perhaps not. One gets no sense from it that Remarque is larger than his book—one criterion by which to judge great writing. But "The Road Back" does not traffic with the conventional critical canons. The reader's judgment is in abeyance because it wishes to be, because it desires passionately to surrender to this cry, this sob of rage and fury which is denominated a novel. What good the subtle by-play of art? Here is a terrible tale to be told, directly, frontally, quickly. And it is told.

Upon finishing this book I said to myself, as millions will soon be saying: "Who can read this and still believe that there can ever be the slightest justification for any war at any time?" It is, of course, a naive query. That is the keystone of the arch of horror—the fact that such books as "All Quiet" and "The Road Back" are read by millions—and nothing happens. There are honest men in Germany raging at Remarque, cursing him for a poltroon—and they are not subsidized either. I noted a German cartoon the other day which showed Remarque quivering terror-stricken on the floor of his library. A gigantic shadowy German soldier looms up above him. "What do you want?" cries Remarque. "What you have stolen from me," is the reply. "My honor." It is an instructive picture. It makes one realize that the Remarques are not fighting merely a malevolent capitalism; they are fighting a human stupidity, a human grossness so deeply ingrained that four years of blood and sweat have made no impression on it. This stupidity, this grossness, is not the peculiar property of the military mind. The military mind is cruel but it knows what war means. It is the civilian mind which is bestial, blind, hopeless. There is an anecdote told about "All Quiet" which is quite transferable to its sequel. A mild and charming old lady was returning her copy to the lending library from which she had borrowed it. The clerk asked her how she had enjoyed it. "Oh, I thought it was just wonderful," replied the old lady, "but isn't it a shame it couldn't have been written by one of our own boys?" Who was ultimately responsible for the war? Messrs. Krupp, Schwab, Zaharoff and Company? Or the little old lady?

So the capitalistic *Times* will devote full-page reviews to "The Road Back," and respectables of all kinds will praise it, and half a million people will read it, and ten years from now, when the Senate solemnly meets to save democracy once more, it will be quite, quite forgotten. And I believe that Remarque knows it. It is that knowledge which thickens his pages with despair and which renders abortive his gallant attempt to end his book on a note of poetic stoicism. "Something will always be there to sustain me, be it merely my own hands, or a tree, or the breathing earth." But that is not enough, not nearly enough. One thing more, at least, is needed if he is to live at all—and that is the knowledge that he is accepted as a human being by his fellow human beings. And he is not accepted. Even now as they read his book, they are sneering at him. He has no place. There is no place for a real soldier in a world of Boy Scouts. There is no place for an adult in a world of small-hearted children. There is no road back.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Eighty Years After

James Fenimore Cooper. By Henry Walcott Boynton. The Century Company. $5.

BECAUSE of his strict injunction upon his family there has been no authorized biography of James Fenimore Cooper, the first, the most prolific, and the most widely known novelist in our literature. And the critics and biographers of this age, who have so sedulously undertaken the revaluation of our nineteenth-century men of letters, have either neglected him or dismissed him slightingly. It is time, one agrees with Mr. Boynton, that Cooper be taken back into the fold, a subject for serious consideration.

The present volume takes on the dignity, two generations removed, of an authorized biography. Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, grandson of the novelist, published two volumes of "Correspondence" in 1922. Now he has given Mr. Boynton "full access to a great body of family letters and books and documents, many of which have never been seen by anyone outside the Fenimore Cooper family" and has shown a "sustaining interest" in this book. We are confronted then with a work of first importance, one which should be weighed and criticized as such—a volume which must, from the standpoint of relative history, take precedence over Professor T. R. Lounsbury's "Life" (1885), to be found in the American Men of Letters series, the best biography we have had, but one which is, as its author admits, short on first-hand evidence. And so if no unexpected disclosures vitally affecting the story emerge from Mr. Boynton's study, if the picture that he gives us, though colored of course by the mind and temper of the biographer, differs little from that which Lounsbury and the "Correspondence" have together portrayed, this volume has the negative merit of settling once and for all—so far as the family material can do so—the facts. Whatever there is is here. There is no more—though much, as Mr. Boynton intimates, may have been destroyed.

I think Mr. Boynton has made a good piece of work out of his material in spite of a few irritating slips—poor proofreading, a number of ambiguous, cloudy, or evasive sentences and paragraphs, a gratuitous fling at Poe, a postcript in which sound opinion mingles with a good deal of sweet nonsense, and the like. And with the best intentions in the world, I have no doubt, he has committed the universal sin of authorized biographers—he has lost his sense of perspective. It is a natural result of prolonged concentration on a great man when one has access to source material that one comes to see one's hero in an exaggerated light. In his generalizations Mr. Boynton admits Cooper's failings; but in specific instances he is never able to catch him in any serious fault.

It is apparent, however, that Cooper was a man of substance, character, and quality. He had a fine courage—even though that was warped by prejudice, acerbity, and often bad judgment. He had a splendid gift for friendship and held most of his friends through the thick and thin of his battles with his townsfolk, the press, and in the courts; but he did turn a few into bitter enemies. He loved and was both devoted and just to his wife and children, even though he was a stern believer in the authority of the head of the house, and even though he did resent the desertion of two of his daughters when they married. He was a friend of artists and in a small way a sponsor of art in America, even if he was quite ignorant of its essential values. And he was an honest writer (as witness his account of the Battle of Lake Erie in his Navy History, where he took the unpopular point of view and stirred up a hornets' nest), but often an illogical thinker.

Cooper wrote books to make money as did Scott and Dumas. He was never in the strictest sense a literary man at all. But his work was done in a serious professional spirit, and as an honest craftsman he grew to love it. He did each job as well as he could. The result is a splendid body of work, a permanent contribution to his country's literature. In spite of much bad writing (although I can't say I am sure what that means), and in spite of his many stiff, wooden characters (and we tend to exaggerate here unless we consider also the novels of his contemporaries, the spirit and conventions of the times), he did, as Mr. Boynton points out, write many glorious passages, whole chapters of great beauty. He created unforgettable characters and he recreated pages of history. He did not, as Mr. Boynton claims for him, "invent, for purposes of fiction, the sea and the sailor." Surely Smollett, for one, had preceded him. And the sea and the sailor have been subjects for the tale-teller from time immemorial. But he was the direct forerunner of the more recent romancers of the sea, from Marryat to Conrad. His books live today in a score of languages. Those able to read books that lie outside the spirit of their age—even among educated people, the number would seem to be surprisingly small—will find, I venture to say, if they have not looked into Cooper since youth, a surprise in store for them if they pick up one of the "Leatherstocking" series, or "The Spy," "The Pilot," "Red Rover," or "Wing and Wing." Recently there has been a revival of interest in Dumas. Undoubtedly there will soon be one in Cooper.

In a five-dollar, authorized life of a great American writer a full chronology and a complete bibliography should have been included in addition to the excellent index.

FRED T. MARSH

Jobs—for Gentiles

Christians Only. By Heywood Broun and George Britt. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

MR. BROUN and Mr. Britt have shown a characteristic courage in thus boldly attacking a problem which they were advised to leave alone. Many Jews expressed the view that discrimination might be strengthened if attention were called to it, but the authors of "Christians Only" hold that truth comes best out of full and free discussion and that the under-cover activity of anti-Semitism should be brought into the open.

We have heard, all of us, that discrimination exists in this country against the Jew, and here we have spread out before us many of the details of this discrimination. That the details are often so trivial constitutes but another commentary on the fantastic capacity of human beings to make life difficult for one another. After a survey of current attitudes from Peter Stuyvesant to Henry Ford, present-day exhibits are offered to the reader under the subjects of liberal education, professional education, employment agencies, employers, clubs, hotels, etc. A great many names are named—more power to the authors—and conclusions regarding the employment situation in New York City are set down specifically: Jews encounter more handicaps downtown than uptown; Jewish women seem to have a slightly harder time than men (that point must be ruled out, since the same is true of Gentile women); highly distinctive names are at a disadvantage; Jews have more difficulty in obtaining secretarial and stenographic work, dictaphone operation, positions with public utilities, railroads, banks, insurance companies, lawyers' offices, brokerage houses, and in department-store salesmanship; lines easier to enter are garment and fur trades, textiles, markets, certified public accounting, manufacturing, moving pictures and theaters, retail stores dealing in drugs, jewelry, and the like, specialty shops, and restaurants. It is stated categorically that "the employment field in New York reeks with bitterness . . . The Jew out of work who is looking for a job in New York faces odds of about ten to one against him." With the first statement I agree, but the second I do not believe. I seriously question whether in normal times unemployment is any more marked among Jewish than among other groups.

Mr. Broun and Mr. Britt have largely been content to present their facts, expecting those facts to speak for themselves. The difficulty with this is that the Jews already know the facts and the Gentiles—by and large—don't care. In the last chapter, The Way Out, it is suggested that intermarriage, a decline in orthodox observances on both sides, exploration of the unconscious, ridicule, and the cultivation of laziness ("after all, only active and energetic people can maintain prejudice"—a sentence which one inevitably ascribes to Mr. Broun) will assist in a solution of the problem. To which I should like to add the resolute suppression by the Jews of the "persecution complex," and the protection of their children, on the ground of mental hygiene, against moving recitals of those old, sad tales of evils in other lands. Jews and Gentiles need together to accept our joint responsibility for making the future better than the past. "Christians Only" is a valiant beginning in the necessary stock-taking. LORINE PRUETTE

Humanity Under Bolshevism

Red Bread. By Maurice Hindus. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

MAURICE HINDUS has a simple mind. He understands with his eyes and ears. He cares and knows more about the personal reaction than about politics and problems of national economy. Such a bent, together with a fine gift for dramatization, makes him a master of narrative and description. Under his pen, a scene or a conversation becomes exciting. But he is weak in analyzing a policy and in presenting an abstract idea—in exposition generally. All these characteristics explain his great appeal to an American audience. And for all these reasons "Red Bread" is much better than "Humanity Uprooted." "Humanity Uprooted" answers the need for an elementary account of what might happen to religion, the family, love, and human relations in Bolshevik Russia. But the thinking is often loose; the goal sometimes becomes an accomplished fact; there is too obvious dissociation on the author's part from what he believes or from what, writing as he does, he ought to believe; and analyses suffer from superficiality. "Red Bread," on the other hand, is almost faultless—except, here and there, for some water in the style. And its success is due to the fact that in it Hindus does just what he can do best—tell what he has observed and recount vividly what others have told him.

In "Broken Earth," the best of his books, Hindus described what happened to his native Russian village from the time he left it as a boy until 1925. He showed the first impact of the revolution on the peasantry. Last year he returned to that same village. He found it in the throes of collectivization. Collectivization, Hindus writes, is the "most colossal revolution that mankind has ever witnessed." In the event of even partial achievement, according to Hindus, "it will transfigure Russia as nothing else that the Bolsheviks have launched or have planned to launch." And it is this stupendous process—as important to the rest of the world as to the U. S. S. R.—that Hindus traces. He does it extremely well.

If you think human nature cannot change, read Hindus's story of the peasant youngster who intended to give his added wealth to his father's collective. "We have deposited the word riches in the archives," the boy told Hindus as they both walked barefooted over the dusty country road. Or read the tale of the former landlord who decided with his family that "we must start life over again as though we were newly born," and then joined the *kolkhoz,* or collective. Normally, human nature undergoes such slight modification that the people with poor mental eyesight claim it does not vary at all. In Russia today, however, and especially under collectivization, the mutations are so marked, so vital, and so far-reaching that no one can miss them. Hindus paints the types and social characteristics which are beginning to emerge. How does the backward "dark" mujik without culture or education fit into a collectivist society? The answer will be found in "Red Bread."

If you think there is no freedom of expression in Russia, read how the peasants poured out their complaints and counter-revolutionary thoughts to Hindus as they fed him milk, black bread, and cucumbers. They do it to anybody who comes along, whether they know him or not. You find the same thing in William C. White's "These Russians" and in the writings of every man who travels up and down the Soviet Union. Hindus has given the black side of collectivization together with the bright side. He has not tampered with or embellished his material. It is fascinating enough without that. The book smells of the soil and the sweat of the Russian village—so loyal has the author been to the original, and so well does he know the original.

I know of no book which excels "Red Bread" in indicating how the Russian peasant's soul and thought are reacting to recent revolutionary developments—his new outlook on religion, on family life, on work, and his new relationship to the Soviets and society. If you doubt that the Bolshevik regime is stable and safe or that collectivization has immediate advantages over mujik farming, read Hindus. Whether he wished it or not, he has done a great service to the revolution and to the cause of spreading the truth about Russia.

LOUIS FISCHER

Lascelles Abercrombie

The Poems of Lascelles Abercrombie. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

TO avoid tormenting his patience, the reader should turn first to Mr. Abercrombie at his best, which is to be found in the Four Short Plays toward the end of this volume. Then, in order, he should read the plays Judith and Deborah, the Twelve Idyls, three of the shorter dramatic poems—Blind, Mary, and Katrina—and, finally, the light and not very important play Phoenix. The remaining two hundred pages may well be left uncut, for except in occasional lines they are not worth reading.

For the critic, however, Mr. Abercrombie's early work is not without interest, because his final triumph is the triumph of poetry over the "poetic." Obsessed at the beginning by conventional ideas about the content and diction of verse, he presented us with much inflated eloquence on such capitalized abstractions as Memory, Spirit, Awe, Consciousness, Wisdom, Motherhood, Destiny, and "Thirst and his grisly band Of plagues." His pages were filled also with poetic words and phrases: plashy marge, starry gear, high-birtht, bad horde, catcht cold; sware, spake, unware, ken, bewrayed, drave, enow, ware, yare, inly, trow; splitten, loaden; alligartha (for alligator); and the following version of a stubborn but strictly iambic number: "A hundred seven and twenty languages." That the poet should finally have extricated himself from such practices and concluded by writing direct and powerful dramatic verse is a pleasing marvel.

Mr. Abercrombie's mature work is still flawed by the fact that his motive is too obviously symbolic. Neither in the dramatic poems nor in the poetic dramas is he interested in character or situation; it is the moral that juggles the wires. Even in Judith, a reworking of the Biblical tale with skilful emphasis on the effect of her voluntary rape upon her desire for purity, the final speech of Ozias is used to show Judith as a model of "Virginity and Perfection." This limitation is transcended, however, when Mr. Abercrombie, in the Short Plays—The Adder, for example—contrives situations that fuse drama and symbol.

In his own genre Mr. Abercrombie is a good poet and an effective dramatist. Contemporary English poetry is enriched by the personal bouquet of his contribution.

Morris U. Schappes

Books in Brief

Contemporary Social Movements. By Jerome Davis. The Century Company. $5.

This is a mammoth reference book of very great utility. We may not know where we are going, but we are certainly on our way to some other social order than the present irresponsible capitalism. Hence, it is highly desirable to become acquainted with the alternatives which are currently proposed. Professor Davis has been a conscientious student of social-reform programs and in this book has brought together a vast body of descriptive and analytical material. He deals with Utopian socialism, Marxian socialism, communism, fascism, the cooperative movement, the British Labor Party, the backwardness of the American labor movement, and the efforts to bring about world peace. The latter he correctly regards as a prerequisite of any sound program of domestic reconstruction. In addition to the textual content there are many relevant quotations from leaders in all the reform movements. The volume thus combines the usefulness of the textbook and the source book. Professor Davis's attitude toward social radicalism is one of discriminating tolerance and fairness. A few criticisms may be leveled against this excellent work. The continuity of Marxian socialism and communism is not quite adequately emphasized. One might well continue with the popular illusion that they are different and independent movements. Syndicalism is given only four or five pages, though it may prove far more important in the future history of man than socialism. Guild and revisionist socialism are also given rather scant notice. Anarchism is overlooked. Doubtless Professor Davis was guided by the criterion of present interest and immediate practicality in making his selection of topics and material. All in all, it is a book which is indispensable to the college student and the citizen who aspires to a civilized view of the world about us.

The Physical Basis of Personality. By Charles R. Stockard. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

Dr. Stockard, an eminent anatomist and embryologist, has in this book attempted to summarize some of the data of experimental embryology. The effort is important in that it is one of the first popularizations of a fascinating field of biological research. More than two-thirds of the book is concerned with animal experimentation. Human analogies are drawn with commendable conservatism. Dr. Stockard is at his best in dealing with the experimental modification of embryonal development. Here he very clearly describes the phenomena of normal growth and the factors producing abnormality. Monstrosities are described, not to amaze the reader, but to illustrate principles the disturbance of which has prevented the formation of a coordinated being with organs in proper functional relationship. Most praiseworthy is Dr. Stockard's constant emphasis of the cooperative action of heredity and environment, which he always considers as two factors working together in the development of any characteristic of an organism. The term "personality" is used very broadly to indicate the structural and chemical make-up of an organism, be it a single cell or a human being. Except for a brief unfortunate passage, discussion of personality in the usual psychological sense is wisely avoided. Too much emphasis is placed on the endocrine glands, and statements are made for which there is no experimental support. It would have been better to have omitted such speculative and controversial material from a popular treatise. Dr. Stockard's designation of human beings as of two types, "linear and lateral," and his description of the characteristic behavior of each type seem too dogmatic for the subject in its present state. The reader will be left with more certain opinions than perhaps the author has.

Benedict Arnold, the Proud Warrior. By Charles Coleman Sellers. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Sellers writes in such a lively manner that the serious-minded reader's first impression of his book is likely to be disparaging. As a matter of fact, a good deal of careful and up-to-date research appears to have gone into the preparation of the book, and while little that is positively new about Arnold is presented, Mr. Sellers so manages the details of events as to make them emphasize the salient features of Arnold's character—his self-consciousness and self-seeking, his lack of scruple about means, his quarrelsomeness in his relations with his superiors, and, of course, his extraordinary daring and persistence. The best parts of the book are those dealing with Arnold's early life, his Canadian expedition, and his years in England and elsewhere after American independence had been won. Mr. Sellers wisely avoids searching for remote or novel explanations of Arnold's treason, but contents himself with building his narrative at this point upon the explanations which lie open on the surface of events or are consonant with Arnold's character—namely, his overweening personal ambition, his irritation over the shabby treatment accorded him by Congress, his conclusion that the American cause was on its last legs, and his desire for higher rank and sounder money than America had to offer. The result, while in no sense a whitewashing of Arnold, is a picture which is the better for not being framed in reflections on the morals of the case.

Lord Melbourne. By Bertram Newman. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

There was need of a new life of Melbourne, and while Mr. Newman does not pretend to have added much to what was already known of Melbourne's career, he has made good use of some recent sources and elaborates effectively the portrait which Strachey paints in his "Queen Victoria." It was as Prime Minister from 1835 to 1841 that Melbourne served England best, for the first years of Victoria's reign fall into that period, and but for the influence which Melbourne acquired over the Queen by his skill and good sense the beginning of the reign might have been disastrous. Mr. Newman is at his best in this part of the story, but he also gives an interesting and readable sketch of Melbourne's early life, his short official service in Ireland while Catholic emancipation was being prepared, and his troubled career as Home Secretary in the period of serious labor outbreaks and the first Reform Bill. The dramatic opportunity, on the contrary, afforded by the passion of Melbourne's wife, Caroline, for Byron has not been adequately seized.

American Negro Poetry. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

This is a revised edition of the anthology of Negro poetry first published ten years ago. At that time the book helped to confirm the fact that the Negro had made his very valuable contribution to American poetry. The preface to the first edition gave a complete history of the development of Negro poetry and a critical estimate of the various Negro poets. Such a preface would not be necessary today, for within these past ten years much has been written concerning the Negro and his art. The revised edition is important in that it includes contributions from all the younger Negro poets: Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Bennett, Sterling A. Brown, Arna Bontemps, Frank Horne, Helene Johnson, Waring Cuney. This younger generation is, as Mr. Johnson says, "freer of the approbation or deprecation of their white environment."

Architecture

A Temple of Jehu

"Time is the what with which some dolls are stuffed"

WHEN they built the Chrysler Building they put on a lot of shiny work just for fun; but not so when they built the Empire State. On top there is a "mooring mast," to be sure, but that was just the publicity man's addition of sex appeal. The shiny metal below is the important thing, the strips of chrome-nickel steel that shinny up the frame like streaks of Jehu. They were not meant to be just "ornamental"—they meant business. Allow me by explaining those metal strips to illustrate a certain fundamental change in the old art of architecture. We used to think of it as associated with "eternity," by which we meant only permanence; but now architecture has become completely the child of time. The dance is hardly more so.

This is how it went. When they figured the economics of the Empire State Building, they decided on eighty-five floors. Yet considering the carrying charges on land worth $16,000,000, they could not afford to wait for all those floors to be built. Being Americans they then decided to build all eighty-five in the time usually required for thirty; and that's where the vertical metal strips come in, as one of the refinements for the sake of speed.

These vertical strips were fastened at intervals directly to the frame, and what they did was to carry forward the principle of articulation. They served to divide the window from the wall. To one side of any strip there could go up a column of stone, to the other side a stack of windows with aluminum panels between. No longer did the window have to be fitted to the stone, or the stone cut to an accurate arris at the window opening, since the metal strip covered the edge. See what that meant: if the stone gang was held up by delay, the window gang nevertheless could proceed. Again: the stones could come from the quarry ready-cut, since there was no further fitting to be done on the job. In short, there was almost such a thing at the Empire State as a factory assembly of standard units. It would have been complete, I believe, except for a few obstacles such as pernicious labor habits and the Building Code.

He has found
A NEW WAY
to tell a story

FROM DAY TODAY
by FERDYNAND GOETEL
Introduction by John Galsworthy

This sensational newcomer from Poland has become the talk of the literary season here and abroad. He employs a method completely new to fiction in his novel of an author's love for three women, in which the past and present run side by side. "A triumph . . . Pulses with life."—John Galsworthy. "Vivid and full of feeling. Jocular, malicious, devastating."—Frank Swinnerton. Selected by The Literary Guild. $2.50.

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MEN AND FORCES OF OUR TIME
by VALERIU MARCU

Eden and Cedar Paul, distinguished translators of this volume, say of the author "Though Marcu is unique, there is in his writing a curious mingling of the flavors of Montaigne and Strachey—which means that Marcu is a great writer, and not just a man of the fleeting moment." In this book of ideas, knitted together by a red thread of present day personalities, Marcu uses Kemel Pasha, Mussolini, Lenin, Chesterton, Clemenceau and other contemporary giants as springboards for his agile mind. $2.50.

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"A secret gate into the wonderland of childhood."
—CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

TROTT AND HIS LITTLE SISTER
by ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER
Introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Thousands of readers in every country in Europe have taken Trott to their hearts, critics have hailed it as a classic of childhood, psychologists have recognized it as one of the most useful guides to parents in child training and understanding. It is published now for the first time in English. "An exceedingly valuable piece of work done with the charm of the French writer and the insight of the psychologist."—H. A. Overstreet. "The priceless feeling of childhood is there in great depth of charm and amusement."—Laurence Stallings, *The Sun.* $2.50.

18 *East 48th St.* THE VIKING PRESS *New York City*

The Empire State has sixty-seven elevators, traveling 1,000 feet a minute and timed so that in each bank a car leaves every twenty seconds. This enormous core of swift transportation occupying nearly a third of the "cubage" embodies another story, telling how the building got its shape; time entered once more in the choice of a location, and in the guise of "obsolescence" it will cause the building's death. Time is the important fourth dimension of our new buildings, and it is just as integral as the materials are.

Yet I have chosen just the illustration of the metal strips because they worked over so beautifully into the design. While serving their humble use, they flash wonderfully in the sun; they make the character of the enterprise manifest; in their swift upward streak they tell the story—Organization! Speed! When at the top and bottom and in the lobby the designers tried allegory and decoration, they seemed to be merely fumbling around. This despite the fact that Shreve, Lamb, and Harmon are among our keenest planners of buildings—or because of it.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

The Shrinking of Personality

IT has been my experience this week to see, one after another, a number of films in which the principal part was played by a famous actor. The actors included George Arliss, John Barrymore, and, among the lesser lights, Constance Bennett and Jack Holt. As I now try to recall my main impressions I am struck by a rather puzzling fact. None of the popular actors I saw stands out before me as a personality with whom I had a direct and all but physical contact. I know that on the stage some of these actors and others of equal gifts were and are able to escape the shell of the characters they represent and to fill the entire theater with their own beings, so that one feels as if one almost touched them. More phantom-like, but no less expansive and penetrating, were the personalities of the famous stars that radiated from the silent screen. Although the constant stressing of personal appeal was motivated by commercial aims and helped to cramp the progress of the silent film, there can be no question of the success of the producers in establishing their screen stars not merely as favorites with the public, but as personalities that somehow (sometimes, no doubt, through mere inflation) transcended their screen characters and came into a direct contact with the audience. The appeal of Chaplin, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Pola Negri, or Jannings in the old days of silent films had that quality of expansion.

The situation with the talking pictures seems to be paradoxically different. The personal magnetism of the actor has lost its force. His entire personality has shrunk to something that is only a little more than the character he represents. This does not necessarily mean that his personality is completely submerged in the character. More often than not the reverse is actually the case, and the same George Arliss, for instance, will be seen in a number of characters that differ but little from one another, being merely variations of Mr. Arliss's acting personality. This may be set against Mr. Arliss as an actor, for resourceful and accomplished as he is, emotionally he is always the same ("The Millionaire" at the Winter Garden is a case in point). But I doubt that his failure to loom as large from the speaking screen as he does from the stage, and as he probably would from the silent screen, is due to any lack of magnetism in his acting personality. The reason, I am inclined to think, lies rather in the curious effect that the addition of mechanical speech has had on the relationship between the screen actor and the audience. The change in the actor's position has been made in two diametrically opposed directions. On the one hand, he has returned to the stage methods of acting and story-telling. On the other hand, he has stepped beyond the conventional stage settings into the world of natural surroundings. The same world existed in the silent picture. Yet only the addition of speech has taken it right out of the theater building, away from immediate contact with the audience, and placed it in a space of its own. Bound to his surroundings the actor, too, has become more remote, with the consequent loss in intimacy, in direct contact, and in the unobstructed flow of the magnetic force that conveys to the spectator the actor's power and stature.

The same shrinking of personality that was noticed in Mr. Arliss is also seen in John Barrymore. Excellent as he is in his flamboyant theatricalism in "Svengali" (Hollywood), he never succeeds in coming off the screen. And here, as an actor, he also suffers in another sense. Mr. Barrymore's acting has an unmistakable rhythmic quality, although not always quite precise and certain in its pattern. Gordon Craig, writing of Henry Irving, described this quality as "the dancing and singing of one's role." But it is obvious that a rhythmic pattern built on the stage cannot be transferred bodily to the screen. In fact, it must be completely rebuilt in obedience to the entirely different principle of screen rhythm. No such attempt was made in the case of Mr. Barrymore in "Svengali," and what emerges from the screen, striking as it is in individual scenes, lacks the swing and rhythmic unity of histrionic display that belong to this type of acting on the ordinary stage.

One cannot apply the same standard of acting to Miss Constance Bennett, but able actress that she is, she seems to be constantly miscast. In "Born to Love" (Mayfair) she is seen again in one of those maudlin parts of a helpless, suffering beauty, suffering largely because of the stupidities of the plot. A little more character and strength would make Miss Bennett into a more believable and interesting woman. But, then, Hollywood has its own standards of interest and credibility.

"Subway Express" (Globe) is not remarkable for any individual acting, but deserves praise for excellent comedy and flowing direction.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

The Pulitzer Prize Play

THE Civic Repertory Theater, which had announced that at the end of the present season it would take a year's recess, closed recently with tears and triumph. There were real tears, I am told, shed not only by certain members of the permanent cast who found it painful to be doing for the last time what had been done so often and so well, but by many spectators whose devotion, coming now to a climax, had to express itself thus. The regret of anyone over the absence of Miss Le Gallienne and her company for two summers and a winter must be real enough. Yet that regret may be tempered for the moment by the circumstance that the closing hour has not quite arrived after all. The old theater on Fourteenth Street is as dark as any tomb, but light still flickers on eleven members of the cast who have taken "Alison's House" uptown to the Ritz Theater for a few weeks—or as long as there are people left with curiosity as to the merits of the Pulitzer prize play for 1930-31.

Those merits seem to be mighty few. Susan Glaspell's pen never moved more languidly than it moved through the composition of this false, sentimental piece about the life-after-death of Emily Dickinson. Miss Glaspell has written before, and written better, about the influence of a dead woman upon her family and friends. It is an interesting theme, if a somewhat artificial one, and much might be done with it. But very little has been done in the present instance, and the little that has been done is offensively false. For two intelligent and dreary acts we sit watching the family of Alison Stanhope (Emily Dickinson) get ready to move out of the house in Iowa (Massachusetts) where she once wrote all her poetry. Her brother, her sister, and several nieces and nephews let us know in turn, and at great length, how they feel about the moving. That is about all that happens until the third act, when a sudden excitement is generated by the discovery of an old wallet full of poems which have never been published. The poems have remained all along in the possession of Agatha, Alison's surviving sister, who years ago received them from their author with the injunction to burn them. She has never been able to give them to the flames, however, and now at the moment of her death the most she can do is thrust them into the hands of Elsa, a niece of Alison's who—the point is very clearly labored—has "faced life," unlike her aunt, who only evaded it and wrote poetry about it. Elsa, in other words, has not refused the lover who offered himself. Well, it is Elsa who breaks the wallet open and reads—and finds in two minutes the "secret" of Alison. In these wonderful poems—they are the most wonderful, of course, she ever wrote—the "story" is told, and told so clearly that Elsa can only gasp and weep as the sheets flutter one by one to the carpeted floor.

Emily Dickinson has suffered many indignities from her biographers, but none so heavy-handed as this. The falseness of the play consists in its saying so simply that a great poet—whether it is Emily or Alison does not matter—is personal in this fashion. No known poet has ever been dissected by a literary surgeon so skilful that he could pause and say: "This part, gentlemen, is the person and this part the poet." Artists do not reveal themselves, or use themselves, or perhaps know themselves, that well; and usually we shall find that they have had other things to bother about in their art than their strictly private affairs. So in special degree with Emily Dickinson, who to be sure gave up a lover and left her manuscript to be burned by an unmarried sister, but whose recently published "love poems" are more of a mystery than biography will ever solve. The more we know about her, the less we know about the significance of her poems to herself—except that we do know their immense significance to her as poetry.

Miss Glaspell has written, of course, intelligently, and Miss Le Gallienne, who takes the part of Elsa, has both acted and directed with her accustomed competence. But "Alison's House" has none of that vitality and truth which we have a right to expect of a Pulitzer prize play, and which as a matter of fact might have been detected in half a dozen plays passed over by the committee of judges. To say more would be contempt of court; and useless. MARK VAN DOREN

"Devil in the Mind," a play by Andreyev which subscribed to no current fashion, was recently taken off the boards after a week of poor houses. It deserved better treatment, for it was much more interesting and clear than Andreyev usually is, and Leo Bulgakov, playing the mad part of Dr. Kerjen, offered a specimen of acting such as we seldom have a chance to see. His only defect was that he muted the end of perhaps one sentence in every three. This seemed real enough, since one could be convinced that the doctor as Mr. Bulgakov played him must have talked thus; but it was often important that the audience hear what was being said. The fact that it could not do so must have had something to do with the failure of an otherwise valuable piece. M. V. D.

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International Relations Section

A New South Africa

By R. S. ALEXANDER

Cape Town, April 15

WITH the current session of Parliament the history of South Africa enters a new phase. The old Cape franchise, the retention of which was specially fought for at the time of union twenty years ago, will within the next few weeks have disappeared as an effective political instrument. Hitherto, white males over twenty-one have been admitted to the franchise in the three other provinces of the Union, while the Cape retained its small property or wage qualification and the ability to read and write as the basis for a franchise which included all males, whether white, Indian, Malay, Chinese, colored, or native, who conformed to these requirements. This franchise did actually give the non-white elements the deciding majority in certain constituencies. Accordingly, while the Nationalists always railed against it, the South African Party, having managed to secure for itself the support of Dr. Abdurahman, himself a Malay and an adroit and skilful leader of the Cape colored people, was careful to dissociate itself from any open attempt to restrict or remove this franchise. The 1930 session of Parliament, however, found the party in a dilemma. A bill for the enfranchisement throughout the Union of all white women over the age of twenty-one was brought forward as a non-party measure by the Prime Minister. The South African Party was pledged as a party to support votes for women, but as the Government had announced previously that in the event that women received the vote the colored women would be included, the measure as it appeared took it unaware. As a change in the constitution the bill required a two-thirds' majority of both assembly and senate, sitting together. This was easily obtained, the few dissentients being those who represented constituencies with a determining colored vote. By this change, of course, the strength of the colored vote was definitely lessened in all constituencies.

The full implications of the measure did not, however, dawn on the country as a whole until it became clear that this was a short cut, and an extremely clever one, to the extension of the same franchise to all the white males of the Cape over the age of twenty-one. A bill to this effect is now before Parliament, and there is no doubt whatever that it will become the law of the land. When it is so, all white men and women in the Cape over twenty-one except criminals and lunatics will have a vote, whereas no colored women will have a vote, and only such colored men as possess the old Cape qualifications. These, as regards the literacy test, have up to now been more or less nominal, but hints are forthcoming that in future the test will be far more meticulously applied. This policy, in a country where elementary education is compulsory for whites only, and where thousands of colored and native children are unprovided with any form of schooling, is grimly significant of the new attitude of frank cynicism toward the rights of the non-whites that is the distinguishing feature of public policy in South Africa today.

The native bills are at present before a select committee and will not be considered this session. But of their main provisions there is no doubt, or that these will be passed by a majority of both houses sitting together. Their net result will be to disfranchise the natives of the Cape, giving them as their sole link with Parliament six senators elected by themselves from among the whites of the country. Even the subjects on which these representatives may speak and vote are, however, to be specifically laid down and restricted. A measure at present in committee stage, indicative of the definitely repressive policy now entered upon, is the Native Service Contract Bill. Under this bill, which applies especially to natives living on farm lands, "the native guardian of any native male who is or appears to be not more than eighteen years of age," or of any native female to whom the same applies, may bind this minor native over by verbal or written contract without any supervision or investigation. If the control of any land on which natives have been allowed to live passes into other hands, the new employer takes over these so-called labor tenants as of right. The labor tenant, it is true, "may, within three months after having ascertained that the control of such land has passed to another employer, terminate such contract." But it is not laid down that it is the duty of the new employer, or of the old one, to notify the labor tenant of the change. There are many other fairly severe regulations in the act, contravention of any one of which is by a special section made punishable by a whipping not exceeding five strokes. A farmer is unlikely to invoke the aid of the nearest police station, perhaps many miles away, in such a case. The section is commonly taken as legalizing floggings by farmers of native servants, which have hitherto been controlled by the natives' right of appeal to the law.

The temper behind legislation such as this, a temper twenty years ago utterly impossible to the Cape, is now widespread. In the matter of public health, for example, the lack of medical attention in the country districts and the terrific infantile mortality among the natives are matters of perpetual comment on the part of doctors and missionaries. "We are spending more on cattle diseases than on the relief of sickness among native people," is a statement made recently by a well-known missionary. During the years 1927-28 there were in the Orange Free State no cases of plague among Europeans; among non-Europeans there were thirty-four cases with twenty-seven deaths. There were in the same district in the same year 52 cases of typhus among Europeans with no deaths; among non-Europeans there were 1,279 cases with 208 deaths. Again, the present depression has led to an increase in the number of applicants for old-age pensions. From this benefit all natives and Asiatics are excluded. But even the colored people, not a large number, who do benefit, receive only £9 a year if their income is under £27 a year, and no pension at all if their income is £33 a year or more. Whites, however, receive a pension of £30 a year with an income of £24 a year

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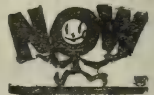

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Against the tacit assumption behind legislation, neglect and repression that the natives are a negligible part of the South African nation, except in so far as they are economically useful, the courts themselves are not proof. A native snatched a girl's bag from her and received a six months sentence of hard labor. A farmer discharged a loaded rifle at a native laborer on his farm because the native refused to obey an order to plow his land, saying, "It is the day for plowing our own lands." The farmer shot the native in both feet, inflicting injuries which deprived the native of the use of his feet for more than six months and which may leave him a cripple. The magistrate, in sentencing the farmer, fined him fifteen pounds or six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor. A native who was one of a gang that robbed and assaulted a storekeeper was sentenced to five years' hard labor and six strokes. A farm manager, not yet sentenced, has been committed for trial for shooting through the knee a native who had a stick in his hand which the accused ordered him to throw away. The native refused, as he was merely resting the stick on the ground, and the farm manager then proceeded to fetch his gun and shoot the native. But the most outstanding case of injustice recently is perhaps that in which a white man and a native woman were brought before the same circuit court on consecutive days, charged with cohabitation, which between white and native is an indictable offense. The native woman pleaded guilty and was given a severe sentence; the white man pleaded not guilty and was acquitted.

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DISAPPOINTING and disheartening is the five to four decision of the Supreme Court in barring Dr. Douglas C. Macintosh, a former Canadian war chaplain, and Miss M. A. Bland, a former nurse with the American army in France, from citizenship because of their refusal to swear that they would bear arms in defense of the country. Dr. Macintosh declared that he did not wish to put his conscience in the keeping of a Congress; he might go to war again, but he wished to reserve the decision for himself. Particularly disappointing is the fact that the new justice, Owen J. Roberts, sided with the reactionaries of the court, especially as Chief Justice Hughes joined Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Holmes in dissenting. Had Justice Roberts voted with them, the United States would have taken a memorable step forward in exalting the right of conscience in checking the steady infringement of the modern state upon the liberties of its citizenship. At least we must express our unreserved gratitude to Mr. Hughes; we should be delighted, indeed, if history should have the privilege of recording him as a great liberal Chief Justice. Meanwhile, we do not give up hope that this decision will be reversed. Others as important have been. Moreover, there are increasing numbers of Americans within the citizenry of this country who will refuse in the event of another war to put their consciences in pawn and will prefer jail to taking part in any mass murder under whatever sanction or however unctuously justified by those who wish to prove America's supremacy by force.

THE REFUSAL of the Board of Trustees of Ohio State University to renew its annual contract with Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, of the department of sociology, raises a straight issue of academic freedom. Not in years has the question whether a professor shall have the right to call his soul his own been so clearly presented. It is therefore of the utmost importance to every teacher in the United States. The grounds of Professor Miller's offense are two: that he made a speech in India to the followers of Gandhi in which he said that public opinion in the United States was eagerly watching the Gandhi experiment; and that he was one of the leaders in the recent agitation to abolish compulsory military training at the university. It is the latter offense which bulks largest. On Thursday, May 14, as we reported in *The Nation* of May 27, the faculty of Ohio State voted by 83 to 79 to ask the Board of Trustees to make military drill optional. Five days later President Rightmire called another meeting for consideration of the vote. By 141 to 64 the faculty then reversed its position, but only after a resolution had been introduced in the House of Representatives calling for a legislative investigation of "those faculty members supporting the optional-drill movement," and after Colonel Grosvenor Townsend, head of the force of fifty-two regular army officers and non-commissioned officers detailed to the university, had made an address in which he denounced as Communist the undergraduate opposition to compulsory drill.

THE STUDENTS' PETITION against compulsory drill, signed by 700 undergraduates, having been forwarded to the trustees, the board promptly rejected it and declared that since the university "was established for the purpose of enlarging and enriching the lives of those who might avail themselves of the opportunities it offers," therefore the board saw no reason to change this requirement of compulsion to military drill. It further opined that

> The board feels that the university should not be subjected to emotional criticism because of the unripe vociferations of a small group of students and a very few members of the faculty, who are under no compulsion to come here and under none to remain unless they can subscribe to the fundamental purposes of this university.

This was followed by a statement from the president blaming certain members of the teaching staff for failing "to exert the sane and wholesome influence on the students which members of the faculty have the opportunity to exercise." He then evidenced his complete unfitness for the position he holds by writing in conclusion: "A great university is here within our grasp if we will attend only to the big worth-while projects, and put first things first." In any other country, we believe, a university head who failed to see that academic freedom is the most precious thing in the life of any university could not hold his place a week.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has again refused to call an emergency session of Congress to work out an adequate program for unemployment relief. In his statement to the press he admitted that the public demand for such a session has been growing, but he contended that "we cannot legislate ourselves out of a world economic depression." Mr. Hoover misstates the issue. The question has nothing to do with a possible solution of the world's economic problems; it concerns itself solely with the responsibility of the American government to the American people. Six million persons and their dependents are in distress because of unemployment. Other millions are faced with increasing difficulties because of their sharply reduced incomes. Private charity, Mr. Hoover's pet method of relief, has not done enough; the greater part of the burden has been thrown upon municipal and county governments. The municipalities themselves may not be able to carry the load much longer; they are finding it difficult to collect taxes; their deficits are growing. Congress can help by getting to work immediately. It would then have time to put a comprehensive and adequate program into operation before cold weather comes. A program of this sort, as Senator La Follette has pointed out, could and should provide for financial assistance to cities and States in extending direct relief, for an extensive public-works program, for workable farm-relief legislation, reduction of the tariff, increases in the income- and inheritance-tax rates to finance public construction and direct relief, and legislation to create a national economic council to assist in stabilizing industry and agriculture. If this is not done, and we pass through another hard winter which may be marked by hunger riots and other disturbances, the blame will be almost exclusively with Mr. Hoover.

PLAIN TALK ON BUSINESS becomes commoner as the depression drags its length along. At the recent meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute Charles M. Schwab, optimist-in-chief to the American people, exuded his usual bright hopes for the future, only to be followed by James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who, speaking extemporaneously, after agreeing with Mr. Schwab, delivered himself of these homely remarks:

> I am not going to mention the names of all of the companies in this room that have cut wages; I do not want to embarrass them; but I think it is a pretty cheap sort of business [to cut wages 10 per cent on a three-day week].
>
> There is not a single line in the steel business today, in my opinion, where there is an adequate cost return on finished materials.
>
> I said a year ago . . . that if this thing kept on I doubted if any steel manufacturers in the United States could earn a dividend on common stock. I say now at present prices they are not earning dividends on preferred stock.

So it went throughout Mr. Farrell's denunciations of his business associates for cutting prices under stress of depression. But the next day, speaking over the radio on behalf of the National Foreign Trade Council, Mr. Farrell cooed as softly as any sucking dove: "I am convinced that our worst experiences are behind us and that we are gradually entering upon a period of increasing trade activity." What happened overnight?

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY raised an issue of first-class importance in his radio address on May 23, when he hinted at a broader base for the income tax, and looked in the fiscally sound but socially doubtful direction of increased taxes on lower incomes, and of taxes ultimately paid by people on the basis of their consumption, not of their wealth. If it ever comes to pass that Mr. Mellon makes specific proposals, they will need the most careful scrutiny in the light not alone of their revenue results, but of their economic consequences. Too many of Mr. Mellon's tax ideas have presented weird features in the past and, despite his reputation among business men, too many of his suggestions have been disproved or falsified to make it possible to give him a free hand. In his address Mr. Mellon admitted that there will be a deficit in 1932 as well as the terrific one this year. Instead of asking directly for higher taxes, however, he demanded a "better-balanced" system of revenue. He suggests that the wide variations in federal revenue are due to our too great reliance on the individual income tax in its present form, under which 97 per cent of income-tax receipts come from the 380,000 persons having incomes above $10,000. He rightly criticizes our treatment of capital gains and losses in the income tax as greatly increasing the fluctuation of receipts with the rise and fall of the stock market. But he offers no specific proposals of tax change whatsoever; perhaps he will let us have them later.

STATEMENTS THAT FILIPINO political leaders have abandoned their demand for immediate independence should be received with something more than caution, in view of the variety and complexity of the economic interests involved in the question. American beet-sugar growers in recent years have had a sudden access of enthusiasm for human liberty in the Philippines, in view of the marked progress made in the American market by Philippine sugar under the free admission that it now enjoys, and their sentiments are shared by producers of dairy products and cotton, who have also felt the breath of Philippine competition. On the other hand, Americans with capital invested in the sugar fields and the other industries of the islands naturally feel keenly the dangers to the Filipinos involved in turning them loose in a world filled with wicked Japanese and other people eager to gobble up rich and "unprotected" tropical islands, to say nothing of the unreadiness of the Filipinos to manage their own affairs. In view of the renewed anti-independence propaganda, welcome to an Administration that regards independence as "an injustice to the people," there is special interest in the new Philippine nationalist movement launched some months ago by Manuel Roxas, speaker of the Philippine legislature, which proposes "to take the course that we should take were we independent." It intends, in a word, to develop a self-sufficient national economic life as far as possible, evidently with a view to lessening the dependence on the United States fostered by the growth of industries that depend on the free-trade American market. This is answer enough, perhaps, to the statement that the Filipinos do not want independence.

POLAND HAS BEEN severely censured by Foreign Minister Henderson of England, sitting as president of the League of Nations Council, for its attitude toward the dispute over the German minority in Upper Silesia. Last January the Council instructed Poland to answer the complaint of Germany concerning the treatment of German citizens during the November elections. Warsaw delayed filing its report until four days before the Council's session was to end, and then demanded that it be accepted as it stood. For this Poland was rebuked by Mr. Henderson speaking "in the name of the League." He took the Polish representative to task for delaying the report, declared he did not know whether the report satisfied all the Council's demands, and added that Poland could not be absolved of responsibility for future developments in Upper Silesia if the Council refused to accept the report without further examination. Consideration of the report was put over until September. The Council submitted to the World Court a dispute between Danzig and Poland over the treatment accorded Polish residents of the free city. Rumors had arisen that Poland planned to send a police force into Danzig to protect its citizens, and this alarmed both Danzig and Germany, the latter because it hopes some day to see Danzig restored as a German city and therefore looks with undisguised disfavor upon any attempt of Poland to encroach upon its independence. Instead of sending policemen to Danzig, however, Poland sent a strong protest to Geneva, and the Council at once referred the dispute to The Hague.

THREE ALIEN RADICALS have been ordered deported to their native lands, where they face certain punishment and perhaps death, not wholly because they hold political views incompatible with the philosophy of a capitalist society, but because the Department of Labor insists on putting a strict interpretation of the law above principles and human rights. With Guido Serio, whose case has already been discussed in these columns, Tao Hsuan Li, Chinese student, and Sadaichi Kenmatsu, Japanese laborer, make up the trio of unfortunate aliens. Li was attending New York University when he was arrested by two Department of Labor agents and taken to Ellis Island to await deportation as a Communist. Kenmatsu was employed as a berry-picker in California when a like fate befell him. All three men have asked that they be allowed to depart peacefully and at their own expense for Russia, instead of being sent to their home countries, Italy, China, and Japan, where Communists are today being openly persecuted. But the United States government refuses to take such a humane stand. The courts have been asked to overrule the Labor Department (the Serio case has been pending for several months; the others were lately taken to court); but so far decisions in the lower courts have upheld the Department of Labor.

DESPITE THE DECISION of the United States Supreme Court in the Yetta Stromberg case, it is still illegal to display a red flag in California for propaganda or similar purposes. In setting aside the conviction in this case the court merely held that the conviction was invalid because it had been obtained under a State law, one of the essential clauses of which is unconstitutional. This clause, making it a felony to display the traditional revolutionary banner as a symbol of opposition to organized government, was considered by the court to be "repugnant to the guaranty of liberty contained in the Fourteenth Amendment." By inference, however, the court ruled that the other two major clauses of the statute are still valid, so that convictions can still be had under the notorious "red-flag" law if in bringing charges against accused radicals the authorities disregard the first clause. The still valid clauses make it a felonious offense to display a red flag as a means of inviting or stimulating anarchistic action, or for the purpose of promoting propaganda of seditious character.

THE LATEST ENCYCLICAL to be issued from the Vatican, known as "Quadragesimo Anno," has caused furious comment from the Socialists. The Pope has reiterated the Catholic position that one may not be a good Catholic and a good Socialist at the same time. This in spite of the fact that the church has many points in common with Socialist doctrine. This strongly asseverated incompatibility is certain to raise some interesting questions in political parties throughout the world. To be specific, if Alfred E. Smith had been elected president of the United States, could he have named a member of the Socialist Party to one of the federal commissions requiring the services of an expert of whatever political faith? Can a professing Catholic, who would not feel finally bound by the mere suggestion of his priest that he might be expected to vote for Mayor Walker, continue to maintain his preference at the polls for Norman Thomas or Heywood Broun? Communism the Pope calls the "enemy of the church and of God himself." When one recalls the early Christians who were said to have held all their modest goods in common one is reminded anew that the Catholic church is a law unto itself. It rules that men should earn enough to support their families because women ought to confine their major energies to the home; it declares that "unemployment is a dreadful scourge"; it urges that employer and employed "join in their plans and efforts to overcome all difficulties." These are counsels of perfection, but the difference with the Socialists is a matter of hard fact and definite counsel. Will it be obeyed?

DOROTHY DIX, not so well known as Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, who writes advice to the lovelorn and unhappily wed, has just been awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by Oglethorpe University. This reminds us that the last word on honorary degrees was said a short while ago by that astute commentator on public affairs and national nonsense, Mr. Will Rogers, the lariat-thrower. Mr. Rogers, it appears, was offered the degree of L.H.D., Doctor of Humanities, by Oklahoma City University. Explaining that the highest degree he would accept would be A.D.—Doctor of Applesauce—from the Oolagah (Oklahoma) Kindergarten, Mr. Rogers, in a wire to the *Daily Oklahoman,* declined in this wise:

> What are you trying to do? Make a joke out of college degrees? They are in bad enough repute as it is, without handing 'em around to comedians. The whole honorary-degree thing is the "hooey." I saw some college giving Mellon one, and he is a billion bucks short. I got too much respect for people that work and earn 'em to see 'em handed around to every notorious character.

This about covers the subject from every possible angle. But the season is soon to be upon us again, and we shall see a new crop of Congressmen, best-seller writers, famous movie stars, and newspaper columnists stepping up to get their sheepskins and the right to wear a fancy colored hood to the academic gown that, in many cases, they never earned. We accordingly propose another degree for Mr. Rogers: C.S.D.—Doctor of Common Sense—and the universities ought to fall over one another in their rush to bestow it.

Down with the Tariffs!

At last great and inspiring news of progress toward sanity and sanitation has come out of Europe! The session of the European Union Commission, brought into being by Aristide Briand just one year ago amid much scoffing and positive assurances that nothing worth while could come out of it, was adjourned on May 21 with an ovation for M. Briand and, what is more important, with a remarkable record of achievement which the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Henderson, declared proved "the immense value of M. Briand's idea," and rendered enthusiastic this representative of a government which was entirely cool when the union was formed a year ago. Still more, as a result of the sympathetic hearing and treatment given to the Russian representative, M. Litvinov, the New York *Times* correspondent was able to quote a conservative League of Nations official as declaring that now "for all practical purposes Russia has become a full member of the League's economic organization."

This in itself would have been a most satisfactory result. But let us look at what the meeting actually did. It adopted "a vast program of intensive economic action." This includes a serious and friendly study of the Russian proposals to end economic aggression and enmity between Russia and the capitalist nations, with the goal of putting an end to the dumping excitement. Next came the creation of a subcommittee on economic coordination to meet in Geneva on July 6; the calling of a general meeting on June 10 to act on the disposal of the pending European wheat surpluses; the approval of the continuance of the tariff-reduction negotiations between Great Britain and other countries; the appointment of a special subcommittee to deal with the plight of Austria and to alleviate its distress; the appointment of a special committee to aid the League of Nations Financial Committee to obtain effective financial cooperation among the European nations; the indorsement of an agricultural preferential-tariff plan to insure better prices for Central and Eastern European grain, and also—even this does not exhaust the list of constructive steps—the creation of a committee of six to study with six members of the governing body of the International Labor Office the problems of unemployment and international distribution of labor.

Equally striking was the action of the Council of the League of Nations on May 19 in electing Mr. Henderson president of the World Disarmament Conference which meets in February next. Of all the delegates who will attend that conference we venture to assert that no one will come to Geneva more determined to produce a real result than Mr. Henderson. In his speech at Queen's Hall in London in February last, Mr. Henderson made the most explicit promises that the British government would leave no stone unturned to achieve success for its disarmament desires at the conference, and rightly stressed the success of that conference as being the most vital need of the world today in the field of international relations.

Finally, Mr. Henderson made the week ending May 23 a most notable one by his magnificent denunciation of the tariffs which are strangling Europe and doing more to continue the existing world depression than any of the other six causes which are the major reasons for the world's economic suffering at this time. The press reports that his speech "was the most eloquent ever delivered at Geneva, and the most forceful appeal for action on behalf of suffering humanity ever heard in a League meeting." At last it would appear as if statesmen's feet were beginning to be set in the right direction! Mr. Henderson rightly referred in his speech to the existing tariff conditions as "a state of economic war" and branded the policy of nations which try by every means to keep out foreign goods as a "policy of madness." "I repeat," he said, "that among the different causes contributing to the world depression the magnitude and the high level of protective tariffs rank first and foremost." He then went on to denounce the principal creditor countries of the world, which refuse to accept goods which the debtor countries have to offer, shut their eyes to the fact that international trade must take the form of barter, and at the same time have "insisted on payment not in goods, but in gold," and thereby "largely contributed to the recent catastrophic fall in prices." Finally, he said, "this sequence of tariffs, payment of debts, and the scramble for gold is sapping the very foundations of our economic system."

These are noble words, noble truths, bravely spoken. They come as a breath of sweet, fresh air in the fetid atmosphere of hatred, ill-will, and deadly economic nationalism which has been poisoning all Europe, and everywhere endangering the very existence of the nations of the earth. But there is nothing in these words to make an American proud. Mr. Henderson went out of his way to say that the world owed "an undying debt of gratitude to the great leaders of the French and German peoples" for such progress as has been made toward the beginning of the reestablishment of mutual understanding, peace, and good-will in the world. The United States he could not mention, for it is the United States which is the worst offender in both the matter of tariffs and the economic insanity of refusing to accept goods from its debtor countries when it is the foremost of the creditor countries. Let the United States take this as a most solemn warning. If it continues in its folly it will not only be recognized the world over, as indeed it already is in considerable measure, as the worst enemy of reconstruction and the reestablishment of prosperity and international good-will. It will find that this new European Union will be more and more forced into an anti-American attitude, not of its will and desire, but because it will be in duty bound to rescue Europe before it is too late from a situation to which the United States holds the key, and the golden key at that. Down with the tariffs! Mr. Henderson has, if anything, understated the mischief they are doing to the world. Down with the American tariffs! They are at the root of our own evils; they are chaining the American people to the chariot wheels of the protected and privileged interests. They must be leveled, in order to save Europe, in order to save the United States and to restore to it not only the opportunity for economic well-being and progress at home but the good-will of the world.

The Crisis in Wheat

THE failure of the London wheat conference was complete. The delegates from the eleven principal wheat-exporting nations of the world, recognizing this, made an effort even feebler than is usual in such cases to disguise the failure by talking vaguely about another conference and by arranging to set up a permanent organization to collect world wheat statistics already rather adequately collected by other organizations. The conference was doomed from the start. Before it opened the American delegates declared flatly that the United States would under no circumstances participate in an international wheat pool. The Russian representatives accepted the principle of an international export pool as proposed by Poland, but demanded a quota basis which no other large wheat-exporting country would accept. "The U. S. S. R.," said the official Soviet statement, "has naturally a right to occupy in the world's grain markets the same place as was occupied by pre-war Russia."

It is not difficult to see what this would have meant. When Russia's internal disorganization made it impossible for her to supply wheat for the export market, the other wheat-raising countries of the world, principally Canada, the Argentine, Australia, and the United States, greatly increased their crops to make up the deficiency. Outside of Russia the average wheat production of the world from 1909 to 1913 was 1,807,000,000 bushels; in the years from 1926 to 1930 it was 2,433,000,000 bushels, an increase of 626,000,000. Russia's average crop in the years just preceding the war was 757,000,000 bushels, or nearly 30 per cent of the total world crop. The Russian crop fell in 1921 as low as 205,000,000 bushels; since then there has been a rapid rise, and the crop in 1930 was 1,032,000,000 bushels, even larger than that which would be called for by the pre-war proportions. Further, the Russians expect a very much larger crop this year than last—36,500,000 tons, to be precise, compared with 29,500,000 tons in 1930.

With wheat already selling at the lowest price in thirty-six years, such figures are not very palatable to the other wheat-raising countries. Yet one hesitates to say that the Russian demand was unreasonable. The Russians point out that they have one of the lowest costs of wheat production in the world. Why then should they restrict their crops, cut off a source of profit and one of the chief of their few means of paying for imports, in order to keep foreign high-cost wheat producers in business?

It is worth inquiring what the probable result would have been if one of the London plans for stabilizing the wheat markets of the world had been put into effect. What would have happened, for example, if the principal wheat-exporting countries had agreed to restrict their exports within definite allotted quotas? If such an export restriction had been unaccompanied by any plan to reduce wheat acreage within the individual countries, it could easily have made the plight of the wheat-growers worse even than it is. For if each country were permitted to offer only a certain percentage of its wheat in the world markets, what would become of the wheat that would otherwise be shipped out for export? Obviously it would merely be stored in the country of its origin and depress the domestic price there below the world price. Any gain that wheat-growers received, therefore, for their export wheat might have been more than offset by their losses on wheat sold in the home market, and the further complication would have been introduced of deciding whose wheat should be exported and whose sold at home, unless there were an extremely complex system of export allotment for individual growers. Such a system would be practically impossible to administer.

On the other hand, what would have been the result if each country had agreed to reduce its wheat acreage by the same percentage? This is a plan that could only have been worked out by a virtual dictatorship within each country; and with privately owned farms it would again have involved enormously complicated administrative difficulties. Further, such a plan, even if successful in its first object, would in all likelihood merely have postponed an inevitable readjustment and stored up trouble for the future. For it would have been an obvious encouragement to wasteful production. If it costs American wheat farmers from sixty cents to more than a dollar a bushel to raise wheat, why should the Russian co-operatives, with costs, say, of thirty-five to fifty cents a bushel, be expected to restrict their production by the same amount as the American dollar producer to keep the latter in wheat-raising? Why, for that matter, should the American producer with sixty-cent costs reduce his acreage for the benefit of the producer with dollar costs? Soon or late the high-cost producer of wheat, wherever he exists in the world, must abandon production and turn, if he can, to some other crop. No wheat plan that did not recognize that fact could in the long run be anything but futile, and it might be calamitous.

Our Railroads' Plight

AN Interstate Commerce Commissioner out for complete government control of our railways? It seems incredible, but it is true. In an address at New York on May 20, Joseph B. Eastman, for twelve years a member of the commission, declared it to be his "abiding conviction" that the government "should assume complete responsibility for such business as is now under an elaborate system of public regulation, under which it divides responsibility and control at present with private enterprise." The idea of "government in business," he said, did not alarm him "if the business is of such a nature that it cannot be carried on by private enterprise without the protection to all concerned which is afforded by an elaborate system of public regulation." His proposal was that the transportation services of the country should be carried on by "a corporation or public trust controlled by the government and designed to be self-supporting," with directors or trustees "selected in part by non-political agencies." If, he told his hearers, "the same amount of ingenuity were devoted to the subject as has been devoted, for example, to the creation of intricate and largely vicious mazes of holding companies and interlaced subsidiaries, it would be quite possible to evolve a plan of complete governmental responsibility for the transportation services which would retain most of the merits of private initiative."

Revolutionary this utterance of Mr. Eastman's certainly was, since it came from a high government official. But the heads of the railroads? On the very next day after Mr. Eastman's speech, the Eastern Railroad Presidents' Conference had no other suggestion to make in the sore straits in which the roads find themselves than to demand an increase in freight rates to produce $400,000,000 of additional revenue. That is a counsel of folly, if not despair. The country in its present distressed state will not easily hand over such a vast sum in increased freight rates to enable the railways to do business at a profit. Moreover, if the Interstate Commerce Commission did authorize the higher rates, there is no guaranty whatsoever that the mere increase would not drastically check the volume of freight business and drive more of it to motor trucks. Not that we are without sympathy for the railroad executives. Theirs is an extremely difficult position, and it is getting worse instead of better.

Neither operating nor fixed charges can be materially reduced. The interest on the funded debt, approximately $4,000,000,000 of which is held by life-insurance companies, savings banks, or trusts as investments, must of course be paid if bond values are not to collapse; taxes tend to go up rather than down; outlay for supplies has been "cut to the bone"; an average wage of 66 cents an hour for labor is "considerably below the average for other industries"; and the number of employees has been cut from a normal of 1,800,000 to 1,200,000. Theoretically, the government allows the railways to earn 5¾ per cent on their valuation before recapture begins to be talked of; actually, earnings averaged only 3½ per cent last year. Only a few of the strongest or best located lines are able to earn their dividends; many are barely able to make both ends meet; a formidable number seem headed for bankruptcy. The fault is not wholly due to the business depression. The Interstate Commerce Commission has dallied with consolidation plans which it is its duty to work out, and its method of valuing the railway properties has encountered dissent in the courts. Congress, never very friendly, has done its best to force reduced rates on agricultural products. Add to these governmental impediments the new competition of buses, air transport, and inland and coastwise water traffic, and we have a chaotic condition which is pressing the railways to the wall.

Mr. Eastman's plan, on the other hand, looks like a device for securing some of the advantages of government ownership without assuming all of the responsibility. It is becoming increasingly clear that the transportation problem has changed fundamentally since 1887, when the Interstate Commerce Commission was created, and that railways, buses, and air and water lines need now to be brought under a unified administration. Mr. Eastman would like to see this done, although without transferring the ownership of the properties to the government, and it is quite possible that the method of control which he suggests might be made to work. But why make two bites of a cherry? If private administration of transportation plus government control without responsibility has broken down, why not take over the transportation services and be done with it? We should at least know then whom to blame if the railways were not self-supporting.

We venture to prophesy that if the present crisis continues two years, many railway executives will be found to be advocates of both government ownership and operation.

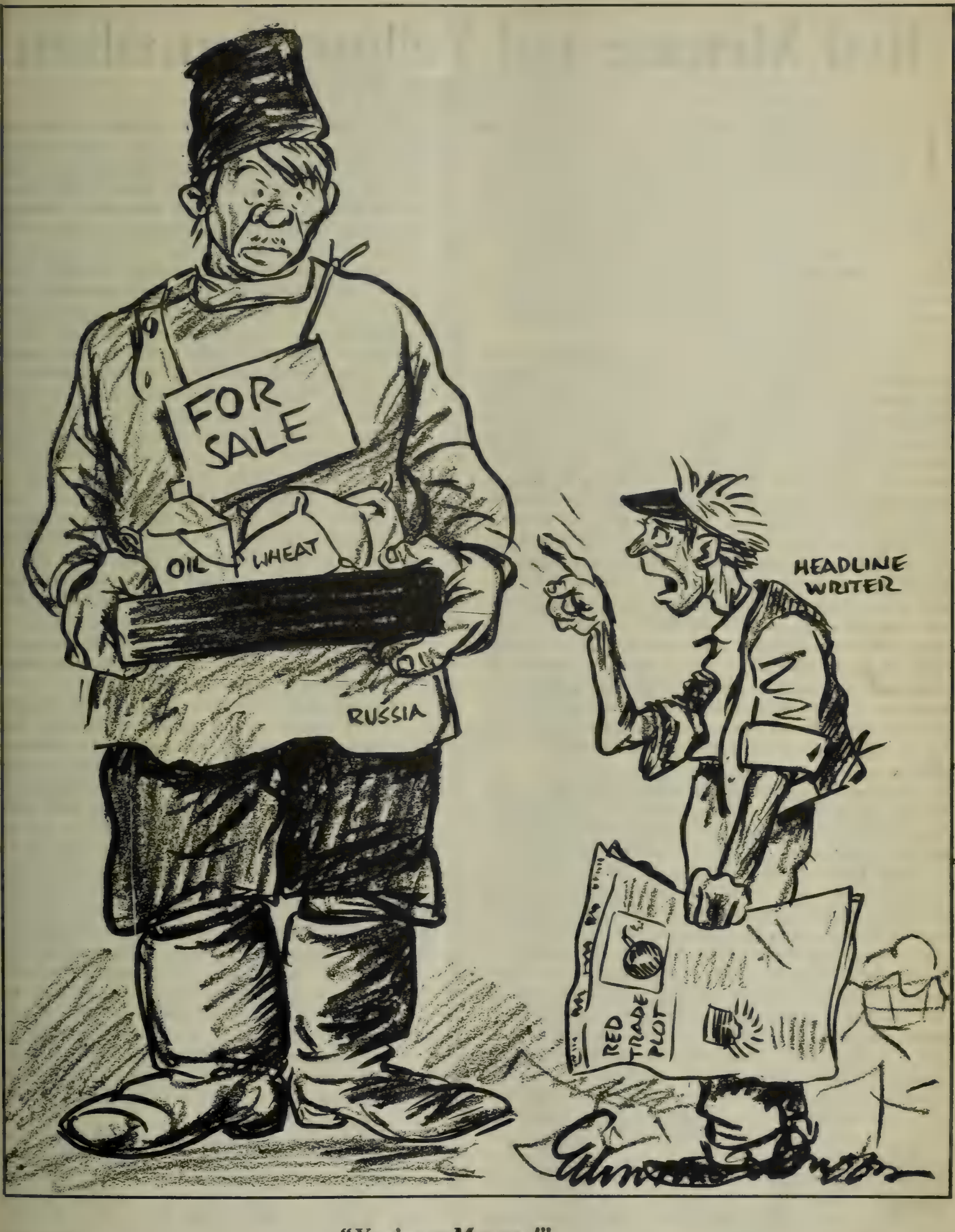
Book Troubles

THE American Booksellers' Association, in convention assembled during the week of May 11, indicated that the book business was in a very bad way. The booksellers are inclined to lay most of their troubles to the nefarious practices of the hard-hearted publishers. Dollar books, direct selling to libraries, private mailing lists, book clubs, and mail-order campaigns are some of the evils persisted in, according to President Jacobs of the Booksellers' Association, by the unfeeling publishing gentry.

To remedy these difficulties the booksellers had one or two bright ideas. One was that booksellers vary their advertising and not confine it to the literary pages of the newspapers. This was a suggestion made by Major Carson of N. W. Ayer and Son, who said: "Your advertising should appeal to the girl who works in the five-and-ten-cent store as well as to the intellectual. If you will disguise your copy more, a larger body of readers will notice it. Now they pass it by, recognizing it as typical book advertisements." In this we see the germ of a great advertising thought. All that need be done is to ascertain what commodities appeal most to the buying public, be it automobiles, underwear, golf clubs, or sweets. Then, "You have always wanted a Rolls Royce," the caption in bold-face type might declare; "but you can probably better afford our newest novel at $1.75." Or, "Greta Garbo wears a pale-blue satin negligee. You would look charming in one while you read our latest book of poems. Only $1.50."

One other point was raised by the booksellers that should have considerable influence on the future of advertising. Blurbs on book jackets were denounced as often misleading and untruthful; it was recommended that the publishers be made to guarantee the truth of their blurbs. Guy Holt, of the McGraw-Hill Company, was thereupon quoted as replying that such a guaranty was not feasible, and that "purchasers of books must face the same risk they take in paying admission to a theater." This extraordinary statement is, of course, possible of extended application. A book that is labeled the "greatest novel of all time," or "a definitive and unsurpassable biography of one of the world's greatest figures by another," need be, without stretching Mr. Holt's point too far, no such thing. The public must take its chances. If it buys a package labeled "raspberries" it may not complain if it contains cyanide of potassium; and if, as so often happens in book buying, it is in search of cyanide, strong stuff to beguile away the world's ineptitude, it cannot object to finding raspberries saccharinely resting therein.

All this proves beyond a doubt that something is wrong in the book trade. In addition it indicates that, judging by their quoted remarks, the booksellers are not going to do much about it in the near future. To persuade the public to buy a book requires the most astute wiles of the salesman, a mixture of honesty, guile, and prophetic insight. For some reason buying books is a much more momentous affair than buying a ticket to the movies. Books last. They encumber the parlor table. It is almost impossible to destroy them. It is important, therefore, that their contents justify the space they occupy. Good books do this better than bad. But the booksellers did not get around to this point.


FOR SALE
OIL
WHEAT
RUSSIA
HEADLINE WRITER
RED TRADE PLOT

"You're a Menace!"

Red Menace and Yellow Journalism

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT is always the open season for attacks upon Russia. It would be hard, however, to find a more striking attempt to stir up ill-will against Russia and to coin money out of that effort than is now being indulged in by the New York *Evening Post,* once the high-minded, ethically conducted, and respected newspaper of Horace White and Edwin L. Godkin. What makes this particular instance so flagrant is the deliberate sensationalizing, which frequently nearly crosses the line of misrepresentation, in the headlines written by the editors over the articles by H. R. Knickerbocker on Russia and Russian trade.

Mr. Knickerbocker is the Berlin correspondent of the *Evening Post.* Last fall he went to Russia and after traveling there for six weeks did a series of articles—not, the Russians think, without some bias, but none the less a straightforward and honest piece of reporting—for which he was awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1930. But even this series was exploited by the headline writers in the office of his newspaper in a way that must have made Mr. Knickerbocker redden with shame. The very title put upon the book into which these articles were made, "The Red Trade Menace," showed a bias which Mr. Knickerbocker certainly did not have when he went to Russia or when I talked with him on his return to Berlin. He is not the kind of journalist who takes orders to color his stuff. Where his articles were anti-Soviet, they were so written because he felt that way. If he erred at points, it was owing to faultiness of vision and background, and not because he deviated from the standards of ethical reporting because somebody else told him to do so. What he was bent on was portraying Russia in the fall of 1930. He was not there to play up the Russian trade menace.

And how were those articles treated by the *Post*? The first article carried the caption "Soviet, on Iron Rations, Wars for Trade Primacy, *Post* Survey Reveals." The next day the headline reader learned: "Famished Moscow Short All Food Except Bread." Once more: "Reds Use Forced Labor in Forest, *Post* Finds." The reader, however, found that while the kulaks, in uncertain numbers, were compelled to work in the lumber camps, the writer could discover practically no convict labor, and so far from finding that all Soviet labor was forced labor, he discovered a labor turnover in all industries so extreme as to cause severe financial losses. Some days later the reader even learned that of the forced laborers "178,000 Men Quit Torturous Soviet Coal Pits in Year," which looked pretty bad till he read below that conditions in the mines were so difficult that the men preferred to go and work elsewhere, so that the Soviets had to depend on the enthusiasm of their shock brigades of young Communists to get out the coal they wanted. Rarely has an honest reporter, trying hard to present a true picture of what he saw, been worse served by headline writers. If Mr. Knickerbocker was not outraged, he was entitled to be.

The success of this series, which is said in newspaper circles to have added 20,000 readers to the *Evening Post* during their continuance, emboldened the paper to try it again. This time Mr. Knickerbocker traveled about Europe. When his copy began to appear, the headline writers repeated with this result: "Red Trade Raids Europe, Survey by *Post* Reveals. H. R. Knickerbocker Finds Soviet Goods Flooding Twelve Nations. U. S. Markets Are Heavily Affected. Continent Feels Menace, Wonders if Economic Cordon Can Be Set Up." The reliability of this introduction may be gleaned from the fact that Soviet exports constitute *2 per cent* of world trade, and as this 2 per cent is distributed over the entire world, it is obvious that it must take very little to flood a nation. But let us return to the headlines. Here are some more: "Italy Backs Soviet Trade and Bars European Bloc. Two Dictatorships Stand United Against Economic Cordon." "Soviet Oil Floods Italy, Supplies Fascist Fleet. Great Plant at Savona Undersells America 20 Per Cent. France Sees Peril if War Develops. Italian State Corporation Distributes Products. Monopoly for Reds Looms." "Soviet Cuts Grain Price to Outstrip U. S. in Italy. Regularly Shades Grain Rate to Keep Below Competitors. Passes U. S. This Year in Anthracite Sales." Precisely as in the earlier series, the headlines are deliberately calculated to excite alarm in the mind of the reader, and to cause hostility. We are accustomed to gross misunderstanding and misrepresentation of our capitalist society in Communist writing and especially in the Moscow dailies, but it may be doubted whether we shall find there any statements better calculated to arouse fear and hatred than the treatment of Mr. Knickerbocker's facts by his editors.

Now as to some of the facts. In Italy, for example, the reader will discover that 16 per cent of the wheat imported is drawn from Russia, whereas, as Mr. Knickerbocker himself points out, before the war as high as 60 per cent sometimes came from the Czar's dominions—plainly a dreadful case of "flooding." As for the ruinous flooding of Italy with Russian coal, Mr. Knickerbocker reports that in 1930 Soviet anthracite constituted about 2½ per cent of Italy's imports of 12,000,000 tons, and that the Italians expressed themselves ready to take all the anthracite they could get from these wicked Russians. Why? Because it was cheap and of good quality. There you have the abominable conduct of the Soviets clearly revealed. As a matter of fact, Russia exports in large amounts, just as capitalist countries do, precisely those goods for which she has natural advantages or other special facilities—lumber, oil, furs, wheat, textile piece goods, and flax, to mention them in order of importance during 1930. She imports industrial equipment, tractors, cotton, iron and steel manufactures, and other products for which other countries at this time have relative advantages.

As for unfair competition, Mr. Knickerbocker finds that "Soviet prices are, as a rule, just low enough—but always low enough—to get the business, and not, if the Soviets can help it, any lower." Heaven help us, but we had thought that that was exactly the way that everybody got foreign business! These Soviet trade practices are precisely those of any big American industrial concern under similar circumstances. Indeed, under the compulsion of the reparations and debts payments, the Germans are doing precisely that same thing. For example, the Belgians and Poles and other neighbors of Germany were able last year to buy a ton of German rye for seventy marks less than any German consumer himself paid within the boundaries of the German Reich. It would be just as fair to attribute deliberate political motives to the German exporters as it is to attribute them to the Russian. But the whole slant given to Mr. Knickerbocker's articles is that this is all part of a deliberate effort to break down the capitalist governments of Europe. That the leaders of the Soviets would be glad to see the capitalist governments fall everybody knows, because they have said so from the outset of their experiment. But what every honest student of Russian conditions also knows is that they are compelled to send out everything that they can possibly deprive the Russian people of in order to get foreign currency, or credits, with which to buy machinery from England, Germany, and the United States, and all the rest of the materials that they need to industrialize Russia.

If they were such devilish schemers as the *Evening Post* headlines are calculated to portray them, would they, as Mr. Knickerbocker says, reduce their prices only just low enough to capture other markets, or would they not be selling at half- or quarter-price? Mr. Knickerbocker adduces no facts to suggest, and does not himself suggest, anything other than the ordinary commercial motives behind Russian-Italian trade, or anything but the usual commercial practices on the part of Russia in trying to sell its goods in Italy. If the story concerned any other country on earth except Russia, indeed, it would be looked on merely as a striking example of hustling for trade, of trade recovery and development, but not as a "menace" to anyone except rival producers in other countries now forced to face a vigorous new competition. Naturally, the appearance of any new competitor gives serious concern to business men, but it should never be occasion for terror, or for wild charges of dumping and unfair competition. Moreover, the simple fact remains that even when nations like Germany, Russia, France, and Great Britain dump goods in another country, they are paid for what they deliver by the goods of the country to which they deliver. A cash transaction practically never takes place. It is, of course, hard luck for the *Evening Post* that its yellow headlines came in a week which saw the warm and friendly reception of the Soviet statesmen at Geneva and London on terms of full equality.

Why then all the sensational headlines and advertising? First and foremost this atmosphere is created to sell papers. Let us breed hatred and fear and thoroughly confuse readers, if only thereby the circulation figures can be swelled in a year when every newsstand notices the shrinkage of its sales. Secondly, it may be an attempt deliberately to create hostility toward Russia for ulterior political purposes. No greater disservice could be done to the United States than to create a feeling of unreasoning terror about what the Russians are doing and going to do, if only because we need their trade badly in this crisis. There is, finally, still such a thing as responsibility of the press. We are entitled to expect of it not only enterprise in the learning of facts about the experiment carried on by the Soviet Government, but a decent sincerity and sobriety, not to say honesty, in the presentation and weighing of those facts.

What I Believe*

By BEATRICE WEBB

OUT of the social environment and mental climate in which I was born and bred there seemed to arise two outstanding questions, questions perpetually recurring in my own consciousness from girlhood to old age. Can there be a science of social organization, in the sense in which we have a science of mechanics or a science of chemistry, enabling us to forecast what will happen, and perhaps to alter the event by taking appropriate action or persuading others to take it? Secondly, assuming that there can be, or will be, such a science of society, is man's capacity for scientific discovery the only faculty required for the reorganization of society according to an ideal? Or do we need religion as well as science, emotional faith as well as intellectual curiosity? In the following pages will be found my tentative answer to these two questions—that is, my philosophy of work or life.

The first of these questions, Can there be an applied science of society? led me early in life to choose a particular vocation—the study of social institutions by the methods of personal observation, actual participation in the organization concerned, the taking of evidence, statistical inquiry, and the examination of historical records. My reaction from this long-continued practice of the art of the social investigator has been an ever-deepening conviction of the supreme value in all social activity of the scientific method.

Let me give one or two examples of an applied science of society taken from the public administration of Great Britain during the past hundred years. In the early part of the nineteenth century the business of government, whether national or local government, was honeycombed with favoritism, corruption, and barefaced peculation. This wholesale dishonesty on the part of representatives and officials has been largely swept away by the adoption of a social invention of definitely scientific character, namely, the audit—a device which is scarcely a century old.

Another instance is the discovery, during the past three-quarters of a century, of what has been aptly called the device of the common rule. You see this exemplified in the advantage we all gain through the existence of fixed rules of the road. Because of the rule, whatever its terms, we all get greater safety and even greater speed of locomotion. Imagine the blocking of the traffic in the great cities—not to mention the accidents—if there were no rule of the road at all, if motor buses and lorries, taxis, cyclists, and pedestrians were left to scramble through as best they could.

It is this device of the common rule—a genuine social discovery—which has given us the factory acts and the public-health legislation about the pollution of rivers, the purity of food, and the prevention of the worst forms of overcrowding. One of the most recent of these common rules—summer or daylight-saving time—has astonished the world by the sudden and complete way in which it has borne out the prediction of its inventor, William Willett. By the simple expedient of insisting that all public clocks should, on a particular night, skip one hour, and that all transport undertakings and public bodies should accept this fiction, the whole population has been led to rise from bed one hour earlier every day during the hot months of the year. By this means each person enjoys some 200 additional hours of life-giving sunlight, while the community as a whole saves millions of pounds annually in the cost of artificial lighting.

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* The second of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. The third will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Let me give one more instance of the advantage of the scientific study of facts in the way that I have described. A hundred years ago the accepted way of dealing with extreme poverty—what was called destitution—was poor-law relief. This relief took one of two forms—maintenance in the general mixed workhouse or a niggardly dole of unconditional outdoor relief. A century of experience has discredited both. As a result of extensive observation and experiment by all sorts of persons, officials and philanthropists, recorded in innumerable bluebooks and scientific treatises, there has been gradually created a whole series of new social institutions vitally affecting human behavior—a veritable framework of prevention. Instead of threatening the sick person with the workhouse if he applies for relief, the public-health authority has come more and more to seek him out, in order to cure him and to prevent any spread of disease. The local education authority now welcomes every child to school, insists that the parents send the child to school reasonably clean, even feeds the child if it is found to require it, and prosecutes the parents who are guilty of wilful neglect. The infant-welfare center endeavors to look after every birth, instructs the mother how to rear the baby, and offers periodically to examine and weigh the growing infant so that the mother may know how it is progressing. This may seem a small matter. But the statistician proves to us that during the past thirty years, since these things have been done, only half as many babies die as in the previous generation. What is even more striking is the vast alteration for the better that has been effected by these preventive services in the behavior of the parents and the children in the way of healthy living, of cleanliness, and even of manners.

There are some of us who believe that it will yet be found practicable, through observation and experiment, to invent an analogous framework of prevention applicable to that terrible disease of modern industry, mass unemployment. And looking forward to a more distant future there is the science of the better breeding of the human race—eugenics is the name given to this department of social biology by its founder, Francis Galton—knowledge which, when we are wise enough and virtuous enough to apply it, may immeasurably improve the body and mind of man.

Have I succeeded by these few illustrations in making the reader realize why I believe that we have already a science of society—a young and very incomplete science, but one that is steadily growing and that is capable of indefinite extension? But it is a science with limitations. Unlike iron and stone and machinery, human beings and social institutions are always changing, and such social changes are sometimes so catastrophic and far-reaching as completely to baffle our generalizations and nullify our predictions. No student of social facts, however competent, could have forecast the Russian Revolution or the nature of the Soviet Government. No one could have foreseen the sudden development of the Fascist state in Italy. No one could have predicted the rapid rise to prosperity and power of the Czecho-Slovak republic, the very name of which we can barely pronounce and the exact position of which is unknown to most of us. Here and there, from time to time, there emerges from the mass a man or a group of men whose uncommon qualities are exceptionally influential with the particular race of human beings with whom they come in contact. It may be a captivating personality, it may be religious exaltation, it may be superlative efficiency in the organization of war or in the administration of the state. William James called such great men "ferments," influences which change the course of life of a whole nation. We may recognize such a ferment in the great leader of the Czecho-Slovak race, Masaryk. Sometimes these potent individuals appear more like volcanic eruptions—as with Lenin in Russia and Mussolini in Italy and Gandhi in India. These are as unpredictable by science as is an earthquake. But woe betide the great man, be he prophet or warrior or statesman, who forgets not only that the common man exists, but also that it is with the common man that he has to deal. If a Lenin, a Mussolini, or a Gandhi wants to reduce the infant death-rate or to adopt summer time, to create a universal system of public education or to build up a stable democratic state out of millions of men of different races and antagonistic creeds, in Russia, Italy, or India, he must, for all his volcanic power, learn from the knowledge of past and present social institutions the particular devices by which one or other of these things can be created. Before he died Lenin had to admit that in ignoring one common characteristic of the tens of millions of Russian peasant-cultivators—the desire to better their own circumstances—he had made a big mistake. He had, indeed, to reverse his policy of complete communism, and to permit, at least temporarily, a measure of individual accumulation and private trade. Mussolini may yet find that in suppressing all independence of speech and freedom of the press he has alienated an indispensable factor in a stable and progressive state.

To sum up: The generalizations and predictions of the science of society relate to that strange abstraction, the average human being. Here we recognize what might be termed the mystical element in the work of the statistician. What he tells us is the truth, even truth of a high order. But he does not deal with our individual peculiarities. He predicts what will be found true of what is common to all the individuals who make up the group or race of men with which he is dealing. The uncommon, the exceptional, the peculiar characteristics of the individual man, and the manner of his influence, are at present, and possibly always will be, outside the scope of a science of society.

I pass to the second question which has continuously confronted me in my passage through life. Is man's capacity for scientific discovery the only faculty required for the reorganization of society according to an ideal?

Or do we need religion as well as science, emotional faith as well as intellectual curiosity?

Very early in my career as a social investigator I realized that science deals only with the processes of life; it has little to say of the purpose of life. We can learn through science how best to kill a man or slaughter a multitude of men; we can discover how to cure a human being of specific diseases and thus raise indefinitely the standard of health. But no amount of personal observation or statistical inquiry will tell us whether we *ought* to kill or to cure. Our behavior, as parent or child, as colleague or rival, as employer or employed, as private citizen or public official, is largely dictated to us by law or public opinion. But whenever we settle it for ourselves, it seems to depend on intuition or impulse, on likes or dislikes, or, to put it in another way, on our emotional outlook on life. Historically, codes of conduct, scales of value, patterns of behavior—to use the term of my friend, Graham Wallas—are intimately related to contemporary conceptions of man's relation to the universe, whether these notions are woven into magic rites, wrought into religious creeds, or expressed in systems of philosophy incapable of objective verification. My own experience is that in the nobler type of men these guides to conduct appear to rise out of emotive thought, connecting the purpose of individual man with the purpose of the universe, the visible with the invisible world. "Man lives in two worlds," Professor Haldane tells us in his brilliant exposition of What I Believe, "the visible world which changes with time, and an invisible world whose constituents do not change." "I have not very much use for people who are not in touch with the invisible world," he adds somewhat scornfully. The trouble is that when we ask to be put in touch with this invisible world we are given, by this eminent scientist, not the bread of spiritual guidance but the hard stone of pure intellect, and a short measure of that! "Among the components of the invisible world are the realities corresponding to mathematical statements like $16 + 9 = 25$." This, literally, is all that he vouchsafes us! Memory recalls my friend Bertrand Russell arguing that the arithmetical proposition that two and two make four cannot be proved by pure logic, and is merely an empirical truth derived from experience, thus belonging to the visible and not to the invisible world. However that may be, to an undeveloped mind like mine Professor Haldane's exposition of the invisible world is meaningless. It arouses no response from my intellect or my emotions.

But why should we expect to describe the invisible world? All we can do is to explain our own state of mind, so that we may enter into communion with those of like temperament, and thus encourage and strengthen each other in our common pilgrimage through life. For my own part, I believe that the mind of man, as distinguished from the appetites and instincts which he shares with other animals, is divided into two parts—the intellectual and the emotional, each having its own methods and sanctions. What is called the scientific method is the highest expression of the intellect; by observation, verification, and reasoning we can discover how things happen and predict how they will happen under like circumstances, and, in many instances, by applying this knowledge we can alter this happening in the direction we desire.

The highest expression of the emotional side of human nature is the attainment of the beautiful and the good; the one represented by art in all its manifestations, the other by varieties of religious experience, leading to what is felt to be the right conduct of life. I have not the artistic temperament and I know not in what state of consciousness this may be embodied; what may be its discipline and its sanctions. But like the majority of the human race I have an incipient religious temperament—a yearning for the mental security of a spiritual home. Professor Whitehead says:

> Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest.

This vision of something which is real and yet waiting to be realized is associated in my experience with an intuitive use of prayer. A secularist friend once cross-examined me as to what exactly I meant by prayer; he challenged me to define the process of prayer, to describe its happening. I answered I would gladly do so if I could find the words. The trouble is, as Tagore observes about poetry, that words have meanings, or, as I prefer to say, predominantly intellectual meanings; and in prayer it is emotion, not reason, that seeks an outlet. It is by prayer, by communion with an all-pervading spiritual force, that the soul of man discovers the purpose or goal of human endeavor. That is why down all the ages of human development prayer has been intimately associated, whether as cause or effect, with the nobler and more enduring forms of architecture and music; associated, too, with poetry and painting, with the awe-inspiring aspects of nature, with the great emotional mysteries of maternity, mating, and death.

To Professor Haldane my longer string of words may seem as meaningless as his curt arithmetical formula does to me. Perhaps we can find common ground in "The Will to Believe," eloquently expounded by William James, or in "The Philosophy of 'As If,'" logically developed by Vaihinger. So far as I understand the conclusion of these eminent metaphysicians—a conclusion which I understand is also held by Einstein—it can be summed up in the proposition that wherever no hypothesis can be scientifically proved or disproved, and yet some hypothesis must be accepted as a starting-point for thought or as a basis for conduct, the individual is justified in selecting the hypothesis which yields the richest results in the discovery of truth or in the leading of a good life. Such a justifiable hypothesis seems to me the faith I hold: that man is related to the universe by an emotional as well as by a rational tie, that there is a spirit of love at work in the universe, and that the emotion of prayer or aspiration reveals to man the ends he should pursue if he desires to harmonize his own purpose with that of the universe; exactly as the working of his intellect discovers the means by which these ends may be best achieved. "Did I ever tell you," writes one of the greatest of British scientific thinkers, Francis Galton, "that I have always made it a habit to *pray* before writing anything for publication, that there may be no self-seeking in it, and perfect candor, together with respect for the feelings of others?"

But I realize that in the world of today science is in the ascendant, while the religious impulse is in eclipse. This decay of religious faith is, I think, a reaction from what is false in the current religious creeds. Throughout the ages, prophets and priests, saints and Sadducees, have dictated to the faithful mythical accounts of how things happen, how they have happened, and how they will happen—whether concerning the beginnings of life on this earth, or the course of the stars, or the diagnosis and cure of disease, or the better organization of society. This unwarranted intrusion of religion into the realm of science, this illegitimate attempt to supersede reason by emotion in respect to the processes of nature, has always led and will always lead, at best, to failure to attain the desired ends; at worst, to superstitious practices and degrading magic. Few believers in the scientific method accept as evidence of fact the Biblical narrative of the creation of the world in six days or that of the miracles of the Immaculate Conception and the resurrection from the dead of the physical body of Jesus of Nazareth. I am aware that these "dogmas" are deemed by some practicing Christians to be not statements of fact at all, but merely symbols of some invisible truth—appeals to the emotion and not to the intellect. This gloss on the creed of Christendom seems somewhat lacking in candor.

Thus, like many of my contemporaries, I am a religious outcast; I cannot enjoy, without sacrificing intellectual integrity, the immeasurable benefit of spiritual comradeship, the inner peace arising out of traditional forms of worship, the inspiration of noble motive—all of which I recognize as embodied in the discipline of the great religions of the world, such as Christianity and Buddhism. And while I rejoice in the advance of science, I deplore the desuetude of regular religious services, with their encouragement of worship and prayer, for the good reason that personal experience and the study of history convince me that this absence of the religious habit leads to an ugly chaos in private and public morals and to a subtle lowering of the sense of beauty—witness the idol of the subhuman, the prevalence of crude animalism, in much of the music, art, and literature of the twentieth century.

But to my mind there is one hopeful portent. Men of science endowed with the religious temperament are today reinterpreting the mystical meaning of the universe; and it is they who may bring about a new synthesis between our discovery of the true and our self-dedication to the beautiful and the good.

I Work for Russia

IV. How the Worker Lives*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

THERE seems to be a commonly accepted idea in this country that the Russian workman is kept in virtual bondage—that he cannot change his employment or move from place to place. I have been asked over here if it were true that "squads of workers were watched by the military equipped with guns to prevent them from quitting their jobs." Nothing could be farther from the truth. I am not attempting to describe the conditions under which the former kulaks are employed. I know nothing at first hand about these conditions. But as for our workers at Asbest—and there are some 13,000 of them—I can vouch for the fact that there exists nothing even approximating forced labor. As nearly as I could dig out from our employment records, I should say that we have at least a 100 per cent labor turnover yearly.

It is this huge turnover of workers which constitutes one of the major problems facing the administrative heads of the trusts today. At one period last fall we were running only between 50 and 60 per cent of the number of hands prescribed for that quarter of the plan. There are several reasons for this condition of affairs. First of all, there is the inherent nature of the Russian people, who by temperament love to travel. Next, there has existed until recently a shortage of commodities, and the worker has therefore had few other uses for his accumulated earnings. Lastly, there has been such a shortage of labor available for the tremendous efforts required by the speeded-up plan that competition between trusts for workers has resulted. One need only pick up the daily papers, particularly in such a place as Sverdlovsk, which is the industrial center for a large region, to see columns of advertisements wherein this or that trust is bidding for labor. This holding out of special inducements, such as higher wages and better living conditions, finally forced Moscow to prohibit such methods of drawing workers away from their present employment.

The same condition exists among engineers and skilled labor. It is true that technicians are supposed to sign an employment contract, usually for two years. However, there is a large turnover with this class of labor as well as with the actual hands. An engineer's wife may find it preferable to live in Moscow or Leningrad rather than out in the Urals at the mines, or the engineer himself may receive a call from some comrade in another trust offering better terms of employment, and so on. Whereupon he will arrange for his release or transfer. Recently, however, this condition became so acute that all technicians and office workers have been asked to sign a pledge that they will remain at their present jobs until the completion of the plan.

Now let us follow the daily life of the worker. As explained in the previous article, he works under conditions of safety and hygiene laid down strictly by the national code, enforced and modified to meet local conditions by the contracts between the individual trade unions and the respective trusts. These conditions are further controlled by frequent visits of delegates of the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection.

At Asbest the earlier large, non-private barracks have almost entirely given way to new multi-family apartments. These are for the most part two-story houses, built of wood, semi-fireproofed by stuccoing inside and out with asbestos plaster, and then whitewashed. The rooms are light and airy and of sufficient size to accommodate two, possibly three, persons, allowing four square meters per person. Ample latrine, bath, and lavatory facilities are provided. There is usually a communal kitchen on each floor, accommodating, I should say, up to four families. Large built-in brick stoves for baking are provided. However, the Russian worker seems wedded to his "primus," a spirit stove with a special burner and air pump which provides a quick hot flame.

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* The fourth of a series of six articles. The fifth, on the American Engineer at Work, will appear in the issue of June 10.—EDITOR THE NATION.

I have heard it said that in the past the Russian peasant and worker, especially the latter, tasted meat probably not more than twenty times a year, on saints' days or other festive occasions. His main diet consisted of a thin barley soup, cucumbers, potatoes, cabbage, and bread. Butter, sugar, coffee were unknown luxuries. Today, although it is true that in the cooperative stores the quantities of commodities which he can buy are strictly rationed, this rationing has been so adjusted as to give him a fairly well-balanced diet. The heavy worker is, for example, allowed a greater quantity of meat, butter, and sugar per month than the one engaged in light manual labor or office work. Generally speaking, our workers at Asbest are rationed on meat, butter, eggs, sugar, coffee, cocoa, milk, and white flour. They can obtain cucumbers, cabbages, potatoes, black bread or meal in practically unlimited quantities. In cold weather, when transportation of perishables is possible, the diet is further varied by freshly frozen fish, which is supplied in large quantities. Smoked fish is nearly always available, as is cereal coffee; *mokko,* a caffeine-bearing drinkable, being imported, is to be had only in limited quantities. In 1929 the cooperative stores had their shelves loaded with all sorts of edibles. Roast goose, chicken, and duck, fresh and salted caviar, pickled meats, conserves (our canned goods), cocoa, and chocolates were to be had. In 1930 these commodities were rarely or never seen. Their disappearance was due to the breakdown of commodity prices on the world markets accompanying the world-wide depression, which was not accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the prices of such manufactured articles as machinery and the like. Since the Soviet Union had under the Five-Year Plan to import a specified quantity of the latter, for which they must pay by exporting in the main raw commodities, it followed that with falling prices for their exports the amount which they had to ship out in 1930 far surpassed the figures laid down when the plan was originally established and the world depression not anticipated. A temporary shortage of many commodities ensued, and this in turn resulted in an accumulation of money by the peasants and workers and its consequent withdrawal from circulation. This produced inflation, since the flood of rubles paid to the peasant and worker did not return to the state bank through the ordinary trade channels. Now that commodities are again plentiful, owing to the increased production in other nations and a relatively smaller purchasing power, there has again been established the so-called open market. It has recently been decreed by Moscow that rationing of all commodities is to be done away with immediately, except in the case of certain foodstuffs, and it is anticipated that even these will be on the open list within six months. To stimulate sales of such manufactured goods as radios, electrical appliances, clothing, and sporting goods, the salespeople are to be stimulated to greater efforts through commissions on sales. In this way money will revert to the state bank, and slowly but surely the present inflated condition of the internal currency should rectify itself.

So, although the worker is subject to some food rationing, he is by no means kept at the starvation-point. Far from it. Furthermore, everything is being done to encourage the worker and his family to eat at the state-operated *stolovarias* (restaurants or cafeterias). Here he gets an ample meal for very little money. For example, at Asbest or Sverdlovsk a typical meal would consist of a fish or meat soup, always served with hunks of fish or meat in it, a fish or meat stew with rice, potatoes, carrots, and some green vegetable, black or perhaps "gray" bread, a *sliatky* (sweet) such as pudding or gelatine with conserves, and finally tea. Butter and sugar were "deficit" commodities and not served, but in January they again made their appearance. Such a meal would cost sixty to seventy-five kopeks (about thirty cents on a gold basis). In addition to the cafeterias, restaurants, and hotels, all of which are run by the state, there are mechanized bread and cake bakeries of the most modern type, where food is also served. Finally, nearly all the workers at Asbest may augment their food supply by produce from their own gardens and by purchases from the peasants who come into the "bazaar" daily to sell their surplus at open-market prices.

Very interesting to me were the special restaurants for children only. Milk, eggs, cocoa, cereals, and the like are always available in these special eating places for children. I was also interested in the apparent lack of certain vitamin-producing foods and, following the shortage of live stock which resulted from the resistance of the peasants to too rapid collectivization last spring, the shortage of fats. Nevertheless, one thing which impressed itself strongly upon my mind was the healthy appearance of the children, whether in the cities or in the country. The enforced educational system which affects every person in Russia under the new literacy laws stresses child welfare and hygiene. The children certainly are not being neglected in the Soviet Union.

The illiterate workers as well as the children are compelled to attend school. Practically all the mills and factories are equipped with classrooms, and it is a fascinating sight to see the workers after their shift is finished—some of them with beards to their chests—poring over their ABC's and three R's. The health and hygiene clinics also present an interesting aspect of life in Russia today. At Asbest three hospitals have just been completed, the largest with 120 beds, equipped with the most modern surgical and medical facilities. In the cities the hospitals rank with those to be found in any other country. An American engineer acquaintance of ours who had just come up from Georgia had his wife and child ill with typhoid in the hospital in Moscow. Though they were critically ill when they reached the hospital, the attention they received there was of such high order that they both fully recovered. My friend was loud in his praises of the facilities and the treatment. Even in small places medical attention and hygiene are excellent.

Drinking was still prevalent everywhere I went in Russia. The government, through its state-trust distilleries, wineries, and breweries, now controls the manufacture and sale of all spirits. The beer is of low alcoholic content, probably not over 3½ to 4 per cent. The wines are extremely palatable, and are labeled according to well-known foreign vintages. The worker, however, contents himself mainly with beer and vodka. *Kvass,* a mildly fermented cereal beverage, is widely consumed and corresponds roughly to our near-beers. Vodka is a generic term. It may be distilled from wheat or other cereals, from apples or other fruit, from plain sugar, and so on. It is practically the same as grain alcohol, was formerly sold at 100 proof or higher, and now averages about 40 to 45 per cent alcohol by volume. The better grades are not bad, to our taste, *zubrovka,* for example, having a delicate taste of the sweet or buffalo grass from which it derives its name. The ordinary types, however, such as are supplied to the workmen (but never on pay days!), are quite as unpalatable as our grain alcohol and are usually drunk with a bit of citrus rind or apple therein. Tremendous educational efforts are being made to eliminate drinking from the life of the peasant and worker. Everywhere, in every station, every hotel, every factory, one sees forceful posters depicting some phase of the drink evil. Most of the younger generation won't touch alcohol in any form, and I have seen the Young Pioneers (the Communist Boy Scouts of Russia) many times attempting to restrain some grown-up from over-indulgence.

As Asbest there are three movie houses, or *kinos,* as they are called. When these are not being used for the frequent "meetings," or for G. P. U. trials, or "spectacles" (in which the worker shows off his histrionic talents), one can see movies and sometimes good ones. They are of the silent type, usually on a revolutionary or propaganda theme, and occasionally outstanding in technique. The acting is invariably of a high order.

Eight Who Must Not Die

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ON March 24 last seven young white men and two girls dressed in men's overalls hopped a slow freight moving south along the Memphis and Charlotte Railroad in northern Alabama. Already on the freight were a crowd of young Negro boys—some stories say as many as nineteen or twenty, not riding together but distributed along the various cars of the train. A couple of men along the way as the train passed saw that a fight was going on between Negroes and whites. Since they were some distance away they could not distinguish the faces of the boys and were not able, of course, to identify them later. But in the course of the fight the white men were thrown off the train, all but one who landed between two cars and was dragged back to safety by one of the Negroes. The men who were thrown off were not too much injured to rush to the nearest station at Steventon, tell their story to the telegraph operator, and have a wire sent to the train a station or two up ahead. By the time the train reached Paint Rock, Alabama, it was met by the sheriff and his deputies, all the Negroes who were on board—twelve by now—were taken off, the two girls in overalls were likewise removed, and the whole party was taken to the Scottsboro jail.

At this point the stories of the affair begin to differ. One account declares that the girls were in a fainting condition, sobbing, speechless, having evidently been subjected to some horrible experience. Another describes them as quite calm and not disposed to make any charges against the Negro boys until after they had conferred with the white officials and learned that young ladies who ride unchaperoned with Negro youths in freight cars must of necessity consider themselves raped, and raped they thereupon decided they had been. Whatever the truth, the girls were examined shortly after they left the train by two physicians in Scottsboro, who found them in good physical condition, not bruised, not fainting, not, apparently, seriously affected by whatever experience they had passed through. There were evidences of sexual intercourse but indications that it had taken place some hours before. They were mill girls, one a little over twenty, one a little under; the older one had been divorced. The fact that they had been bumming a ride in men's clothes would perhaps indicate, even without the subsequent information about them that came to light, that they were at least somewhat casual in their dealings with young men. But by the time the newspapers got around to reporting the story, it had taken on considerable local color. The Chattanooga *Times* for March 26 declared:

> And as her story [that of Victoria Price, the older of the two] was being unfolded, the Negroes were telling jokes in another part of the bastile. Nasty jokes, unafraid, denying to outsiders they were guilty, laughing, laughing, joking, joking, unafraid of the consequences, beasts unfit to be called human.

At this point it had been established to the satisfaction of local officials and the populace that the girls had been subjected to a fiendish series of assaults by nine of the young Negroes, three of the twelve taken from the train having somehow escaped. Again, according to the Chattanooga *Times,* "the crime was one of the most horrible ever perpetrated in the United States, and both Jackson and Madison counties are aroused to an extent that justice will be demanded when the fiends are put to trial." The girls declared that their clothes had been torn from their bodies, that they had been attacked each by six Negroes, that all of them were armed with knives except two who had guns, that the assaults were actually perpetrated while their assailants had weapons in their hands. It was evident that feeling against the Negroes, never deeply sleeping, was thoroughly and dangerously aroused.

On March 30 a grand jury returned indictments for rape against the nine boys. Rape in Alabama is punishable with death, although the extreme penalty is invoked rarely, and then against Negroes charged with rape of white women. A week later, April 6, was the date set for the trial, it being also the day for horse-swapping in the community, when large crowds would naturally assemble at Scottsboro courthouse. It was evident that the whole matter would be soon over. Meanwhile two things happened: the Governor sent down a detachment of the National Guard to protect the prisoners—the soldiers with fixed bayonets were able to keep an interested mob from taking matters into its own hands; and a Chattanooga lawyer, Stephen Roddy by name, was asked by the Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance, at the instigation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to undertake the defense. When the trial opened, the judge designated the seven available members of the Scottsboro bar to defend the prisoners. Six of them made excuses; the seventh, Milo Moody, accepted the case. Mr. Roddy was also present, but declared he was only assisting the lawyer for the defense. This was because he was unfamiliar with the particularities of Alabama legal procedure, wished to be associated with a local attorney, and knew that if he were announced as officially engaged for the defense Moody would quit the case, being no longer obligated to engage in it. Two of the boys were tried separately ahead of the rest. They were the oldest of the lot, one of them having actually attained to the ripe age of twenty. The trial took a day, the jury was out an hour and a half. A crowd of 10,000 persons—which in a little town of something over a thousand inhabitants is quite a crowd—was milling around the courthouse, waiting to hear the verdict. When the jury returned, a great hush descended over the mass of waiting people—mostly men, for women and children had by order of the judge been excluded from the courtroom. The Chattanooga *Times* is once more eloquent:

> Thunderous applause late this afternoon greeted a Jackson County grand [*sic*] jury's verdict of guilty for Charlie Weems and Clarence Norris, Negro hobos, who were convicted of attacking a white girl. . . . Hardly had the echoes of the trial died away until the trial of Haywood Patterson, Chattanooga Negro, charged with the same offense, was resumed.

The *Times* might have added that a brass band, mysteriously evoked from nowhere, entertained the uproarious multitude with the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" immediately after the verdict was announced. The jury which was trying to reach a decision on seventeen-year-old Haywood Patterson at the moment must have been considerably aided in its deliberation. Although it is probable that a local jury, chosen under such circumstances, needed little outside aid.

The rest of the trial proceeded in due course. Eight of the boys were found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. The ninth, a lad of fourteen, was too young for the death sentence. The State asked for life imprisonment. But seven of the jurors held out for death anyway, and the judge declared a mistrial. Only Victoria Price was willing to identify the defendants. Ruby Bates, the other girl, confessed that she could not do so. No other identification was made. Mrs. Price's testimony was conflicting throughout. Yet she was positive that the nine very black youths whom, presumably, she had never set eyes on before, were the ones out of the crowd on the train who had attacked her and her companion, although of course she was almost beside herself while she was trying vainly to defend her person from them.

On the whole the boys told a straightforward story. They had been on the train. Some of them had not even been in the freight car in which the fracas took place. Some of them had taken part in it—one of them, the youngest, Roy Wright, was the one who had reached out a hand and kept the white youth from falling beneath the cars. They had done nothing to the girls. Because they had not, they had not thought it necessary to leave the train as half a dozen Negroes did, though they, too, had ample opportunity to do so before it was stopped. The fact that they did not leave the train affords, on the whole, the strongest presumption of their innocence. For why a Negro, even a Negro of low intelligence as these boys evidently are, who has committed an attack on a white woman should remain at the scene of his crime when he has opportunity to leave it is a question that no rational person can answer.

The execution of the eight boys convicted was set for July 10. Hearing on a motion for a new trial, postponed to June 5, automatically sets aside this date. The boys are in Kilby Prison near Montgomery. They are too ignorant and bewildered to be aware of the legal steps that are being taken to save them. But steps are being taken: Competent lawyers have been hired for the defense by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and by the International Labor Defense. Application for appeal to a higher court will be made in due form and when proper. It is altogether possible that the Alabama Supreme Court will reverse the verdict and order a new trial. The basis for this assumption is the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Arkansas cases that a trial in a court dominated by mob influence is not due process of law. Mr. Roddy was astute enough to put on the stand a commander of the National Guard and a local court official who testified that the demonstration after the first verdict in the courtroom and outside the courthouse was of such a nature as to have been overheard by the jurors who served in the seven subsequent cases. This testimony is part of the record.

The case has a number of complicated features, most of them the result of the dual defense. Both the Negro and the Communist organizations were early in the field; it is a matter of dispute, although it makes no difference, which was first. But efforts by both have been made to induce all the boys to allow their defense to be conducted by one of the groups and not the other, which has only confused the issue. It would be far simpler to combine forces, and probably far better from the standpoint of the boys' safety. Moreover, the tactics of the International Labor Defense, in line with its conduct of any part of the class struggle, are not calculated to appease Southern officials, from the governor down, or to predispose them in favor of Negro defendants. Categorical demands to free the boys at once, sent in droves of telegrams to various public officers, while undoubtedly good class-war tactics, are more likely to be irritating than otherwise effective. The point that should be at issue is that eight boys, black or white, seven of them under twenty years of age, should not die for a crime that they did not commit, and if they did not commit a crime, should receive the benefit of every legal safeguard to protect their rights and their lives. Unseemly squabbles among persons trying to defend them help them not at all. The sincerity of the defenders may be tested by their willingness to drop all their private disgruntlement, for whatever reason, and bend every effort unswervingly to the task of seeing that justice is done.

Finally, what of the persons immediately concerned in the case? The two girls were casuals, young women whose reputation is, to put it mildly, not of the best. Efforts of the defense attorney to discredit them at the trial were mostly circumvented, but enough was read into the record to make their testimony dubious. They are locally well known as prostitutes, supplementing their miserable wages as mill workers by the only other occupation they know. The nine Negro boys are likewise casuals. None of them can read or write. All have unsavory reputations. They have been accused of various petty crimes—gambling, thieving, more or less harmful mischief in general. They are not noble characters; it is a safe guess that not one of them will ever amount to much. They are the products of ignorance, of the most wretched and extreme poverty, of dirt, disorder, and race oppression. Yet there is no reason in the world why they should not have every legal right accorded to the finest and most cultivated person in the land. They are poor and ignorant and irresponsible. All the more should the state protect them, all the more should every device of the courts and every safeguard of the law be invoked to the end that justice be served. No picture in recent annals of lawbreaking is more touching than that of these eight very black boys in the death cells in Alabama. They are kept two in a cell; they gratefully receive gifts of candy and cigarettes. With the irrepressible gaiety of their race, they can laugh and joke in the shadow of the electric chair. Yet they are in essence bewildered. "We don't know the rights of it all, Boss, or who ought to help us; we just want to get out of here." This is about all they can say, about as far as they can think.

It is worth while, as a last word, to consider for a moment to what sort of world they will get out, if they do get out. Earnest persons who want to help somewhere and do not quite know how might ponder this point. They will reenter a world of poverty, ignorance, and race repression. Their chances of being in it a credit either to themselves or to their country are not large. Their chances even of living out their lives peaceably and dying in their beds are not large. They are the children of violence, and it is altogether likely that violence will overtake them in the end.

In the Driftway

AN "old newspaperman himself" objected at length to the Drifter's interpretation of the popularity of the circus as a satisfying sublimation of human desires and frailties. The letter, while it came long ago, is still good. In fact, it is better than it was, since at this moment summer is leading out the painted caravans along the dusty roads, and the mind of many a small boy is preoccupied with the caverns of thirst known as elephants.

> I am not doing this because of an itch to write [the letter goes]. When a fellow has finished eight years of tough breaks on a Republican daily the glamor of type fades to a gray blur on an uncertain horizon. But I do object to your interpretation of the Lillian Leitzel number. As one who trooped with a modern tent aggregation—sixty acts, count 'em, sixty—I was privileged to get a sore back, a twisted shoulder, several broken teeth, and a damaged conscience. (Yes, even the "reserved seat" circuses must resort to chiseling to send something home to mother and little Abie two or three times a month.) What I am trying to say is that the circus is the reason why in olden times actors and jugglers were a proscribed caste, to be driven, like their brethren the gipsies, out of town at sundown.
>
> The day's routine of an average circus even in our day is a routine of beastliness, ugliness, hatefulness, with a type of cynicism that says in effect: Here, public, is what you really pay to see—hard guys, tough babies who can take it on the chin and pretend it doesn't hurt. The circus is never beautiful. My first reaction to a circus (at the unbelievable age of four and a fraction) was one of fear instead of delight. But that may have been due to a natural trait common to all Semites. The performers were unreal persons whose strength was something to avoid, and the wire-walkers a species of serpent with legs. As to the lower mammals and lesser carnivora, I shut my eyes more than once while my parents tugged at my new velvet coat in the mistaken belief that sleep and not fear accounted for the seeming indifference.
>
> Early in the Gamaliel dynasty when the doughty Mr. Hays was ordering the brave marines to shoot train-hoppers on sight, I trooped with one of America's biggest shows on earth. The twenty dollars a month and rations looked like a fortune at a time when, as during the present "recession," jobs were prized like heirlooms in New England. The first day out I confirmed the impression I had had on the occasion of my first circus treat. Everything was beastly, cruel, hateful. Trainers were harsh, the tighted ladies tough and juiceless, the property bosses, like a Boston judge, believed all hired help to be ex-convicts and gunmen joining up to dodge detectives until trails grew cold.
>
> The "management" never once took the word of the cashiers; the latter never once relaxed vigilance over the "choppers." Short-changing, dipping, petty nickel-snatching, as well as major theft, were everyday business. The "artistes," possibly in self-defense, formed their own little band of saboteurs, racketeers, agents-provocateurs to get their three square meals daily from the bosses.
>
> As for the canaille that came in thousands to pay double price for something that was inferior in quality to any second-rate drama, I concluded they came only to see something they could not find anywhere else, namely, the organized cruelty of men beating animals and men beating one another. The mob, I felt sure, knew that the "artistes" on their lofty and perilous perches were driven to their jobs as surely as any cat is driven to its little shelf in the cage. The circus, I said (to myself, of course), was man's last exhibition of unrestrained jungle play. That's what made it good pay. Men are still savage and will pay to be reminded of that fact.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has neither the argument nor the inclination to deny anything his correspondent has said about the circus, though he feels secure—and happy too—in maintaining that most children see the circus as a beautiful and delightful rather than as a fearful spectacle. If the Drifter were a cynic he might go so far as to say that the circus is in its reality no more gross or unsavory than most of the glamorous toys the world admires and covets. But that is an ancient comment, and, besides, the Drifter is not a cynic. He cannot agree with the last paragraph of the letter, however. He admits that men have a strong hangover of savagery buried not so deeply within them, but he thinks it can find very little satisfaction in a circus. The cruelty in a circus is not apparent enough. It finds much more obvious and much more satisfying expression in murder and in the general run of gangster activities. The columns of a newspaper, just between one old newspaperman and another, have more appeal to the savage in all of us than any circus could possibly have.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Millennium—Why Not?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For ten years big business has been the government. For half a century before that it was the larger part of the government. Today the enormously complicated administrative vehicle it has been building up ever since the Civil War is out of gear and threatening an absolute collapse. Will big business ever bring "glad, confident morning" again in these United States? Has it not been utterly discredited and exposed? Is it not today bankrupt of leadership and naked to its enemies? Can even the greatest of engineers and the second greatest Secretary of the Treasury restore its prestige?

What is the alternative to its restoration, to another cycle of factitious and arthritic prosperity followed by another breakdown with its bread lines and its suicides? Must Americans turn their backs on the individualism of their forefathers and call agrarianism, socialism, or communism to the rescue? Before resorting to such means, why not get away from the doctrines and methods of big business by adopting an opposite philosophy—one founded not on pelf and power, but on freedom, justice, and humanity, and on the recognition that the world is now so small that all prosperity, if it is to endure, must have an international basis? Why not adopt the following platform for a libertarian and cosmopolitan party?

1. Absolute free trade.
2. Unrestricted immigration.
3. Cancelation of war debts.
4. Relegation of liquor control to the States.
5. Minority representation.
6. Protection of Negroes in their constitutional rights.
7. Immediate independence for the Philippines and noninterference with Latin American or any other nations.
8. Enactment of a constitutional amendment providing for the immediate induction into office of the newly elected President and Congressmen.
9. Continuous prosecution of public works on an adjustable scale, capable of vast enlargement during emergencies.
10. Taxation of the unearned increment of land.

This may be a program for the millennium, but why not think it over?

Brooklyn, May 10 F. Wells

In Defense of Surveys

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Gustavus Adolphus Steward exhibits rather more spleen than understanding in his article Among Those Surveyed in *The Nation* of May 6. I cannot leave it unnoticed since I was implicated in three of his references: first, by my connection with Ohio State University, the reference to which, so far as I know, was inaccurate; second, as the letterhead chairman of the Interracial Seminar, which I was unable to accompany; and, third, as a contributor to the book published last year by Charles Johnson.

"Exploratory visits" are the beginning of a change of attitude and a stimulus to fact-finding. If one accepts the prevailing attitude in the South, a visit to Tuskegee is a revelation which cannot fail to have enlarging emotional possibilities. A visit to Negro business concerns may be a constructive shock to those who have seen only Negro janitors. Today I am taking a large class to have tea at the house of a Negro physician. For those who think tea will be tasteless if drunk co-racially, it is a genuine education to try it. The Interracial Seminar was for the same purpose.

The survey method is immature, but human relations are very complicated and intangible, so that the trial-and-error method must be used before the right technique is discovered. The book of Charles Johnson gathered facts. They may be uninteresting, but they are at least facts and available. Mr. Steward asks two questions: What has become of the facts so far gathered, and what good do they do? A vast store of information has been collected. Undoubtedly money and time have been wasted in the search for valid and important material. This is true in every research, but one discovered fact may justify the whole cost. Correlations between living conditions of Negroes and morbidity and crime have been the starting-points of new community policies. This race material is still in process of being understood.

Criticism is valuable, but such a sweeping indictment as Mr. Steward's is merely misleading.

Columbus, Ohio, May 4 Herbert A. Miller

Books for Trotzky

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have a letter from Leon Trotzky stating that in the fire which burned down the house he was living in all his books were lost. Among them were many which had been sent to him by American authors. He is making a special study of American economic and social life and of American thought, and is greatly hindered by the absence in Constantinople of any library. Now that his own books are destroyed, the case is rather desperate.

It has occurred to me that a letter in *The Nation* would serve to notify most of the authors who have sent him books that another copy would be a timely gift. Those who have written something that they think Trotzky really ought to read have now a unique opportunity!

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 30 Max Eastman

The Tariff Commission Again

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Much has been said for and against the creation and operation of the Tariff Commission, but the one event that has significance in the operations of that body has been little discussed publicly. On the ground that the commission had not paid enough attention to the effects of last year's drought President Hoover rejected its recommendations for a decrease in duty on three agricultural products. The comparison of the original recommendation for a 50 per cent reduction in duty with the accepted final decrease, if any, when the commission again submits its report, may be interesting.

The creation of the commission was widely spoken of as a forward step. It took the tariff out of politics, provided a fact-finding body. True, the President reserves the right to veto the commission's recommendations. In that we sense a slight discrepancy in reasoning, since the commission with its well-organized staff of experts would hardly overlook any important factor that might cause a rejection of its findings. We may, however, for purposes of control, consider the power of veto well vested. Anyone dealing with the Tariff Commission gets usually the impression that its staff is interested in tackling the problems on hand with an open mind and a fact-finding spirit.

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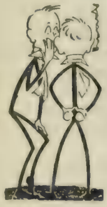

A Reminder

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

It is hardly new to state that the Tariff Commission is compelled to work upon an uneconomic basis—that of trying to sell but not to buy abroad. Equalization of costs of production along American standards does not lessen the demand for a product. It does serve to increase often the cost to the consumer, thereby benefiting only the middleman rather than the original producer for whom the tariff was apparently devised. We find, however, that in spite of varying ideas and points of view, foreign governments have willingly cooperated with the Tariff Commission to help it accomplish its tasks fairly for all concerned. They have accepted, also, its findings with fine sportsmanship.

In every investigation by the Tariff Commission one thought is paramount when establishing a comparison of costs of production. This is that weighted representative figures for a period of years must be taken into consideration. This was probably done when reductions on the three products were being considered. Yet the reductions were rejected on the ground that insufficient attention had been paid to conditions prevailing in one single year. It therefore leaves these alternatives: the commission must either bargain in considering the new percentage of reduction, or admit that as a fact-finding body it failed to note a factor important enough in itself to throw out any conclusions arrived at by the study of conditions over a period of years. The implications of the question are self-evident, when we consider that everyone here and abroad has pinned his hope on the ability of the commission to act as a capable, thorough, scientific, and independent fact-finding body. The immediate reaction to these recent developments among the people who have dealings with that body has been a sense of futility and hopelessness. But a lack of confidence in the independence of the Tariff Commission will not help matters.

At the present time the United States may act on the theory that countries abroad feel the economic pinch acutely, that their complaints may go unheeded, and that economic pressure may yet be used. It will do well to keep in mind, however, that silence does not necessarily mean a lack of opinion, and that every country has statutes that can be brought forward when necessary for its existence. It is good business policy not to irk our friends overmuch.

Washington, May 15 JOSEPH GIBERNAU

Contributors to This Issue

EDMUND DUFFY is the winner of the Pulitzer prize for the best cartoon of 1930.

BEATRICE WEBB, one of the most distinguished living students of social conditions, is the author, jointly with her husband, Lord Passfield, of "The History of Trade Unionism," "English Local Government," and many other standard works.

WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER, an authority on the technology of asbestos mining and milling, with extensive practical and executive experience in North America, since 1929 has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

DAVID MORTON is professor of English at Amherst College.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is a member of the department of political science at the University of Chicago and author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917."

V. F. CALVERTON is the editor of "The Making of Man: An Outline of Anthropology."

Books, Art, Music, Drama

Winter's End

By DAVID MORTON

From some old need of seeing things in bloom,
I watch the young girls strolling down the spring,
Where green earth and blue sky have built a room
That holds not anywhere a lovelier thing
Than these slow forms of languor and delight,
Who laugh or sigh, not knowing what they do,
And sway and bend and turn or left or right
For no more cause than that the sky is blue.

And I might travel far and find much less
Of spring's ambiguous gesturing over the earth,
Than these cool shapes that light airs color and press,
So tentative and vague I count their worth
In tinted mists that are the first spring flowers
On dim horizons that we watch for hours.

Another Book About Himself

)*awn.* By Theodore Dreiser. Horace Liveright. $5.

SURELY since the beginning of time no writer has been more impervious to criticism, for good or for ill, than this Theodore Dreiser. In spite of his final popularity is work has never lost any of the merits with which it began, or, in spite of mountains of adverse and friendly criticism, ny of the faults. His style, the despair of all right-thinking eople, grows, if anything, worse with each book. In all the 89 pages that make up this autobiography of his early youth, here is not one that will not irritate a reader who has any espect for the common decencies of prose. What an array of erbless, battered, broken-backed sentences! He writes hardly paragraph that is not stuffed with such amateurish asides to he reader as "you may be sure," or "if you please," or "as ou may well guess." He is vague where he ought to be preise and pedantically precise where precision is pointless. He eems to have only the haziest ideas about the meanings of vords. He tells us that he was "*literally* blazing physically." He describes masturbation as "this *exotic* practice." His hrases are sometimes downright illiterate: "His work was lainly like he was." Often what ought to be simple narrative entences are so equivocal that one actually cannot tell what e means. Apologists for Dreiser's writing have told us that he man is too passionately in earnest to be bothered with the nere embroidery of style, too concerned with his message to are whether or not he delivers it gracefully. But such an exlanation will hardly do. For Dreiser frequently strains for he purple passage—usually of the Ingersoll school (see the aragraph on page 49, for example, beginning: "Come now, et us erect to youth an altar, and against the sapphire sea of ime set the scarlet flame of memory!"). He is continually rapped by the pretentious cliché, lured by the falsely elegant. A writer merely unconscious of style does not describe a man s being "frizzled as to his gray hair" or write that a family 'laughed and talked and jested betimes with whomsoever would ave to do with them." Closely allied to all this is his constant seudo-scientific jargon. As a child he is afraid to go into the lark woods. "Tell me, oh, physicists and chemists," he aposrophizes, "why so great a fear, so roiling a sensitivity, in a hysical chemism four or five years of age?" As a youth, in the presence of a prostitute he finds himself "ecstasized sensorially." And this is what happens when he returns after his first few months at college:

> Approaching Chicago and my own home, I experienced, for the first time in my life, I think, a sense of change in myself—something more toward individuality—the intense centripetal integrality of the same—as opposed to what hitherto might have been looked upon as a merged or group feeling—integrality with the other members of my family and home—my mother, of course, the central centripetal star of the same and one not to be affected, let alone reduced or modified in any way.

One can explain why such a sentence is appalling, but surely not by saying that Dreiser is too unpretentious, too concerned with bald simplicity or common straightforwardness, to trouble about anything so fancy or unimportant as style.

Nearly all critics have regretted Dreiser's prolixity. In the present book the prolixity grows almost fabulous. There are nearly 300,000 words, the equivalent of four or five novels of ordinary size, and they carry his projected autobiography only up to his nineteenth or twentieth year. But Dreiser has carried this vice to so great a length that it becomes one of his outstanding merits. Say what you will, our experiences impress us and remain with us, other things being equal, in proportion to their duration, and no one who has read this book through is likely soon to forget it. In its mere prolixity lies much of its remarkably convincing quality. It is crowded with pointless and irrelevant details and episodes; but so is life. It is enormously repetitious; but so is life. It makes a hundred false starts; again and again we are told of an experience, or of the expectation of an experience, that seems about to lead somewhere, but that in fact leads nowhere—as in life. In his recital Dreiser seems to use no principle of selection whatever. And neither does life. Seeing everything on all sides, and again and again, as the author saw it, the reader comes to feel that he has almost lived through this career himself.

But with this Dreiser has other and less dubious virtues which have always given his work its real distinction—an astonishing memory, amazing eyes for details, for character, and for physical scenes, an immense curiosity and awareness regarding all things of common interest, a profound sense of the wonder and mystery of life. As a boy he seemed to have a "life-hunger" that swallowed everything with indiscriminate greediness. "Would that I were able to suggest in prose," he writes at one point, "the throb and urge and sting of my first days in Chicago." But he does just that. He leaves us a memorable picture of the Chicago of those days, with its streets and sidewalks built up from four to six feet above the land level, the dirty, narrow, and traffic-laden Chicago River, the rats overrunning the city, the slums worthy of the art of a Hogarth, and everything, apparently, "a source of wonder and delight" to him.

To crown all, there is Dreiser's intense sincerity and unparalleled candor, surely the greatest single merit that any autobiographer can have. And in that merit he is comparable to Pepys, Rousseau, and Boswell; certainly his confessions ring truer than Rousseau's. I do not believe he ever attributes any motives to himself loftier than those he actually had, or attempts to make any situation more glamorous than it really was. What we see is a moony boy, not over-fond of work, full of vague day dreams, with no practical or definite aim in life, brought up in depressing poverty, given a hopelessly inadequate formal education, first at various Catholic schools whenever his parents could afford to pay for it, then at public school; later drifting from job to job—newsboy, dish-washer in a filthy Greek restaurant, stove polisher, helper in a large hardware establishment; finally taken out of all this for a year by a Miss Simpson, one of his former public-school teachers who seemed to detect possibilities in him and paid his expenses to the State university; then drifting through various jobs again—real-estate helper, laundry-wagon driver, and instalment collector, a job from which he was dismissed for holding back $25. And always, even as a boy, his great preoccupation, his great obsession, was sex. "The hot fire nature had lighted in my body . . . harried me from hell to hell." For his passion was constantly thwarted—by poverty, by a conviction that his appearance was shabby and unimpressive, by a fixed belief that he had made himself impotent by self-abuse, and by an almost incredible awkwardness, bashfulness, and mental and lingual paralysis in the presence of women and girls.

If Dreiser does not spare himself, neither does he spare anyone else. Few autobiographers, surely, have treated their immediate family as he has. He pictures it as "peculiarly nebulous, emotional, unorganized, and traditionless." His father is everywhere made to appear as a pietistic and conventionally moral Catholic bigot. He tells how his brother Paul, the song-writer, forged a check in his father's name, was suspected of robbing a store, was thrown into jail twice, and later lived with a woman who kept a house of prostitution. He tells of his brother Rome's constant drunkenness, disappearances, and vandalism. To be sure, he changes the names of his sisters, but he tells of the promiscuity of one or two of them, and of how Amy brought disgrace on the family when it lived in a small town by becoming pregnant. Only his mother comes out consistently well by the ordinary moral standards. When he mentions his own sexual adventures or those of others, he almost invariably mentions the real name (so far as the reader can make out) of the girl involved, together with her town, her neighborhood, or the business firm for which she worked. Many of these women are now presumably the mothers of grown families: let us sincerely hope that none of their husbands, children, friends, or enemies chance to read this book. The conventional morality which Dreiser so much despises calls the man who does this sort of thing a cad or a bounder; but we must remember that in autobiography or reminiscence the vices of the man are the virtues of the writer. It is this unparalleled candor, perhaps more than anything else, that will keep this book alive.

Dreiser's curiously crude and naive philosophy remains as unmodified as his style. He cannot help stopping every once in a while for a bitter denunciation of the Catholic church. He is constantly deriding "morality," but his own notions on the subject are in the highest degree vague and superficial. Ethics he describes as "purely minor group arrangements having no relationship to the larger movements and positive and dominating forces of the universe." If by the "larger movements" he is alluding to such things as the orbit of Halley's comet, he is, one can only suppose, correct; but ethics might still have some slight importance for mankind. At another point his condemnations become more sweeping, involving, indeed, the whole "visible scheme of things." "What," he shouts, "cooking, eating, coition, job holding, growing, aging, losing, winning, in so changeful and passing a scene as this, important? Bunk!" But he does not seem to have troubled to ask himself, Important to whom? Not to that distant cloud of suns called the Milky Way, perhaps; but reasonably so to ourselves. One is tempted to inquire exactly what Dreiser's definition of importance is. What determines importance? Who confers importance? But we need not enter upon these metaphysical subtleties, for Dreiser's own huge works of fiction and autobiography are sufficient evidence that he himself regards even the pettiest details of life as of immense importance, else he could not have gone to such pains to record them. By "morality," moreover, one soon discovers, Dreiser means exactly what the man in the street means—conventional (usually Victorian) *sexual* morality. He excuses all sex lapses, no matter what their results, and many shortcomings of other kinds, on the ground that men and women are poor, irresponsible "chemisms." But he is hardly more consistent here than elsewhere, for on his last page he admits that in the individual's conduct the interests of "organized society" may sometimes have to be considered, and he speaks of the 50 per cent profit of his instalment-company boss, and of a "petty little beast" of a Catholic priest, in terms that sound to me strangely like those of moral indignation.

Yet the final marvel, of course, is not that there is still so much that is crude and callow in Dreiser, but that, in the teeth of the early environment he pictures here, he managed to survive with the astonishing qualities he has. "I must have been a very deceptive person," he writes at one point, "seemingly mild, aimless, indifferent, dreamy—particularly in regard to trivial things and matters—whereas in reality, in regard to my own deepest currents and interests, at least, I could be adamant." And in this Gibraltar-like quality lies the main secret of the stature that Dreiser has attained among American writers.

HENRY HAZLITT

Soviet Recognition

Why Recognize Russia? By Louis Fischer. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

MR. FISCHER has here condensed and popularized the story of Soviet-American relations—or lack of relations. He draws heavily for his material upon the present reviewer's "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917," which he cites occasionally, and upon his own recently published work, "The Soviets in World Affairs," which he cites frequently. His new book, however, supplements rather than reiterates the content of the other volumes mentioned. It can only be described as a very large two dollars' worth and a necessary and useful piece of excellent journalism which deserves wide distribution.

Mr. Fischer might be described either as a journalist with scholarly inclinations or as a scholar with journalistic leanings. But the gods of the academic chairs are jealous gods and they will probably not admit Mr. Fischer as yet to the inner shrine, for all his footnotes and pretenses to erudition. His style is newspaper style. His history is a bit feeble, and his international law totters dangerously in places. The first sentence depicts the Soviet Union as one of the "six" great Powers, though by all reasonable standards of reckoning there are seven. The Fourteenth Amendment does *not* declare financial obligations of the kind involved in Russian-American relations "illegal and void." The "U. S. Privateer Alabama" was neither a privateer nor did it belong to the United States. Other errors of fact and reasoning are more numerous than they would have been if the author had given more time and care to the preparation of his work. But these are peccadillos and Mr. Fischer is not writing for historians nor for international jurists.

The real value of the book lies not in its summary of Soviet-American diplomacy nor in its treatment of the legal aspects of recognition, upon which others have written more fully and more illuminatingly, but in its admirable compilation of the lunacies of the anti-Bolshevik wowsers from Father Walsh and Matthew Woll to Ralph Easley and Hamilton Fish. These worthies are hoisted by their own petards and allowed to make themselves ridiculous by their own quoted statements, which are amusingly contrasted with those of Senator Borah, Ivy Lee, John Bassett Moore, and other advocates of Soviet recognition. It is untrue, however, as the cover blurb declares, that "the author makes no plea for recognition." He cries to the heavens for recognition—and rightly so, since all the arguments against it are nonsense. But Mr. Fischer would do well to recognize that all arguments are irrelevant and that the State Department remains in what he aptly calls "the rut of ancient stubbornness" not because of law or logic but because of the hysteria of bureaucrats and politicians, who require red herrings to distract public attention from their own ineptitude, and because of the inflexible determination of official Washington to make the world safe for capitalism. If logic and common sense play any part in the State Dpartment's Russian policy, evidence thereof has not as yet been forthcoming. Washington is moved only by considerations of cupidity and political expediency. Such considerations may be furnished by an enlightened public opinion, demanding that the Administration remove its head from the sand pile and take official cognizance of the largest country on earth and one of the best customers of the United States. Mr. Fischer has made a notable contribution toward creating such an opinion. He therefore deserves the thanks of all who may still have faith in the efficacy of organized intelligence in international relations.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Our Superstitious Sex Morals

Sin and Sex. By Robert Briffault. The Macaulay Company. $3.

IT is an odd and ironic fact that in a country in which sin and sex have been made so synonymous sin should be so popular and sex so taboo. The Puritans did not make it so. They made sin unpopular but not sex. They objected to certain violations of the sexual game, as they thought it ought to be played, but not to sex as a physical fact. Cotton Mather and Thomas Shepard wrote about sex with all the candor of Elizabethans. It was the Victorians who put sin into sex—and made what was so natural so abhorrent. The Puritan candor about sex became a vulgar recollection to the Victorians, who were kind enough to favor sex in private but denounced it in public. The effect of those denunciations is living with us yet. Despite the agitated antics of the flapper, the rise of nudity groups, and the passionate popularity of Sigmund Freud and Havelock Ellis, we have not yet escaped the sexophobic philosophy of our Victorian ancestors. We still insist, like the Englishmen and Americans of the last century, that sex is something to be experienced but not discussed—except by way of ribald joke or smutty allusion. Our universities touch the subject gingerly, or not at all. We remain subservient to church and politics on the vital question of birth control.

Robert Briffault's book "Sin and Sex" attacks all these sexophobic attitudes and the type of civilization that has created and continued them. It is far-and-away superior to the many volumes which have been written on this theme in recent years. While its approach is fundamentally sociological, it does not avoid the psychological implications of the problem. Briffault begins his analysis by tracing the origins of sexophobia to Christianity, and holds that it is only in Christian countries that morality has become primarily associated with sex. Attacking the "Adam-and-Eve anthropologists," especially Westermarck and Malinowski, he maintains that chastity did not exist as a concept among primitive and ancient peoples but was the invention of Christianity. Christianity, following in the path of Judaism, founded its moral code upon the authority of tradition instead of upon the authority of reason. The Greeks were the one people in ancient times, Briffault contends, who considered righteousness as relative instead of absolute. The Jews and Christians based their logic upon a categorical moral imperative which made it impossible for them to discuss sex in the same manner that one would discuss science. As a result of this religious absoluteness, Christian cultists, in their defense of righteousness, have become "the most pestilently unrighteous people in the world." With the advent of capitalism, Briffault observes, the vicious one-sidedness of Christian morality, with its overpowering sexophobia, has at last been clearly revealed. "Quick at suppressing literature," Briffault writes, Western morality is "slow at suppressing war; zealous in the abolition of obscene post cards, [it is] lukewarm in the abolition of obscene slums; active in putting down white slavery, [it is] but apathetic in putting down wage slavery; alert in preventing vice, [it is] but slothful in putting down starvation; shocked at clothing insufficient for purposes of modesty, [it is] but indifferent to clothing for purposes of warmth."

Briffault's whole argument in "Sin and Sex" is that we should base our morality upon reason instead of superstition. He indicates how impossible this has been in the past, because the very nature of our moral superstitions has thwarted the approach of reason. Our anthropolgists, our psychologists, and our social scientists in general have been so intimidated by the ethical taboos of our culture that they have been more interested in moral fictions than in amoral facts. As a consequence, nine-tenths of the theories which we commonly hold about the sexual life of man are false. The realization of the fact that the natural propensities of *homo sapiens* are promiscuous instead of monogamous means that we must understand at the very beginning that our present marital organization, with its economic motivation and legal coercions, is in conflict with biological impulses and not in harmony with them. "Monogamic patriarchal societies," the author states, "are particularly abnormal and monstrous in a biological sense." While this does not mean that we should live as primitives in order to be in harmony with our natural urges, it does mean that we must appreciate the conflict that exists between biological impulse and cultural ethic, and apply ourselves to the complicated and delicate task of resolving that contradiction.

V. F. CALVERTON

Who Was Jane Austen?

Jane Austen. By R. Brimley Johnson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

MR. JOHNSON subtitles his book "Her Life, Her Work, Her Family, and Her Critics." This is, of course, a very large order and one that in less than 300 pages should hardly be attempted without considerable intrepidity. But it is true that many things are already known about Jane Austen, and Mr. Johnson would hardly claim that he had done much more than bring them together in outline. He is, of course, an ardent admirer of his subject. He has faithfully studied all the records, he has assiduously read every word she ever wrote, he has consulted her descendants and their opinions of their great aunt. And in general it seems safe to say that he has completely failed to grasp the character of the woman he so deeply admires.

Jane Austen was above all else a wit. She is, indeed, one of the few wits among her sex whose works have endured. Except for that grace of wit she would have differed little from many women who had, with her, acuteness of observation and elegance of language to set it down. This is not to disparage her but to exalt her above other women novelists and most men. But it is a fact that her uncritical admirers often lose sight of in their obeisance to her undoubted genius. They, and Mr. Johnson is one of them, are at great pains to prove that Miss Austen as a person was all that was gentle, tender, good-tempered, kind-hearted, democratic—Mr. Johnson takes pains to show that she "was not a snob"—that she was, in short, unfailingly noble. It is true that her letters, sharp, stinging, full of the most pointed of criticism, can be offered as evidence of some quality in her other than sweetness. But Mr. Johnson explains, after quoting the famous phrase about the unfortunate lady, Mrs. Blount, who looked "exactly as she did in September, with the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband, and fat neck," from one of Jane's letters to Cassandra Austen, that it "was the author of 'Northanger Abbey,' not Jane Austen" who wrote those unkind if witty lines. This seems to be denying Jane Austen a quality that she possessed, if her letters are any proof, all her life, namely, malice. And so great was her skill that she could employ the weapon of malice delicately, delightfully, but without doubt to inflict a mortal wound. Mr. Johnson says incomprehensively of the letters: "They have not the sparkle of the novels . . . and make less attractive reading than those of many a less delightful author." I am willing to guess that they seem less attractive to him and to many of Jane Austen's admirers because they make her more the human being and less the saint without fault and without reproach that she has been described to be.

Aside from this worshipful attitude, which so tediously colors much of his book, Mr. Johnson has done some very careful work on the time of composition of the novels. He shows convincingly that "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice" were not actually written when their author was twenty-one and twenty-three years old, but were probably drafted then, carefully revised, and only completed in the form in which we have them a good ten years later. There are other matters which will be of interest to Jane-Austenites. There is much useful information about the Austen family circle, there are careful descriptions of the locale of the novels and of Miss Austen's occupations, as far as they are known, while she was writing them. In some ways, therefore, this is a valuable book; only as a portrait of a very rare woman and unique genius does it woefully fail of its purpose.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Ambrose Holt and Family. By Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

This novel about a poet who built up around himself a shell of persecution so that he could, by transcending it, feel noble, and his wife who, although her father and husband thought her a fool, was in reality "beauty" and "truth," suffers from the fault of much contemporary American fiction. It is too clear. Having involved her characters in a series of fairly complicated situations, and having endowed them with another series of conflicting ideas, emotions, and characteristics, Miss Glaspell steps forward calmly and with a steady hand sets them all straight, points out what sort of person each one "really" is, and leaves everything as right and tight as it can possibly be. Ambrose Holt is an easy-going, inspired ne'er-do-well who walked out on his wife and small son some twenty-five years before the story opens; he walks back as casually on his son, his daughter-in-law, and his two grandchildren. The son is a poet but is obliged by the exigencies of love, marriage, and a rich and prosaic father-in-law to be a success in the cement business; the daughter-in-law ought to be satisfied by her charming home, her two splendid children, her handsome and successful husband, her agreeable social life. But somehow she is not. She is not being herself. The advent of her father-in-law enables her, for the first time, to be herself, to quarrel in the most salutary manner with her husband, to resolve all their lives into a steady and presumably lasting relationship. Even the careless Ambrose, dead after his impetuous life, will persist in watching over her, so that she can still be the Harriette she wants to be, not the silly Blossom that everyone thinks her. If this flippancy seems unjust, Miss Glaspell has brought it on her own head. Her touch is light when she is not being didactic; her characters have many ingratiating qualities, her mise en scène is bright and attractive, she is in many ways a skilful writer. But she tells too much.

A Second Elizabethan Journal. By G. B. Harrison. Richard R. Smith. $6.

Mr. Harrison continues in this volume the work he began in "An Elizabethan Journal (1591-1594)." His scheme is, writing more or less in the first person, to construct such a record as any intelligent and informed Elizabethan might have left of the things most talked about in his world. The present volume goes from 1595 to 1598, and more will presumably follow. The documentation—literary, political, criminal, social—is careful, as the notes will prove, and the result is an exceedingly valuable picture of the England which Shakespeare, for instance, heard and beheld around him.

Unrest: The Rebel Poets' Anthology for 1930. Edited by Ralph Cheyney and Jack Conroy. Columbus, Ohio: Studies Publications. $1.

"Unrest" for 1930 resembles the unrest pictured in a number of other anthologies; the poems included are not any better or any worse than most poems attempting to bring about social and economic reform. The two editors inform us on the cover of the book that this particular collection is dangerous and should be suppressed. We cannot agree with them; there is too little good poetry here, too much sentimentalism for the book to arouse anyone to action. Although, generally speaking, poetry and propaganda do not merge, there have been, and yet may be, great poets moved to set down their reactions to an unjust world and to try to bring that world nearer to some perfection. The trouble is not with the amount of social unrest, but with the poets. Let there be better poets and an anthology of this kind will become "dangerous" and significant.

Easier Motherhood. By Constance Todd. The John Day Company. $2.

Mrs. Todd is rightly exercised over the unnecessary suffering of childbirth. She has been at great trouble to discover how generally this suffering is still permitted in the United States; she has made herself familiar, with scientific precision unusual in a layman, with the details of one of the methods of reducing the pains of labor; and she has made the most careful inquiry as to the extent to which this method has been adopted. The so-called Gwathmey technique, by which the most severe pains during childbirth are alleviated although there is no interference with the necessary muscular control, was first tried in the New York Lying-in Hospital some eight years ago. It has since spread to a number of hospitals and is used by many obstetricians throughout the country. Mrs. Todd's contention is that it is the simplest and most effective of all methods of alleviating labor pains, that it can be used by any general practitioner or midwife, that it is not expensive, and that hence it should be in universal use. The matter is perhaps not quite so simple as this; there are more obstacles in the way of using the method than her enthusiasm for it will admit, nor is it usable in as many cases. But there is no denying the necessity for a far wider acceptance of the general principle that some lessening of the agony of child-bearing is not only desirable but possible and safe. If her book will serve to attract the attention of prospective mothers to the subject, to give them confidence that something may be done for them and that some doctors are willing and able to do it, their demand on the medical profession will result in a changed attitude. Doctors—even some of the best of them—have been too long prone to regard the sufferings of labor as "natural," "inevitable," and "right." This point of view is changing more slowly than it should, and Mrs. Todd's book may very well be a long push in the right direction.

Plays of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century. Edited by Dougald MacMillan and Howard Mumford Jones. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

A well-printed and intelligently edited collection of twenty-four English plays from Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" to Kotzebue's "The Stranger" (in Benjamin Thompson's translation). No available collection better illustrates the history of the London stage during the period covered.

The Industrial Revolution in the South. By Broadus Mitchell and George S. Mitchell. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

This book is an admirable answer to the complacency and cruelty of those Southern chambers of commerce which advertise the South as the paradise of contented workers. It is written not by Northern agitators but by Southern economists who love and hate their homeland with the ambivalence of disillusioned native sons. The Mitchell brothers in a series of essays trace the rise of the cotton-manufacturing industry in the South, the birth of the labor movement, the great strikes at Elizabethton, Marion, and Gastonia, and the reaction of the new economic life upon culture and religion. They rejoice in the passing of the old South because it meant "luxury for a tiny minority" and "social starvation for a subjected majority," but they insist that the new South can never gain economic maturity while its workers get $11 a week and its manufacturers base their industrial policies upon egoism and sugar-coated philanthropy. In between the sections of solid economic analysis the authors have sandwiched some brilliant portraits of Southern types and a caustic comment upon the church.

Art

Caricature and Peggy Bacon

CARICATURE at its purest, "characature," is a very civilized sort of portraiture. Despite its ironism and exaggeration, it remains "a pictorial representation, through the emphasis of selected traits, of physical or mental characteristics; a representation of character through form." As such, it prerequires character in the subject and the capacity for the divination of character in the artist. Now, character and consciousness are both effects of high civilization. The ethical traits distinguishing individuals can scarcely fix themselves and grow dominant in a world without order, stability, values. As for the capacity to divine personality, to infer from traits of visage and conduct the virtues, vices, and passions in concordance with them, it certainly cannot be conceived unaccompanied by experience of life, and insight, sensitivity, sophistication. High civilization, in other words, is the very condition of "characature"; almost its creator.

Hence the scarcity of excellent work of this sort in America, where a civilization has not yet taken form. The grand American scene is curiously peopled with masks concealing fluid, uncertain, unknown beings. At times, to pass through your typically energetic, healthy, bright American crowd is to go among innumerable borrowed, second-hand, ill-fitting faces; wax imprints taken from heads that were parts and indicators of personalities, heroic personalities; now attached to organisms with which they have no relation, and upon which they lead a strangely abstract and parasitic existence. The blond flashing mask of Siegfried advances through the throng, clapped upon a sort of life and idea quite incongruous with it: perhaps the habits and ambitions of an automobile salesman. Cleopatra's and Lucrezia Borgia's dark, glamorous, fatal visages appear on gentle, timid girls; Gretchen's sweet flaxen countenance upon a person made of the finest bathroom porcelain. All the immensely characteristic archetypes present themselves, Byron's face, and Mephisto's, and the boy David's, and Mona Lisa's, and the Countess Potocka's; indeed, the entire historic, literary, and operatic repertory's: and yet we know that these expressions of passion and villainy, elfishness, inscrutability, devotion have a lesser kinship to the illustrious bundles of nerves and impulses after which we call them than a poor copy of a masterpiece has to the original painting, or the degenerate descendant of a great family to his puissant forebears. The new character has not yet developed; nature would appear to be marking time, waiting upon a new force or direction, a new organization of psychological traits, emptily repeating past expressions. Bare or almost bare of the sense of whatever it is they are, these perfectly amiable people exaggerate their superficial resemblances to past types, seizing upon the glass of a borrowed effect because the brilliance of an individuality, a character, is not theirs.

Of course, what commonly passes for caricature among us is not "characatural" at all. It is a mere amassing of objects of ridicule and distaste without artistic penetration, an overloading of portraits in the manner of Sinclair Lewis, an extreme exaggeration of peculiarities and defects. Each month the *New Masses* regales us with a banquet of pretexts for resentments; and even so diverting an art as Peter Arno's is not free of the effects of the tendency to "throw off" on people. The refreshment flowing from a show such as Peggy Bacon's recent one at the Downtown Gallery, with its sense of civilization, of advancing order and illumination, is therefore readily comprehensible.

For Peggy Bacon is that urbane thing, a witty portraitist, a natural "characaturist." One is obliged to return to the "material, relative, and absolute" caricatures of the brilliant and bitter Marius de Zayas to find examples of her sort of art more daring and distinguished than her own. And in the time that has elapsed since the appearances of these sparse masterpieces, no one has brought a greater wit and penetration to caricature than she, or expressed Aristophanic comedy through a happier artistic medium. Her spirit is ironical, but without malice. Her passionless vision finds neither grandeur nor exquisiteness in things, but chiefly a lavish clumsiness, a grand ineptitude. Her stage is full of uncouth, shaggy males charging at typewriters and drawing-boards with all the daintiness of stampeding elephants; of great masculine boots that manage to plant themselves fatally, irrevocably in the middle of white picnic cloths; of noses that are somehow too long and eyes and jawbones somehow too wide. She sees shortsighted critics innocently sticking their burning cigar ends into the paintings they are examining; she spies unfortunate masculine nostrils of a width and fierceness unable to produce anything but fright in the feminine observer, and beside them terrified eyeballs like panicky horses', communicating their own fright and intensifying the unfortunate effects of the grosser organs. Friendly visages come before her retina set upon bodies that grotesquely, platitudinously protrude; many kindly, attractive spirits compromised by some demon that will let nothing be quite successful, and makes all things quite pleasantly, pardonably, risibly, to fall short. Yet there is no ugliness in Miss Bacon's conceptions, but much good nature, patience, humor, a little weariness, and something which in unguarded moments verges dangerously closely upon tenderness. It is said that many of her well-known virile sitters have been disaffected by her portraits of themselves, accusing her of an overmastering desire to be funny. But that in itself is but another American subject for "characature."

All this sense of the personality and significance of people reaches her quite wittily, stenographically, in concentrated form. The color of an eye or a complexion, the play of fingers in a gesture, the knot of a horrid little butterfly necktie, have summarized a quality of life sharply and humorously for her. One of her most consummate portraits is built around a gilt chain hooking eyeglasses to an ear; and in that transit from glass to ear and back again, short as the trajectory of a Toonerville trolley, a whole dry academism, prissiness, impossibility has lain exposed before her. And all this quintessence of things is reproduced, recorded, expressed by her in the manipulations of her medium. Her feeling of things is directly communicated through it, reaching us like a physical presence, an object, in the play of line and hue. Miss Bacon is an able draftsman, a charming, often extremely gifted colorist. It is possible to regard the best of her pastels as paintings, and to be satisfied by their paint quality. Some of her portraits, such as the Charles Sheeler, the Murdock Pemberton, the Heywood Broun, the Kenneth Hayes Miller, and the Mrs. Halpert, are completed little works of art. And it is significant that she is most the artist where she is most true to the spirit of "characature." Her less interesting color effects usually are found in combination with her less subtle realizations of character, themselves in turn due to the interference of some antipathy, some personal feeling. Here, her gravest faults, such as a tendency to monotony in the handling of flesh, become obtrusive. Nor is it always the inferior subject which eludes her. Fortunately, she has a steady fund of sympathy, playful, mocking, wonderfully keen, whatever her critical sitters may say; large enough in any case to have given us distinguished examples of her rare and desirable form.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Music

The Bach Festival

IF the contending factions of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation stockholders would like to make a settlement out of court, I can recommend an excellent piece of institutional advertising to which a small fraction of the bonus money might well be devoted. Although the Bethlehem Bach Choir boasts the names of Schwab and Grace on its committees, they are really not getting their money's worth. For it is perfectly clear that whatever distinction the annual Bach festival possesses is to be credited to Dr. J. Fred Wolle, its conductor, and just as clear that its faults and lacks are due, chiefly, to the stinginess of its guarantors.

Just what these guarantors pay for is something of a mystery. Neither Dr. Wolle's salary nor his bonus, I take it, is an immense burden. The rent is free. The copies of the B-minor Mass can be used over and over again, since it is done every year. Eight or ten cantatas cannot be very expensive. Obviously not an extra cent is wasted on the orchestra, which reads nine-tenths of the music at sight, and manages to efface every memory of how it sounded last year. Obviously, too, the soloists are inexpensive; or, if they are not, the guarantors are being cheated. The church, moreover, is not small, and good money is charged for the seats, every one of which is always taken.

Mr. Schwab may be, as Will Rogers told him, "the greatest sucker on earth"; but in the case of the Bach festival he could be less of a sucker by being more of one. Of the million a year he has been putting into Bethlehem, very little, apparently, has crept up the hill to the festival.

The Bach Choir itself is in no way a disappointment. It is as good a chorus as I have ever heard, and this is the more remarkable when you remember that it is recruited locally and that its members are not even in contact with musical experience except by radio and through Dr. Wolle. For his part in the festival praise must be unqualified. Out of what is surely not exceptionally promising material, either vocally or musically, he has created a chorus of immense tonal resource and sensitive musicianship. His conducting is a compound of everything admirable: authority, imagination, fire, restraint, architectural sense, virtuosity in choral manipulation—he combines them all in proportions that leave little to be desired. Moments like the opening of the Kyrie and of the Sanctus, in the Bethlehem performance of the Mass, are all too rare. He can produce a stirring allegro that marches, as well as an immensely sonorous, leisurely, and alive adagio. The quality of his choir's tone is excellent, and its quantity great. It is accurate as to pitch and rhythm, precise in its diction, sensitive in its response to Dr. Wolle's suggestion.

Dr. Wolle, by the way, is the perfect example of the conductor whose work has been done almost completely in rehearsal, so that hardly anything more than his mere presence is needed to remind the chorus of what it is to do. This was particularly fortunate this year, as illness had weakened him to such an extent that he probably could not otherwise have gone through with it. It was, at the same time, particularly unfortunate as regards the orchestra and the soloists. Dr. Wolle, whose work is exclusively with one chorus, with which he is therefore intimately acquainted, has naturally some eccentricities of beat and the like which are well understood by the chorus, but which are at times not entirely clear to an unrehearsed orchestra. His tempi, too, sometimes diverge widely from habitual ones. Consequently orchestra musicians who are not forewarned must not be blamed for starting an *alla breve* movement twice as fast as is intended, as happened once, or for mixing things up generally, as happened very often. Why the local organist should get as much as two beats behind or ahead of the rest of the performance at times remains unexplained, and the lethargy of the first oboist should bar him from future festival appearances.

Not even rehearsals would save most of the soloists: some were worse than others, so perhaps there is no need to mention names. They were handicapped at the cantata program on Friday by having to sing English words to music that is intimately tied, both by sense and by rhythm, to German. But the original Latin of the Mass did not seem to help them much on Saturday. Why the Mass should be sung in Latin and the German cantatas in English, when some of the most expressive music of the latter is fitted to recitatives whose inflection determines its whole contour, perhaps Dr. Wolle can say. Translation of song texts is always and everywhere an unsatisfactory and an unmusical process; and it is nowhere more so than in Bach.

If the cantatas could be sung in the original, if the orchestra could agree on the tempo and the pitch, if the soloists could agree with the orchestra on both these matters and—if they must sing English—decide whether to sing "tern," "töhn," "tarn," or "torn" for "turn," and if everyone could go through all the music once or twice, say, before the performance, the festival would be even better than it is. That, even with its serious faults, it is so rich and deep an experience is due to the work of Dr. Wolle, alone and apparently almost unassisted.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Old Irish

THIS is the season when farces abound, for however dolorous and damp the spring may be there is always a summer coming during which loud, easy laughter will be in order. Not that such a demand is easy to meet. Now also is the time when the public decides just which farces out of so many will be allowed to live on into the hot months. Judging by the reception it got as early as its second night, Patrick Kearney's "Old Man Murphy" (Royale Theater) is already assured of life until cold weather comes again. But I should not be surprised if it ran a year or two. It is hard to imagine, short of plague or fire or the sinking of Manhattan, what would stop it. I have rarely heard such a volume of laughter as greeted this piece, and I have rarely been so much amused myself.

Not that "Old Man Murphy" is without defect, and not that it isn't forced in places. But Mr. Kearney, assisted in the writing by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, who also directs, has found a comic region lying halfway between Lady Gregory and Ann Nichols, and this appears to be a region of great promise. The influence of Lady Gregory is felt in the healthiness of the observation and in the flavor of the Irish dialogue. The author of "Abie's Irish Rose," on the other hand, has inspired a removal of the scene to America and an emphasis throughout upon the particular brand of patriotism which we find in Irishmen whenever they compare themselves with other races, the other races in this case being the English and the Jewish, with a third and more important one added, the renegade Irish. For the story is chiefly about an Irish-American family who have tried to conceal their origin in order to get on in the society of a Middle Western city, and the fun is extracted from situations which expose them to both the ridicule and scorn of those of their countrymen who have remained faithful. Charles Murphy, unable to conquer his wife's ambition, has changed his name to Murfree and has pretended to come from Tennessee. Now, however, on the eve of his election as mayor, comes his father, Old Man Murphy, from Ireland to manage the campaign. Old Man Murphy does more than that. He brings confusion to Mrs. Murfree (born Mary Mulligan), and, what with much brogue and Irish whiskey and going to wakes, he brings occasion for constant laughter to the audience.

The part is played by Arthur Sinclair, who was Mr. Gilhooley in the play by that name which failed last fall. Two roles could scarcely be farther apart, yet Mr. Sinclair has brought them somehow into the single circle of his excellence; the season for him, therefore, is distinctly a success. His acting, with that of Maire O'Neill as the Widow Donovan and that of Lawrence O'Sullivan as Larry Heffernan, has doubtless a great deal to do with the triumph of "Old Man Murphy." But it would be a triumph anyway, considering the story it tells and the prejudice it so warmly and cleverly exploits.

The Civic Light Opera Company was so well received in "The Mikado" that it has decided to give during the next few months not only "The Gondoliers" and "Patience," as originally announced, but "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and "Ruddigore." At present the bill is "H.M.S. Pinafore" (Erlanger's Theater), with Frank Moulan as Sir Joseph, William Danforth as Dick Deadeye, William C. Gordon as Bill Bobstay, and Fay Templeton as Little Buttercup. These veterans disport themselves magnificently, of course, and the evenings on Forty-fourth Street continue happily to pass. The summer promises well indeed.

Mark Van Doren

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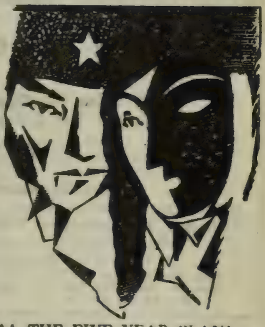

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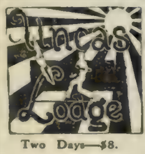

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BY THE NARROW MARGIN of only one vote the Supreme Court has upheld freedom of press in the United States. Had Justice Roberts voted with the four reactionary members of the court, that portion of the Constitution which guarantees a free press would have been nullified. The issue was presented by the Minnesota newspaper "gag" law which provided that a publication might be suppressed whenever a district judge, without even a jury's advice, found that there had been regular publishing of "malicious, scandalous, and defamatory" articles. The Chief Justice, for the majority of the Supreme Court, while denouncing heedless assaults upon public men (he has himself felt the lash of violent press criticism on more than one occasion), rightly held that "the fact that liberty of the press may be abused by miscreant purveyors of scandal does not make any less necessary the immunity of the press from previous restraint in dealing with official misconduct." For redress there remain the libel laws. Had the decision gone the other way, the ways would also have been further opened toward breaching the Constitution in the matter of free speech and free assembly. It is now being nullified by countless mayors, sheriffs, public officials, and others who, by the simple device of declaring that a given meeting might endanger the public order, forbid the assemblage of all groups they dislike. The present decision preserves the press against one dangerous form of attack, and is a welcome indication of the liberal temper of the "new majority."

UNHAPPILY, CENSORSHIP of the press through the government's power over the mails has again been upheld in the courts. The Post Office order revoking the second-class mailing privileges of *Revolutionary Age,* a communistic journal, has been sustained by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Woolsey of the Southern New York District Court had previously ruled that he could not reverse a departmental order of this sort unless it were clearly wrong, and in the case of *Revolutionary Age* he could not find it wrong. Following close upon this decision another order was issued canceling the second-class privileges of the *Class Struggle,* a Communist minority organ edited by Albert Weisbord. Thus there are now five radical journals under the ban of the Post Office. The significance of this kind of censorship was discussed at length by Lawrence Rogin in *The Nation* for April 8. That the withdrawal of second-class privileges from these publications is not the work of an overzealous post-office official in New York, but appears rather to be part of a predetermined government campaign to hamper or suppress all radical publications is indicated by a statement from Frederick G. Mulker, superintendent of the classification section of the New York Post Office, that the order for cancelation of mailing privileges in each case has come from Washington. Attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union, which has been aiding the publishers in their fight for a free press, are now considering taking the *Revolutionary Age* case to the United States Supreme Court.

THE HAPPINESS BOYS are irrepressible. Here is Dr. Julius Klein insisting, in the face of a week of widespread protests against the tariffs which are doing so much to intensify world-wide disaster, that our new tariff has had nothing whatever to do with the shrinkage of our exports. That shrinkage, he finds, is exactly the same, to within a fraction of 1 per cent, as the decline in exports during the depression of 1921. That is, of course, extremely encouraging to the exporter whose business is dropping out from under him. But never mind; Dr. Klein will find the silver lining even if the export figures should get steadily worse. And so will Herbert Hoover. His press bureau solemnly gave out after the Cabinet meeting on May 26 an announcement by the President that the Cabinet session, which was "devoted almost entirely to a study of the economic situation," had found "many favorable factors." When asked, however, what they were, we hasten to announce that "none of the Cabinet officers would say what 'favorable factors' had been found in the study of business conditions." That is certainly highly convincing; it must have heartened every one of our unemployed to read this—provided they have the pennies to spend on daily newspapers.

EVEN THE SPIRITS of the Happiness Boys must, however, have been a bit dampened by the attacks upon the sacred tariff made at the meeting of the National Foreign Trade Council which heard Mr. Hoover's own Julius in its defense. There was Thomas W. Lamont. Being a conservative banker he did not quite dare to say what he really thought, so he concealed the dread word tariff under the euphemism "artificial barriers against foreign trade." Perhaps, being a Harvard graduate, he remembered hearing Professor Barrett Wendell say to his class that a euphemism is to literature what the fig leaf is to art. Other speakers, braver than Mr. Lamont, tore the fig leaf away and went after the tariff hammer and tongs. Thus Peter Fletcher, president of the National Council of Importers and Traders, was impious enough to demand that a special session of Congress should be called at once to effect a 25 per cent horizontal cut in all ad valorem rates and a 50 per cent reduction of all specific duties, even stating that the United States had been guilty of initiating "the greatest world-wide tariff war in history." All of which is bad enough, but how the Happiness Boys must have writhed to read that that irrepressible bad boy, David Lloyd George, in making an impassioned appeal for free trade, had declared that "if Britain abandons free trade now she will have betrayed a great trust. She will have bartered away a great inheritance for a mess of pottage. And what a mess!" On top of which he cited the United States several times as a horrible example of what protection can do to a country, finally concluding: "There are no bread lines, no penny lines, in this country [as in the United States]. There is more employment to the square mile in this country that in any other country in the world." As if this were not enough comes the news that Canada has again retaliated by raising its tariffs against the United States on 200 items, notably automobiles, steel, and foods.

"RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM" came in for another knock the other day at the opening session of the fifteenth International Labor Conference at Geneva. Speaking particularly of the European economic crisis, the British trade-union delegate, Edward Poulton, remarked that conditions in the United States had until recently been cited as "an example of what can be done by unfettered private enterprise in the absence of checks and safeguards," thereby casting doubt upon "the practicability of social progress by means of labor legislation." Mr. Poulton's conclusion, on the other hand, was that without the "legislative measures of social reform" that Europe has already adopted, the effects of the crisis there "would be infinitely more severe than in fact they are." The inference to be drawn, apparently, is that Europe might well have more labor legislation rather than less, and that private enterprise, in the form in which it has been allowed to dominate the business life of America, is looked upon by Europe as a grave warning. Even international cooperation in inquiry and debate, however, seems to frighten Washington, as witness the abrupt withdrawal of a duly appointed observer from the Geneva conference lest her presence should in some way constitute official recognition of the League. Unofficial observation, it would seem, has suddenly become a hazardous occupation.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS against the Vatican coupled with street fighting between groups of Fascist and Catholic youths have finally resulted in an order from Mussolini dissolving the organization known as the Catholic Action, and the many Catholic youth societies as well. Under the terms of the Lateran treaty of 1929 the Vatican expressly agreed to keep the Catholic Action out of Italian politics. Lately, however, the Fascist press has accused members of this organization of becoming increasingly active in the political field, the suggestion being that the Catholics were working to undermine the Fascist regime. Underlying this situation is the long-standing rivalry between the church and the state, to which the Lateran treaty did not put an end. Mussolini wants the state to reign supreme in all affairs touching the lives of its citizens; the Vatican, though forced to accept political inferiority, still considers itself entitled to guide the spiritual welfare of the people. Restive under the restraints placed upon the church, and probably inspired in part by the Vatican, the organized followers of the Holy See doubtless have sought to give expression politically or otherwise to their resentment at this domination by the state. The immediate question is whether the Catholic Action has by its recent activities violated the Lateran treaty. If this can be proved, Mussolini was perhaps legally justified in ordering the dissolution of the organization. But in taking this stand he has succeeded in further antagonizing the church, and that may have its repercussions not alone in Italy, but also in other countries in which Catholicism is strong and upon whose continued good-will Italy so largely depends.

FREEDOM FOR HAITI is to come sooner than was expected if the plans of the State Department, as reported by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun,* meet with the necessary cooperation in Haiti. According to this authority, the American marines are to be withdrawn within two years instead of waiting until 1936, the date recommended by the Forbes Commission, provided the Haitian government gives its approval and the replacement of American officials by Haitians goes on with satisfactory speed and efficiency. The customs service will still be administered by an American receiver, however, in order to guarantee the interest payments on the balance of a loan of $16,000,000 made by the National City Bank of New York, some $11,000,000 of which remains to be discharged by 1952, and it is expected that American sanitary officials will remain. With the withdrawal of the last of the American marines from Nicaragua set for January 1, 1933, it is possible that the close of Mr. Hoover's term two months later may see American forces out of all Caribbean countries. It is certainly to be hoped that Haiti may do its part in the matter, and that American domination, hateful to the Haitian people and discreditable to the United States, may soon end.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES of Ohio State University might possibly run a factory successfully, but they certainly make a bad fist of it when they try to run a university. In a formal statement signed jointly by the trustees and President Rightmire, they declare that the dismissal of Professor Herbert A. Miller (reported in *The Nation* of last week) was decided on a year ago and that he was informed of that decision, with the reasons for it, last fall. Those reasons, it appears, are the complaints of trembling Ohioans regarding his teachings on race and marriage, and some innocuous remarks made by him at a Nationalist meeting in Bombay a year ago—which speech, it seems, had "international aspects," though the British government raised no objection. Professor Miller declares that he was given the impression, following conferences last autumn, that the whole matter of his dismissal had been dropped. In any case, it is a disgrace to higher education in the United States. Three thousand students have signed a petition asking Professor Miller's reinstatement. Not only the Miller case but the whole situation evidently ought to be investigated by the American Association of University Professors. We are happy to report that a memorial signed by some sixty of the leading members of the faculty is being presented to the trustees protesting against the extraordinary statement issued by the trustees in connection with the controversy over compulsory military training, criticizing the "unripe vociferations" of a "very few members of the faculty who were under no compulsion to come here and are under none to remain unless they can subscribe to the fundamental purposes of this university." We congratulate the faculty on accepting this brutal challenge, and we hope that they will wage war without quarter on the forces of ignorance and reaction intrenched in a backward board of trustees. Without question this is one of the most important of recent battles in the long struggle for academic freedom.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Presbyterian Church, in session at Pittsburgh in the week following the decision of the Supreme Court in the Macintosh and Bland cases, took strong ground in opposition to the opinion of the majority of the court. It adopted a report in which "the assembly declares its belief that the right and duty of citizenship should not be conditioned upon the test of ability or willingness, contrary to conscience, to bear arms or to take part as a combatant in war." The battle for liberty of conscience must go on, and we are entitled to look to churches for a strong lead in that fight. The Presbyterians have led off well.

WHAT HAVE MEN to gain by rising to the height of nearly ten miles above the earth beyond the ability to say that they have gone higher than any other human beings? That question is yet to be answered by Professor Auguste Piccard and his assistant, Dr. Charles Kipfer, who have so happily completed their daring ascent in an air-tight aluminum gondola. If it was a genuine search for scientific truth instead of a mere stunt, the work of the two men will certainly be acclaimed, but there seems to be some considerable skepticism about the scientific value of anything that Professor Piccard may have observed on his trip into the stratosphere. He declares that they risked their lives "because we wished to be assured that cosmic rays at that height were ten times as powerful as after reaching the earth after passing through the atmosphere." Undoubtedly the answer as to whether the whole undertaking was worth while will be found when we get the detailed analyses of the Professor's findings. That he and his assistant are courageous enough is perfectly obvious. We confess, however, to getting very tired of aerial stunts. Why should Ruth Nichols seek to be the first woman to make a solo flight across the Atlantic, and why, oh, why, should Walter Lees and Frederick Brossy have remained aloft over eighty-four and one-half hours in order to break a record? An achievement of that kind is of no earthly value save in creating momentary notoriety for those who accomplished it.

Barbarus Americanus

THE American mayors who, as guests of the city of Paris and the French Colonial Exposition, are making a tour through France have succeeded in surpassing all records for gaucheness and bad manners so far held by Americans in a foreign land. Beginning with the reception at Le Havre, at which Mayor John C. Porter, of Los Angeles, and his wife left the table in high dudgeon because a toast of champagne was offered to the Presidents of the United States and of France, the mayors proceeded to quarrel wherever they went, usually noisily, and finally distinguished themselves when Mayor George S. Baker of Portland made a fifteen-minute oration before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris, thus breaking the rule of silence there which has so far been invariably observed.

It is the old story over again of the American marine in China who, shown a shrine on which a taper had not been extinguished for 700 years, pinched it between thumb and forefinger, saying: "It's out now." Too many Americans in foreign lands, from the American Legionnaires up and down, have not troubled to acquaint themselves with the most dearly held customs of the countries they visited, have lugged out their American provincialisms, have been loud-mouthed, quarrelsome, vulgar, insistent on their "rights" as citizens of the greatest little old country on God's green earth. What the urbane French, with a tradition of politeness and suave manners, think of the present exhibition one can only imagine. It is reported that the affair of Mayor Porter was regarded as an "amusing incident." That gentleman declared indignantly, when questioned:

> Yes, we are dry. We believe in following the American Constitution when on foreign soil. We have not taken one drink since we left the United States and we don't intend to touch alcoholic stimulants while in France.

And the saddest feature of the matter is that there will be plenty of persons in this country who will, in their fanatical advocacy of the cause of prohibition, be found to applaud this bit of bad manners.

There must be something about foreign travel which breaks down the native good sense of people in general. For while Americans are probably the worst behaved when they appear en masse somewhere away from home, the Germans are notoriously noisy and vulgar as tourists, the English are as notoriously narrow and provincial, and the French lose much of their urbanity when they leave their native land. The answer probably is that when one is away from one's own fireside and customs and language one becomes afraid and insecure. What is strange is still damned. It is different, it is frightening, it needs to be attacked. The behavior of visiting American Legionnaires in Paris, so opposite to that of Mayor and Mrs. Porter, is but another aspect of the same fear.

Keeping this in mind, the tour of the American mayors seems to merit pity more than anger. Possibly if they ever visit Paris again, they will have learned to be less frightened by it. Meanwhile one can only hope that they are not seized with the notion of flooding Napoleon's tomb to make a swimming pool or painting the Arc de Triomphe red, white, and blue.

Mr. Hoover Denies Europe

YES, Mr. Hoover denies Europe—denies it sympathy, good-will, cooperation, a helping hand, any cogent and worth-while expression of fellowship in its present misery. One touch of such suffering ought to make the whole world kin. But Mr. Hoover neither feels, nor sees, nor moves. He is apparently blind to the fact that Europe stretches out its hands to us in despair as it sinks steadily into the quicksands of unemployment, economic disorganization, financial distress. He is content to blame Europe for our ills on the one hand, and to say on the other that we can none the less work ourselves out by ourselves, without regard for the authors of our misery.

It was in Cleveland on October 2 last that he declared that "this depression is world-wide. Its causes and effects lie only partly in the United States," adding that "a perhaps even larger immediate cause of our depression has been the effect upon us from the collapse in prices following overproduction of important raw materials, mostly in foreign countries." This was a sound and correct, if strangely phrased, statement as far as it went. It surely was intended to make it clear to his countrymen that they were caught in the meshes of a world-wide depression. Since then every development here and abroad has enforced the truth that this industrial crisis is affecting more countries more acutely than any other recorded in the modern industrial age. It has brought home the stale truism that the world is now a small entity which cannot be well if a single part of it is ill.

But what has Mr. Hoover done to grapple with the disease as a world-wide infection which in largest measure came to us from abroad? Frankly, nothing, from the international point of view, beyond giving the excellent advice that Europe should disarm—perhaps even a hint to Europe that without disarmament there can be no question of a revision of debts and reparations. His lack of initiative is no doubt in part due to his having said, with his habitual lack of intellectual clearness, in the very speech from which we have quoted, that it was not necessary for us to "wait upon the recovery of the rest of the world. We can make a very large degree of recovery independently of what may happen elsewhere." Eight months have come and gone since these words were spoken, and each month has shown the error of Mr. Hoover's assumption. We have not only not made a "large degree of recovery independently" of events elsewhere, we are worse off than ever. Our export trade continues to fall off; sixty-four of our railways have just reported that their net income for April of this year was 37.2 per cent less than in April, 1930, and no less than 57.6 per cent less than their net revenues in April, 1929. Our national deficit is officially admitted to be beyond one billion dollars, and on the stock market the values of the very best securities continue to sink. If this constitutes working ourselves out of the depression without waiting for the recovery of Europe, we do not understand the meaning of words.

If it does not indicate the need of international action, what could? The attempts of the sugar-growers of the world to combine under Mr. Chadbourne's guidance, the frantic calls for an international agreement on silver, the suggestion that there should be a world dictator to deal with the wheat situation, the efforts of the Russians at Geneva to bring about an economic understanding in order to end dumping and needless economic rivalries, the demands from all quarters for the lowering of the tariff barriers that hem international trade—all these prove not only the need of international action, but the growing intensity of the demand for it. But Mr. Hoover does not move. True, he sent a delegate to the International Wheat Conference in London, but his representative took so stubborn and unyielding a position against any international agreement to limit production that debate was rendered useless—"torp doed at the start," the dispatches from the conference read.

But what, we hear the question raised, could Mr. Hoover do in this emergency, limited as he is by Congress in dealing with our international relations? Primarily, the mere announcement that he had begun to busy himself with international affairs, with a view to cooperation and aid, would send a thrill of hope and encouragement all around the world, and would in itself be a tremendous blow to the utter discouragement of the peoples of Europe. Next, Mr. Hoover could take advantage of the meeting the week of June 1 at Chequers between Chancellor Brüning and his Foreign Minister and Prime Minister MacDonald and his Foreign Secretary to urge the coming together of a small group of the rulers of Europe, together with the best possible American representative, to see what could be done in the way of removing the several hindrances to world trade and world recovery. He would have to be ready at least to talk about the general reduction of the protective tariffs. He would have to permit at such a conference a full and free discussion of the debts and reparations, whether he felt in sympathy with such a discussion or not, because if Europe goes on as it is much longer, the first steps toward asking for a moratorium will have to be taken by Germany, in which case the United States cannot avoid facing the debts and reparations situation. Such a conference could, moreover, discuss the disarmament which lies so close to Mr. Hoover's heart; it is not impossible that if he himself took the lead in a concrete proposal, the parties to such a conference might present a united front at Geneva next winter.

But the great thing is that such a conference, especially if it met on the invitation of Mr. Hoover and he kept in direct telephonic communication with it, would be able to reach some definite conclusions such as can never be arrived at by foreign ministers or finance ministers. At least it would establish once for all whether there can be cooperation or not, whether Europe must go down merely because of the inability of the heads of the several nations, including our own, to deal with the extraordinary emergency which confronts us. No greater opportunity has ever come to an American President, save only Mr. Wilson, to lead the world and to render it incalculable service. Of this every enlightened person in Europe, whatever his country or his political faith, is absolutely certain. But that marvelous opportunity knocks in vain at Mr. Hoover's door.

The Business Innocents

ARE American business leaders innocent of all knowledge of the facts of our industrial history and of the elementary principles of international trade? We are almost inclined to answer yes after reading the address of James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, before the National Foreign Trade Council.

"While it is vital to our prosperity as a nation," Mr. Farrell tells us, "to find a market overseas for at least 10 per cent of our total production, we should not forget the rock from whence successful foreign trade is hewn, the foundations that have been so well and deeply laid in our home market." Does Mr. Farrell really mean, as he seems to, that we are in fact making a 10 per cent "surplus" of goods in general that we do not need here and so must somehow sell abroad? Can it be that he does not know that in the last analysis we exchange goods for goods?

"Seeing that the unfavorable conditions apply indiscriminately to all countries, low-tariff, high-tariff, and free-trade alike," Mr. Farrell thinks it "must be obvious that tariff discussions . . . are of academic interest only." Can it be possible that Mr. Farrell does not see the entirely obvious fact that when one country cuts down its imports by raising its tariff walls it must correspondingly cut down the exports of the countries that sell to it, damaging their prosperity as much as its own, whether they are themselves high-tariff or low-tariff countries? The high tariff walls everywhere, more than any other single cause, have been responsible for choking the channels of world trade.

But worse is to come. Because 13,000,000 immigrants landed in the United States between 1901 and 1914, "we should not overlook the part our country is now playing in carrying a large share of Europe's burden of unemployment." Was ever more pernicious nonsense spoken by a responsible man? No industry, probably, has done more than that of which Mr. Farrell is a leader to bring in and exploit the immigrants whose presence he deplores. None has been more completely irresponsible in creating unemployment through irregular operation. And now Mr. Farrell has the monumental assurance to attribute American unemployment to pre-war immigration.

A single further example of the intellectual quality of this pronouncement: "An essential requirement of the present economic situation is an advance in commodity prices. . . . It is rising prices that stimulate buying and consumption, and a return of prosperity." Here is an amazing example of Christian Science economics. Rising prices in the past have often resulted in greater buying, because buyers assume that they indicate the possibility of a real shortage. Mr. Farrell seems to believe that we can all conspire together to deceive one another into the belief that our huge surpluses of raw materials are really shortages. His proposal is on all fours with the suggestion that we should blow our thermometers to seventy in winter instead of installing furnaces. Not until our industrial leaders have stopped talking such nonsense and have turned to a genuine analysis of the international and domestic factors that stand in the way of a sound readjustment are we likely to see any real and prolonged turn for the better.

Spain and Rome

JUDGED by the trend of history as shown in Italy in 1860-61, in France in 1905, and in Portugal in 1913, the Vatican appears destined to defeat again in its struggle to retain what it once deemed its inalienable rights and privileges. Republican Spain is making it clear that it wishes to divorce the church from the state. It is not seeking to do this by burning convents and church buildings, for by now it has been fairly well established that the mob action of a few weeks ago was the handiwork of monarchists and extremists who wished to set the overwhelmingly Catholic population against the new government. Rather would it proceed by more peaceful means to deprive Catholicism of its present standing as the state religion. Under the monarchy the constitution recognized but one religion; the state maintained the church property and paid the clergy; the higher clergy enjoyed special political and civil privileges; government employees were required to be Catholics; religious teaching was compulsory in the schools; the church completely controlled secondary education; other religions were permitted but under such restrictions as to make it almost impossible for them to exist. The Republican Government has indicated that it wants to change all this, placing all religions on the same footing. When it decreed freedom of religion, however, the Holy See retaliated by calling the Papal Nuncio to Rome and by declining to receive the new Spanish ambassador.

In fairness it must be stated that the Vatican was at first inclined to accept the Spanish republic as an established fact, and to yield gracefully on the question of the separation of church and state. But the Spanish hierarchy, jealous of its privileged position, refused to surrender, thereby making a peaceful solution of the church problem in Spain extremely difficult, if not impossible. As a result of the stand taken by the Spanish clergy the Vatican's opposition to the republic has stiffened. Some observers believe that the Pope's recent denunciation of socialism was directed against the Spanish Cabinet, half of whose members are Socialist. Whether this is true or not, the Papal encyclical has hurt rather than helped the position of the church. The remaining members of the Cabinet, all of whom are devout Catholics, appreciate full well that no moderate government can be had in Spain without the cooperation of the Socialists. Were the Socialists to leave the government, either because of the antagonism displayed toward their party by the Holy See or because of opposition to their anti-church stand from the Catholic members of the Cabinet, the resulting crisis would probably bring a radical government into power, and such a government would not be likely to stand upon ceremony in abolishing the established church.

It is probable that the controversy will be allowed to hang fire pending the outcome of the Cortes elections this month. Only the Cortes can under the present constitution denounce the concordat governing the official relations between the Vatican and Madrid which has been in force since 1851. Should the elections go as heavily Republican as did the municipal elections which immediately preceded the abdication of King Alfonso, there is every likelihood that the new assembly will vote to abrogate the concordat.

I Work for Russia

V. The American Engineer at Work[*]

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

An American engineer working in a foreign country is in one sense a member of our diplomatic corps. The opinion of all the various persons he meets concerning America and Americans is directly molded by their reaction to his individual personality. This is particularly true of the American working in Russia, where we have no professional diplomats to help us. We must get out of our own scrapes, always bearing in mind that the attitude of Russians toward America depends almost wholly upon our own personal actions.

American mining engineers hitherto have for the most part gained foreign experience in Latin American countries, and because of the well-known mining opportunities in these lands our profession has in the main prepared itself for such work by a study of Spanish. In my experience it is very rare for an American engineer to have a speaking knowledge of German, which was the language used by at least one out of every three of the Russian executives I met, and certainly there is not one American engineer in ten thousand who has any knowledge of the Russian language, at least among those who have not worked in Russia. The great difficulties of that language for a foreigner are too well known to need mention.

On the other hand, while many educated Russians speak German, comparatively few know English. Further, even though the Russian interpreter speaks and understands everyday English, he cannot be expected to know technical engineering English, made up of words that not one American in a thousand would himself understand if he were not trained for the engineering profession. The first great difficulty of the average American engineer working in Russia, evidently enough, is the barrier of language.

But there are other difficulties encountered in working for the Soviet Union, particularly by the American who is working out in the "sticks" alone and not as a member of a comparatively large colony of his countrymen. To an even greater extent than elsewhere he represents all of America and all Americans to those with whom he comes in contact. His job requires infinite tact, diplomacy, understanding, and patience—not because the Russian people are difficult to get along with, quite the contrary, but rather because conditions of working and living are so utterly different from his past experience. First, he is working not for private interests with highly centralized authority and responsibility, but for the government itself. Second, he is working in a country whose psychology is that of a nation at war. Third, he is in the midst of a brand-new and gigantic experiment in sociology and political economy. Fourth, he finds himself cut off from his usual recreations and the other features of the bourgeois existence he leads in other parts of the world. Finally, he encounters the suspicions harbored by many Russians, more or less naturally under the present circumstances, of any "representative" of a capitalistic country, the people's conscious or subconscious fear of intercourse with foreign specialists, the possibility of professional and economic jealousies, and the red tape and inertia existing wherever government controls industry. His relations with his associates are further complicated by the fact that often the life or liberty of a Russian coworker hangs on the report of the foreign specialist.

Yet all these difficulties are today being more or less successfully met by hundreds of foreign engineers working in Russia. Some men magnify these handicaps in their mind to the point where they can no longer work efficiently; they develop a very bad state of "nerves." But for the most part—and this is particularly true of the mining engineer who has perforce "batted around" most of the world under all sorts of conditions—the American soon adjusts himself to his environment and finds that most of the supposed obstacles may be easily overcome or are non-existent in his own individual case. Now let me describe my own experience in getting things done in present-day Russia.

On our first trip into the Soviet Union, after most courteous treatment at the border at the hands of English-speaking officials, my wife and I were met at the railway station in Moscow by the interpreter-representative of our trust. But although he was pleasant and accommodating to the *n*th degree, his interpreting was confined to German! In retrospect I can see that this was largely my fault. I had told them at Amtorg in New York that I knew a bit of university German. This in Europe means something, and that, coupled with the Teutonic sound of my surname, led them to expect far more than my course in German 101-02 and my reading of Heine warranted. However, I ***had*** to speak German, and therefore I threw aside all inhibitions and ***did***. Words and phrases learned in my college days, sounds that had been tucked away since childhood, when, thank heaven, I had had a German governess, seemed to pop out from the nowhere of my subconscious mind—and after a little, of a sudden, I could at least make myself understood.

All our travel needs were smoothly and efficiently taken care of by our interpreter. Luggage was disposed of, taxis were provided, and a suite of two rooms and bath at the hotel was in order for us. For the American entering Russia much depends upon the individual interpreter assigned to him. One will be found efficient, the next not. The Trans-Siberian express, which at that time of trouble with China ran only three times weekly, was crowded with people trying to reach the Far East before the anticipated serious trouble broke out. We therefore had to wait several days in Moscow for accommodations, and when finally we were told that everything was "set" we found ourselves in a compartment with two Englishmen in what was formerly a *wagon-lit* car. This was what is known as second class. I pointed out to our guide that my contract specifically stated we were to have first-class compartments throughout, consisting of two berths with lavatory facilities, and that a two-day trip for my wife under other circumstances unfortunately could not be thought of. Were I alone, *nichevo*. I fully understood the difficulty of obtaining accommodations and realized that my presence at the mines was earnestly required. Yet, although that was Friday and the next train did not leave until Tuesday, the representative of our trust very courteously and pleasantly acquiesced, and we were allowed to spend the week-end in Moscow amusing ourselves at our own discretion, until the stipulated type of accommodation was available.

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[*] The fifth of a series of six articles. The sixth, on the Outside Life of the American Engineer, will appear in the issue of June 17.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Let me go on to our experiences during the past year, when we were no longer strangers in Russia, when our German had become more or less fluent, and a smattering of Russian was at our command. We traveled, upon arrival, from Moscow to Leningrad on the business of the trust. In the latter city are located many if not most of the scientific and technical bodies which control practically all the work going on in the Soviet Union. Here is the great N. T. S., the supreme engineering control of all plans and methods, composed of the leading Russian engineers, scientists, technicians, professors, and academicians. Here also are located the Mining Institute and the extremely modern and advanced "Mechanobra" and "Mechanobra Proyect." These last are respectively the experimental laboratories and plants where processes are worked out and proved on a commercial scale, and the design bureau where the detailed working drawings may be completed after a successful process has been developed. This service is of a consulting nature and is purchased by the various trusts which do not have facilities for such work at their own plants. The laboratories are among the most finely equipped and organized to be seen anywhere in the world. The technicians are among the best in Russia, practically all of them having been sent abroad by the Soviet to acquire the last word in practical as well as technical advance in all industries and sciences. The American consultant to a Russian trust usually, or at least in my own case, must work with Mechanobra. Many of the engineers speak a good technical English. Practically all with whom I came in contact spoke at least German. They have apparently a deep respect for the American specialist and are a splendid set of men with whom to work. They extend every courtesy and convenience to the foreign engineer.

Any plans drawn either at the offices of the trusts or by Mechanobra Proyect must be passed upon by the N. T. S. before being put into effect. (These are the initials of the Nauchnii Tekhnicheskii Soviet, or, in plain English, Scientific Technical Council.) This supreme engineering council, composed of some thirty or forty members, reviews every detail of the project in question. I personally appeared before them during one entire four-day sitting, beginning at nine-thirty or ten in the morning and lasting with recesses until possibly one the following morning. I had made rather radical recommendations concerning the entire work at Asbest, mining, milling, and general. Many of these men knew English well, some had worked in America for many years, all were of the highest order of scientific and engineering ability. Each point was threshed out in its entirety. Each reason and explanation of what I wished done was thoroughly examined, discussed, debated. I drank tea to the saturation point; I smoked until Vesuvius shook with envy. It was much like being a candidate for a doctor's degree in an American university. It was nerve-racking, especially since each sentence must be translated for the benefit of those who did not know English. But I could see the necessity for it all, I did not get impatient—and the plans and methods were approved.

The approval of what I had suggested meant discontinuance of certain methods which had already been inaugurated. It also meant the probable imprisonment of those responsible for the former plans. A great deal of premeditated sabotage is going on in Russia (today probably much less than formerly) on the part of those still antagonistic to the present regime. This is the opinion of most of the American specialists with whom I have discussed the matter. By no means all the mistakes or slowing down of tempo can be attributed simply to ignorance or lack of practical experience. Moreover, while the Russian engineers, at least those of the old school, are possibly the finest theoretically trained technicians in the world, they have not, in the main, had an opportunity since 1914 to study at first hand the tremendous mass of new technique which has been developed abroad since that time.

I have attended the trials of several engineers accused of malfeasance. Contrary to the general opinion and to accounts published in this country, I have found them to be entirely open and conducted along strictly legal lines. In most cases which have come under my personal observation sentences have been commuted to a return to former employment with fines. That seems to be the trend in punishment for inefficiency, premeditated or otherwise, today. It is for the American engineer to hold himself strictly aloof and non-partisan, and, above all, completely non-political. And that is why the Soviet officials seem to have such great faith in the American technicians. They know that we are interested only in our work, and want to do it to the best of our knowledge, experience, and ability. Whatever mistakes we make will be honest ones, due for the most part to lack of knowledge of men and materials in Russia.

At the mines I enjoyed a comfortable office, and whatever facilities were available were extended to me in my work. The younger men assigned me were respectful, competent, and mentally alert. Any recommendations which I wished put into effect I discussed with the technical director, and if they were of sufficient importance, they were considered at a specially called meeting of the entire technical staff, after which the technical director issued the necessary executive instructions. I found always an open mind and readiness to cooperate. In one case, in order to prove my ideas, I was placed in direct operating charge of a group of mines until the recommendations which I had made could be proved or disproved.

Often, when it was believed that the efficiency of any unit was lagging, I was asked to step into the gap, take charge, and try to remedy the trouble. I always found the director, engineer, and subalterns of such a particular unit more than anxious to work with me. The friendliest of relations, with no apparent jealousy or antagonism, always existed, once a sympathetic understanding was set up.

Frequently commissions of various sorts came out from Moscow or Leningrad. They might constitute the "control," or might be studying the question whether or not the American engineer was being "exploited" to the fullest. Sometimes these commissions handicapped our work by the introduction of red tape, but for the most part they came to me for suggestions and conference, with extremely constructive results.

In concluding my discussion of this phase of the subject, I must touch on the Russians' love for voluminous and detailed reports. The experienced American engineer, by training and instinct as well as by his previous experience, knows quickly and surely what is to be done. The Russian wants everything set down in writing and calculations. Then follows interminable debate. But there is a way to overcome even this lost motion. Many of us have found out how much can be accomplished with a sense of humor.

Organized Charity Turns Censor

By ELMER RICE

FOR the past seventeen years I have been a practicing playwright, and in the course of my professional life I have spent a good deal of time and energy fighting, in the interests of a free theater and free speech, the would-be censors and purifiers of the stage, from John S. Sumner to John Haynes Holmes. There is no medium of public utterance, whether it be the press, the stage, the lecture platform, the screen, or the radio, which is exempt from close scrutiny and unremitting pressure by sectarian, racial, professional, civic, and patriotic organizations. This unofficial censorship is remarkably active and remarkably efficient in its control of the several forms of popular entertainment. The easy successes of the self-appointed censors in this field are due, in the main, to the fact that the entrepreneurs of stage, screen, and radio are, for the most part, persons whose unblinking gaze is concentrated upon the box office and to whom a diminution of professional integrity and dignity means much less than the loss of revenue which might conceivably ensue as the result of the withdrawal of patronage of a few over-zealous Methodists, dentists, Zionists, Italians, delicatessen dealers, or American Legionnaires.

To give a random example of how this group pressure operates, I shall summarize three separate items clipped from a single issue of *Variety* (May 6, 1931). The first is a dispatch from Chicago which states that Edgar Wallace's play "On the Spot" had to be "toned down" before it could be presented upon the stage in that metropolis. *Variety's* correspondent declared:

> Citizens' committee and Mayor Cermak "advised" the Shuberts to cut all references to Chicago, on the grounds that the cracks might give people a bad impression about Chicago. Shuberts quickly agreed. They have too much money invested in Loop theatrical property to take a chance on antagonizing City Hall. If these big boys are crossed, they are apt to suddenly find official complaints to make against these properties. . . . Legally, it's understood that the city fathers have no right to declare a play censorable because it chooses Chicago, or any other city, as its locale.

The second item bears a Hollywood date line and reads as follows:

> In making a film version of the stage play "Alexander Hamilton," Warners' will go even farther than the play in whitewashing the lives of several historical characters. Due to the insistence of the Daughters of the Revolution, Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe will be presented as schoolbook histories paint them. Story the film will unfold was explained to representatives of the D. A. R., and its soft-pedaled condition okayed by them.

The third story is even more fantastic. It deals with the difficulties of radio entertainers in finding material which will offend no one. Says *Variety*:

> Dial fans take quick offense at what they believe to be slights to their religion, nationality, city, school, make of auto, political party, or the way they comb their hair. . . . It was thought that the limit had been reached when a local station drew more than 8,000 protesting letters when one of its entertainers cracked that he couldn't become a druggist because he didn't know how to make sandwiches. . . . As for the stations themselves, the censorship thing becomes more and more stringent. Performers are sweating to find proper comedy material because of the must notes. It seems that no matter what they say, they're bound to step on somebody's toes.

It is only recently that I have had personally to combat the efforts of an influential and well-organized group to censor one of my own plays. Remarkable as it may seem, my determined antagonists have been none other than those professional doers of good, the administrators of organized charity. It is a story which should interest the dispassionate observer of the American scene.

On January 10, 1929, there was presented at the Playhouse in New York a play of mine entitled "Street Scene." The play is an attempt to portray objectively certain aspects of life in a mean quarter of New York. It depends for its effect upon the introduction of a great variety of metropolitan types and the accumulation of innumerable incidents which are designed to produce a totality of effect in the same manner in which a painter achieves his effects by piling up innumerable minute brush strokes. The play contains about seventy-five characters, approximately fifty of whom have speaking parts. One of these characters happens to be a social worker. She appears early in the first act, is on the stage for perhaps five minutes, and is not seen or mentioned again (except for one passing reference) throughout the remainder of the play. But despite her insignificant role, this Miss Simpson has apparently set the organized charities of the country by the ears. The fact that I have portrayed her as not wholly lovable is apparently more than the professional performers of works of misericordia have been able to endure, and for nearly two and a half years they have been unceasing in their efforts to make me glorify the American charity worker.

The opening gun was fired by Mr. William Hodson, who on January 25, 1929, wrote me in his capacity of executive director of the Welfare Council of New York City. "It may be," said Mr. Hodson in part, "that among the thousands of social workers in this city, there is one who would act as you have made a social worker act in your play, but the words that you have put into her mouth and the attitude that you have had her take are in no sense characteristic." After several more paragraphs of protest Mr. Hodson concluded by saying that he was sure that his letter voiced "the sentiments of the 700 social agencies constituting the Welfare Council." I did not mind having Mr. Hodson express his personal dissatisfaction, but the official tone of the letter and its suggestion of group pressure galled me a little, and I replied with considerable asperity. I said:

> In the course of many years' work among the settlement houses of New York I have encountered not one but many representatives of social agencies who . . . strikingly resemble the woman portrayed in "Street Scene." Whether or not her attitude is characteristic of social workers seems to me to be beside the point. "Street Scene" is not a sociological treatise and there is no intention to generalize about anything or anybody. . . . Whether or not you voice the sentiments of 700 social agencies I do not know. . . . Only politicians allow their conduct to be determined by the probable effect upon the German vote, or the Baptist vote, or the social workers' vote. No artist who is worth his salt is deterred from portraying life as he sees it by any such consideration.

I heard no more from Mr. Hodson, but on February 1 Miss Frances Taussig of the Jewish Social Service Association wrote me upbraiding me for my lack of familiarity with social work and social workers and offering the services of a former acquaintance of mine (a young lady whom I had not seen in fifteen years) to reveal to me the whole truth about social workers. I declined this offer with thanks, describing in detail my intimate acquaintance with dozens of social workers. Miss Taussig, however, returned to the attack and argued that "the effectiveness of social work is surely harmed by the plausible portrait which you draw of the social worker you may have come across in days past."

I pass over numerous letters (some of them anonymous) received from individual social workers and come to Miss Elizabeth Dutcher of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. Miss Dutcher charges me with being "emotionally prejudiced against social workers." She says, "We have difficulty enough to get the public to give us the money we need." She suggests that I "modify the offending lines" and invites me to a staff meeting "in possible preparation for such modification." I wrote to Miss Dutcher that I felt myself to be already sufficiently acquainted with social workers and added, "I am glad of the realistic note which you sound in your last paragraph. . . . Nothing must be done or said to interfere with contributions, for when the contributions cease what will happen to all the jobs?"

About this time a friend informed me that he had seen a story in the *Survey* to the effect that an indignation meeting of social workers had been held over the part in my play, but that the "cooler heads" had prevailed and it had been decided to take no action. I was curious to know just what action might have been taken, but subsequent experience with the dispensers of charity has instructed me. The next move was to try to get at me through a man prominent in welfare work, whom I have known and respected for many years. (I withhold his name to spare him any possible embarrassment.) This plan did not work either, for the chosen envoy happened to be a man of integrity first and a welfare worker second. On April 25 he wrote me as follows:

> Two or three of my social-work friends who knew that I had met you some years ago told me they thought I ought to protest against your picture of the social worker. Of course, we both know that there are many social workers of an entirely different type and it would have been gratifying to my professional self-respect to have had another one come in to show this other side. But I regret to have to agree that your picture of a certain kind is not overdrawn.

The next protestant to be heard from was Mr. Lindsay Bradford, vice-president of the City Bank Farmers Trust Company. Mr. Bradford wrote me on October 22, 1929 (after the play had been running nearly a year), in his capacity as a member of the Council of the Charity Organization Society. Mr. Bradford assured me that social workers "carry on their work with kindness and sympathy" and explained, in some detail, how the play could be altered to meet the requirements of organized charity. He added that in his judgment "the possibility certainly exists that the efforts on the part of charities to obtain contributions for their work will be hindered by such a disagreeable portrayal of a charity worker." By this time I was getting pretty tired of being badgered by the charity workers and in the course of a lengthy reply to Mr. Bradford I said:

> I think it is rather remarkable that an author should be asked to alter his play in order to make it easier for organized charity to obtain contributions. If the incidental portrayal of a charity worker in a play can actually impair the work of the charity organizations, then it seems to me that there must be something basically wrong with these organizations. It is a curious fact that all the protests which I have received have come from persons actively interested in the administration of organized charity. A psychologist might say that the reason that the charity workers protested so strongly against the falsity of the portrayal in "Street Scene" is that they recognize the truth of it.

The scene now shifts to Minneapolis, where the Western company of "Street Scene" was scheduled to play during the week of March 10, 1930. On March 6 Mr. Paul C. Salsberry, general secretary of the Family Welfare Association of Minneapolis, wrote to Mr. A. E. Zonne, chairman of the Civic Theater Committee, protesting against the characterization of the charity worker. Says Mr. Salsberry:

> We had some unpleasant experiences particularly with clients after the presentation of the film "It" several years ago, and also after "Undercurrent," which ran at the Orpheum last summer. But the characterizations in these were much less extreme than in "Street Scene" and I fear the results will be bad in proportion. It would seem a relatively simple matter to drop that particular portion of the play. . . . It seems ungracious to write in this critical way to a committee which is doing as much as yours is doing to revive good plays for Minneapolis, but it seems fair to try to anticipate the effect this particular section of "Street Scene" may have on social work in this community.

This letter was forwarded to the business manager of "Street Scene," which was then playing in Chicago, with a covering letter from Mr. Zonne in which he suggested that something be done in order "to meet the views of a host of the best people of Minneapolis, whom we must count on for your patrons." The next day the business manager of the play received the following telegram from the executive committee of the Twin-City Chapter American Association of Social Workers:

> Executive committee representing social work profession in Minneapolis and St. Paul agitated by caricature of social worker role Miss Simpson in Street Scene Stop Social work is young profession frequently misunderstood Stop Every misunderstanding costs community money Stop Lines in Street Scene give false impression of social worker Stop Would appreciate attempt to modify

This had its desired effect. The producer of the play, envisaging the loss of a few dollars at the box office, violated his contractual obligations to me, and without my knowledge altered the scenes in which the charity worker appears. Unfortunately, I did not learn of it until after the play had left Minneapolis, when I received letters from several members of my cast telling me that the scenes had been so garbled as to be unintelligible.

The next scene is laid in Hollywood, whence I have just returned. In the course of my preparation of the screen version of "Street Scene" I was given, for my guidance, a letter which Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the purchaser of the motion-picture rights, had received from Colonel Jason S. Joy of the Association of Motion Picture Producers (the Will Hays organization). Colonel Joy's letter, after suggesting a number of deletions to meet the requirements of various censorship bodies—such as the omission of all "hell's" and "damn's" and of passing references to the Prince of Wales and Mussolini—said:

> As a matter of public policy we believe that it is quite important not to characterize Miss Simpson as a charity worker unless she is shown as a kindly and tolerant person. The public groups, as well as the many prominent and wealthy philanthropists interested in the development of charity work, will be very quick to resent any slighting reference to charitable organizations and to the workers devoting their time to that cause. For this reason we suggest that, unless some radical change be made in the characterization of Miss Simpson, it be definitely indicated that she is an agent for the party who is dispossessing the unfortunate family.

I protested vigorously against making this change and succeeded in winning over to my point of view the executives of the Goldwyn organization and the director of the picture. Colonel Joy was then called into consultation. He stated that while he himself saw nothing objectionable in the characterization and while it did not violate the so-called "Hays code" or the requirements of any local censorship body, the influence of prominent citizens, interested in community chests and local charity organizations, was so great that the exploitation and exhibition of the picture could be seriously hampered as a result of pressure which could be brought to bear upon local exhibitors and municipal censorship bodies. Colonel Joy has given me permission to quote him as saying that *even before the picture rights had been sold,* the Association of Motion Picture Producers had received numerous letters from charity organizations demanding that the offending characterization be changed upon the screen. No motion-picture company can withstand organized boycott and organized blackmail. The investment is too large to be jeopardized for anything so insubstantial as the principle of freedom of expression. It begins to look as though America is going to be safe for organized charity after all.

In the Driftway

ACCORDING to private advices from New Haven, it has become the fashion among Yale undergraduates to sneer at the Harkness grandeur in general and the overstuffed Gothic magnificence of the new library in particular—just as it became the fashion some years ago to wear raccoon coats and condescend to William Lyon Phelps. The criticism of Yale's architecture has become so widespread and so bitter that there is even a rumor of an about-face to colonial when the next billion clinks down the Yale chute. (By the way, is there a single medieval treasure room in those piles of Harkness stone? The Drifter hopes so—a treasure room with filing cabinets full of canceled checks.)

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter has always had a healthy respect for the sneers of the young. He thinks they should be encouraged and acted upon rather than dismissed. Moreover, he has been from the first one of Yale's severest critics in the matter of its architecture. Quite aside from any considerations of religious or aesthetic consistency, it has always seemed to him absurd to house a modern American university in walls three feet thick when there is no danger of attack from any enemy more medieval than an idea. As for two Harkness offenses against intelligence and morality—first, the application to the stone of corrosive acid to make it look old before its time, and, second, the elaborate faking of a broken-but-later-mended look in hundreds of the small panes of the leaded casement windows which doubtless afford little enough light at best—as for those twin idiocies, the Drifter need not waste words in an attempt to express himself. And yet, though he would agree with all their strictures, the Drifter is inclined to think that he would be more amused than impressed by most of the undergraduates who utter them as they sit in the luxurious quarters Harkness affords. For he suspects that there is at least as much affectation in the attitude of the young men as there was among the high ones who decided that a New England factory city, twentieth century, furnished the proper setting in place and time for an attempt to revive that medieval hymn to God, the Gothic cathedral, whose massive stones are its least important part, are merely the instrument on which the hymn was played at Chartres, at Burgos, at Milan. In any case, the contempt of the students is not sufficient reason for a change in style, which at this late date could have only unfortunate results. At least let the planners resist such an impulse until the carping undergraduates refuse to bow their heads under the luxurious showers that flow in Harkness dormitories or scorn to do their stint of study in the comfortable chairs and divans of the new library. Let Yale, in other words, make the best of its grandeur.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, the Drifter, while he still feels that Gothic and New Haven were never meant for each other, must at this time withdraw one of his objections, namely, that the Yale slant is un-American. Consider the tale of Yale in the past decade or so. First, the desire to do something bigger and better than anyone had ever thought of doing before; then the importation of a medieval European product and the adaptation—some call it bastardization—of that product on such a scale that its shadow has completely obscured its former self; and finally the irreverent and complete contempt of the pampered young sons to whose benefit it was all directed. What could be more American? Come to think of it, what could possibly be more hilariously American than the transformation of a green-curtained confessional into that now-famous telephone booth in the Sterling Memorial Library?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

False Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There have been many admirable articles in the issues of your paper which have done much to keep me in contact with America—and contemporary thought generally—during a sojourn in Europe. I remember with especial pleasure Mr. Haldane's credo of last summer.

But I am writing to congratulate you especially on Yale's Cathedral Orgy, by William Harlan Hale. A friend (himself an architect, and an admirable artist and critic) had written me some time ago about an article by Mr. Hale in the *Harkness Hoot* as one of the signs of life in our country. Now your publication of this brilliant paper comes—to prove his contention up to the hilt. Defenders of the "orgy" might say that I should do better to see the building before agreeing with an attack on it. But the article makes one see it, especially as there are other such doleful things; and there are matters of architecture for which description is about 99 per cent sufficient. This is doubtless one—unless (as I think) the description is 100 per cent sufficient.

Paris, May 8 WALTER PACH

"Pure" Races

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of your correspondents in the issue of April 8 speaks of "the Turk, the Armenian, and the Jew, all of the Semitic race." What becomes of the hitherto accepted view that the Turks are of the Mongolian race and the Armenians of the Indo-European?

If your correspondent had been content with saying that a race whose history includes the practice of slavery, with much legitimization of slave women's children by their masters, cannot claim to be a pure race, the point would have been indisputable. For that matter, what race is pure? The late Professor Labberton, author of the Labberton's "Historical Atlas" of our school days, held that high musical genius never exists in a man who has not some admixture (commonly, of course, untraced) of Negro blood. Certainly nobody who springs from a nation through whose territory Hannibal's army passed, or from a nation whose warriors brought home servants or camp followers from the crusades, or from a nation whose people have intermarried with a nation of which either of these things is true, can claim a certainty that there was no Negro in his ancestry.

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 9 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

A Wasteful System

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judging by various reports, if we do not recognize the Soviet Republics soon, we shall not be able to recognize them at all; they will be so different. While we try to make things work under the traditional and unconscious anarchist principle, and have neither a capitalist system nor a private-property system, they show definite indications of establishing a capitalistic private-property system, with all the people in the firm as a matter of course, all of them naturally and normally interested in getting their work well done, and as normally interested in seeing that every citizen is doing something useful and getting the net profit from his work to which he is entitled. Russia is getting ready to set up business as a nation.

I am a work veteran of fifty years' active service, plus the many weeks that your remarkable "system" excused me from being useful to the country in my best years. You will understand immediately that I was never permitted to acquire property in any substantial volume. I have to keep on working indefinitely, and there may be something for the eventual funeral. Multiply this case by the fifty millions now dragging out an existence, and you get the idea.

It is not that we are objects of charity to be helped on our own account—that is where so many of our best minds fall down. We are the working capital of the nation, inadequately used and tended or wholly wasted, at a cost to the nation of ten to fifty dollars a day each in production capacity. Add to the unemployed of our number two or three times as many who are employed wastefully or detrimentally, plus their incomes, and you get another idea.

Los Angeles, May 10 BEN ARTHUR

Student Strikes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The strike "against all extra-curricular activities" at St. Lawrence University is, in spite of its being a rather silly gesture, not without some significance. It implies that the faculty, the administration, and the alumni think more of extra-curricular activities than do the students. In this day of drum-beating and whoop-la education this is not far from right, for it is by this means that a college becomes and remains known. It is all very well to smile at the childishness of such actions, but it seems to me that these students have inadvertently pronounced an anathema upon American universities.

Cornell, Wash., May 12 FRANK H. CASS

Cornell War Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention to a slight omission in your brief paragraph on the Cornell war memorial—Hans Wagner episode. No mention whatever was made of the unenthusiastic reception of the plan by the Cornell *Daily Sun* and a goodly percentage of the less dormant student body. President Farrand, in all fairness to him, found it necessary to apologize for the blunder, and the students themselves are raising a fund of their own for Hans Wagner as a gentle reminder of the folly of 1914-18. There is yet hope within these college walls.

Ithaca, N. Y., May 16 THOMAS E. ELLIS

Summer Book Section

Ezra Pound's Golden Ass[*]

By ALLEN TATE

I

and as for text we have taken it
from that of Messire Laurentius
and from a codex once of the Lords Malatesta . . .

ONE is not certain who Messire Laurentius was; one is not very certain that it makes no difference. Yet one takes comfort in the vast range of Mr. Pound's obscure learning, which no one man could be expected to know much about. In this great work one is continually uncertain, as to space, time, history. The codex of the Lords Malatesta would be less disconcerting than Laurentius—if we were sure it existed—for more than half of the thirty cantos contain long paraphrases or garbled quotations from the correspondence, public and private, of the Renaissance Italians, chiefly Florentine and Venetian. About a third of the lines are versified documents. Another third are classical allusions, esoteric quotations from the ancients, fragments of the Greek poets with bits of the Romans thrown in; all magnificently written into Mr. Pound's own text. The rest is contemporary—anecdotes, satirical pictures of vulgar Americans, obscene stories, evenings in low Mediterranean dives, and gossip about amazing rogues behind the scenes of European power. The three kinds of material in the cantos are antiquity, the Renaissance, and the modern world. They are combined on no principle that seems in the least consistent to a first glance. They appear to be mixed in an incoherent jumble, or to stand up in puzzling contrasts.

This is the poetry which, in early and incomplete editions, has had more influence on us than any other of our time; it has had an immense underground reputation. And deservedly. For even the early reader of Mr. Pound could not fail to detect the presence of a new poetic form in the individual cantos; though the full value and intention of this form appears for the first time in the complete work. It is not that there is any explicit feature of the whole design that is not contained in each canto; it is simply that Mr. Pound must be read in bulk; it is only then that the great variety of his style and the apparent incoherence turn into order and form. There is no other poetry like the "Cantos" in English. And there is none quite so simple in form. The form is, in fact, so simple that almost no one has guessed it, and I suppose it will continue to puzzle, perhaps to enrage, our more academic critics for a generation to come. But this form by virtue of its simplicity remains inviolable to critical terms: even now it cannot be technically described.

I begin to talk like Mr. Pound, or rather like the way in which most readers think Mr. Pound writes. The secret of his form is this: conversation. The cantos are talk, talk, talk; not by any one in particular to any one else in particular; they are just rambling talk. At least each canto is a cunningly devised imitation of a polite conversation, in which no one presses any subject very far. The length of breath, the span of conversational energy, is the length of canto. The conversationalist pauses; there is just enough left hanging in the air to give him a new start; so that the transitions between the cantos are natural and easy.

Each canto has the broken flow and the somewhat elusive climax of a good monologue: because there is no single speaker, it is a many-voiced monologue. That is the method of the poems—though there is another quality of the form that I must postpone for a moment—and *that is what the poems are about.*

There are, as I have said, three subjects of conversation—ancient times, Renaissance Italy, and the present—but these are not what the cantos are about. They are not about Italy, nor about Greece, nor are they about us. They are not about anything. But they are distinguished poetry. Mr. Pound himself tells us:

And they want to know what we talked about?
"*de litteris et de armis, praestantibus ingeniis,*
Both of ancient times and our own; books, arms,
And men of unusual genius
Both of ancient times and our own, in short the usual subjects
Of conversation between intelligent men."

II

There is nothing in the cantos more difficult than that. There is nothing inherently obscure; nothing too profound for any reader who has enough information to get to the background of all the allusions in a learned conversation. But there is something that no reader, short of some years of hard textual study, will understand. This is the very heart of the cantos, the secret of Mr. Pound's poetic character, which will only gradually emerge from a detailed analysis of every passage. And this is no more than our friends are constantly demanding of us; we hear them talk, and we return to hear them talk, and we return to hear them again, but we never know what they talk about; we return for that mysterious quality of charm that has no rational meaning that we can define. It is only after a long time that the order, the direction, the rhythm of the talker's mind, the logic of his character as distinguished from anything logical he may say—it is a long time before this begins to take on form for us. So with Mr. Pound's cantos. It is doubtless easier for us (who are trained in the more historic brands of poetry) when the poems are about God, Freedom, and Immortality, but there is no reason why poetry should not be so perplexingly simple as Mr. Pound's, and be about nothing at all.

The ostensible subjects of the cantos—ancient, middle, and modern times—are only the materials round which Mr. Pound's mind plays constantly; they are the screen upon which he throws a beautiful, flowing quality of poetic thought. Now in conversation the memorable quality is a sheer accident of character, and is not designed; but in the cantos the effect is deliberate, and from the first canto to the thirtieth the set tone is maintained without a single lapse.

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[*] "A Draft of XXX Cantos." By Ezra Pound. Paris: The Hours Press. Edition of 212 copies.

It is this tone, it is this quality quite simply, which is the meaning of the cantos, and although, as I have said, it is simple and direct, it is just as hard to pin down, it is as hidden in its shifting details, as a running, ever-changing conversation. It cannot be taken out of the text; and yet the special way that Mr. Pound has of weaving his three materials together, of emphasizing them, of comparing and contrasting them, gives us a clue to the leading intention of the poems. I come to that quality of the form which I postponed.

The easiest interpretation of all poetry is the symbolic method: there are few poems that cannot be paraphrased into a kind of symbolism, which is usually false, being by no means the chief intention of the poet. It is very probable, therefore, that I am about to falsify the true simplicity of the cantos into a simplicity that is merely convenient and spurious. The reader must bear this in mind, and view the slender symbolism that I am going to read into the cantos as a critical shorthand, useful perhaps, but which when used must be dropped.

One of the finest cantos is properly the first. It describes a voyage:

> And then went down to the ship,
> Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea, and
> We set up mast and sail on that swart ship,
> Bore sheep aboard her, and our bodies also
> Heavy with weeping, and winds from sternward
> Bore us out onward with bellying canvas,
> Circe's this craft, the trim-coifed goddess.

They land, having come "to the place aforesaid by Circe"—whatever place it may be—and Tiresias appears, who says:

> "Odysseus
> Shalt return through spiteful Neptune, over dark seas,
> Lose all companions." And then Anticlea came.
> Lie quiet Divus. I mean, that is, Andreas Divus,
> In officina Wecheli, 1538, out of Homer.
> And he sailed, by Sirens and thence outward and away
> And unto Circe.

Mr. Pound's world is the scene of a great Odyssey, and everywhere he lands it is the shore of Circe, where men "lose all companions" and are turned into swine. It would not do at all to push this hint too far, but I will risk one further point: Mr. Pound is a typically modern, rootless, and internationalized intelligence. In the place of the traditional supernaturalism of the older and local cultures, he has a cosmopolitan curiosity which seeks out marvels, which are all equally marvelous, whether it be a Greek myth or the antics in Europe of a lady from Kansas. He has the bright, cosmopolitan savoir faire which refuses to be "taken in": he will not believe, being a traditionalist at bottom, that the "perverts, who have set money-lust before the pleasures of the senses," are better than swine. And ironically, being modern and a hater of modernity, he sees all history as deformed by the trim-coifed goddess.

The cantos are a book of marvels—marvels that he has read about, or heard of, or seen; there are Greek myths, tales of Italian feuds, meetings with strange people, rumors of intrigues of state, memories of remarkable dead friends like T. E. Hulme, comments on philosophical problems, harangues on abuses of the age; the "usual subjects of conversation between intelligent men."

It is all fragmentary. Now nearly every canto begins with a bit of heroic antiquity, some myth, or classical quotation, or a lovely piece of lyrical description in a grand style. It invariably breaks down. It trails off into a piece of contemporary satire, or a flat narrative of the rascality of some Italian prince. This is the special quality of Mr. Pound's form, the essence of his talk, the direction of these magnificent conversations.

For not once does Mr. Pound give himself up to any single story or myth. The thin symbolism from the Circe myth is hardly more than a leading tone, an unconscious prejudice about men which he is not willing to indicate beyond the barest outline. He cannot believe in any of them, not even in his own power of imagining them out to a conclusion. None of his myths is compelling enough to draw out his total intellectual resources; none goes far enough to become a belief or even a momentary faith. They remain marvels to be looked at, but they are meaningless, the wrecks of civilization. His powerful juxtapositions of the ancient, the Renaissance, and the modern worlds reduce all three elements to an unhistorical miscellany, timeless and without origin, and no longer a force in the lives of men.

III

And that is the peculiarly modern quality of Mr. Pound. There is a certain likeness in this to another book of marvels, those stories of late antiquity known to us as "The Golden Ass." The cantos are a sort of "Golden Ass." There is a likeness, but there is no parallel beyond the mere historical one: both books are the production of worlds without convictions and given over to a hard secular program. Here the similarity ends. For Mr. Pound is a powerful reactionary, a faithful mind devoted to those ages when the myths were not merely pretty, but true. And there is a cloud of melancholy irony hanging over the cantos. He is persuaded that the myths are only beautiful, and he drops them after a glimpse, but he is not reconciled to this aestheticism: he ironically puts the myths against the ugly specimens of modern life that have defeated them. But neither are the specimens of modernity worthy of the dignity of belief:

> She held that a sonnet was a sonnet
> And ought never to be destroyed
> And had taken a number of courses
> And continued with hope of degrees and
> Ended in a Baptist learnery
> Somewhere near the Rio Grande.

I am not certain that Mr. Pound will agree with me that he is a traditionalist; nor am I convinced that Mr. Pound, for his part, is certain of anything under heaven but his genius for poetry. He is probably one of two or three living Americans who will be remembered as poets of the first order. Yet there is no reason to infer from that that Mr. Pound, outside his craft, or outside his conversation, knows in the least what he is doing or saying. He is and always has been in a muddle of revolution; and for some appalling reason he identifies his crusade with liberty—liberty of speech, liberty of press, liberty of conduct—in short, liberty. I do not mean to say that either Mr. Pound or his critic knows what liberty is. Nevertheless, Mr. Pound identifies it with civilization and intelligence, of the modern and scientific variety. And yet the ancient cultures, which he so much admires, were, from any modern viewpoint, hatched in barbarism and superstition. One is entitled to the suspicion that Mr. Pound prefers barbarism, and that by taking up the role of revolution against it he has bitten off his nose to spite his face. He is the confirmed enemy of provincialism, never suspecting that his favorite, Lorenzo the Magnificent, for example, was provincial to the roots of his hair.

This muddle runs through the cantos, and it makes the irony that I have spoken of to a certain extent unconscious. For as the apostle of humane culture, he constantly discredits it by crying up a rationalistic enlightenment. It would appear from this that his philosophical tact is somewhat feminine, and that, as intelligence, it does not exist. His poetic intelligence is of the finest: and if he doesn't know what liberty is, he understands poetry, and how to write it. This is enough for one man to know. And the thirty cantos are enough to occupy a loving and ceaseless study—say a canto a year for thirty years, all thirty to be read every few weeks just for the tone.

The Novel from James to Joyce

By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

STUART GILBERT'S masterly program notes on "Ulysses" invite one to reconsider the place of this book in the evolution of novelistic technique. For purposes of orientation there is no work more helpful than that of Henry James, if we have in mind the wide prevalence of his ideal even yet, the radical divergence of Joyce, and, at the same time, their striking similarity in several important points. James represents the extreme limit of tendencies which, for brevity, we may call dramatic. The prime advantage of the play over the novel is that everything takes place before the spectator's eyes in the immediate present. The "dramatic" novel strives to capture the appeal of the play by eliminating so far as possible the elements of exposition and summary narrative, and exploiting the "scene," or, as James calls it, the "discriminated occasion." It is an effort to keep perpetually within the dramatic present. Few people realize—and least of all Henry James—how much of the power of Dostoevski derives from his approximation to this ideal. The action of his novels is concentrated within a few days' time; an extraordinary number of pages is devoted to each day's performance; transitional passages are reduced to a vanishing minimum. Dostoevski seems not to have consciously sighted James's ideal of the restricted viewpoint; but his instinct led him to confine himself practically to the view of a single character over, sometimes, hundreds of pages.

The restricted viewpoint is, as Mr. Lubbock has shown, the final means of "dramatizing" the action of the novel. The ideal of the dramatic novel is immediacy, and the restricted viewpoint subserves immediacy, for one thing, by getting rid of the intrusions of an officious author. Instead of the chronicle of an outsider, we follow the action in the spotlight of someone's consciousness within the story. It is true that what we have now is subjective drama, which may be thought a contradiction in terms, since the drama of the stage is confined to speech and action. In subjective drama speech and action come to us strained through the medium of someone's thoughts. And so the novel, pursuing its "dramatic" ideal, has reached in James a technique as far removed as possible from that of the stage. And the very cult of the "discriminated occasion" leads to an expansion of the moment-in-the-mind altogether untheatrical, which proves for most readers a monstrous and intolerable excrescence upon the story. So that, in point of fact, it is only in the disciples of James—in Edith Wharton, in Joseph Hergesheimer, in Anne Douglas Sedgwick—it is in the attenuated form of "The Age of Innocence" that most readers actually relish the method of Henry James.

Meantime the cognoscenti continue to taste in quiet the thick and heady vintage of the master, and new schools of esoteric fiction take their departure from him. What characterizes him most, in his later work, is this *infinite expansion of the moment,* and it is this, as much as any other feature, which characterizes Joyce in "Ulysses." For Joyce is concerned very little with action, and very much with what goes on in the consciousness of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom. And it is not to explain their action that he displays their souls; it is their souls themselves that interest him—or rather the flux of sensation and thought that constitutes the identity of each. A new psychology has intervened between James and Joyce, and it is no longer possible to talk of souls. The people of James are unitary beings, responsible for their choices and judged by the fineness of their perceptions. The plot of the story is the process of their enlightenment proceeding inevitably to their choice of the better alternative. For in James, even in his later work, there is still a plot. It is a plot greatly reduced and strictly confined to some narrow spiritual issue. But this issue, which limits the plot, defines it and makes it a plot. In Joyce there is no plot, but simply a series of everyday occurrences serving as a framework on which to hang the psychical fabric whose texture it is our pleasure to study. The subjective "close-ups" of James are meant to have their bearing on the issue and are limited, in the long run, by this intention. In Joyce there is nothing of this kind to limit the close-ups. So that what first sharply distinguishes him from James is simply his carrying so very much farther one of James's leading tendencies.

The same thing applies to the author's disposition to self-effacement. In the later novels of James he tries to identify himself as completely as possible with one or another of the characters. Only he feels that he should be there to render, to interpret, the character's view. And it is ever the style of Henry James—his manner of putting ideas together, his stately and finicking process of thought—which dominates the landscape. This is necessary, he thinks, to guarantee the coherence of his character's experience. But coherence is not what Joyce is concerned with. It is, on the contrary, what will seem to the hasty reader the very height of incoherence. The *monologue intérieur,* which occupies the bulk of this volume and is the feature most frequently imitated, seems devised to illustrate the freakishness and inconsequence of the subjective process when not strictly controlled by some practical objective. One idea leads to another by associations that shoot off at a tangent; one stream of thought is overlaid and undermined by any number of diverse streams, which are sure to seep through the roof or well up from beneath and distract its flow just at the point where it seems to be getting somewhere. The psyche which is defined by the continuity of this welter appears to be passive under the compulsion of eye and ear continually flooding it with new associations, and still more under that of memory and imagination. And what doubles the confusion is the unwillingness of the author to show us the way, even to indicate the point and plausibility of hiatus and ellipsis. The silent monologue is for the most part carried on in the very idiom of the character, with whatever there is of idiosyncracy in the way his thoughts follow one another. Once again, in applying James's idea, Joyce has developed the formula to the point where it is unrecognizable.

Plot having gone by the board, and with it the psychical coherence of the characters, what is left to hold together this great amorphous mass and give it form? It is here that the recent scholarly elucidations of Mr. Gilbert are indispensable. He has shown that Joyce has a principle of organization as formal as it is unique in fiction. "Ulysses" is nothing more nor less than a symphonic poem, characterized by a rigorous and insistent development of themes. Underneath the apparently freakish play of the surface runs the continuous rhythm of recurring motifs. First of all there is the close correspondence of each of the eighteen sections with one of the episodes of the "Odyssey." This correspondence is not merely a matter of the general outline of the episode, but is carried out in a thousand obscure allusions scattered through the narrative and lodged like ore in the most secret rifts and veins of rhetoric and reverie. Along with this is the thematic development in each episode of allusions to some bodily organ, to some one of the arts, some type-word or symbol, often to some color, together with the application in each case of a special narrative technique appropriate to the subject matter. For example, the scene in the newspaper office, corresponding, with humorous exactness, to the Homeric episode of Aeolus and his windbag, develops with infinite ingenuity the theme of the lungs, that windy organ of rhetoric; it offers examples of every trick known to the Greek rhetoricians (Mr. Gilbert cites ninety-five of them); and its special technique is the enthymeme, consisting of a syllogism with one premise omitted. Besides all this, there are other leit-motifs recurrent throughout the whole book, such as the mystic doctrine of metempsychosis; the theme of paternity, biological and spiritual; the preoccupations of theology and Aristotelian metaphysics; certain anthropological themes; and of course the psychological motifs of inferiority and compensation, with a dozen related notions from Zurich and Vienna.

Now what most needs saying, in reference to all these motifs and correspondences, is that they are not used for the development of plot, nor are they, for the most part, necessary to the motivation of character. So far as fiction goes, they are a pure luxury—the unbridled play of the poetic or musical faculty. It should also be noted that they are the element in "Ulysses" (and what I am now saying applies still more forcibly to "Work in Progress") which has least affected such novelists as have more or less come under Joyce's influence—Virginia Woolf, Conrad Aiken, John Dos Passos, Rex Stout, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Nathan Asch. (Dorothy Richardson and Waldo Frank should probably be regarded as autonomous, showing contemporaneously some of the same tendencies.) More than anything else it is his technique of the silent monologue which has influenced the "stream-of-consciousness" writers. The "polyphonic" method of Aldous Huxley does not deal appreciably in the kind of themes affected by Joyce, though I presume that both he and Dos Passos have been influenced by the episode of the Wandering Rocks. The character itself—or the character's philosophy—is the theme in Huxley. Dos Passos more nearly suggests Joyce's use of themes which are symbols, that is, something superadded to the realism of character portrayal. And in the introductory prose poems of "Manhattan Transfer," the "camera eye" and the "newsreels" of "The 42nd Parallel," he makes the most effective use, of any of the school, of that poetic symbolism which is the inimitable feature of "Ulysses." It is indeed highly significant that this aspect of Joyce is most nearly reflected in the compositions not of novelists but of poets, writers like T. S. Eliot and Hart Crane.

There has been a deal of talk about Joyce's realism. It is true that he is a realist if that means that he has no sentimental or moral ax to grind, or if realism signifies the formidable assemblage of lifelike detail. But what is much more to the point is that he is in the line of the symbolists, as Edmund Wilson has shown in his subtle and learned book entitled "Axel's Castle." Another way of placing him would be by the analogy of post-impressionist painting. The technique of James might be likened to that of painting before the advent of impressionism. His aim is truth in the representation of nature. Truth is the whole burden of his literary criticism. A very special truth he seeks, truth selected and set in a particular light. That is where the art comes in. But still he is the painter sitting down before a landscape to render it with faithfulness. Now this is the attitude of the impressionist as well as of his predecessors. Only the impressionist saw his landscape differently. He saw it less in terms of the outline which is known to be there and more in terms of the mass which strikes the eye, and his technique was to build up an impression of the mass by laying on spots of color. James is a pre-impressionist in the novel by virtue of the precision with which his issue is defined by the tight little line of his plot. D. H. Lawrence, in poetry and the novel, is an impressionist because he is not concerned with the dramatic shape of the thing but with the living "feel" of it. When Miriam in "Sons and Lovers" asks Paul why it is that she likes so much one of his sketches, he replies, "It's more shimmery, as if I'd painted the shimmering protoplasm in the leaves and everywhere, and not the stiffness of the shape. . . . Only this shimmeriness is the real living. The shape is a dead crust." Ford tells us that Conrad and he were called impressionists because they did not "narrate" their stories, but let them build themselves up bit by bit in the casual manner of life. "We saw that life did not narrate, but made impressions on our brains." The peculiarities of Conrad's technique—his curious chronology, his Captain Marlow, and the rest—were all in the interest of his impressionist ideal, "to make you see."

But the post-impressionist is not primarily concerned with the representation of nature. His aim is, out of elements derived from nature, to make an abstract composition for rendering some truth of his own conceiving. His truth may be of the utmost significance in the ideal world, but it is not necessarily a fact of nature. And he permits himself every license in the treatment of facts. It is clear that Joyce's "Ulysses"—not to mention the still more symbolistic "Work in Progress"—corresponds in fiction to post-impressionism in painting. His unrealistic freedom in handling facts is illustrated—to cite two instances—by the "gigantism" of the Cyclops episode and the Freudian mythology of the Circe episode. It shows itself everywhere in the transcendental play of his fancy around the manifold interwoven symbols. But this, as I have pointed out, is the note in Joyce which has had the fewest echoes among writers of fiction. And it raises the question whether he should properly be classified as a novelist. He has vastly influenced the technique of the novel. But he has perhaps more affinities with Aristophanes than with Thackeray, more with Dante than with Henry James.

Sic Semper

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Down—down he came,
Burning his soul with the exploring flame.

Kingship among the angels lost, honor in Heaven forsaking
For earth's awaking.

He, the Light-Bringer, Fire-Scatterer, plunging through death in the dark
With his one spark

Torn from the bright
Heart of Intelligence whose least universe is Light,

So that the clod
Might lift itself, light-shielded and light-shod,
And man grow like his God. . . .

A snare
Of winds tore the bare hands and throat, froze the fine hair,
Whipped him with knives of air.

But down—down he flew,
Nor rested till the burning seeds were planted and the dark mind knew
Wisdom defining one and two,
False from true.

Then man—aware too well
What truth would cost, what love and wisdom would compel—
Put Lucifer in hell.

Books

Salvation for the Modern Soul

The Contemporary and His Soul. By Irwin Edman. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

IN the foreword to that singularly acute and disturbing book "The Modern Temper," Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch confessed that the mood he was describing was perhaps no more than one of many modern tempers. His description, further, was surely not an unbiased one, for it was obvious that Mr. Krutch shared the mood he was describing, and that his description of it was, in effect, an argument for it. It has remained for Mr. Irwin Edman to present us with a comprehensive if less sympathetic description of nearly all of the leading modern tempers.

He begins with the mood described by Mr. Krutch, which he calls the Cult of Disillusion. I find the chapter devoted to this one of the least satisfactory sections of his book, for it seems neither adequate as an analysis nor fully convincing as an answer, though it does make one or two telling points. Mr. Krutch, Mr. Edman believes, is for one thing guilty of "the fallacy of origins"—in assuming, for example, that because poetic love still has lust as its source it therefore ceases to be poetry or love. Further, the Krutchian view of nature as something essentially alien, hostile, or absurd Mr. Edman dismisses as largely an echo of the sentimental view fashionable in the late nineteenth century. Nature is not alien to us, for we are a part of it; it is "the matrix and material of all our ideals and the locus of all possible destinies." The cult of disillusion, again, is in large part a reflection of the aimlessness and loose ends of the post-war generation, and to the extent that it is so it is unlikely to be permanent. Finally, the "failure of nerve" in our time, in so far as it is real and not merely verbal (for Mr. Edman hints that much of it is merely a pose by those who wish to appear smart and sophisticated), follows in part from the fact that we live in cities and among words; and though only an "unprecedented social transformation" may be able to cure this, Mr. Edman meanwhile offers some old-fashioned advice to disillusionists on animal satisfactions, shared domestic joys, and the delight in some activity for its own sake.

I have said that Mr. Edman is describing various modern tempers; perhaps I should rather have said that he is describing various modern proposals for the salvation of the soul. The terms have gone out of style, and much of their ancient meaning has faded, but what the contemporary is seeking today, Mr. Edman feels, is what man has always been seeking, peace and contentment for his spirit. The disillusionist tells him that these are not to be had, or rather that they can be secured only by an almost complete renunciation of hope; but meanwhile other faiths offer him something more positive. The most important of these, perhaps, is the Faith in Intelligence. Some rudimentary reliance on intelligence has, of course, existed since the dawn of consciousness, and at least as far back as Plato philosophers were convinced that intelligence could devise a radically better world, but with the Greeks mind was still primarily a faculty of vision, an end in itself; it was Francis Bacon who first popularized the conception of it as an instrument for bettering man's estate, and the conception of logic as primarily a technique of discovery. Such writers as H. G. Wells and John Dewey today are the modern heirs of Bacon; it is they who have aroused the hope that the methods which have succeeded so miraculously in the world of material things will succeed equally in the field of human nature and social institutions. But with all the parade of statistics and terminology, the progress in genuine social "science" has been negligible, and even the faith in the miracle of a new education has been dying. The naive assumption that mastery of things—resulting in comfort, luxuries, remarkable inventions, and quick communication—could produce individual and universal happiness, has been discredited. Further, to see the good is not to do it; mere intelligence will not save the soul. And "it is no use insisting to the disenchanted that the only avenues to progress are through science and the machine, if it is precisely the quality and character of an industrial and mechanical civilization that leaves the devotee cold."

Mr. Edman turns next to those who have retreated to a form of Platonism, of which Santayana, with his contemplation of the infinite realm of timeless essences, is the chief living representative. But while it may be well to withdraw and see things, however anguished, tempting, or exciting, as mere examples of eternity, that withdrawal, Mr. Edman points out, *is* a withdrawal and can be little more than a momentary soliloquy. A like fate must fall upon those who turn back nostalgically to some time in the past. This is merely another form of Platonism, for the past toward which such persons turn is a Platonic hypostasis. "It is myth using the language of history, the imagination trying to give its fantasies the glamor and authority of once having been." So the romantic neo-classicists of the eighteenth century discovered—or contrived—"the white serenity of Greece," and romantic classicists today sigh for the imagined rationality and urbanity of the eighteenth century, "a world composed exclusively of the mind of Voltaire, the music of Mozart, and the *fêtes champêtres* of Watteau." T. S. Eliot, yearning for a fixed authority, and with the courage to follow the logic of his own position, has seen that to be a classicist in literature involves being a conservative in politics and adopting an authoritative religion, which for him means Anglo-Catholicism. But any effort to return to the past, as, for example, by erecting a Gothic church on Fifth Avenue, results only in retrieving a faked shell, not the authentic substance of a vanished epoch. A faith in the past is not really a way out of the confusion of the present; for the present is always with us.

It is in his chapter on Flights to Action and to Ecstasy, it seems to me, that Mr. Edman makes his most brilliant criticism. Here he examines the cults of the sexualists, the aesthetes, and the "activists." The last group range all the way from those who make a fetish of high-pressure business to the Hemingway character, who only *does* and *is,* says nothing but the barely and bleakly necessary, and despises all subtleties of thought and emotion. Most of Mr. Edman's attention in this chapter, however, is devoted to the "phallic fanaticism" of D. H. Lawrence and his followers. He disposes effectively, to my mind, of the cult of sex as salvation, though not before pointing out that the chief leaders of that cult are not mere carnal priests, but mystics with a long tradition behind them, who see in the act of sex not merely physical satisfaction but mystical regeneration. Like other mystical poets "they are sustained by the rhetoric of their own eloquence rather than by the facts, as it is indeed their own eloquence and art that chiefly come to interest them." The new sex lyricist has the dual aim of wishing to be a sturdy, true child of nature and a poet appreciating the sturdy child of nature. He is the victim of an old and naive mistake—that of selecting one phase of life and identifying it with saving glory, of regarding only one of his many organs, impulses, interests, and enterprises as *the* instrument of salvation.

When Mr. Edman comes to his concluding chapter, Note Concerning Salvation for This World, he is much less convincing. For here he attempts to be constructive, almost to wish to repair the damage he has just done; so much so that he even appears to accept much that he has already rejected. The apparent inconsistency, on closer examination, is not as great as it at first seems, for while here Mr. Edman seems to be recommending intelligence, sexual love, contemplation, action, tradition, where he had previously seemed to reject them, he had rejected them merely as isolated panaceas, each selected at the expense of the rest, and not as elements that might be made part of a full, harmonious life. But if the inconsistency of doctrine is perhaps negligible, the inconsistency of tone is surely not. Mr. Edman begins his final chapter hesitantly, and seems to promise little enough: "One thing, at least, a centering of the quest for salvation upon this life and in terms of this world can accomplish: to avert the disappointment of romantic hopes unfulfilled." But before many pages we find him writing: "It is a challenge, not an elegy, that should be the theme of our discourse, not the violins on a dying fall, but the trumpet call." Here Mr. Edman seems to me to become a victim of the will-to-eloquence that he criticizes in others, for there is nothing in his previous analysis, at times so mordantly realistic, to lead us to feel that way. He has suggested, at best, that the chief sources of happiness—which imply also the chief sources of misery and hopelessness—are what they have always been. This may be consolatory to the victims of an illogical pessimism and despair, but it hardly seems anything to blow a trumpet about.

HENRY HAZLITT

Stalin

Stalin. By Isaac Don Levine. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $3.50.

HERE is a book that should be divided by five. In his reference to Stalin's struggle for power the author speaks of a "world that had been inured to mistruth but educated in sensation, a world that had lost its sense of indignation but gained a jazz and cinematographic perspective." Such a world he himself must have had in mind in the preparation of this volume. The work is highly jazzed from beginning to end.

The author's first difficulty seems to be mathematical in nature. He loves good round figures. In describing the land of the Soviets he says: "Here a million wooden villages have produced a score of brick and stone cities." According to the census of December, 1926, there were but 387,000 villages in the union. And *wooden* villages are entirely absent in the vast timberless regions of the south. In another passage he reports that at the close of 1930 "the gold ruble had depreciated so that on the 'black bourse' the dollar fetched forty rubles instead of the two paid by the state." Of course the *gold* ruble had not depreciated at all; it had merely been driven out of circulation. And the paper ruble certainly brought more than two and a half cents on the "black bourse." The most that émigrés, desiring to send money through subterranean channels to friends and relatives in Russia, can get for a dollar in the branches of this exchange in Paris and Berlin is eight or ten rubles. Again he refers to "the tens of thousands of closed churches that went with the Communist drive [in 1930]." According to the best information available there were not more than 50,000 churches in the entire union in February, 1930. Moreover, from 1917 up to that time only about 3,000 had been closed.

Mr. Levine's second difficulty is a language difficulty. He seems to be subject to a form of verbal intoxication. He is unable to resist the temptation of strong words. Thus he begins his first chapter with "The Land of Courage . . . The Land of Fear . . . The Caucasus"; and his second with "The Land of Faith . . . The Land of Despair . . . Eurasia." Then on the next page he gives the following characterization of Eurasia: "A land where the machine is a faith and faith is a

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machine; where politics is despair and despair is politics—this is the cradle of bolshevism." Now all of this sounds very good. But what does it mean? In describing the situation in 1927 he writes:

> Fear, the soul of dictatorship, now strode across the land. . . . Looking back upon the nightmarish utterances of Stalin and Trotzky and their followers in those days, it is impossible to escape the vision of a divided band of conspirators petrified at the sight of their own ghost—the ghost of bolshevism, the ghost of Leninism, the ghost of terror.

The book is well sprinkled with such phrases as "the vivisection of 160,000,000 people," "the bloodless guillotine," "the panic in the Kremlin," "a frenzied dumping." The Five-Year Plan he disposes of far more easily than do the chancelleries of Europe and the leaders of capitalistic economics:

> Conceived in distress, propelled by panic, fed on false promises, driven by emotional and not rational means, the Five-Year Plan in the hands of the Stalin dictatorship is like a rocket proceeding to the moon, with the aid of charts prepared by a group of astronomers.

This may have been intended for drama, but in reality it is melodrama. At least it bears no relationship to the social sciences.

The author also seems to be suffering from a Eurasia complex. He attributes everything associated with the revolution that he does not like to the strange and baleful influence of Eurasia—cruelty, terror, dictatorship. As if Western Europe had never known, and may not again know, these forms of behavior! With this formula he easily explains the short duration of the red regime in Finland: "But then Finland is a European nation. And bolshevism has never been able to maintain a foothold in the West." Yet the author of this formula says of Stalin:

> In a cosmic [*sic!*] world that does not conform to a single formula, Stalin is lost. He cannot find his bearings in a world developed beyond the perceptions of elementary Eurasia, a world bewildering in the variety of its living colors, a world in which the warm, deep currents of a flowering individualist culture are intertwined with the civilization of a machine age in a manner that defies rudimentary generalization.

That Stalin himself ever placed confidence in so simple a formula is highly doubtful.

The author's treatment of his subject, however, possesses many merits. He gives us a fairly sound picture of the career of Joseph Djugashvili. He also includes in the account many excellent quotations from the Soviet leader's speeches and writings. And the following estimate is admirable:

> Stalin's principles and prerequisites of leadership are: organizing and executive ability, an unostentatious and plebeian conduct, foresight, unflinching courage of one's convictions, a never-aging spirit of rebellion, faith in the masses, anticipating their moods and wishes, and learning from them as well as their enemies.

Such lucid statements, however, are marred by the author's love of colorful phrases and his constant appeal to the gallery. He says in a number of places that Stalin possesses no originality, no power to formulate policies. Yet as early as 1917, when Lenin was pinning his hopes on a world upheaval, Stalin argued that the revolution might succeed in one country, and even in a culturally and technically backward country like Russia. A man capable of taking such a position at such a time cannot be said to lack independence and creative power. Certainly Stalin's mind is not to be compared with that of Trotzky in fertility and agility. At the same time history may well prove that on the most fundamental issues he was a safer guide than his more talented opponent.

This book will probably be widely read: partly because it is interesting, partly because its explanations are simple, and partly because its main theses are in harmony with the prejudices which commonly prevail in the United States. It will serve to perpetuate that misunderstanding which is our heritage from the first years of the Russian Revolution, when American and European journalism descended, whether by intent or incompetence, to the level of gross and detailed misrepresentation. The well-informed mind can read the volume with profit, being capable of detecting the exaggerations and moderating the tone of the adjectives. But to the ordinary reader it is likely to bring but little illumination. Stalin and the Russian experiment will remain about as inexplicable as ever. This is unfortunate, because Mr. Levine is unusually well equipped to report what happens in the Soviet Union. In the present work he has not lived up to his possibilities.

George S. Counts

"Mother India's" Sequel

Volume Two. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE resolving note of Miss Mayo's "Mother India" (1926) was an essential depravity of the Indian people, especially the Hindus, that operated primarily in sex life and was the basis of all India's woes. Expressed with vehemence and passion, the thesis aroused in America and England spirited partisanship for or against India, and in India itself violent rebuttal and recrimination. In the years since the publication of that book the mass of evidence and opinion accumulated to discredit Miss Mayo's methods and conclusions has been so great as to subject her literary reputation to the severest doubt. The few defenders she has found have not succeeded in confirming her position, and they have lacked her fire. Now she comes to her own defense, using material fortuitously provided by the Indians themselves.

A little more than a year ago the Government of India's Age-of-Consent Committee published the report of its investigation into child marriage and the evidence on which that report was based. Following this report a Child-Marriage-Restraint Act was enacted by the Indian Legislative Assembly, fixing the marriage age for males at eighteen years and for females at fourteen. This was approved by the Governor General and became effective April 1, 1930. Out of the evidence collected by these Indians—evidence exploited by them to influence the Legislative Assembly—she has taken the bulk of the material for her book. Unwilling to concede the great achievement represented by this legislation, she somewhat speciously justifies the writing of this volume of self-defense on the ground that the punishment provided by the act for infringements is not sufficiently severe to be effective.

"Mother India"—prejudiced, ill-informed, and inaccurate as it was—nevertheless served a purpose in arousing public opinion in India on social questions. It gave an impetus to the labors of reformers that had already extended over many years, and aided their causes. But with that book Miss Mayo's contribution to India's progress ceased. She can do no more to stimulate public opinion there, and this new volume is of no importance.

To say that "Volume Two" has the same sort of faults as had "Mother India" is to surprise no one; but there is a difference in degree; for this new book is made up largely of Hindus' utterances. Yet the commentary she attaches to these quotations is often inaccurate and given a tone by prejudicial adjectives and interpretation, is animated by an obvious dislike of the Hindu religion and Hindus and a counter-leaning toward

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Christianity and its missionaries, and is filled with contempt for India's nationalists who make assertion against the British domination. With her reputation what it is in consequence of "Mother India," such further evidence of bias must destroy much of the credence she might otherwise have got from the general reader.

W. NORMAN BROWN

The First Days of Pompeii

Bulwer: A Panorama. I. Edward and Rosina, 1803-1836. By Michael Sadleir. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

EVEN for so stagy a career as Bulwer-Lytton's, "panorama" is superficial. Mr. Sadleir's book is a deep and sharp analysis of the man, his associates, and his times. I know of no other single volume which gives so much information so clearly arranged about English literature, manners, customs, politics, in the first third of the nineteenth century. Mr. Sadleir makes legitimate use of the essential skill of the novelist—perception of character, narrative continuity, sense of the dramatic—yet he never comes within dangerous vicinity of that dreadful mongrel, fictionized biography. His substance is a scholar's examination of fact, evidence, document; his interpretation is imaginative in the right way, an illumination and vivification of the material, penetrating and subtle suggestion controlled by good sense and reason. A second volume is announced as in preparation, to deal with the thirties and forties; these dates imply a third and perhaps a fourth volume. No casual reader of Victorian biography and no special student can afford to miss the complete survey. And at least one reader waits eagerly for the whole work.

Bulwer-Lytton is himself a romantic hero more interesting than any hero whom he contrived in fiction, and even in his most objective novels his heroes were usually some form of himself at once diluted and strengthened. His life, brilliant in politics and blazingly successful in letters, was outwardly all that an ambitious man could hope for. Yet inwardly he was stricken with a sense of failure and defeat, he was unhappy, embittered, tormented. The external reason is his unbalanced wife, pitifully unsuited to him; the internal reason is his shy, proud, egotistic nature, self-conscious to the point of morbidity. Never did a man of genuine talent and apparent good fortune and opportunity come so near to starving spiritually in the midst of plenty. It is a pathetic, not quite laughable tragi-comedy, and Mr. Sadleir has made the most of it. One sentence, in Mr. Sadleir's italics, is the pass-key to the many chambers of Bulwer-Lytton's elaborate and fantastic house of life: *"Bulwer throughout his life was an intellect betrayed by character."*

Behind this character Mr. Sadleir has spread the scene in which it flourished and in which it suffered. Here are the bigwigs, including Thackeray, at this time young and, even later, not always so big as an admirer wishes he had been. And the smaller people, many of them almost forgotten except as footnotes to more important personages, are fitted into their places. Most instructive is the parallel, which Mr. Sadleir does not force too closely, between the years following the Napoleonic era and our present post-war period. Smartness, cynicism, idealism, economic confusion, frivolity, despair, extravagance, and sober anxiety—we can understand the mess of a hundred years ago by regarding our own bewilderment.

A writer's character and experiences cannot be divorced from his work, and it is the business of biography to examine and reveal the relations. Yet, after all, what remains is so many books. What now remains of Bulwer-Lytton's abundant production, the fruit of industry and fertility which continued for fifty years? Probably most readers who have browsed more or less widely among the novels of the world have read "The Last Days of Pompeii," and perhaps one or two others. Mr. Sadleir, who has a sound, fresh critical mind and is not misled into excess of enthusiasm by the biographer's zeal for his subject, thinks that Bulwer-Lytton is now undeservedly neglected, that there is much more in him than many of us realize. It is a fact of literary history that "more of Bulwer's books [were] published between 1830 and 1870, both in English and in translation, than those of any of his contemporaries." In his youthful triumph he succeeded Scott and preceded by a few years Dickens and Thackeray ("Eugene Aram," 1832; "The Last Days of Pompeii," 1834; "Pickwick Papers," 1836-37; "Vanity Fair," 1847). And he held his own in popularity against his greater rivals, to Thackeray's expressed and rather petty annoyance, but not, apparently, to the disturbance of the amiable and self-confident Dickens. At the start Bulwer-Lytton outdistanced his immediate competitors, who are in the handbooks of literature but are no longer read, and he was not supplanted by the younger men of genius who from our point of view throw him into a worthy second place. He was enterprising and experimental and he had an uncanny sense of what was about to be popular, what the people wanted. He tried everything and was practically successful in all modes—in the fashionable ("silver-spoon"), in the Gothic, in crime, mystery, and terror, in historical romance, in tales of classical antiquity, in stage plays (three successful), in political and literary essays. Though he was diffuse, digressive, grandiloquent, affected, he was a man of superior intellect, and he had high standards of good craftsmanship for himself and for others. Saintsbury to the contrary, he did "take pains," studied seriously in preparation for his historical novels, exerted to the utmost what powers he had. The great Victorian masters tower above him but they do not obliterate him from the landscape.

JOHN MACY

The Scorpion

Lockhart's Literary Criticism. Selected by M. Clive Hildyard. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 6s.

IN some ways this is a disappointing book, but perhaps the fault is Lockhart's rather than Miss Hildyard's. The Scotch Reviewers have a terrific reputation, thanks to the common idea that they killed poor John Keats; and apart from this legend, anyone interested in the literature of the period cannot help being aware of the effectiveness of periodical criticism in those days. It was a literary dictatorship such as had never existed before, and such as we have never seen since. But curiously little of that criticism has become literature; we do not now read the essays and reviews of Jeffrey and Francis Horner, of "Christopher North" and Sydney Smith, of Croker and Lockhart, as we read the comparable writings (comparable in their origin and occasion) of Johnson and Hazlitt, of Walter Bagehot and Matthew Arnold. The suspicion lingers that we are doing such men an injustice, and therefore a book like Miss Hildyard's, which purports to redress this injustice in one case, arouses high expectations. It disappoints us simply because we do not find anything of great critical value.

It is just possible, to adopt the easiest explanation, that Miss Hildyard has not made the best of the available material. That she is thoroughly familiar with this material is evident from her bibliography, which in itself is a work of considerable research; it should be remembered that most of Lockhart's contributions to the magazines of the period are anonymous, and the difficulty of identifying them is further complicated by the common practice of collaboration. The famous article on the

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Cockney School of Poetry is a case in point. Moreover, the excavator is not much helped by stylistic criteria; these reviewers all wrote with the same Ciceronian roundnesses and impersonality. It is not suggested, therefore, that Miss Hildyard has in any sense failed in her researches; the possibility is rather that she has set out with a too narrow definition of criticism. Most of her selections (all but five) are in the nature of personal judgments; whereas one expected a fair proportion of definitions and generalizations, such, for example, as the passage on the limitations of biography in the last chapter of the "Life of Scott." But perhaps after all we are expecting too much. Perhaps Lockhart was not primarily a critic at all. He called himself a "reviewer," and there is a possibility that the functions of the critic and the reviewer are quite distinct. In that case, all that is wrong with Miss Hildyard's book is its title; the word "criticism" ought not to have entered into it.

How shall we distinguish reviewing and criticism? Is the one activity inductive, the other deductive? Hardly; for though criticism must be based on principles, those principles must in turn be based on practice. Even metaphysical criticism, of the indefinite type favored by Coleridge in his weaker moments, is not an attempt to subsume literature under metaphysical absolutes; it is rather an attempt to find metaphysical analogies for psychological events. Criticism, if it is to be a consistent activity, must be in the nature of an inductive science. What, then, is reviewing? "A humble and trivial function," Lockhart would have replied.

> For we adhere to our old-fashioned notion [he wrote on one occasion] that when a man of rich endowments makes his first appearance, or offers the first specimen of what seems destined to be the main monument of his literary energy . . . it is the primary duty of reviewers to think not of themselves but of their author; to put the rein on indulgence in any sort of display except the display of his qualities; to aim, in short, with a single heart at the encouragement of his zeal by awakening the curiosity and sympathy of his and their public.

Such a function excludes "all chance of formal, original, or would-be original, disquisition on the part of the journalist." It excludes, in effect, criticism.

There is much to be said for this old-fashioned notion of reviewing, and our literary periodicals today would be much brighter and busier if they could adopt it. It cuts out the cackle. It gets down to realities—of diction, plot, idea, morals, and so forth—and then to personalities. It means hard hitting, and the sensitive suffer; witness Keats. The trouble comes from the fact that the kind of intelligence needed in a good reviewer has decided limitations; and though the editor and the reviewer may be aware of these limitations and prepared to make allowances for them, as well as to take advantage of them, the public has no such discrimination, and accepts the arbitrary directions of a traffic-controller for the final judgment of posterity. A reviewer must have, if not a hard heart, at least a decisive manner. Such a mind is not likely to have much patience with originality—which at first sight looks like obscurity—or with mysticism. Walter Bagehot drew attention to the limitations of the type in his admirable essay on the First Edinburgh Reviewers.

> A clear, precise, discriminating intellect shrinks at once from the symbolic, the unbounded, the indefinite. The misfortune is that mysticism is true. There certainly are kinds of truth, borne in as it were instinctively on the human intellect, most influential on the character and the heart, yet hardly capable of stringent statement, difficult to limit by an elaborate definition.

Such was Wordsworth's philosophy of nature, and the misfortune was that Lord Jeffrey, about whom Bagehot is writing, "did not believe a word of it."

> His cool, sharp, collected mind revolted from its mysticism; his detective intelligence was absorbed in its apparent fallaciousness; his light humor made sport with the sublimities of the preacher.

Lockhart said much the same—he talked of the "heaviness and unharmony" of the "Prelude," and thought Wordsworth's philosophy "all an airy sham." But Lockhart was not consistent—a reviewer need not be—and spoke on another occasion of Wordsworth's essential *manliness,* and in one of his letters there is a sentence which is perhaps the best thing ever said in appreciation of that poet:

> He strikes me as having more about him of that sort of sober, mild, sunset kind of gentleness, which is so dear to me from the recollections of Euripides and the tender parts of the Odyssey, than any English poet ever possessed, save Shakespeare, the possessor of all.

His appreciation of Cobbett, too, was from the heart rather than the head. But when we think of Lockhart the stinging reviewer, the "scorpion" as he was called, need we do more, to temper our judgment, than remember Lockhart the author of the "Life of Scott," one of the greatest human documents in our language? HERBERT READ

Russian Soda Water

The Dogs. By Ivan Nazhivin. Translated from the Russian. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

THE impresario will tell you that it is not always best to be the first to bring out something new; in fact, it is better to let someone else make the experiment. Then, if it succeeds, you can "analyze" it and mix a small portion with the standard pap that you have been serving your public all along. In this way you will never have any failures, never pass a dividend, and when the time comes for you to die they will name an art theater after you. It must be a similar reasoning that leads our publishers to bring out books like "The Dogs" by Ivan Nazhivin. Anything Russian is still something of a novelty on the literary market. And since he was born and lived over forty years in that country, Mr. Nazhivin's story, in certain respects, is characteristically Russian. It is laid close to the soil. It is told with Tolstoyan simplicity. And occasionally it shows the world stripped of its conventions—something else that we have come to look for in Russian writers. But that is the extent to which it can be said to represent the Russian genius. For the rest, aside from these virtues, it is no different from the pap, whether Dutch, Scandinavian, French, English, German, Chinese, Balkan, or American, that is regularly consumed by our public—and about as representative of Russian literature—though this does not necessarily put the two authors on the same plane—as James Oliver Curwood, another dog-story writer, would be of our own.

One would let "The Dogs" go with a few words, for it is innocuous enough, were it not for the fact that one of our leading reviews has called it "wholly admirable" and another "possibly immortal." This reminds us that the canny impresario never depends solely upon his own efforts to put his diluted novelty across. No, he recognizes the function of criticism, for he knows that without the aid of a few watery reviewers his stockholders would be sadly betrayed. In view, therefore, of the remarkable praise that has been given "The Dogs," let us look at it more closely. Dogs are its principal characters—pointers, borzois, mongrels. The world is supposed to be seen through their eyes. They comment on their masters and make naive misobservations that very cutely reveal the truth of the situation. In reality, however, this is simply a device employed by the author, the same device of personification that we all

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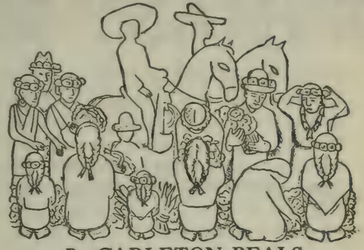

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* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Films

Le Million—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Tabu—Central Park—59 St. and 7 Ave.
The Five Year Plan—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Trans-Lux—Modern Theatre—58 St. at Madison Ave., 49 and B'way.
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employed in our schooldays when we wrote How It Feels to Be an Old Button. The fact is that there is almost no new observation of dogs in Mr. Nazhivin's book; practically nothing is added to our understanding of them. This was inevitable, of course, since to Mr. Nazhivin they were merely a device, a means to an end. What was this end? Why, of course! It was to register a belated protest on the Russian Revolution, which had the regrettable effect of forcing Mr. Nazhivin to flee from his native land and take up residence in Belgium. As a kind of retaliation, therefore, using the dogs for a foreground, he has painted a picture of the revolution which for luridness and naivete might be compared to a Hollywood director's conception of 1789. And to "balance" his anti-Sovietism he has inserted an uncomplimentary portrait of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke "Nikita" (who flicks out a dog's eyeball with his whip)—again with the touch of a von Stroheim. Finally it appears that his purpose is to show that certain members of the imperial family were, it is true, very bad; but the general run of the upper classes was good; therefore the revolution should never have taken place. In other words, he has written his novel to illustrate his political position. It is the yelp of a defeated sentimentalist, and, although its scene is Russia, it has so little to do with the Russian spirit that no customs officer would know the difference.

As we wrap up the book and mail it to a sentimental old aunt in the country who is fond of puppies, some dismaying questions occur to us. Why are these diluted importations invariably so well received? Is it possible that we have got so that we now prefer dilution? Can we no longer absorb reality straight? Has our digestion reached the point where it actually needs adulterants? Is there any relation between this and our national passion for soda water? Is it true that, to stomach a few drops of essential flavor, we must fill up with water and gas?

Gerald Sykes

Drama

Summary

THIS column has been occupied by so many critics since October, and they have differed so much from one another, that it may appear presumptuous for the least professional of them all to attempt a summary of the season just closing. Yet by being last he incurs the duty of speaking last, and since duty must be done he can only hope that what he writes will not be read by his predecessors.

The first thing that strikes even an amateur observer of the season is the success of its best plays. Not every successful play has been a good one, and not every good play has been successful, but on the whole it would seem that the general judgment has been right. The theatrical business is having its bad days along with every other business, and a number of houses this winter must have been dark more nights than not. Yet it is substantially true that whenever a respectable performance has been offered to the public, the public has decently responded. The most profitable plays, I take it, have been "Once in a Lifetime," "Grand Hotel," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," "The Vinegar Tree," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Private Lives," "Camille," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Melo," "Five Star Final," "The Silent Witness," "As You Desire Me," "In the Best of Families," "The House Beautiful," "Mrs. Moonlight," "Tonight or Never," and the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals by the Civic Light Opera Company.

That, I also take it, is virtually a list of the best plays that have been produced. I have not seen "Mrs. Moonlight" or "Tonight or Never," and I am very well aware that there is much difference of opinion about several other pieces on the list—particularly "The House Beautiful." Nor do I like "As You Desire Me," the success of which I must confess is incredible to me, or "In the Best of Families," whose continued run argues a deeper vulgarity in mankind than the darkest cynic might have thought possible. With these comparatively few exceptions, however, the list stands. Add that most of the very bad things have failed immediately, and that within the limits imposed by its theater the Mooney play "Precedent" has actually flourished at the Provincetown, and the situation looks more hopeful still. In the case of only two failures—"Devil in the Mind" and "Rock Me, Julie"—is one forced to regret that an unfavorable decision was so swiftly made. Something similar might be said for William Bolitho's "Overture," though the note of uncertainty in this posthumous tragedy was very plainly to be heard.

There was no play by O'Neill (who will make up for it next year with the trilogy called "Mourning Becomes Electra"), none by Ibsen, very few by Shakespeare (though Jane Cowl's "Twelfth Night" and Eva Le Gallienne's "Romeo and Juliet" were good enough in compensation), and but one by Shaw. The Theater Guild was only moderately acclaimed for its production of "Getting Married," as indeed it was throughout the season, at least after "Elizabeth the Queen" left town. Its "Roar China" and "Green Grow the Lilacs" were well worth experimenting with, however, if "Miracle at Verdun" was not; but perhaps the essential thing about experiments is that their results are difficult to predict, and the Theater Guild deserves every praise for its willingness to keep experimenting. The Civic Repertory Theater likewise did well to bring Jean Giraudoux's "Siegfried" over from France, to give "Alison's House" a chance which it might not have had in any other theater, and to revive "Camille." It remains only to mention, as a third group enterprise which must be welcome to anyone not wholly confined in his interests to the contemporary and the commercial, the performance of Wycherley's "The Country Wife" at the New School for Social Research, now soon to be followed by Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist."

MARK VAN DOREN

Films

Fantasy All the Way

RENE CLAIR'S "Le Million" (Little Carnegie), like his earlier "Sous les Toits de Paris," is one of those rare pictures that make you their willing captive immersed in their mood and letting yourself be carried away on the wings of their fancy. In "Le Million" the fancy is much more exuberant than it was in the other picture, but it enforces submission upon you just as effectively, so that like everybody else around you, you inevitably exclaim: "What charm! What invention! What fun!" This spontaneous reaction, confirmed by the laudations you hear on all sides, is sufficient proof of the unique qualities of the film. It is the work of an artist who sees beyond the obvious and who can view the comedy of life with a good-natured cynicism that proclaims its authentic "sophistication." From under this gentle leg-pulling there gradually emerges a fantastic world inhabited by not quite normal human beings who now and again burst into dancing and singing that reveals their hidden kinship with puppets. It is René Clair's great achievement as an artist that though his characters' behavior is at times so grotesquely fantastic, it never appears incongruous with their surroundings or inconsistent with their

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more normal actions. But the achievement is a tour de force that only disguises its fundamental weakness.

The problem that René Clair sets himself to solve in "Le Million" is the old one of screen musical comedy. It has repeatedly been proved that the forms of singing and dancing seen in stage musical comedy are intolerably false and incongruous when transferred to the screen. The only successful treatment so far devised by Hollywood has been the use of plots in which singing and dancing are a natural part of the action. Stories of back-stage life have been particularly in vogue in this connection. The field, however, is a small one, and it has been explored so thoroughly that with the public grown indifferent to such stories Hollywood has practically stopped making musical pictures. Now René Clair attempts to justify musical comedy by means that are directly opposite to those of Hollywood. Instead of making singing and dancing more natural, more in accord with the daily life of his characters, he makes the daily life of his characters more unnatural, more in accord with stage singing and dancing. Thus the story of a lost lottery ticket becomes a series of madcap adventures in which the normal is hardly distinguishable from the eccentric. Clair's success in this daring experiment reveals the measure of his talent as an entirely convincing and vastly entertaining interpreter of human foibles. But his fantastic treatment is even more restricted in its application than the naturalistic one of Hollywood. Moreover, his approach to the problem of musical comedy is confined to the choice of subject, whereas the only way to solve the problem is to discover a cinematic form that would make dancing and singing spring as freely from the nature of the screen entertainment as they spring from the nature of the stage performance.

One hoped that Lubitsch's "The Smiling Lieutenant" (Criterion) might come more effectively to grips with this problem than did "The Love Parade" or "Monte Carlo." The hope has not been fulfilled. With his interest centered on the comic minutiae of the princely fairyland that he so loves to depict, Lubitsch shows his concern with the formal problem of musical comedy only in so far as he tries to disguise singing and dancing in the conventional unreality of his fairy tale. In this he is not unlike René Clair, except that his somewhat less fantastic subject matter follows more closely in the footsteps of the stage tradition. Even in its particular medium of gay and polished naughtiness, however, "The Smiling Lieutenant" seems to be not nearly so subtle as its predecessors. Highly amusing as it often is, its persistent erotic emphasis, addressed all too clearly to frustrated wives and young couples, rather smacks of vulgarity. Nor does it show any great inventiveness in those quaint and twisted comic effects that are usually associated with the name of Lubitsch. In short, one is inclined to regard "The Smiling Lieutenant" as a routine "Lubitsch picture" with very little of "Lubitsch" that is of importance.

Two German films, "Liebeswalzer" (Eighth Street Playhouse) and "The Beggar's Opera" (Warner), come within the same category of musical pictures, but neither of them contributes anything to the solution of the problem here discussed. "Liebeswalzer" is a conventional musical comedy with a Graustarkian story which will please those who can admire royalty even when it is caricatured. "The Beggar's Opera," though perhaps more artistically ambitious, also fails to produce a genuine thrill. The work of G. W. Pabst, the film is characteristic of this director's extraordinary preference for discordance and distortion. There is unrelieved morbidity in this picture, and it jars on one's mind through its gruesome theme, its mixture of styles, and its persistent effort to appear different by pictorial and psychological attitudinizing. One leaves the picture utterly puzzled by the artistic impulse that found expression in this shrill and somber fantasy.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER, an authority on the technology of asbestos mining and milling, with extensive practical and executive experience in North America, since 1929 has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

ELMER RICE is the author of "Street Scene," which won the Pulitzer prize in 1929.

ALLEN TATE, poet and critic, is the author of "Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall."

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH, author of "The Outlook for American Prose," is professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is the editor of "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry."

GEORGE S. COUNTS, professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University, is the author of "The Soviet Challenge to America."

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

JOHN MACY, author of "The Story of the World's Literature," will shortly publish "Victorious Victorians."

HERBERT READ is an English critic and poet and the author of "Wordsworth" and "The Sense of Glory."

GERALD SYKES is a contributor of fiction to "The American Caravan" and to *Hound and Horn.*

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
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Dramatic Editor Literary Editor
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Contributing Editors
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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SECRETARY STIMSON'S DECISION to go abroad and study European conditions at first hand is highly commendable, even though the European press is skeptical as to any direct result. The eagerness with which it has seized upon the news of Mr. Stimson's coming shows how great is the desire for some form of cooperation and some greater display of interest on the part of the United States in the grave crisis in which Europe finds itself. It is all very well to say that both Secretary Stimson and President Hoover have kept up to date through our official diplomatic representatives as to what is happening abroad. That is never the same as seeing for oneself and making the personal acquaintance of the men who are at the head of the various nations. Thus, the chief value of the conference between Chancellor Brüning and his Foreign Minister and Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson is that these several gentlemen have really had a chance to get to know one another. Their official relations can never be the same hereafter, but will be vastly improved and rendered more intelligent by the fact that they really understand the personalities to whom they are addressing their communications. Mr. Stimson has done such excellent work of late in the matter of clarifying and reaffirming our historic Caribbean policy on anti-imperialist lines that he merits the heartiest thanks of his countrymen. He has now the opportunity to win the regard of other nations as well, by coming to know personally and to understand thoroughly their grievous plight. It will be a test of his statesmanship the outcome of which will be eagerly awaited by the whole world.

RUMANIA APPEARS to have gone back to the days when Ion Bratianu could "make" elections by turning out overwhelming majorities for his Liberal Party almost at will. In the elections to the Chamber of Deputies on June 1 the government party, headed by Premier Jorga, won 299 of the 387 available seats. The National Peasant Party, headed by former Premier Maniu, obtained only 27 mandates. In the last general election, held December 12, 1928, the National Peasants won 322 seats, while Jorga's National Democratic Party was listed merely as one of the minor groups which between them won only 13 places. Why this pronounced reversal? Is it possible that Maniu's party could have so wantonly conducted itself in office as to have lost 90 per cent of its following? The answer is rather to be found in the peculiar electoral laws, which are a legacy of Bratianu's iron rule. These laws virtually guarantee a majority for the party in power. Added to this guaranty, the government has its police power, and, judging by dispatches from Bucharest, it did not hesitate to use this authority in the recent elections. More than 500 persons, including two former Cabinet members, were arrested in the province of Transylvania, the stronghold of the National Peasants. Police terrorism was also reported from other sections, and eight persons died in election fights, "most of them at the hands of gendarmes." Thus, to all appearances, King Carol has been provided with a parliament that will do his bidding, perhaps even to the extent of approving the dictatorship which most observers believe that he is planning.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE continues to decline despite all the every-day-in-every-way-better outpourings in Washington. Thus our exports for April were $20,993,223 below those of last March and no less than $117,844,458 below April, 1930. When it comes to imports, we find exactly the same story. Thus we purchased in April $23,859,421 less of goods from abroad than in March and $122,076,829 less than in the same month of 1930. Imports from all sources totaled only $185,747,102. The effect of our new tariffs upon our business with Canada is plainly shown by a cut from $64,000,274 in April of last year to $44,850,629 this year. These figures are certainly cruel to the Happiness Boys in Washington and especially to Julius H. Klein, who but a couple of weeks ago was unable to understand how anyone could be worried about our foreign trade. Especially pleasing to the New York Chamber of Commerce must be the fact that purchases by Soviet Russia showed a decline of $844,861 as contrasted with March and of $3,438,867 from April, 1930. The total remains at $6,786,831—still much too high for the chamber, which desires to cut off all trade with the Soviets. Incidentally, out of our total purchases of $185,747,102, we bought from Russia only to the extent of $926,292, as against $1,191,273 last year. Both figures reveal clearly in this magnitude how dreadfully Russia is dumping on our helpless shores. Had we worried less about Russian dumping and turned our attention instead to correcting some of the evils of the tariff, we might have avoided this costly trade shrinkage.

MR. HOOVER'S ECONOMY PROGRAM moves on apace, at least in promises. Week by week the members of the Cabinet and some of their principal advisers are being summoned to Rapidan Camp for the week-end to tell the President what they can do, or think they can do, about cutting down departmental expenses. The latest to submit to retrenchment is the Navy Department, which hopes to save $25,000,000 by June 30, 1932. Approximately $10,000,000 of this sum, Mr. Hoover was told, has already been covered for the present fiscal year through reorganization of the fleet, partly by reducing the number of vessels in operation and partly by cutting down the personnel. Similar retrenchments, it is understood, will be carried through the coming fiscal year. One item of the program contemplates the dropping of Guam as a naval base, and perhaps its conversion into a national park under the supervision of the Department of the Interior. All this, of course, is just so much to the good for the hard-pressed Treasury, and the lopping off of a hundred million or so of needless expenditures, which seems easily possible at the rate at which Mr. Hoover is going, will set an example which States and municipalities may well take to heart. It is a chastening reflection to recall that the great reduction in the national debt which has been effected since the World War has been substantially balanced by a portentous increase in State and municipal indebtedness. The United States, in other words, has not actually been getting out of debt, but only changing the form and incidence of its indebtedness.

DESPITE PROTESTATIONS from the White House and fulminations from the American Federation of Labor, the process of wage cutting goes grimly forward. The Labor Bureau reports 155 wage reductions in March, following 231 in February and 341 in January. Among official surveys, that of the Bureau of Women in Industry of the New York State Department of Labor shows sharp declines in rates paid women workers of all grades in January and February last as compared with the fall of 1929. President Green in a recent address charged a "conspiracy" to lower wages, blaming the bankers as head villains in the piece. No one need seek a deliberate purpose to lower living standards in order to understand the action of employers in cutting wages in a desperate effort at cost reduction under pressure of continued depression, however unwise their action may be in many cases, and however likely to bring strikes in its train. With production down, how can wages stay up? The latest Federation of Labor survey of current business estimates wage losses during the first quarter of 1931 due to unemployment, part time, and wage cutting at more than $2,500,000,000 as compared with 1929, a sum which is estimated at more than 20 per cent of the total value of retail sales for the period. Even if business should take a turn for the better in the fall, the situation next winter will be critical in the extreme, with an enormous total of unemployment certain, with charitable funds drying up and municipalities having increasing difficulty in collecting taxes that can be used for relief purposes. The Labor Bureau remarks pertinently: "The American dole system is apt to collapse next winter, with results that nobody can foresee." Will the President indefinitely continue to insist that the federal government shall take no positive steps to meet this menacing situation?

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE announced on June 2 that it would not appeal to the Supreme Court the adverse decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals on its suit to prevent the merger of the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company. Attorney General Mitchell has thus far been unbending in enforcement of the Anti-Trust Act, but the abandonment of this suit seems to indicate increased willingness on his part to extend to former Standard Oil subsidiaries the application of the "rule of reason" laid down by the Supreme Court. There is renewed talk of other mergers, and the New York *Times* reports that plans for the consolidation of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the Standard Oil Company of California into the largest oil company in the world will take definite shape within sixty days unless Washington objects. During recent years efforts to bring about joint action by producers to stop the enormous wastes due to competitive drilling for oil have been viewed with favor by the Department of the Interior, but have been frowned upon by the Department of Justice. If the latter now ceases to discourage the merger of the old Standard companies into yet larger and more powerful units, the result may well be a freezing out of the weaker independents and a strengthening of Standard control which can only be to its advantage in the competition with its great British rival, the Royal Dutch-Shell. Certain possibilities of monopoly in the Standard of New York-Vacuum merger were suggested by Lawrence M. Hughes in *The Nation* of February 18. The advantages of unified control and development of our oil resources from the standpoint of economy and the prevention of waste are undeniable, but the government's program, so far as any program is visible, offers no satisfactory assurance of protection against the ever-present dangers of monopoly.

HOW SINCERELY the War Policies Commission has striven to hear both sides of the war-program question may be judged from the manner in which the commission abruptly adjourned its final session with three representatives of peace organizations still waiting to be heard. The entire morning of this concluding session was given over to questioning Representative La Guardia of New York and an official of the Treasury Department. The commission adjourned after its examination of these two men, but vigorous protests from the three peace representatives—Nevin Sayre, Norman Thomas, and Dorothy Detzer—led the members to reconsider their decision. They permitted statements from Sayre, Thomas, and Miss Detzer to be read, but did not think it necessary to cross-examine any of the three. Now that it has taken what it believes to be sufficient testimony to enable it to complete its appointed task, the commission will presumably get down to the earnest business of fashioning a war program for the United States. It must be noted, however, that the testimony and suggestions upon which it will base this program have come from dozens of persons who believe in military preparedness and in the inevitability of war. Those opposed who were heard numbered only five.

MICHIGAN HAS JUST PASSED a vicious anti-alien law. "Undesirable aliens," as defined by the laws of the United States, are prohibited from becoming legal residents of Michigan, or from having employment or engaging in business there. Everyone is forbidden to employ them. They are to be denied admission at the borders of the State (whether by detaining and examining all passengers on incoming trains is not specified), and if detected after entering they are subject to deportation. Yet further, all unnaturalized aliens are required to obtain from the commissioner of public safety certificates of legal residence, in connection with the issuance of which photographs or fingerprints may be required. An employer may not employ an alien who has no such certificate, but must, on the other hand, report him to the police, whose duty then is to hold him till his right of residence is proved or he is deported. The whole law is an extraordinary farrago of provisions calculated to make life as difficult as possible for alien residents by subjecting them to constant annoyance and police surveillance. The law has been promptly attacked on constitutional grounds by the local branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has sought an injunction restraining its enforcement, and the issue should be promptly carried to the highest court. All questions of constitutionality aside, it is impossible to condemn too strongly the spirit of narrow and fearful nationalistic selfishness that lies back of such legislation.

FRANK SPECTOR, one of the six men sentenced to terms of from three to forty-two years under California's criminal-syndicalism law in connection with the organization of the Imperial Valley cantaloupe pickers, is soon to be freed, his sentence having been reversed by the State Court of Appeals. It found no evidence that he had ever been in the Imperial Valley at the time in question. The conviction of the other five defendants was voided on two of the three counts, namely, that their membership in the Communist Party violated the criminal-syndicalism law, and that they conspired to advocate doctrines prohibited by that law. Their conviction on the ground of advocacy of such doctrines stands, however. The defense will appeal the case at once to the State Supreme Court, in the hope of preventing this obnoxious war-born law from being used to prevent activity of radical labor organizations in California.

EVERYONE INTERESTED in progressive education will rejoice that Bennington College in Vermont is going to open its doors on schedule to a first class of eighty girls in September, 1932, despite all difficulties caused by the business depression. We have not yet had a four-year college definitely embodying the principles of the so-called progressive education, and the plans for Bennington, which proposes to concentrate attention upon the discovery and encouragement of individual capacities, have accordingly awakened wide interest among students of education all over the country. Robert Devore Leigh, president of Bennington, is a man at once familiar with the best of the older educational practice and keenly interested in the principles and technique of the modern school. In beginning work in a remodeled barn rather than waiting for the money to complete its building program, the college testifies to its belief that education is not primarily a matter of material resources. Dr. Leigh and his associates will have the best wishes of a multitude of fellow-workers, both in the older colleges and in the progressive schools of the country, for the success of their undertaking may mean much for both types of institution.

Leaders or Followers?

PRECEDENT will certainly have been shattered if any considerable number of this year's college graduates are not reminded at Commencement time that they are the hope of the nation, and that upon their attitude toward affairs as they "go out into the world" will depend, in large measure, the welfare of the country. It is the annual iteration, timed to coincide with one of the appealing moments of life, of the idea that the future rests with youth, and that what on the social surface seems to be ordered and accustomed is in fact being constantly changed by inflowing streams of human newness. One wonders how the thousands of the degree-bearing host will respond to a summons which, after all, is only a rephrasing of one which many of them have often heard. There is hardly a college in the land that does not have in its faculty at least one teacher of open mind and courageous spirit whose classroom has been an invitation to clear thinking and right conduct in public matters. At no time have books and magazines critical of the existing social order and expounding programs of change been so widely read and discussed by undergraduates as at the present time, and men and women outside the faculty circle who want something better than we now have are heard in increasing numbers from college platforms or in the informal meetings of student groups. If there be, outside the college, a "life" for which the student is expected to prepare, the June graduates have not been isolated from it.

Yet we know only too well what will happen if the graduates of this year are not different from those who have gone before. There will be a few thousand more lawyers or doctors content with the financial rewards of routine practice, but closing their eyes to glaring professional abuses; more preachers unctuously trying to keep up theological appearances or turning to pulpit stunts to attract an audience; more merchants, manufacturers, and bankers blaming the government or the radicals for business troubles and exerting themselves only to resist reform; more engineers who have sold their souls to corporate plunderers; more Republicans and Democrats who have drifted into the party without asking why and stayed in it no matter how useless or corrupt it may have become; more men and women of social prominence or intellectual pretensions who pronounce politics a dirty mess, turn their backs upon it, and call themselves independent when they are really ignorant and lazy.

What America needs today is a stalwart, aggressive, self-conscious youth movement, grounded in eagerness for opportunity and an intelligent willingness to take a chance. It needs a sense of solidarity among its young intellectuals, its novelists, poets, dramatists, critics, artists, and scientists, not merely for the advancement of learning or various forms of art but for the betterment of a dull, unthinking, and leaderless people. It needs the solid weight of youthful opinion, backed by the substantial force of youthful votes, against high tariffs, the grasping methods of public-utility corporations, the too frequent partisan and personal wranglings and maneuvers of Congress, and disarmament that does not disarm. The men and women who are leaving the colleges have been told that they must save the nation. They have an opportunity now to show that they can.

Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Pinchot

"THREE men and not mice," as Frank R. Kent put it in the Baltimore *Sun,* proved to be disturbers of traffic at the Governors' Conference at French Lick, Indiana, last week—disturbers of the traffic in platitudes and stupidities. Together Governors Roosevelt, Ritchie, and Pinchot wrecked the "shush-shush plan of timorous triteness" and ended the effort to have the governors avoid all controversial questions and say nothing that might hurt anybody's sensibilities or attract any attention whatever. They would not even have regard for the words of the program, or play the roles given to them. Thus, Governor Pinchot refused to be bound by the ridiculous subject assigned to him, "Timber Needs of the Future," and proceeded to talk about something very much less remote and far more vital, namely, the Power Trust. That was setting off explosives, indeed. But Governor Ritchie was not abashed by it. He was not down on the program for any speech, but this did not keep him from injecting considerable dynamite of his own. Refusing to keep silence in the face of the monstrous conditions in America, he declared that the presence among us of from five to eight million persons wanting work and unable to get it "constitutes the greatest challenge to our social order and the strongest argument in favor of communism," unless the problem is solved.

As for Governor Roosevelt, his subject was "Land Utilization and State Planning," a topic skilfully designed to keep him safe and sane. Instead, he allowed himself the luxury of a long introduction to his theme in which he too spoke of the distressing conditions confronting the nation, denounced the "Pollyannish methods" with which we approach our program, like Governor Ritchie painted a moving picture of the actual situation, and made a number of what might be called constructive suggestions, including a method of industrial insurance to take care of unemployment in periods of depression. It is hard to see what connection this had with land utilization, but it was a kind of State-planning that every man in high office ought to be thinking of and working on. Every one of these addresses was a contribution worth having. Had it not been for them the conference would have been forgotten in a day.

One can if one chooses say that these unexpected departures from the rules of the gubernatorial field day were dictated by political ambitions, and insinuate that if these three men had not been candidates for a higher office, they too would have accepted the role of gubernatorial futility. We do not believe this. They happen to be vigorous personalities in their own right. If thereby they have started the Presidential campaign a year ahead of time, we for ourselves are willing to acclaim them. We are going into one of the most serious Presidential elections in our history, one in which the American people will have to face an extraordinarily difficult choice under grave conditions. Any happening which might bring a number of candidates into the offing is most welcome. The more numerous and more outspoken the candidates the better, because the more difficult it will then be for the party in power to sidestep and pussyfoot and continue to mouth its nonsensical absurdities to the effect that times are improving, that the crisis is over, and that we are on the way uphill.

Particularly shall we rejoice if we may assume that Governor Pinchot has cast his hat into the ring. It will be a disgrace to every American if Mr. Hoover's so-called "right to renomination" is not promptly and honestly challenged within his own party. We hope that Governor Pinchot will enter numerous primaries, and that he will be willing to cooperate with those States which will have their favorite sons to put up, in order that the renomination of President Hoover, if it must be, shall not come to pass without plain speaking and vigorous attacks within the convention itself upon the man who will go down in history chiefly as one who stood unswervingly during the first three years of his Administration for the right of the American worker to die of starvation when he cannot get work—to die without let or hindrance, especially without any interference by that entity which we call government of, by, and for the people.

So in the case of Governor Ritchie and Governor Roosevelt. We cannot believe that either of these charming gentlemen is quite of the fiber that the hour calls for. If it is pleasant to have them recognize the all-overshadowing importance of the economic situation, it is also a fact that up to this time they have been sadly unaware in their public addresses of the all-important question of economic inequality. Either one of them would be the object of pity if he should enter the White House. Unless the economic and agricultural conditions right themselves faster than now appears possible, the man who succeeds President Hoover will be deserving of all possible sympathy. If the crisis continues we shall face vital economic changes. Only a man of unusual breadth and understanding and of rarest courage will be able to lead the country in such an emergency.

Particularly do we hope that neither Governor Roosevelt nor Owen D. Young will be nominated for the Presidency. The Governor has made an excellent record on Power. In his personality, his normality in his personal contacts, his courage on occasion, he has been so far superior to Mr. Hoover that many, we are sure, will see in him the man of the hour, as if he were not doomed to failure if elected by reason of the hopeless condition of his party, now the private property of John J. Raskob. The Governor has not demonstrated at Albany the possession of great qualities of leadership or a thorough understanding of the fundamental issues, of what it is really all about. He has just committed himself at French Lick to the absurdity of a scientific tariff; he has been a big-navy man; he was part and parcel of the Caribbean imperialism and World War folly of Woodrow Wilson, and, so far as we are aware, has never spoken out against the former. With all possible regard for his fine personal qualities, with the highest admiration for the superb moral courage he has shown in the face of the grave illness that overtook him and left him crippled, we still cannot feel that he is the man who will lead America out of the wilderness. Nor can we visualize Governor Ritchie, or even Governor Pinchot, in that capacity. They have had glimpses of a vision of the future, but only glimpses.

Germany in the Last Ditch

> The putting forth of the last power and reserves of the nation entitles the German Government, and makes it its duty toward the German people, to tell the world: The limits of the privations we have imposed on our people have been reached. . . . The government is conscious of the fact that the direly menaced business and financial position of the Reich calls imperatively for alleviation of the unbearable reparation obligations. The economic recovery of the world also depends upon it. The German nation is engaged in a decisive struggle for the future.

NO sincere man can read these words published on June 6 by the German Government and not feel moved by them and by the rest of the manifesto which accompanies its imposition of unbearable additional burdens upon its citizens. Germany has its back to the wall as truly as did the Allies in 1918. In unmistakable terms, with undeniable truth, the question has now been posed to every civilized country: Do you wish the German republic to go down into economic and political chaos, or do you not? As that question is answered in the next few weeks will be determined not only the fate of Germany, but perhaps the fate of Europe.

What we are witnessing is the culmination of what *The Nation* in its issue of May 17, 1919, called "The Madness at Versailles." That treaty was deliberately conceived to keep the German people in slavery for generations; it seemed deliberately written to make peace impossible in all of Europe, and it has accomplished that object. But more than that, it has helped to bring victors and vanquished to the point of economic collapse in which they find themselves today. Now, in June, 1931, almost twelve years after to a day, the German people, speaking through their government, serve notice that they have reached the last ditch; that they can endure nothing more and that they will not endure anything more, and that there must be an immediate change in the Young Plan of reparations if Germany is to go on. Every observer of any standing whatever who has studied on the spot the decline of Germany in the last twelve months knows that the manifesto from which we have quoted tells the simple and unvarnished truth. There are already protests, abuse, vilification, and charges of bad faith in France, and there will be more perhaps in other quarters. But every responsible statesman (we make no exception for France) knows in his heart of hearts that the manifesto states the truth and nothing but the truth. Indeed, we believe that even more serious statements have been made by the German Chancellor in his week-end conference at Chequers with Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson. If these British statesmen are not convinced that the time has come for Europe as a whole to safeguard itself against collapse, then we have misinterpreted their intelligence.

What has the German Government done at this last moment to prove its good faith? It has once more cut the salaries of all its civil-service employees by from 4 per cent for salaries under $750 a year up to 8 per cent for salaries over $3,000. All officials in country districts and in the small and middle-sized cities will have to sacrifice an extra 1 per cent, and this although all salaries were reduced by 6 per cent in February of this year. In order that no one shall charge the Cabinet ministers with favoring themselves, they have this time cut their salaries no less than 30 per cent. More than that, all railroad employees, all public-service corporation employees, and all employees of the Reichsbank are also subject to these cuts. That is bitter enough, as everyone knows who has observed the dreadful odds against which these employees have been struggling in their efforts to keep their homes together, but there is even worse to record. The dole for all the jobless has been cut 5 per cent; even the allowances to maimed veterans have been cut; in addition, the dole is hereafter not to be given to those under twenty-one, nor to married women. Seasonal workers will be aided only for twenty weeks, and then at about half of the present rate of unemployment insurance. These are literally hunger taxes; they will drive many a man and woman into a condition in which they will never be free from the gnawing pangs of inadequate nourishment. Finally there is the "crisis tax," planned to produce $100,000,000 in this budget year. Toward it wage-earners must pay 1 per cent on incomes under $60 a month, while monthly salaries of $375—very high for Germany—will be decreased by $15.

Not even these additional burdens give the slightest assurance that they will make safe the present German Government, or afford it the income that it needs. This is because there is an unknown quantity in the computations of the Reich as of every state, city, and commune, and that is the number of unemployed. The government believes that it can balance its budget with the aid of these new demands upon a war-worn and postwar-shocked people, because it reckons on only 4,500,000 unemployed next winter. That is a dangerously frail hope, for there are today 4,250,000 unemployed, and we have heard from competent sources lately that this figure may reach 7,000,000 by the first of February next. If this happens, heaven help Germany! Meanwhile the Chancellor returns from Chequers to face a most dangerous political situation at home. The Socialists and the extreme conservatives are bitterly opposed to his new tax program. If the former refuse further to go along with him, there is likely to be a new Chancellor. Perhaps only a quick decision to call a new conference for the revision of the Young Plan can save him.

We repeat, this is the last ditch and it is now for Europe and the United States to decide. Senator Borah does well to stress again the need of disarmament abroad as a prerequisite to sanitation, and to favor revision of reparations. But the United States cannot stop there. For it now faces the fact that a German move for a revision of the Young Plan is actually in sight, with its consequent effect upon the payments by France and Great Britain to us. But far more important than that is the simple fact that the German republic is now in the balance, and that it is up to the leading statesmen of the world to decide whether there shall be violent revolution and chaos in Germany, and probably all through Europe if Germany goes down, or not.

I Work for Russia
VI. The Life of the Engineer*

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

THE conditions of life of the American engineer working in the Soviet Union vary as greatly as do all other things in the present Russian experiment. I have heard of an American living alone far from any city or village in what was barely more than a hut. I have seen American engineers in Sverdlovsk living with their wives and children in two or more rooms in the hotel. I have known others, in operations which use large numbers of foreign technicians, who had modern, American-type housekeeping apartments in buildings specially constructed for foreigners, or were quartered in single or two-family houses supplied with every modern convenience. In very large operations, such as the Magnetogorsk development, which has got under way only within the past year, and which will require the services of a large American contingent, I am told that tennis courts and even a golf course are to be provided for the foreign engineers and their families.

To return, however, to our personal experience. Upon our arrival at Asbest, when we were beginning the last phase of the work under my third contract with the Soviets, my wife and I were shown to a big old house erected many years ago under the former regime. It was the house in which we had been quartered during our first trip out to the mines in 1929, when I was acting in a consulting capacity only. At that time we were housed as the guests of a Russian engineer (he was actually a Finn) with his wife and family, and we had nothing to do with the housekeeping. My new contract called for a six-room "apartment," and since in Russia the kitchen is not considered a room, this was probably the only house in Asbest which, strictly speaking, was of the stipulated size. We found the house too large for our needs, and particularly depressing to us in the absence of our former friends. Upon expressing our feelings in the matter at the office, we were at once tendered one half of a new and delightful two-family house, the other half of which was tenanted by the technical director and his family.

All housing provision was in charge of a special director personally responsible for our comfort. We were permitted to assemble such furnishings as were available either in the general store-sheds or in quarters vacant at the time. The house had been built only a little over a year, and made up one of the new units of the housing program. It had a splendid location on a height with a beautiful outlook over the lake; it was surrounded by evergreens and was adjacent to the hotel just completed. On the first floor were the typical Russian kitchen, maid's room, dining-room with open fireplace, bath, and storage space, with a front and a back porch. On the upper floor were the living-room, bedroom, and a small room which we used for our trunks and luggage. The furniture, including the beds, was comfortable, though plain. We had no rugs on the floors. The walls inside and out were stuccoed with asbestos plaster over the logs of which the house was built. There were two porches on this upper floor also, which afforded us delightful evenings during the summer. The "color scheme" was, as always in Russia, supplied internally and externally by whitewash. On the whole the place was quite comfortable—plain to the point of severity, to be sure, yet scrupulously clean and light, airy, and cheerful.

The rooms were heated by the typical built-in oven, extending from floor to ceiling. These ovens are of brick and so constructed as to form a portion of a wall or corner, extending into adjacent rooms. They burn wood, which even when wet burns readily. As soon as the fire has been well started, the iron door of the furnace is screwed tightly shut and the wood, instead of burning and giving a quick flash heat, chars slowly, giving off a steady heat for several hours. This heat is absorbed by the heavy brickwork of the oven proper and is radiated into the rooms for several hours after the fuel has been entirely consumed. It is remarkable how really hot these Russian ovens can keep the houses even at the prevailing winter outside temperature of forty to fifty degrees below zero.

The Russian devotion to hermetically sealed living and working quarters is worthy of comment. As soon as the weather turns at all cold, double windows are affixed throughout, and even the cracks are puttied. An opening in the window possibly six by fifteen inches is then expected to supply all requirements for fresh air. Circulation is supposed to be effected by a vent built into the oven.

In respect to maids we were extremely fortunate. A departing German engineer had told us about his former maîtresse d'hôtel; she was a marvelous cook, she was honest, she was clean, a willing worker—and red-headed. We obtained her services. She asked twenty rubles (about ten dollars) a month and room with board. Her name, familiarly speaking, was Katya. She was a gem of a servant—she could get more out of the few ingredients available than anyone else in our experience. We were initiated into such Russian delicacies as beef Strogonoff, which under deft ministrations tasted just as well as if the basic element were not horseflesh instead of cow. Her accounts were always in order. She was the soul of cleanliness. She bargained with the peasants who almost daily came to our back door with every conceivable article of food from cucumbers to wild ducks as conscientiously as though she were spending her own money. These bickerings used to be one of our great sources of amusement.

One of the cooperative stores was more or less set aside for the foreigners—in our case several German engineers from the firm of Humboldt and our own household. We could buy commodities in as large amounts as were available. Although we were supplied with "books" to be used in our purchase of certain commodities which were rationed to the Russians, we were not in any sense of the word restricted as to the quantities which we could buy at any one time.

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* The last of a series of six articles.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Our great difficulty was the irregularity of supplies. When eggs were in stock, we would buy a case of one hundred, for there might be no eggs again for a considerable time. Naturally, without any other refrigeration facilities than a cellar, which to be sure did remain surprisingly cold even in the hottest weather, food bought in large quantities often went bad before we could use it.

The foodstuffs which we purchased at the cooperative were always reasonably priced. When meat was available—and there were periods when we could buy it daily for weeks and others when we could not for love or money buy a single gram—the prices were often lower than here in America. For example, we paid seventy-two kopeks for a kilogram of lamb (thirty-six cents for about two and one-fifth pounds). We paid six kopeks (three cents) apiece for eggs, twenty-four kopeks a liter (about a quart) for milk, and so on. When the cooperative was out of these commodities, we could often purchase them from the peasants either at the bazaar or at our own door. Then we paid the inflated prices prevailing on the open market, such as forty kopeks (twenty cents) apiece for eggs, five rubles ($2.50) a kilo for meat, and so on. When it came to paying habitually a ruble and a half for a liter of milk with none available at the stores, I registered a mild and good-natured complaint with the manager of the cooperative. Shortly after we had milk, as much as we wanted, and daily, at the old prices. I found that a great deal depended upon the personnel in the cooperative. The first manager always seemed to have ways and means to supply us with our immediate necessities. The man who replaced him later would strike a good average for a few days "and then came the drought." A protest, with resulting deluge, would be followed by a lapsing back to the attitude of *nichevo*. This probably explains the great divergence of reports emanating from Russia as to the cost of things and as to how Americans live in the Soviet Union. In Moscow, for example, where over two million people must be fed, there was during our stay last June a virtual shortage of nearly everything. Even at the hotels catering primarily to foreigners there was no coffee, no sugar, no butter, and rarely meat. Out in the Urals we found everything—meats in great variety, butter, sugar, even excellent table wines and beer. We were in the center of a farming and cattle country. The shortage in the large centers seemed to be due largely to a breakdown in the transportation and distributing systems, coupled with the lack of refrigeration facilities both in transit and in storage. In the winter just the reverse was true. Everything was to be had in Moscow and we had a downright shortage in the Urals. For two weeks in December we had no meat at all. Only horseflesh was to be purchased at exorbitant prices from the peasants. We lived on eggs, frozen fish, and *blini* (if my readers have not tasted American-type pancakes served with whipped sour cream and caviar on top, I suggest they do so). But in Moscow the famous "Promparty" trial had just been completed, the "enemy from within" had been exposed and sentenced to punishment, and the Moscow "front" was supplied with every conceivable foodstuff. The extremely low winter temperatures prevailing at those latitudes (the days are correspondingly short, dark till nearly ten in the morning and again before four in the afternoon) permit the transit of perishables away from the areas of production to the large centers of population.

Thus we lived through periods of plenty followed by periods of less "luxury." To buy food as we are accustomed to do here is impossible in that part of Russia in which we lived and worked. Everything is purchased at one store, from preserved fruits and vegetables from the Caucasus to hunks of meat of local origin. Green fresh vegetables were available, owing to the shortness of the season, only for about four weeks during the latter part of July and early August. Then we could get peas, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, and the like. On the whole the American engineer and his family out in the "sticks" will probably find their diet monotonous unless they have such an exceptional cook as we were blessed with. Our table was augmented also by many varieties of game during the season—wild duck, goose, dove, pheasant, *gluckha* (a bird not unlike our wild turkey, extremely palatable, for which we have no true counterpart in this country), venison occasionally, also a bearsteak now and then.

Our amusement had to be found entirely within ourselves and our little group of friends. Everyone did everything possible to make us happy, and contrary to the general situation in Russia, our Russian coworkers visited us frequently and we them. Such occasions were always festive. The Russians love sociability. The main meal was at four in the afternoon, always with soup and as elaborate as possible. We drank and smoked and talked and ate. The educated Russian knows how to drink and hold it, mainly because he always eats and drinks at the same time. Hours were consumed in discussing philosophies of life and telling how we work and do things in America. More often the topic of conversation would be our work at Asbest. We accomplished perhaps as much at these informal round tables as at our offices. Chess was a great source of entertainment. Nearly every educated Russian plays the game and well. Cards are taboo as being too bourgeois, though my wife and I killed many hours at "Russian Bank," which we found wasn't Russian after all.

Two splendid riding horses had been supplied us, with brand-new pigskin saddles. Daily during the lovely hot summer days we rode out over the steppes, through the forests and over the tundra, covering possibly fifty or sixty miles in four or five hours. The Siberian and Tartar ponies are tireless. We picked armfuls of exquisite wild flowers of every conceivable variety. We stopped at the river and *au naturel* enjoyed a swim in the cool, clear water. The Russians, we found, were quite naive about nude bathing, though at the mines, at least, the men and women seemed always to seek separate swimming places. Their attitude toward the human body is simple, unaffected, almost childlike.

We refreshed ourselves on our long rides by stopping at an occasional peasant home where *kvass* or *kumiss* (fermented mare's milk) was usually available. There is a sanatorium in the Urals for the treatment of tuberculosis where the main article of diet consists of this *kumiss*.

Occasionally we had a really enjoyable movie, and very rarely an American film. We saw an old picture of Harold Lloyd's last summer, and two or three other American comedies came out to Asbest. The Russians seem to enjoy these pictures of ours above everything else, and the comedies especially appeal to their love of laughter. Then, too, we occasionally had good musical programs even out at the mines—a balalaika orchestra or a string quartet, all part of the cultural program for the people.

"Hire Learning" at Ohio State

By NORMAN THOMAS

A SPLENDID laboratory for the study of what has been called the "hire learning" in America is to be found on the campus of the great Ohio State University at Columbus. Not for many years has there been so clear a demonstration that a board of trustees, dominated by the usual business ideals, expects its students to be docile Babbitts in embryo, its university president to be a high-grade office manager, and its faculty to conform or get out.

Two highly pertinent editorial paragraphs in *The Nation* for June 3 called attention to the refusal of the trustees to renew their contract with Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller, together with its apparent background of student—and some faculty—opposition to military training, and its aftermath of the most naively frank statements of a university board's conception of its relations to a faculty that have been written in recent years. The story is worth telling at more length.

Ohio State University is one of three State-maintained universities in a State more generously sprinkled with colleges, public and private, than Jack Horner's pie with plums. Until the beginning of this century the material development of Ohio State University, at least in comparison with the development of the corresponding institutions in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan, was retarded by various academic, local, and rural jealousies. Within the last generation, however, it has received large appropriations, and has forged far ahead of its former rivals, the other State-supported colleges, in equipment and attendance. Moreover, until recently the superficial observer and also, I think, the more careful student of American universities would have placed Ohio State University among the more competent and liberal of our great State institutions. It had a very active military department and compulsory training, it is true, but it had also a more lively opposition to such training than existed in most universities; in the critical departments of history, political science, economics, and sociology it boasted a somewhat unusual group of able men, apparently entirely free to speak their minds. Among them Professor Herbert A. Miller stood out, less, perhaps, by reason of his academic work than because of his public interest in problems of race and nationality, and his real services to President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia in the war days when that country's declaration of independence was written.

During all this time the university was under the control of a board of seven which had expressly reserved the right to make yearly contracts, and only yearly contracts, with the staff from president to the youngest instructor. This board, in turn, has been completely dominated, not by the president of the university, Dr. George W. Rightmire—a personally likable man, vigorous in neither health nor spirit—but by Julius F. Stone (born Stein), president of the board, of which he has been a member since 1909.

Nobody doubts that in his own way Mr. Stone loves the university, and has something more than the usual layman's interest in some forms of scientific research. But that is not why he is president of the board of a great university. The appropriate reason for his position is his standing as an industrialist and banker. He is today head of the Wolfe interests in Columbus, and these interests control one of Columbus's largest banks (Mr. Stone is a director), the BancOhio chain of banks (Mr. Stone is president), and two Columbus newspapers, the *Ohio State Journal* and the Columbus *Dispatch*. Mr. Stone is also chairman of the board of the Seagrave Corporation, which makes fire engines. In general the Wolfe interests dominate Columbus business, and until very lately have had tremendous political power in the city and at the State Capitol no matter which party was in control. Who, then, by American standards, could be more fit than this big-business leader for a high educational post? Well, he has it, and by universal testimony he, who is a strong-minded person, dominates the board to which the new Democratic governor, the supposedly liberal Mr. White, has recently reappointed him.

But things haven't been going so well in these hard times. Candidates in Columbus supposedly backed by the Wolfe crowd went down to defeat last November. The present legislature, now in session, is wrestling with a muddled tax situation in Ohio; it wants to save money, and a cut in the appropriation for Ohio State University might recommend itself to legislators some of whom come from cities with municipal universities of their own, or from towns and counties friendly to other colleges, public or private.

To add to Mr. Stone's worries, while everything was up in the air, some 700 pesky students, after a lot of discussion freely permitted on the campus, signed a petition asking for optional military drill. Still worse, the faculty indorsed the petition by the close vote of 83 to 79. The vote was taken before the head of the fifty-two military men assigned to teach the young idea to shoot, Colonel Grosvenor Townsend, had made his speech. Ostensibly for this reason President Rightmire called another faculty meeting. Things weren't pleasant. The Colonel was talking about Communists as the authors of anti-militarism. Some patriot in the legislature had introduced a resolution to investigate "those faculty members supporting the optional-drill movement." That faculty meeting was the biggest in years. Under some sort of pressure men came who had to have a Boy Scout show them the way to the meeting place. There were many motions, and on the real test votes the supporters of compulsory drill won about two to one. But the vote given out to the press was not the vote on the vital issue, but on a formal motion to transmit the student petition with the unfavorable recommendation of the faculty. This vote, understood to be simply a registering of the facts, was passed 144 to 9, and was deliberately announced to the press to give the impression of an overwhelming reverse for opponents of compulsory drill.

But even this victory for compulsory drill, exaggerated by the Wolfe press, was not enough to ease Mr. Stone's mind. He put through the trustees a statement rejecting the student petition about drill and moralizing on the purposes of the university. Compulsory military drill was declared to be among "those educational activities that have stood the test of time." The statement ended with the extraordinary "if you don't like it, get out" paragraph which *The Nation* has already quoted. Never was the duty of professors to conform more baldly stated:

> The board feels that the university should not be subjected to emotional criticism because of the unripe vociferations of a small group of students and a very few members of the faculty, who are under no compulsion to come here and under none to remain unless they can subscribe to the fundamental purposes of this university.

No wonder that fifty-six professors and seventy-seven instructors formally protested, and that five deans have declared the innocence of the whole faculty of communism or any offense against academic propriety! The docile Dr. Rightmire had to back up his bosses, the trustees, by a statement of his own amplifying the argument of the board.

Then, perhaps as a warning that papa could spank as well as lecture naughty little professors, Professor Herbert A. Miller was notified that his contract would not be renewed. Mr. Miller had been somewhat active against compulsory drill, but the statement concerning his discharge gave other reasons and alleged that the decision to get rid of him had been reached months previous to the fight on militarism and had been, supposedly, communicated to Mr. Miller by President Rightmire. The latter had, indeed, talked to Mr. Miller in the fall, but by no means in terms of anything more than a desire to clear up some misunderstandings. Hence Mr. Miller had taken no step either to defend his cause or to get another place.

And what were the alleged reasons for eliminating in this offhand fashion a man of real distinction for many public services? These: that Professor Miller's teachings on race relations had brought complaints from parents, and that in India he had expressed an improper degree of sympathy for Gandhi! With regard to the first charge, of itself impertinent, irrelevant, and unsupported by evidence, the head of Mr. Miller's department (sociology) has said that he had received and heard of no complaints from parents. The second is one of the most ridiculous reasons ever given for discharging a professor. It appears that the German-born Mr. Stone and company are more zealous for British supremacy in India than the British, for the British government has never made any complaint concerning Professor Miller. And the particular speech which so shocked Mr. Stone, both in its summary version as given by Mr. Miller and its longer version as discovered by the trustees in a Bombay paper, is a mild expression of interest in Gandhi's tactics, the kind of interest felt by hundreds of thousands of Americans. To discharge a professor for it is a most contemptible truckling, unasked, to foreign imperialism. Of course it is inconceivable that the Gandhi episode is anything but a pretext. Now the Stone crowd have found other pretexts, equally weak: (1) that when Mr. Miller spoke in Korea before a meeting arranged by some of his former students in America, the Japanese police ended the meeting while Mr. Miller was explaining the Czecho-Slovakian independence movement (true, but not at all discreditable to a professor in the land of Jefferson and Lincoln); and (2) that he had been unwelcome at Oberlin, where he formerly taught (emphatically false, as his Oberlin friends proved).

Mr. Stone's dictatorship did not neglect his press. The *Ohio State Journal* and the *Dispatch* by cartoons and editorials and columnist chatter have tried to make out that the university trustees are saving the institution from the "reds." The columnist, Hugh Fullerton, with an eye on the rural vote, waxes sentimental over the glories of the American farm—he forgets the mortgage and the price of wheat—and sees the youthful red from the university redeemed from the error of his ways by a combination of hard work and home cooking. In a *Dispatch* cartoon a mother sheep labeled Common Sense consoles herself with thinking how her errant lambs, gone after a Billy Goat Professor to red pastures, will miss her at "dinner time"—a naive commentary on the strictly utilitarian purposes of education.

It is fair to say that Mr. Stone has not found his university students or faculty or even public opinion so docile as his university president and his papers. Three thousand students, without delay, signed a petition for Professor Miller's reinstatement. A special petition was presented by graduate students with equal enthusiasm. A formal demand has been presented by faculty members for an investigation of the situation by the Association of University Professors. Altogether I found on the campus during a recent visit a livelier degree of social and intellectual interest than is usual in that annex to the stadium which we call the college campus in America. Mr. Stone must rejoice that the end of the academic year is near.

Aside from college sentiment, newspaper comment in the principal papers—especially the Scripps-Howard papers in Ohio—has inclined toward support of Professor Miller. His own varied activities have given him the friendship and support of such diverse groups as the Negroes, many recent immigrant groups, notably the Czecho-Slovaks, who are strong in Cleveland, and some of the best leaders of Protestant and Jewish thought. Sixty-eight Columbus clergymen have sent to the board a letter criticizing its action with great severity. Resolutions for an investigation of the dismissal of Professor Miller and of the business administration of the university, the latter aimed at certain alleged transactions involving members of the board of trustees, have been introduced into the legislature. Governor White may have reason to be less nonchalant than he was when he told the student committee which waited on him and an insistent photographer: "Oh, no, I don't want a picture taken. If I did, why Rightmire, or whatever his name is, might come down here and want his picture taken, too. You've got your publicity now and that's enough."

There can be no solution of this situation which does not reinstate Professor Miller, rescind the limitations upon faculty freedom implied in the trustees' statement, and permit student discussion on such pertinent issues as college militarism. Anything less will leave Ohio State University a school for "hire learning" in the most literal sense.

The situation is particularly a challenge to youth and to the teaching profession. Unless things are changed in Columbus, every young man or woman who goes to Ohio

State will know that he and his professors on certain vital matters must think—or at any rate talk—as Mr. Julius Stone thinks proper or get out. Education will be crassly a process of getting certain information for the sake of "success" in a world in which bankers, with the approval of the legislators, are the final authority on militarism, race relations, and economic wisdom.

At least equally concerned must be the whole academic profession. Acquiescence in the Ohio situation is unadorned prostitution of loyalty to truth, to be excused only for the same economic reasons that excuse the women who follow the oldest of professions. If to teach sociology at a university one must refrain from offending the race prejudice of any parent, must express no interest in Gandhi's technique of revolution, and must stimulate no students to question compulsory militarism, then to teach sociology is an intellectual slavery worse than the devotion of any theologian to a rigid creed; for a theologian's creed has at least a nobler background than the prejudices and self-interest of the particular Babbitts who are the fount of academic power. At the very least it must be understood that a man taking Professor Miller's place becomes by that act an outcast and pariah from his own profession. In general, an academic blacklist against an unrepentant university would be a salutary and in the long run a very powerful thing.

Finally, the situation at Ohio State University raises once more the question of the competence of democracy and the validity of its ideals. Our State universities at best are proof of a genuine hunger of democracy for education. That is not education which subordinates the quest for truth to the service of existing prejudice. Democracy fastens on itself its own chains whenever in the name of patriotism or any popular prejudice it lets its own friends and servants, the seekers after truth, be made the victims of that sort of disguised economic dictatorship which Mr. Julius Stone of the Wolfe interests so conspicuously typifies.

Hoover's Public-Buildings Bluff

By RUBY A. BLACK

Washington, June 5

MISREPRESENTATION of the federal government's contribution to employment through its public-buildings program continues. The Department of Labor told the Interdepartmental Public Buildings Committee that a $10,000,000 construction project, taking two years to complete, provides 1,000 jobs for men on actual construction, with three to five men working in fabrication plants for every man working on the building itself. Thus a $10,000,000 job provides work for an average of 4,000 to 6,000 workers for two years. But in estimating the number of jobs given by the federal building program, no Administration speaker has ever estimated less than 6,000 jobs for every $10,000,000 of construction.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General John W. Philp told the Bronx Board of Trade that the federal government is spending $504,000,000 for construction of public buildings outside the District of Columbia. The authorized program for buildings and sites is $415,000,000. Some $69,000,000 will be added to this by funds realized from the sale of old buildings and sites, which can be used for other projects. That makes $484,000,000 that can be spent to buy sites and construct buildings outside the national capital in the ten-year program begun in theory in 1926 and ending in theory in 1936. Mr. Philp, whose letters to Congressmen indicate that in his comparatively short time in Washington he has not yet learned the difference between an appropriation and an authorization or allocation, got up to $504,000,000 by adding $20,000,000 which it is estimated the government will save by getting buildings constructed for less than the limit of cost set by law for each project. Of course, the $20,000,000 can be twice allocated on paper, but it cannot buy land twice, give jobs in factories twice, or give jobs twice to mechanics and laborers on construction.

On the projects put under contract between last June and last December, the cost of the land amounted to about one-sixth of the total limit of cost, and the savings to about one-fourth. If the sites continue to cost what they have been costing, at least $80,000,000 of the $484,000,000 will be spent on sites alone, and probably one-fifth, or about $95,000,000, will actually be spent on land, since the government already owned land on which many of last year's buildings were being constructed. Buying land puts money into circulation but it does not immediately put men to work. That leaves from $390,000,000 to $400,000,000 to be spent on materials and labor—and profits to contractors—during the total ten-year program, or 156,000 to 240,000 man-years, averaging 15,600 to 24,000 jobs a year.

If the Treasury realizes its hopes, expressed to the Senate Committee on Appropriations, and spends $85,000,000 on actual construction in 1931, jobs will be provided for 8,500 men on construction work and for from 25,500 to 42,500 in factories and plants—a total of 34,000 to 51,000 men. It has never yet been able to live up to its hopes for annual construction.

The Treasury Department, with its tremendous job of buying land at reasonable rates, selecting sites which will suit the ofttimes cantankerous demands of local interests selfishly concerned over the location of their post-office buildings, condemning sites through the Department of Justice, getting that department to work promptly on clearing titles to land, is not to be blamed for the slowness in actual construction which has marked the federal public-buildings program to date. Some hard-working men are devoting their best efforts to putting the program through as speedily, as fairly, as effectively as possible, but they are hampered by local squabbles over sites or materials to be used, and they are kept in a constant "talk-fest" by Congressmen pressing for action on their pet projects. Until recently they have been hampered by law.

The Administration, however, is definitely to blame for at least three things: its slowness to recognize the need and appropriate more funds, as it did shortly before the end of the Seventy-first Congress; its failure to recommend the legislation cutting red tape in federal building work, which was passed at the end of the third session of the Seventy-first Congress and might as well have been passed early in the second session, if not in the special session; and its repeated misrepresentation of the program actually under way.

Worst among the offenders against the intelligence of the ordinary observer, by its misrepresentation of the federal public-buildings program actually effective in providing jobs for the jobless, is the President's Emergency Committee for Employment. The Washington newspaper correspondent who receives this committee's hand-outs daily and who likewise knows intimately what is going on in the federal building program is likely to exaggerate but slightly in saying that the committee has provided more jobs for publicity writers, paper-makers, mimeographers, stencil producers, and ink manufacturers than the federal building program has provided for building workers.

Colonel Arthur Woods of the President's Committee gave out to the press at the beginning of 1931 "progress reports" on the status of the federal building program in groups of States. These "progress reports" always started off with a lead like the following: "A progress report on the $22,643,200 federal building program in the six New England States was made by the Treasury Department today to Colonel Arthur Woods, chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment. The statement covers fifty-eight separate projects, and shows the status ot each as of January 12."

Examining that report, we find that in Maine, for example, not one project of the eight mentioned as a $1,658,600 program was under actual construction. As a matter of fact, the Treasury had awarded, before the specified date, only one construction contract of this group in Maine, the contract for excavating the ground for the $400,000 addition to the federal courthouse at Portland, the contract being for $1,380. It was not awarded until December 10, 1930. This test, applied to the entire list of New England projects in order to see how many dollars have been "put in the pockets of grimy overalls," as Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein puts it, reveals that only $2,890,902 worth of construction was under contract in these States during 1930, and some of the contracts were awarded late in the year. On the basis of 1,000 workers for every $10,000,000 worth of construction on a two-year project, with five others working in fabrication plants for every construction worker, this New England program meant work for not more than 1,800 workers as a generous allowance.

The largest figure mentioned in one of these "progress reports" was in the report on "the present $57,863,000 federal building program in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Kentucky." Note the word "present." But of the sixty-four projects listed, with this great limit of cost, only thirteen were under contract, the construction contracts amounting to $2,225,540 in these five States.

Contracts awarded between June 1 and November 15, 1930, as listed by Treasury officials, involved total limits of cost amounting to $41,838,000, but the contract obligations on these amounted to only $21,726,938. Of the $41,838,000, purchase of sites had taken $6,621,244; $1,284,059 had been reserved for various equipment and minor finishing work; $1,268,950 was set aside for contingencies, leaving a saving of $10,836,809 on these projects, which may be used in later work. The projects put under contract after June 1 last would probably mean 8,400 to 13,000 jobs. During the calendar year 1930, projects under contract involved limits of cost amounting to $65,070,000, but the construction contracts on these projects amounted to only $38,273,393.20. This includes those begun but not finished before the first of 1930 and those begun but not finished before the end of 1930. This amount of construction provides 15,200 to 22,800 jobs.

In the District of Columbia the program has apparently progressed more rapidly. During 1930 the following projects were completed: Administration building of the Department of Agriculture, $1,948,138.50 contract; Government Printing Office building, $1,237,327.37 contract; Internal Revenue building, $9,104,866.11 contract.

During 1930 the following contracts were awarded or were still running for construction in the District of Columbia: for the building of the Department of Agriculture, $2,075,000, with an additional $159,216 for elevators; Department of Commerce building, said to be the largest office building in the world, $13,567,000, with some $600,000 or $700,000 worth of electric-lighting fixtures and elevators likewise to be installed; office building for Congressmen, excavation and foundation, $163,000, and superstructure contract, not awarded until December, 1930, amounting to $5,270,000. These contracts would mean, according to their estimates, from 8,400 to 12,600 jobs.

Furthermore, it was not until the Seventy-first Congress approached its end that Congress finally determined that Uncle Sam should, in the future, not be a "scab" employer. Then it passed a measure requiring that the local rate of wages be paid on federal construction projects.

In the meanwhile, complaints had been placed before the Treasury and Post Office departments, and before Congress, against the wages paid by contractors constructing federal buildings. In Kingsport, Tennessee, a labor foreman made an affidavit that he was working for 25 cents an hour on the post-office building. The carpenter foreman on the same job swore he was getting 60 cents an hour. A skilled carpenter, with twenty-five years' experience, swore he worked for 50 cents an hour on the same building. Another got 30 cents an hour. The wage scale for carpenters in Kingsport has been 70 cents an hour for three years, according to the local union.

The Bricklayers, Masons, and Plasterers International Union of America complained to the President last December about the employment of cheap non-union labor on numerous federal building projects, including post offices, veterans' hospitals, and other federal structures in various States. It was only after these complaints poured in that the Administration decided it must follow the advice it has been giving private employers and insist upon maintaining fair wages.

Again the Treasury was not to be blamed, for under the law it must award the contract to the lowest responsible bidder. The White House must shoulder the onus. The Treasury could not, prior to a law recently passed, specify that the regular wage rate and local labor (rather than imported Mexican labor, for example, as was used on some Texas projects) be employed. Representative Robert Low Bacon, regular Republican Congressman, scion of a rich, prominent, conservative Long Island family, once pointed out that an executive order could do what the Congress later did. No such executive order was ever issued. A law was finally passed. But the Administration should have seen that the law was passed at the very beginning of the federal building program.

The federal public-buildings program is doubtless adding to employment. The last session of the Seventy-first Congress added to the effectiveness and speed of that program. But most of the actual construction work speeded up to help out during the depression will not mean any jobs for a year or two. There was not the slightest reason why the special session called by President Hoover immediately after his inauguration should not have done all the things which the final session of the Seventy-first Congress, two years later, did. It usually takes two years after the funds are appropriated to get a public building started. The additional $100,000,000 authorized for federal buildings was not even appropriated in the Seventy-first Congress, and cannot be appropriated, barring a special session, before next spring. Even if it should be appropriated, it could not be put to work unless more architects, more administrators (such as L. C. Martin, special assistant to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ferry K. Heath, who bears most of the real brunt of the federal building program), and more assistant district attorneys to clear site titles should be employed.

Herbert Hoover, if he thought about it at all, knew this when he was inaugurated. He and his henchmen did nothing but boast and oppose the bills introduced by Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, which might have been of some aid. Any Washington newspaper correspondent who has followed the federal building program for small-city papers, to which the progress of the local federal building is the most important Washington news, could have told him what was delaying the federal building program and how to speed it up. So could have L. C. Martin. The information, based on experience, was all available by 1929, three years after the original Elliott-Fernald public-buildings law was passed. The aids to speeding up the program were comparatively simple and could as well have been adopted in the special session of 1929 as in the final session of 1930-31.

In other words, the federal building program, while, as far as I can tell, honestly and intelligently administered by the minor officials charged with carrying it out, has been marked by delays, by bungling, by misrepresentation, by refusal to see the needed changes in legislation and to get them promptly effected. Congress has so far never refused to pass any public-buildings measure recommended by the Administration except one which would have made possible a wild riot of corruption and political favoritism—the proposal that construction contracts be awarded without competitive bidding. All other measures to cut red tape, to speed up plans, such as employing outside architects and taking immediate possession of sites under condemnation, all measures to increase authorized appropriations from the original $215,000,000 to the present $415,000,000, have been promptly passed by Congress as soon as the President gave the word. If the President had given the word sooner on the legislation passed at the end of the Seventy-first Congress, the federal building program might have meant something in relieving unemployment in 1930 and 1931.

In the Driftway

A FRIEND of the Drifter's, country-bred and city-dwelling, tried to still his nostalgia for New England a few years ago by buying a farm. The house, sturdily built 150 years ago, needed some patching, which he dutifully accomplished. As dutifully he supplied his family with the necessary articles of furniture, the necessary water fixings, the requisite furnace and woodpiles, and playhouses for his children, and electricity, and hot-water heaters. Then it must be that he gave a sigh of relief and turned to more essential matters. Down in the meadows just below the house, where they successfully obscured the view of the spreading valley, stood a tangle of barns. There was—or it might be more correct to say there had once been—a cow barn with elaborate buggy sheds abutting on it; there was a large horse barn; there was a manure shed in a highly dilapidated condition; there was a great barn for hay; there was a milk-house, an ice-house, a chicken house. A village for live stock, in short. Only he had no live stock. What family he had was soundly housed in the middle of a grassed yard, carefully kept. What should he do with the barns?

* * * * *

THERE was plenty of advice forthcoming wherever he sought it. Almost everyone told him to tear them down; or at least to tear parts of them down. To recover the view, to recover the lumber, to recover the rich dirt of the barnyard and make a lovely rock garden in it. The only trouble was that he preferred the sight of the barns to any view on the place; he had no need of lumber at all; and he abominated a rock garden on a farm above all other things as suburban and an affectation. It was years before he mustered up courage to do what he wanted to do. The Drifter, visiting nearby, caught him at it and received a frank and full explanation. He was standing at the edge of his barn lot watching a couple of workmen cementing stones for a foundation—the foundation, in fact, of the largest cow barn. "Yes," he said, in response to the Drifter's question, "I'm having them fixed up. They'll tumble down in a few years if I don't, and it would cost me thousands of dollars to build new ones. No, we aren't getting any stock. I suppose we may never need those barns as long as we live. But I sort of like the look of them right there where they've always been. I can't afford to do any work on them, but I'm doing it anyway. I'm making a large, unnecessary, entirely useless expenditure just because I want to. I'm tired of spending money for mortgages and interest and taxes and brass pipe and useful gadgets about a house. There isn't a single excuse for fixing those barns. That's why I'm doing it.

* * * * *

TO this superior wisdom the Drifter could only bow in humble gratitude. Here at last was justification, and ample justification, for the poor who go to the movies on the money given them by the charity organization; for the laborer who, earning for the first time in his life eight or ten dollars a day, spends it on phonographs and silk shirts and second-hand Fords. A lifetime of spending money on necessities, the things that make life possible, is too long.

There must be vacations sometime, when money is squandered on the most fanciful of luxuries. In an ideal society it should not be necessary to justify such expenditure. But in this one, where the Drifter's friend lives, all sorts of explanations have to be made to any impertinent fellow who chooses to inquire. Nor will the questioner be interested in the true explanation. He will suspect an ulterior motive. He will insist on smelling a rat, on seeing not an old barn restored for nothing except its owner's pleasure, but a hidden fortune, a projected applejack mill or gymnasium or dance hall. The Drifter, being a person of superior wisdom himself, knew his friend spoke the truth and honored him for it. Most persons who watched the workmen at their task of repairing the barns, not to mention the workmen themselves, thought the man was plumb crazy.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Summer School for Workers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Barnard Summer School for Women Workers in Industry is facing a serious situation. Now in its fifth year, this school is planning to enrol sixty women this summer from the factories of New York City for a seven weeks' course. Never has the school received so many applications. One hundred women are eager to come. In addition, a group of forty men have become interested and are also applying for admission. Most of these workers applying are unemployed. They are eager to study those subjects which will give them a better understanding of the whole industrial situation. With this unusually large number of applicants the Barnard school is short of funds. Many subscriptions have been cut this year; others have been withdrawn entirely. The committee in charge must decide whether to carry on the school this summer with a small number of students or to close it entirely.

The course at Barnard is similar to that given at Bryn Mawr and at other summer schools for workers. It includes economics, English, and general science, taught in small classes and by a tutoring system. Every student receives a scholarship covering instruction and two meals a day for five days a week. The students live at home in New York City. As an experiment with a type of school adapted to the needs of workers in a large industrial center, this school is unique. We need help in order not to disappoint these unemployed workers who are hoping to attend this summer.

New York, May 24 HILDA W. SMITH

Amend the Naturalization Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent editorial comment on the Macintosh and Bland decisions of the United States Supreme Court, I notice with regret that you do not emphasize the fact that the Supreme Court construed not a constitutional provision, but a mere Act of Congress. The only provision on the subject in the Constitution is in Article 1, Section 8, and reads: "The Congress shall have power . . . to establish a uniform rule of naturalization." A movement to amend the act, in view of the decisions in the two cases as well as in the Schwimmer case, is therefore clearly indicated and will receive, I have no doubt, your strong editorial support. It seems very necessary, however, that people should realize that Congress has power to act in the premises, so that they may bring pressure to bear upon it to do so.

New York, June 1 ALBERT HIRST

Richard Doddridge Blackmore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am undertaking the collection of material for a biography of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," and shall be grateful for information that will contribute to a vital portrayal of the man. I shall be especially glad to hear from those who knew him personally, and to have copies of his letters sent to me at 704 Buckeye Street, Wooster, Ohio.

Wooster, Ohio, May 8 WALDO H. DUNN

Two Per Cent Buttons

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers have doubtless heard the story of the days of the 1905 revolution in St. Petersburg, when the revolutionists shouted for a constitution and the troops thought that "Constitutza" was the mistress of one of the grand dukes. We have something like that happening out here in Los Angeles just now. Some of our pacifist friends are distributing Einstein's "2 per cent buttons," and people take it for granted that they are agitating for 2 per cent beer!

Pasadena, May 19 UPTON SINCLAIR

The Reporter's Art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several of us here in Washington wish to thank you for Mr. Hallgren's series of articles on the political and economic situation in Wisconsin, Chicago, Detroit, and South Bend. They remind one that reporting can be an art.

Washington, May 14 LUDWELL DENNY

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER has since 1929 been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation,* is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy."

RUBY A. BLACK is a well-known Washington newspaper correspondent.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is the author of "Jonathan Edwards."

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

ARTHUR WARNER is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.

Books

The Man Indoors

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The man who seems a large man out-of-doors
May grow small when he is through his chores
And sits inside with women for the night.
Somehow, his hands do not become him right,
His back and thighs, so fine above a furrow,
Move with confidence less fine and thorough.
He sits with shoulders rounded, roughly skinned,
Who lately was essential as the wind
And rude and upright as a seasoned tree.
The cautious grace has left his slackened knee.
Gone is every trace of that caress
His body outdoors made of weariness.
He sits and listens to his wife. His thighs
Are less alive and conscious than his eyes.
His strength is in his way, the thews betray
The man who played Creator in the clay.
He is less entire than the sun,
Now his day and furrowing are done.

O. Henry

The Caliph of Bagdad: Being Arabian Nights Flashes of the Life, Letters, and Work of O. Henry—William Sydney Porter. By Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THIS fascinating volume belongs to the best of all the many kinds of biography. I suppose it is too late to do anything about the title and the subtitle. If these are good, then Boswell should have called his work "The Great Cham: Being Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson." For this is a Boswellian biography. The subject—whom the authors knew well—becomes the hero; but he is drawn to the life. The whole story is told. The generous volume is packed full of letters, quotations, reminiscences, anecdotes, all kinds of tales—authenticated and doubtful, legendary and recorded, impossible but never (to borrow a nice distinction used by Professor C. Alphonso Smith in his own "O. Henry Biography" apropos of the O. Henry stories) improbable. Not only does "Bob Davis recall"; dozens of editors, journalists, novelists, playwrights, friends of Bill Porter from all over, from the South and West, from South America and prison days, all contribute their bits. And the authors have leaned heavily, wherever it suited their purpose, on previously published material—notably on Professor Smith's book. The result is a conglomeration of material from which the figure and character of William Sydney Porter emerge, for the first time, plain and in the round. There also emerge, incidentally, many pictures of the American scene during O. Henry's lifetime, especially of the New York of the first decade of this century—its editorial world and Grub Street, its restaurants and saloons, its color and manners.

O. Henry is the man who, in the current phrase of his day, came back. He made his one great mistake—the flight to Honduras on account of a crime of which he was then and is now considered innocent. Had he not fled he would undoubtedly have been acquitted. He returned in time to comfort the last days of his dying wife and to face his trial. Porter's nature was one which shrank from cruelty, viciousness, or unredeemed ugliness. That is why his work never gets down to fundamentals. We knew before how close he came to suicide during his early months in prison; and this not because of his own hardships, for he was well treated from the beginning and held a "soft job." But the torture and cruelty, the disregard for human life and suffering, which he as drug clerk in the prison saw going on all around him seemed more than he could bear. So searing was the prison experience that after he came out he could never reveal his secret to his closest friends—and all of them knew about it from other sources but were afraid to be frank with him. That secret was, as Mr. Davis calls it, his Old Man of the Sea. Al Jennings in his "Through the Shadows with O. Henry" tells how he urged O. Henry to write some scorching stories of prison life, to waken in the minds of the American people the need for prison reform—something that was very close to both of them. But Will Porter could never do it. He couldn't use the experience—except indirectly. I think this softness, this desire to escape from the touch of horror and bitterness, prevented O. Henry from becoming a great writer. Perhaps the prison years were too strong a dose. And yet it was in prison that he found the time and freedom from economic pressure to forge his technique. Some of his good stories were written there.

The biography, like the stories of its hero, belongs to the old New York rather than to the new—to the old sophistication, to the days of saloons and famous bars in famous hotels and restaurants, to the "man's world" of the old night life, to the old Bowery, the old East Side, the old Madison Square. It is romantic. There are humor and tears. And like his stories, O. Henry's latest biography—though outside our fashion—has a unique quality about it—something gallant and large of heart and surprising. Looking back on the immediate past, we often find both truth and fiction very strange.

Fred T. Marsh

Make Money and Read Homer

Schliemann: The Story of a Gold-Seeker. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

EMIL LUDWIG is on the defensive. In his preface to "Schliemann," the latest of his biographies, he backs into a corner, crouches slightly, raises a right elbow to guard his jaw, and faces his critics. He protests that he is not an analyst; he does not examine character—he describes it. His voice drops and his right arm falls. He becomes engaging. No, he has not written too many books (there is a suggestion of a smile), nor has he written them too rapidly. He hopes, modestly, that this book, his "Schliemann," will be an example to youth, an inspiration. Perhaps Herr Ludwig has a moral in mind; read the book and see.

It so happens that Heinrich Schliemann is not only an example (example is too mild a word) but something of a caution. What a man! Son of a profligate minister in a little German village, narrow-chested, spectacled, with a meager education that gave him a passion for learning, he ran away from home and stormed the counting houses of Amsterdam. Once definitely settled in a job where he could utilize his remarkable ability as a linguist, nothing could stop him. In so far as his desire for learning went, he was a full-fledged idealist, imaginative, sentimental, fiery, inaccurate, but in handling money he never lost his head or a cent of the profits that he saw mounting in his private ledger. He taught himself Russian and persuaded his employer to send him as an agent to Moscow.

To Moscow he went, and within a short time was chief of his own importing house—banker, jobber, commission merchant, and agent, all in one. He rose at five in the morning, breakfasted at five-thirty, worked in a frenzy all day, studied languages at night, and was virtuously pleased with himself. He married a Russian woman, not for money as one might expect, but because he had a sentimental yearning for domesticity. Once he had captured a home, he had no use for it, nor time to spend with the woman in charge; he was too busy making millions. Even the Crimean War was turned to his advantage. Suddenly, however, things began to go awry. Business was not so good; his marriage was a failure. He promptly shut up shop, pocketed his profits, which were no small sum indeed, and sailed for America. He secured a transatlantic divorce, and then, apparently quite by accident, rediscovered his boyish love for Homer and ancient Greece by gazing at a photograph of a Greek girl. He wrote letters to the girl and soon arrived at her home in Athens with a proposal of marriage. His new wife was the beginning of a new career. Schliemann read his Homer literally; there could be no doubt, Homer was Homer. There was nothing to do but to find Troy. Well, Schliemann applied the same dogmatic talents that had made him a millionaire to the business of archaeology. The dust flew. He not only made possible the discovery of Homeric Troy, but in his haste, his eagerness to see the body of Agamemnon, he uncovered civilizations older than Troy itself. He was a little mad, but no matter, he had outplayed archaeologists at their own game, and even went so far as to name his young son Agamemnon and his little daughter Andromache. He spoke of his first love, now a grandmother in a German village, as Cleopatra. There were no limits to Schliemann's Homeric legend. He lived the Odyssey.

Ludwig handles the story admirably. It is as though Schliemann had lived for the sole purpose of becoming the hero of a Ludwig biography. Whenever Ludwig refers to him as Napoleonic, somehow the adjective seems singularly apt. All that Schliemann, the successful financier and archaeologist, lacked was the dignity of Napoleon's failure. As for the moral contained in this biography, one would say that it pays to be a little bit crazy and to make as much money as possible.

HORACE GREGORY

A Christ Without Strength?

Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence. By John Middleton Murry. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.50.

MURRY presents Lawrence as a Christ who had not sufficient strength to carry his burden. Lawrence, he says, was endowed with a spiritual sensitivity and power of sympathy which have rarely been equaled in history; unable to endure the sufferings which such a temperament causes, he tried to escape into a condition of subhuman mindlessness. His method of escape was sex: unfortunately his attachment to his mother made him incapable of genuine love; and his lack of virility and his unmanly need for feminine consolation made his sexual experiences one long humiliation. Lawrence tried to justify himself by formulating a doctrine of two infinities, the sensual and the spiritual; his ideal was a balance between the two; but as he was unable to find any method of genuinely reconciling them, this ideal led to a disintegration of his personality. At the end of his life he abandoned all hope of salvation for himself; a harmonized personality and a happy married life became a mere dream possible only to different people in a different world.

Murry gives his own answers to Lawrence's problems—answers which will be unacceptable and probably unintelligible to all but his own disciples. The problems are, however, fairly stated, and the study of Lawrence's psychological experiences is extraordinarily penetrating; Murry analyzes all his more important writings and draws, when necessary, on his own recollections; he was, for a period, Lawrence's closest friend. He proves that Lawrence himself never found a satisfactory answer to his own problems; he lays bare the confusion and inconsistency of his attempted answers, and shows that much of Lawrence's preaching about sex was mere wish-fulfilment dictated by his own lack of virility. This book arouses pity and terror as few works of fiction do—pity for Lawrence's forty-five years of misery, and terror because Lawrence's dilemma is that of civilized man—and if lesser persons are not broken by it, it is through apathy and not because they have discovered any solution.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Individualism at Bay

Social Politics and Modern Democracies. By Charles W. Pipkin. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

PROFESSOR PIPKIN is the author of a book on "Social Justice" which he has now elaborated into a substantial two-volume work on social and industrial legislation in England and France during the present century. Since the major change in the conceptions of the function of government which marks our own age is that from the emphasis upon "maintaining peace and enforcing contracts" to the recognition of the concern of the state with welfare and the good life, the importance of the field which Professor Pipkin's work covers scarcely requires stress. The education acts, old-age pensions, national health insurances, unemployment insurances—all come under Professor Pipkin's survey, which also includes a sketch of the British labor movement and of French syndicalism. Some kind of guide through the intricacies of this rapidly shifting legislation is quite indispensable, and Professor Pipkin's careful and comprehensive work will supply the need. The only doubt which arises is whether, even in so large an undertaking, he does not range too far afield and thus deprive himself of the opportunity of studying intensively, for example, the implications of the system of regulations issued by the Ministry of Health for the whole conception of administrative government in England. These general considerations are at least as important in shaping future policy as abbreviated descriptions of the acts themselves.

That this voluminous social legislation has involved a change of philosophy concerning the relations of the state and the individual and has required, even if it has not received, the guidance of some kind of philosophy of the good social life is made clear by the extremely interesting contrast between the policy pursued in England and in France. Professor Pipkin has been well advised to choose precisely these two countries. He himself adopts a quotation given by Professor Siegfried: the French "give people leisure so that they may read books but the Anglo-Saxons give them leisure so that they can have an automobile." Again Professor Siegfried writes: "Politically the Anglo-Saxon state is moral rather than intellectual." The "backwardness" of France, from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, in social and hygienic regulations, the "impractical tendencies" of its labor movement are to be accounted for by this demand for the right to be leisured and to discuss rather than for the means to be efficient and organized. It is not, indeed, clear that it is better to read the *Autocar* than to own an automobile. It is not clear that the leisure of the many is feasible save upon condition that there is restriction upon the liberty of the few, or that an intelligent civilization is rightly intelligent if it does not issue in "moral cooperation" and, for example, reduction of the infant death-rate. Intellect is not enough. Only reason is enough—which is not the same thing.

The issue is, indeed, the profound one whether a polished culture, such as is almost necessarily individualistic, and even egoistic and narcissistic, is to be regarded as the adornment or as the end of civilization. The extent of social legislation in France Professor Pipkin's book records, but the book also makes apparent the profound conservatism of the French spirit, which casts its shadow in the violence of the French revolutionary tendencies. Those who consult these two useful volumes of Professor Pipkin's will discover the extent to which inroads have been made, in two of the most civilized countries of the world, upon the doctrine of "no governmental interference." In considering, however, the differences between these two countries, they will be forced to ask themselves the fundamental question whether material prosperity, with its requirements in cooperation, is the ultimate object of social endeavor, or is the inevitable precondition of popular happiness, or is an obstacle to civilized living so far as its mechanical requirements enchain the individual. GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

As to Mr. Tomlinson—

Out of Soundings. By H. M. Tomlinson. Illustrated by H. Charles Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. $4.

I HAVE been slow in writing about this book, and I will explain why. Soon after getting the volume—it is a collection of miscellaneous essays—I sat down one evening and, beginning at the front, read several chapters. I was not greatly impressed. The writing was good—Mr. Tomlinson's always is—but the articles did not say much to me. I concluded that they had been bundled together to sell on the reputation of "The Sea and the Jungle" and the more recent success of "All Our Yesterdays." That was all right; in our economic system it was a valid excuse for marketing a book, but not necessarily for reading it. I thought to say that—and not much more—when I got around to saying anything. But there was no hurry about saying anything—or about reading farther in the book either.

A little later several reviews of the volume appeared, filled with what struck me as extravagant—almost fulsome—praise. It seemed probable that the writers were reviewing Mr. Tomlinson's reputation rather than the collection of essays at hand; unconsciously they were imagining in his latest book some of what they had enjoyed in earlier volumes. I thought to say something about that too when I got around to commenting on "Out of Soundings."

Eventually I read more of the essays, switching from the front to near the back and selecting the one entitled, A Footnote to the War Books. It seemed to throw a cool but revealing light on war and post-war psychology. It contained a measure of those fine perceptions, those rare understandings, that come only from a delicately geared, high-tension mind. Reading farther, the same qualities were encountered in the essays entitled Côte d'Or, Exploration, A Lost Wood, and others. It was necessary to revise my first estimate of "Out of Soundings."

Mr. Tomlinson does not put his best apples at the top of the basket. Yet it is not certain that he puts them at the bottom either. What seems to be more true is that you have to eat slowly and taste carefully in order to get the flavor of the fruit. Or putting it another way, he is a nourishing rather than a stimulating writer; he offers food, not cocktails. You most not expect too immediate an effect, and must meet him halfway with an adequate digestion.

The best writing is not what we call "timely"; it is timeless. Robert Louis Stevenson tells a fable of a monk who sat down in a wood one day to listen for a moment to the song of a nightingale. When the monk returned to the monastery he found it falling into decay and his brothers all old men. The peculiar virtue of Mr. Tomlinson's mind is that it is not too much immersed in its era. He does not assume that what is new is better, merely because of its newness, than what is old. He looks past the gadgets of the twentieth century to contemplate enduring beauty and permanent value. Honesty and restraint are two of the characteristics of his writing. His honesty does not restrict itself to saying what he believes and not saying what he doubts. It is an honesty which tests everything scrupulously. It is that precious quality which the French describe as a sense of measure. Perhaps, after that, it is not necessary to add anything about restraint. It is an inevitable consequence, or part, of that kind of honesty.

I still think that some of the critics of "Out of Soundings" are extravagant. They have written as Mr. Tomlinson himself would not write were he able to review impersonally his own volume. They have sinned against his own canons of honesty and restraint. It looks as if some admirers were trying to do for Mr. Tomlinson what ill-advised enthusiasts of Joseph Conrad did for him some years before his death—raise him too high. While it raged, the Conrad worship did serious harm to other writers ambitious to portray the sea. Probably no writer ever should attempt to imitate another, but imitation of Conrad was a little more devastating than that of almost anybody else. Conrad penned some pages of masterly and limpid imagery, but he wrote also some painfully murky ones, and the advice to other writers on the sea to duplicate his "mystery," to reproduce his "spell," released a fog of adjectives amid which it was hard to distinguish a patch of blue water. In recent years Conrad has been lowered considerably and Herman Melville raised in his stead. Ten years hence Melville will be laid by the heels to make room for—*quien sabe?*

But I am wandering. From reviewing Mr. Tomlinson I straggled off to review his reviewers and then to review Messrs. Conrad, Melville, and Quien Sabe. Let me merely suggest in closing that whatever else be said of Mr. Tomlinson, he is too able a writer to need a claque and too live a one to welcome a monument. ARTHUR WARNER

A Revolution in Vienna

Pilgrims of '48. One Man's Part in the Austrian Revolution of 1848 and a Family Migration to America. By Josephine Goldmark. Yale University Press. $4.

THE first half of this book comprises a sketch, well written and exceptionally informative, of the revolutionary movement in Austria, and particularly in Vienna, in 1848-50, the description of the political, social, and cultural life of the old Austria being skilfully mingled with an account of the agitation which attempted, first by political means and then by violence, to secure constitutional government and political and intellectual liberty. Joseph Goldmark, the author's father, a young doctor and chemist just out of the university, was a prominent revolutionary leader, and the story of his life forms the core of the historical narrative. Indicted for high treason and complicity in the brutal murder of Latour, the aged Minister of War, whom he had in fact risked his life to protect, Goldmark escaped from Austria and made his way to America, whither the Wehle family of Prague, into which he later married, had preceded him.

The second half of the book recounts the experiences of this family, and incidentally of other political exiles, and of

Goldmark himself, the former mainly in what is now the Central West and the latter in New York. Goldmark began medical practice in New York, but shortly turned his attention to the manufacture of percussion caps and cartridges, the fruit of chemical researches which had attracted notice in Vienna, and it was from his factories that the federal government obtained most of its supplies of those articles during the Civil War. Following the promulgation by the Emperor Francis Joseph, in 1867, of a general amnesty for political offenses, Goldmark went back to Vienna and obtained an annulment of his conviction, returning shortly to America, where he died in 1880. One of his daughters married Louis D. Brandeis, now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Miss Goldmark has not only produced a charming volume of history, biography, and reminiscence, but has also in so doing pointed to a field that might well be further explored.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Chronic Criminal Law

Criminal Justice in America. By Roscoe Pound. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Our Criminal Courts. By Raymond Moley. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

THE chronic maladministration of the criminal law in our country is the subject of both of these books. It would be pleasant to report to the American citizen weary of crime waves and racketeering that Dean Pound and Professor Moley, who are both eminent authorities—indeed, the former is a member of the Wickersham Commission and warns his readers against regarding his remarks as other than *obiter dicta*—are in essential agreement in their perspectives and have programs to offer capable of reasonably immediate realization. But one cannot read them together without being struck not only by their frequent variance in conclusions but by their radically different methods of approach. Without either explicitly referring to the other, they seem to be almost carrying on a debate. Although both profess a skeptical and tentative point of view, it is only Professor Moley who adheres closely to it. Dean Pound presumably regards the criminal law as chaotic, but being a person of a rationalizing turn of mind, he finds in it the development of a sort of harmonious chaos.

The essential core of Dean Pound's analysis of the breakdown of the criminal law is that it is anachronistic. Its machinery, inherited from English legal institutions of the eighteenth century, was adapted to the conditions of an agricultural pioneer America in which crime was occasional and sporadic and in which religious and social controls remained unchallenged, but the machinery is no longer capable of coping with the demands of a twentieth-century industrialized and urbanized America, in which crime is increasingly professional and organized and in which the whole cultural complex is in dissolution. On the other hand, the adjustment of the criminal law to the new age involves certain fateful difficulties. There are certain inherent obstacles in the administration of justice according to law. Dean Pound speaks of the "antinomy of criminal justice." To be efficient the criminal law would have to override safeguards of individual freedom, but it dare not do so because of our democratic institutions. The criminal law is almost predestined not to work because of the evil influence of politics in a democracy. We have "too many laws," yet because of the complex character of our society and the extent of modern administration we cannot do without them. And so on through a series of dilemmas. The only hope for the future lies in discarding the old punitive system of criminal law for a system of a preventive criminal justice.

NEXT WEEK:

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No doubt there is a good deal in Dean Pound's main argument that is very suggestive, but its application to specific problems of the criminal law begins to show inherent weaknesses and contradictions. If the criminal law is only one of the factors of control in the cultural complex, if the criminal law can accomplish only so much, it seems unprofitable to concentrate for the most part, as Dean Pound does, upon a sociological examination of the legal rules of criminal justice to discover the differences of conditions which have impaired their usefulness. To take but one example, the effect of the local territorial basis of criminal prosecution—if it is so much easier for a criminal to get away now by crossing county and State boundaries because of enhanced means of communication, it must have been no less easy in the eighteenth century because of the fact that a criminal had to go only a small distance to escape. On the other hand, Dean Pound's evaluation of many particular factors in the cultural complex must remain debatable—for instance, the effect of the decay of religious influences. In short, if the criminal law suffers from certain inevitable antinomies, they were as operative in the eighteenth as in the twentieth century. The necessary implication of Dean Pound's argument is that the criminal law worked far better then than now. But has the criminal law ever worked? The very fact that it has been called into operation is an evidence of social strain. So far as social factors are concerned, the conditions of twentieth-century industrialism and urbanization prevail not only in America but in other countries, which however do not suffer from so great a collapse of criminal prosecution. Indeed, England, the very country from which we have inherited our legal machinery, has now a comparatively good record. The search for variables is one of the most important tasks which a sociological jurisprudence such as that represented by Dean Pound can perform, but the inevitable result of the search has become a tendency to overlook the constants of human nature and the more fundamental social institutions.

Professor Moley's "Our Criminal Courts" is in a sense a continuation and completion of his earlier "Politics and Criminal Prosecution." In the latter he showed the effects of American politics upon criminal prosecution, particularly in connection with the extraordinary accession of virtually dictatorial powers to American prosecuting attorneys as a result of their discretion in accepting pleas—a fact that would indicate that American criminal law has perhaps "adjusted" itself somewhat, although through a rather questionable administrative process. The realism of this analysis of the preliminary stage of criminal prosecution is maintained in the present work in the examination of the problems of the subsequent stages of trial and punishment. The petit jury is now shown to have been undermined no less than the grand jury, and some evidence is given to show that this is true in the rural counties as well as the urban centers. But as a result of the preliminary examination in magistrates' courts, the ordinary trial courts are given an opportunity to function in fewer and fewer cases; thus the "machinery" of criminal prosecution, whether of the model of the eighteenth or twentieth century, is called into action very infrequently. Professor Moley's skepticism is with a few strange exceptions particularly marked in dealing with the standard panaceas for reform of the criminal law—from changing procedure through crime commissions to non-partisan judicial nominations by bar associations. How far this skepticism goes can be judged from such observations as these: "There is no 'criminal law,' there are criminal laws." "The inappropriateness to the conditions of the times is no new condition." "It is hardly sound to assert as some of the 'socially minded' persist in doing, that 'a criminal law based upon vengeance' must yield to a criminal law based on something or other else. 'It' is based upon little that has not changed since 'it' was formulated. It cannot be adjusted to a 'new' conception because apparently a 'new' conception has not yet formulated itself." Such sense has not been spoken since Mr. Tutt, the celebrated creation of Arthur Train, discoursed on the criminal law. Thus Professor Moley sets no great present store by the "preventive" criminal justice of the future of which Dean Pound rather vaguely but hopefully talks. Presumably it means an administration by scientific criminologists of the indeterminate sentence, probation, and parole; but Professor Moley, in common with most thoughtful students, shows himself not too optimistic about the immediate possibilities of these devices, in view of the fact that, apart from other present limitations as criminological techniques, their administration is left largely to political hacks. In any event, to apply even a preventive justice we must first be able to convict criminals.

Neither Professor Moley nor Dean Pound indulges in any propaganda for a program of radical political reform as a condition precedent to remedying the criminal law, but they might well have done so. The social amelioration of the state may be achieved to a large extent long before it is made either almost perfect or communistic. It is the tendency now to underestimate the value and importance of political institutions, but they constitute the fundamental technique of human relations, of which the criminal law is only a part. It is only the small chance of accomplishing at present a really radical alteration of the American political system that makes the situation so discouraging. Apparently at present neither God nor Mr. Tutt can help us. **William Seagle**

Books in Brief

A Shakespeare Bibliography. By Walter Ebisch and Levin L. Schücking. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

A selective bibliography of books and articles about Shakespeare was badly needed, particularly one which took account of the scholarship of the past twenty years. The present compilers, confining themselves within 300 pages, have performed their task with an excellent economy. Their classification of the material is interesting and useful, and their comments, when comment is made, are expert. Much is missing here, of course; but there is scarcely one significant omission.

Mencken and Shaw. By Benjamin De Casseres. Silas Newton. $2.50.

By way of subtitle Mr. De Casseres calls his book "The Anatomy of America's Voltaire and England's Other John *Bull*." That last italicized word and remarks like "there are so many Lucifers, Menckens, and De Cassereses that give Abra a pain in the cadabra," are examples of the depths to which this collection of unrelated notes sinks. Occasionally one of them hits the mark for a bull's eye. The extraordinary verbal fireworks, when good, are very good. But the duds are things to look out for.

The History of the Mayas: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Thomas Gann and Eric Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The title of this book is too ambitious for its contents. The history before the Spanish conquest is limited almost entirely to statements of the founding dates of the known Mayan cities; the history after the conquest is a routine anthropological description of the Mayan communities. The authors provide neither conclusive generalization nor interesting detail. Its literary lacks make the book unattractive for general reading, but its accuracy makes it useful as a reference book for the student of Mayan civilization.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH HENRY HAZLITT
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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PRESIDENT HOOVER took a vigorous and determined stand in the first speech of his "swing around the circle" against any and all who would have him deviate in slightest degree from his stubborn opposition to unemployment insurance, any form of dole, and any other changes in the social order. He is for the "American system," come what may. It has carried us farther "than any other nation in all history." His retort to the demand for a ten-year plan, which he terms "an infection from the slogan of the Five-Year Plan through which Russia is struggling to redeem herself," is a twenty-year plan to "take care of a 20,000,000 increase in population." The rest is rhetoric:

> We plan to build for them 4,000,000 new and better homes, thousands of new and still more beautiful city buildings, thousands of factories; to increase the capacity of our railways; to add thousands of miles of highways and waterways; to instal 25,000,000 electrical horse-power; to grow 20 per cent more farm products. We plan to provide new parks, schools, colleges, and churches for this 20,000,000 people. We plan more leisure for men and women and better opportunities for its enjoyment.

We are glad to commend this attitude of Mr. Hoover. It joins the issue with a clearness we rarely get from him. Everybody now knows where he stands today and where he will stand a year hence in the Presidential campaign. He is for the old order and old methods—more and better and bigger things of the same kind.

WHO IS KNOCKING the tariff now? Why, no less a person than Andrew Mellon himself. His Aluminum Company of America, which has as near a monopoly, we fancy, as any company in the country, has just decided that it will be one of the six hundred American companies that have established branches in Canada in order to avoid the consequences of the Canadian tariff law. It is the eighty-seventh company which has made this move since the Hawley-Smoot law went into effect last year. What does this signify? In the first place, it means that a considerable part of the production of the Aluminum Company is transferred to foreign soil where foreign laborers are employed instead of the work being done by American laborers on American soil. Next, if a tariff is such a wonderful thing, Mr. Mellon ought not to resent the Canadian tariff, but should be perfectly content to have it prohibit his goods from entering the dominion. That is what he does in the United States to foreign producers, and he ought to be willing to take his medicine himself when it comes to Canada. Not for your life! We don't know anybody who equals the protectionist for squealing and squawking when he gets a dose of his own medicine—it is just too wicked for other people to exclude American goods simply because we exclude theirs. Finally, while Mr. Ford and Mr. Mellon and other great capitalists can afford to move abroad and build branch factories inside of other people's tariff walls, the small American manufacturer, like the American workingman, has to stay at home. There he pays the price for our protection policy in a sluggish home market, a steadily restricted foreign-export field, and increased prices on about everything he buys.

OF ALL UNBELIEVABLE THINGS the surrender of the Civic Federation to the wicked Soviets seems to us the most incredible. Here is the federation, under the leadership of that notably progressive and liberal-minded leader of the American Federation of Labor, Matthew Woll, actually calling a national industrial conference to work out a ten years' plan for the United States as absolutely necessary to "establish balance between production, distribution, and consumption" and to end "the chaos and misapplication of energy" in American life. All of this is for "the creation of a democratic industrial structure comparable to our democratic political structure." Now we ask our readers if that is not exactly what *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Freeman*, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Socialists, and many other wicked and subversive organizations, which the Civic Federation has denounced all these many years, have been advocating in season and out. But, as we have indicated, we cannot claim all the credit. The Civic Federation has capitulated to the Russian Five-Year Plan. If the Bolsheviki had not coined that name and carried on that plan, the Civic Federation would never have decided to combat bolshevism with a five-day work week of six hours a day or have urged a ten-year plan to show the superiority of the capitalist system to all others. Of course Mr. Woll is careful to say that the Russian Five-

Year Plan is "proving a hopeless failure." Really? Well then, why the necessity for this sudden move for a ten-year American plan to offset the lure of Soviet achievement?

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT, it appears, is a government according to the courts of the United States even though to the State Department it is non-existent. Three years ago the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company received two shipments of gold from German banking agents of the Soviet Government. The Bank of France claimed that this gold belonged to it, alleging that the bars had been seized by the Soviet Government in 1917 from the Russian Imperial Bank, in which they were stored. It therefore brought suit against the New York banks, which shortly afterwards returned the gold to the senders, as related in *The Nation* of March 28, 1928. In handing down his decision, Federal Judge Caffey says: "I cannot escape the conclusion that although there has been no recognition by the State Department of this country of what has been called the Soviet regime either as a *de jure* or a *de facto* government, that regime is a government." Holding that the Soviet Government is a sovereign, Judge Caffey therefore declares the present case to be one for diplomacy, inasmuch as a sovereign state is exempt from suit by outsiders, and the American banks were acting as agents for the Russian Government. We are interested to note this legal confirmation of the judgment expressed by *The Nation* on this case in its issue of April 25, 1928. Judge Caffey's decision adds another interesting and amusing element to the legal confusion occasioned by our non-recognition of Russia.

HUNGER AND TRAGEDY continue to stalk over the hills of the Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania mining country. In Kentucky they have led to the arrest of nearly one hundred men—miners, union officials, and sympathizers—who today are held in the jail at Harlan, where they are awaiting trial for attempting to defend themselves and their families against an unwarranted attack by company police and State militiamen. Eighteen of these men, accused of murder, face the death penalty; the remainder may be sentenced to long prison terms on charges of conspiracy and criminal syndicalism. As a result of the mine strike there had been trouble at Evarts, a small town near by. The disorders ran along until at last they culminated in a battle between the miners and a handful of company guards. Three men were killed. The militia was called in; the miners and those who upheld their cause, including the chief of police of Evarts, were put under arrest. Although union leaders and others interested in the case have demanded information as to the arrests and have called for immediate trials, no one knows just how many men are in jail, and the officials refuse to say when and under what circumstances the men will be brought to trial. All that has so far been definitely learned is that the murder indictments rest upon the testimony of one man, a guard employed by the local mining company. Meanwhile other miners are being arrested by twos and threes in this district while a few days ago the Reverend Frank Martin, pastor of a Baptist church near Harlan, was lodged in the same jail on a charge of criminal syndicalism for having delivered a speech from the steps of Harlan courthouse telling of starvation and misery among the coal workers.

MEANTIME THE OPEN WARFARE between miners and police is spreading elsewhere. Dozens of men and women on both sides have been wounded, scores have been gassed, hundreds have fallen under policemen's clubs. In St. Clairsville, Ohio, an army of special deputy sheriffs, armed with machine-guns and tear-gas bombs, has been called out to guard mine property. In western Pennsylvania a union leader has warned the owners that trouble is impending and that the strikers are armed. In the same section State troopers have clubbed hundreds of marching miners, some of them into insensibility. Harry Kirk, a farmer living near Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, said that he saw "about two hundred men, women, and children running up over a hill with a couple of State policemen on horses behind them. When a State policeman caught up with one of the people he hit him over the head with a club, leaving a trail of people lying on the ground." Near the Mellon-owned Westland mine in Pennsylvania the police opened fire on a column of miners when their gas bombs and clubs failed to halt the marchers. In Kentucky a murder of a pit worker has resulted in the arrest of fourteen other miners, but the killer, who is known, was allowed to go free. In Illinois the miners have planned a "hunger march" to the State capital. Some 20,000 workers have left the pits, demanding higher wages, enforcement of the eight-hour day, and recognition of their unions. An appeal for mediation has been sent to President Hoover, but he has so far done nothing except refer the appeal to the Department of Labor for "consideration and report." The situation is grave at many points.

NOW THAT COLONEL HOUSE has come back into politics and intends to do what he can to get Governor Roosevelt into the Presidency, the movement of political traffic to the Colonel's summer residence in Massachusetts promises to reach considerable proportions. Governor Roosevelt himself has already been over for a luncheon, and other Democrats, we may be sure, will not be long in following. Manchester-by-the-Sea will now rival Mr. Hoover's week-end capital at Rapidan and the Pullman car that takes him on his Western trip as a center of political interest, and, with only the difference that Mr. Hoover wants to stay in the White House and Governor Roosevelt hopes to make him vacate it, substantially the same questions of ways and means, primaries, conventions, platforms, nominations, and running mates will be talked over at either place. On the whole, we are inclined to rate Colonel House a good deal higher than Senator Fess when it comes to advice. The Colonel is a quiet person much averse to ballyhoo, but he knows how to bore from within and keep the politicians guessing, he can make a little oil go farther and work better than any other of our political machinists, he got a lot of valuable experience in putting over Woodrow Wilson, and he is not a bit averse to fooling trusting people, as his memoirs show.

"HAWKS IN ROME HOP to Get His Hair Cut." Thus the casual news from our speediest flyer. He told those who greeted him when he dropped down on the landing field at the Littorio Airport in Rome, after a four hours' flight from Paris, that he preferred Italian barbers to German. "The last time I had my hair cut," he declared, "was in Berlin, where the barber clipped the top of my head so that I had to let my hair grow for a month." Here we have a glimpse of the real future before us. Soon we shall read in the society news of all the dailies items like these: "Mrs. John Van Astorbilt with a party of eleven yesterday flew to Peking for a week-end visit to be rounded out by a bird's-nest supper on the Chinese Wall by moonlight." Or we shall hear that our best-known Fifth Avenue matron delighted her European friends the other day by breakfasting in London, having luncheon in Paris, tea in Rome, and spending the night in Tripoli. Or that Otto H. Kahn flew to London yesterday to buy some collars from his favorite haberdasher. Soon it will be as commonplace to run over to New York for luncheon from Chicago as it is now to drive to a nearby golf club. How easily explored and how little the world will be when one flies out to San Francisco and back for a set of tennis!

THE CASE of Professor Herbert A. Miller at Ohio State University, which was discussed by Norman Thomas in our issue of June 17, has stirred up a most encouraging body of protest in the academic world. In addition to two vigorous memorials signed by no less than 153 professors and instructors at Ohio State itself, the trustees have now received, according to latest advices, protests from faculty groups in eight other important universities and colleges. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, New York University, Pittsburgh, Oberlin, Western Reserve, and Wisconsin have all contributed to the swelling body of indignant remonstrance from members of the academic community who are thoroughly awake to the importance of the question at issue. The American Association of University Professors, that watch-dog of academic freedom in the United States, has already instituted an investigation of the whole affair. The clergymen of Columbus, the Ohio Sociological Society, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and many newspapers both inside and outside Ohio have added their protest to that of the university men. As long as trustees continue legally to be the governing body of the American university and students continue to be as docile as in the past, so long must the guaranty of freedom of opinion and liberty of speech be in an alert and militant state of mind in the faculties themselves and in the public supporting them. From this point of view, the Ohio State incident is one of the most encouraging happenings of recent years.

IN AMERICA the higher learning is climbing ever upward, toward a loftier idealism, and perhaps also toward a higher culture. There have been many examples of this in recent years, but the latest and most touching has just come to us from the College of Puget Sound in the State of Washington. This institution of higher education a week or two ago awarded the degree of master of arts to Maurice Owens and Augustus C. Voelker. Mr. Owens was accorded the distinction on the basis of his thesis entitled "An Experimental Study of Free Throwing in Basketball," while Mr. Voelker was honored for a paper in which he discussed the "Vocational and Avocational Values of the Merit Badge System in Scouting." These are, indeed, important contributions to the higher learning, and they show once more with what circumspect care some colleges are making America safe for culture.

FRANKLIN HENRY GIDDINGS, who died on June 11, was a distinguished member of that group of great scholars and teachers who over a period of fifty years have made the School of Political Science of Columbia University one of the world's leading centers of social study. After six years of experience in journalism and a period of teaching at Bryn Mawr College he was called in 1894 to join the group of young scholars whom Professor John W. Burgess had gathered around him at Columbia, and the history of the remainder of his life is closely identified with that of the School of Political Science. One of the earlier workers in the even yet ill-defined field of sociology, he made a profound impression on his coworkers in the social sciences by his gift of brilliant generalization, and his striking phrase "the consciousness of kind" has become coin of the sociological realm. The broad sweep of his thought, the clarity of his exposition, the sturdy independence of his judgments, the pungency of his speech and the unfailing warmth of his human sympathies all combined to attract to his classroom successive generations of devoted students, who found in his celebrated Friday afternoon lecture-discussions a new intellectual experience of the highest order. Another of America's great teachers has gone.

WE HOPE that none of our readers in New York will fail to see "Precedent," the stirring play which deals with the Tom Mooney case. Frankly a propaganda piece, it is so remarkably done as to stir all who come to see it. Yet never is it anything else than a quiet portrayal of what actually happened as recorded by the documents of this case. It could easily have been spoiled by even a single bit of exaggeration, but it is impossible to see how it could in fact have been made more telling. For its effectiveness the remarkable acting of the entire cast also deserves great credit. Meanwhile Tom Mooney, the victim of incredible injustice, languishes in jail in need of funds to carry on his fight for freedom, but he is buoyed up by the hope that the new Governor of California may yet grant him a new hearing.

TO ARTURO TOSCANINI goes our deepest sympathy. A great artist, as such superior to all nationalistic considerations, he was viciously assaulted at Bologna because he would not desecrate his concert by playing the Fascist hymn at the opening. He had twice notified the Mayor of Bologna of his refusal to do so, but a mob of thirty or forty men met him at the stage door and beat him until blood flowed from his mouth. No one was arrested and, of course, there was no apology from the Mayor, or expression of regret from the Mussolini Government itself. Now he is in Switzerland, en route to Bayreuth to conduct for part of the season there, with his spirit undaunted, as witness these words:

> We must have truth and freedom of speech at any price, even if the price be death. I have said to our Fascisti time and again: "You can kill me if you wish, but as long as I am living I shall say what I think."

There speaks the true patriot, a brave and honest man. We sincerely hope that he will now consider becoming an American citizen—not, however, without realizing that if we get into another war he will be compelled by American mobs to abandon his concerts or to preface them with a wretched piece of music known as the "Star Spangled Banner."

PUBLIC LIB.

Washington Moves at Last

THE world does move—and also the Hoover Government. In all the aftermath of the Chequers conference nothing is more striking than the confirmation of the news that Secretary Stimson is really going over to see for himself how matters are in Europe, and the statement given to the press by the Undersecretary of State, William R. Castle, Jr., in Washington on June 13. His statement was to the effect that while the position of the United States Government as to debts owed to it by European countries was clearly established, "obviously, in case of any serious crisis, the government would have to consider whether a temporary change in its policy was necessary." Naturally, this announcement that the Hoover Administration would not be adamant in the face of a German collapse cheered Berlin not a little at a moment when it needed cheering. For the reaction of some of the New York bankers to the Chequers conference had led to their calling their German loans, with the result that German bonds declined all along the line—the 6½'s to 63—and the German mark sank lower than at any time since May, 1929, doubtless partly because the Reichsbank lost $250,000,000 of its gold reserve during the first two weeks in June.

If we were to judge by comments of press and statesmen upon the Chequers conference, we should be inclined to write it down as a considerable failure. Particularly disappointing was Mr. MacDonald's declaration that if a conference for the revision of the Young Plan were to be called, the British Government would not now take part in it. That in itself seemed to seal the fate of Germany; or rather it seemed to leave to Berlin no alternative but to denounce the whole Young Plan and face the consequences, whatever they might be. At best Mr. MacDonald's remarks were a tactlessness only to be explained as having been compelled by the necessity of calming and reassuring the French. But fortunately, in France itself the reactions to the Chequers conference have been more friendly and wiser than had seemed possible. Briand, on June 8, informed the chamber that Germany's economic condition is, "to say the least, sad," but added, after pointing out that "the Young Plan has been recently applied," that "there can be no question of revising it since it has a definite character. It contains within itself possibilities for Germany. She will use them, perhaps. It is to her interest to do so"—a direct invitation to Dr. Brüning to apply for the postponement which the plan provides. If his statement appears also to close the door to a complete revision, on the other hand its language is so pacific that it cannot profoundly have disturbed Berlin.

More than that, Briand declared once more that the future of France and Germany lies in the cooperation of both peoples. It would certainly not be, he pointed out, to France's advantage to have the present government overthrown by the Nationalists. His ringing declaration that he would consider it in the interest of his country to continue a policy of peace with Germany and the other countries of Europe was upheld by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 to 252. Thereupon, on June 14, he went to Gourdon, France, to defend his peace policy there and to ask the sincere support of the people of France, using these words:

> It has been said of old that if you want peace prepare for war. That was the motto of the past, and what has the past given us? Search into history, turn back as far as you please, what has preparation for war given humanity but dreadful stains of blood? I tell you that if we are to avoid war we must prepare for peace. We must organize it, we must constantly think and plan for it.

It was a vast crowd which heard him speak these solemn and gravely needed truths—some 20,000 people. There was not a dissenting note; on the contrary he received a tremendous ovation.

Meanwhile, however, the condition of Germany becomes steadily worse, and one must look forward with apprehension to the next six weeks. President von Hindenburg's support of Dr. Brüning's position that the Reichstag shall not be called into session reinforces the Chancellor well, but the unrest grows, the rioting continues, and the denunciation of Brüning as the Hunger Chancellor is unceasing. No one can guess how long the Chancellor will be able to maintain himself, and there are many well-informed to say that there is nothing left for him but to denounce the whole Young Plan as the sole means of saving himself, and then to invite the Allies to do their worst. It is this repudiation that the Hitlerites are steadily promising Germany. One of their leaders, Hermann Göring, an intimate of Hitler, has again publicly declared that if their party comes to power it will repudiate all of Germany's foreign debts. He serves warning that the National Socialists "will not keep the promises made by those in power today." To the rest of the world he says: "Lend money as much as you like, but we shall not repay one cent. Our creditors would do well to consider who will rule Germany next year—Brüning or we."

Under these circumstances the Hoover Administration is heartily to be commended for changing its attitude of indifference and letting the world know that it will stand by if the emergency which is to be feared should arrive. In this connection we would call attention to the remarkable address made by Alanson B. Houghton, our former Ambassador to Germany and Great Britain. Speaking at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Mr. Houghton said:

> Germany, I am inclined to believe, has been pushed about as far as she can go. That this is partly her own fault I have no doubt whatever. That, however, does not affect the net result. . . . If Germany no longer possesses in herself the power to carry on indefinitely, if the reparations payments are slowly but surely draining her dry, then either she must be left to go under when finally exhausted or she must be given the necessary assistance.

The breakdown of Germany, he said, might postpone a recovery of the rest of Europe and the United States for a generation. Then he stressed the fact that "relief must be afforded by all the nations concerned, not by America alone. We should be prepared, it seems to me, if the other nations are ready, to make our contribution." With this position every intelligent interpreter of the situation must agree.

We Need Russia

GIVEN free play, the economic forces now at work in both Russia and the United States will in all likelihood bring these two countries closer together. Diverted or handicapped by a hostile public opinion—the goal of men like Ralph Easley, Secretary of Labor Doak, Matthew Woll, and Hamilton Fish, of organizations like the National Civic Federation, and of newspapers like the New York *Evening Post*—the same economic forces will without doubt widen the present cleavage between Russia and America. By constantly arousing American public sentiment with their hysterical speeches, sensational statements, and scare headlines, these men and organizations are building up hatred and bitterness, creating anti-Russian feeling of a most dangerous kind. That way lies neither political nor economic peace. In such an inflamed atmosphere one could not look for reasonable understanding between the countries; one could only hope that no small accident or incident would turn this hatred of Russia into an open demand for war. Unfortunately, it appears almost certain that the propaganda drive of the Russophobes, instead of decreasing, will increase in scope and intensity as Russia's economic strength becomes more apparent and our own system continues to lumber along from mistake to mistake.

We do not question the sincerity of these persons who are forever agitating against the Soviet Union. They unquestionably feel that Moscow presents a real threat to our institutions and our much-vaunted individualism, and there can be little doubt that many of them have felt the pressure of Russian commercial and industrial competition. But we cannot agree that Moscow will at any time in the foreseeable future upset our institutions, though it is probable that if communism succeeds, its influence may in the course of years serve to modify them. Nor can we agree that the erection of an economic *cordon sanitaire* about the Soviet Union will either convert Russia to capitalism or solve the problem involved in Russia's trade relations with America and the rest of the world.

In point of fact, we need Russia exactly as Russia needs us. Even by the most careful planning and with the most generous of outside help, the Soviet Union cannot hope to complete its industrialization program for many years to come. Able and dependable economists who have studied the problem put the number of these years at no less than twenty-five, though most of them agree that perhaps it will take a period longer than fifty years to put Russian industry on a plane nearly equal to our own. During this period the Russians will need to import goods of many kinds, but particularly agricultural and heavy industrial machinery; they will have to import capital in various other forms, much as we imported capital from Europe in the century and a half of our own industrial development. Russia will also need financial aid in the shape of credit, and credit can only be sent to it in the form of goods or services. Where is Moscow to buy these goods? It will want to buy some, if not a large proportion, of them in the United States, but we must be ready to offer it moderately reasonable terms lest we lose its trade to Europe. Russia has already shown a marked preference for American products. We have created an industrial machine that Russia wishes to copy, and we have developed agricultural machinery for use over a terrain very similar to that of the grain-growing areas of the Soviet Union. Hence we possess the technical knowledge and the experience necessary for the production of the kind of machinery which the Russians consider peculiarly suited to their needs, while this knowledge and experience are largely lacking among European manufacturers.

Nevertheless, Russia has in recent months unmistakably revealed that she prefers to deal with Europe when she is denied fair treatment at our hands. Were this policy to be continued over a period of years, we should stand to lose not only our fair share of the growing Russian trade, but also a large part of our present trade with Western Europe, for if these European countries are to sell to Russia they must buy from Russia in increasing measure. In 1929 we sold goods worth $2,300,000,000 to Europe, which was almost half of our total exports. We have now to choose between the blind philosophy of the Easleys and the Wolls, which is having the effect of driving this lucrative trade toward Russia, and a more reasonable and intelligent attitude, which would in large part conserve this trade and at the same time open the expanding Russian market to us.

Pay or Plunder?

RECENT discussion of the Bethlehem Steel Company's bonus system has drawn renewed attention to the extraordinary overpayment of some American business men and the strange fiduciary relations that too often exist between business executives and their stockholders. We have already indicated our lack of keen sympathy with the Bethlehem stockholders who know so little of the business they supposedly own as to be wholly ignorant of a bonus arrangement described in detail in the annual report of their corporation for 1916, formally ratified by them in 1917, and further regulated by means of a by-law they adopted a year later. Further, we have condemned the egregious notion that million-dollar bonuses are necessary to get the best work out of executives. Yet the whole matter deserves further notice.

Bethlehem bonus payments have been made under a system devised and operated by the genial Charles M. Schwab, who said to his stockholders at their recent annual meeting: "I had the feeling that the damn company belonged to me, you know, and I went ahead and did the best I could." Doing the best he could, Mr. Schwab so arranged things that during the years since 1911 nearly $37,000,000 has gone in bonuses to a handful of Bethlehem officers (not including Mr. Schwab himself), President Eugene G. Grace, "the ablest steel man in America," averaging $814,993 a year over the past thirteen years. While about twenty executives up to 1928 were receiving about $31,000,000 (half a dozen of them getting the bulk of it), common stockholders received a total of about $44,000,000 in dividends. From 1925 to 1928, though there were earnings of nearly $44,000,000 after payment of preferred dividends, it all went back into the business, and the common stockholders got no dividends; but the executives salted away hard-earned bonuses amounting to $6,800,000. Since 1928 the common stockholders have received $36,600,000 in dividends, against bonuses of $5,400,000. As Mr. Schwab blandly explains, "There is, of course, no relation between compensation to executives and the payment of dividends. The payment of dividends is within the control of the Board of Directors, not of the executive officers." If in the judgment of the directors, he goes on, it seems wise not to pay dividends but to reinvest the earnings, the amount so reinvested enhances the intrinsic value of the stock. This, even Mr. Schwab's critics must admit, is good common sense and ordinary business practice. Certainly Bethlehem's dividend record since 1928 gives common stockholders small cause for complaint.

Common stockholders, however, are an unreasonable tribe, and the common Bethlehemites, forgetting how much Mr. Grace and his associated bonus-getters had done for them back in the good old pre-Hoover days, and never bothering to look up the records of their company, ungratefully charged the great-hearted Mr. Schwab with keeping the bonus matter secret from them. Yet worse, they got the Vice-Chancellor of the New Jersey Court of Chancery to agree with them, declaring that "the administration of the bonus system has been sedulously suppressed from the stockholders, the result only coming to their notice recently." Of course under ordinary conditions the stockholder, once he has put in his money, limits his activity to banking his dividend checks, if there be any, and lets George do it in running the business. Most of us, perhaps, would have missed a matter of $37,000,000 earlier, but not Bethlehem stockholders. When it did come to their attention, however, one of them declared cantankerously: "It is wrong in principle, it is outrageous in practice it is contrary to justice to take this money out of these stockholders and put it into the laps of a few men." But as Mr. Schwab has so neatly indicated, the stockholders never got the money—so how could it have been taken away from them? We weep for these much-misunderstood executives and their benevolent chairman.

But what about the soundness of Mr. Schwab's scheme of huge bonuses as "incentives" to big executives? Bethlehem stockholders object because they think that the executives are getting some of theirs. We object because we think the whole theory of the scheme disgusting. Mr. Schwab maintains that Mr. Grace and his associates "earn" their bonuses. Very likely. But does Mr. Grace feel complimented at the assumption that he will not do his best unless appeal is thus made to his cupidity? What normal men want, in business as out of it, is a chance to work and give what is in them, and most of the best work in the world is done in response to that motive. The notion of money "incentives" has been carried to ridiculous extremes under our business system, but it is perfectly consistent with a conception of business as nothing more than a system of making profits. Mr. Schwab may weep all the tears he will at the questions his stockholders ask him; he will never successfully defend such practices. But those questions will not get very far until they begin to be directed at the fundamental morality and workableness of any scheme of work and pay based on the assumption that hoggishness is the one motive on which an efficient industrial system can be built. Not only the economic life of Communist Russia but the experience of numerous business enterprises in our own country teaches a wiser lesson.

They Honor Harding

(A Dispatch NOT Sent by the Associated Press)

MARION, OHIO, JUNE 16. Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge unveiled today the long-finished marble tomb of President Harding and his wife. The money for this magnificent structure was contributed largely by the friends of Harding in Wall Street—the Iron and Steel Institute through Elbert H. Gary and Charles M. Schwab alone contributed $25,000—and by large capitalists elsewhere, in the first flush of their sorrow over the death of their kind and helpful friend; the bipartisan character of the contribution list is evidenced by a gift of $5,000 from the late Thomas F. Ryan. There were many of President Harding's old friends and members of his Administration present, but some well-known figures were missed. Thus, Albert Fall, Harding's Secretary of the Interior, was unable to be present as he is about to enter jail for a year; "Mal" Daugherty, brother and "pal" of the Harding Attorney General was also detained by a pressing engagement of several years with the Ohio State Penitentiary, which fate Harry Daugherty escaped because of a "hung" jury. Other well-known figures who were conspicuously absent were Jess Smith, Mr. Daugherty's confidential man, believed to have been murdered in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, and seven other members of the "Ohio Gang," all of whom died suddenly and mysteriously or committed suicide, among them, Brigadier General Charles Sawyer, President Harding's friend and personal physician.

An address of President Hoover, which he might have delivered but did not, follows verbatim:

> FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is the most difficult moment of my life. Mr. Harding's Administration, of which I was a part, was the most corrupt in the history of this country, unless we except that of President Grant. Never before have I had the courage to say a word about it, but now I have had to speak lest my refusal be misinterpreted. Let me say at once that I have come to honor Warren G. Harding, not as a President or a statesman, but as a friend, a man of warm heart and keen human sympathies which often betrayed him, but nevertheless created a feeling of attachment to him among all who came in daily contact with him. He felt indignation at injustice and he indubitably meant to do right. But his misfortunes arose from the fact that he came straight out of the fetid atmosphere of political corruption and public larceny which marked the political life of Ohio in his day, that he could not and would not climb above it. Not on the stepping-stone of the dead self of his Ohio life would he rise when he reached the White House. It was the same game on a larger scale that he played, with what disaster everyone knows.
>
> I will not falsify history or mislead my countrymen. The Administration of Harding was a grave misfortune for him and for all concerned. His death was a kindness of fate which cannot be too strongly emphasized. At this moment I lay a wreath upon his bier out of my deep personal affection, and I ask you and our country to bear and forbear, to forgive and to forget the sins of one who was but mortal. May this wreath be a symbol of friendship and a warning that the best of good friends needs a stern will and rigid rectitude as well as a heart overflowing with kindliness.

President Hoover's Record

I. The Tragedy of Herbert Hoover[*]

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

YES, Mr. Hoover's position is nothing less than tragic. If he is the sensitive, proud, and high-minded man that his intimate friends have certified him to be, it must seem to him that in his case the road to glory has led but to despair. For years he planned and worked and schemed—and stooped—to achieve the greatest gift the American people can bestow. It has turned to ashes in his hands. Not in my thirty-four years of journalistic experience has any President so failed to impress or to win the public. He is a tragic figure, one to be pitied; and his own unhappiness appears mirrored in every counterfeit presentment which reaches an entirely unresponsive public. Unless he is utterly deluded he must know that he has failed in his task, that the bulk of his fellow-citizens regard him with indifference, and that large numbers of them have identified him with the economic disaster which has come upon the nation.

Let it be said at the outset that Mr. Hoover is in considerable part the victim of circumstances. It is wrong and unjust to hold him entirely responsible for the unemployment and economic confusion. Both would have come if the smooth and smug Calvin Coolidge had remained in office. It is a *world-wide* depression, and the ablest minds here and in Europe believe that no nation can work out of it by itself; that joint action alone can restore the normal processes of manufacture, barter, and exchange. But Mr. Hoover, after coming back from the Peace Conference a Democrat to the extent of running successfully in the Democratic Presidential primary in Michigan and of supporting to the full President Wilson, especially in his advocacy of the League of Nations, joined the Republican Party. As a Republican he cannot complain if the country, after being taught for generations that prosperity inevitably comes with and through the Republicans, now holds his party responsible for the bad times. He himself boasted during his preelection campaign that the nation had progressed from the full dinner pail to the full garage. How shriveled must he feel when he rereads his speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination on August 11, 1928, in which he declared that we were reaching "one of the oldest and perhaps the noblest of human aspirations . . . the abolition of poverty." By poverty, he explained, "I mean the grinding of undernourishment, cold, and ignorance, and fear of old age of those who have the will to work." He went on:

> We in America today are nearer the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poorhouse is vanishing from among us. We have not yet reached the goal, but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years and we shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

As if this were not enough, he continued in these striking words: *"There is no guaranty against poverty equal to a job for every man. This is the primary purpose of the economic policies we advocate."* Can he justly complain if he finds himself, less than three years later, held responsible for the six or seven millions of unemployed who are now confronted, not with "the abolition of poverty," but with absolutely empty dinner pails, and are facing "undernourishment, cold, and ignorance, and fear of old age"?

But if the major responsibility for the panic is not his, there are minor responsibilities for which he can be and is justly held responsible. His Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve could have put some brakes on the stock-exchange speculation long before the crash. He could have refused to put out, and to allow his Cabinet secretaries to put out, those endless misleading statements on the character of the crisis and the amount of unemployment, as to which *The Nation* will shortly print some interesting matter. No matter how innocent he was of responsibility for the evil times, there was no wisdom or common sense in his assuring his fellow-countrymen on March 8, 1930, that the unemployment was little more than seasonal and that there was every prospect that the depression would be over in two months. He who would prophesy must pay the price if his prophecies turn out to be as childish as the products of a kindergarten. If Mr. Hoover's White House conferences had a good effect upon the morale of his fellow-countrymen, at least in business circles, they none the less gave rise to much buncombe, to much mumbling that in every way we should be better tomorrow and tomorrow, and to the dissemination of a lot of bogus information. Deceiving your fellow-countrymen is no way to end economic distress!

Mr. Hoover is in another sense the victim of circumstances. We are witnessing the collapse not merely of one but of several political philosophies. We are beholding as well the breakdown of an entire social system. It matters not whether there will be one or many recoveries, or how soon prosperity will reappear; for some political legends are now wholly shattered, and when this panic ends not all the king's horses or all the king's men will put Humpty-Dumpty exactly together again. It is hard to believe that when the American people come out of this Slough of Despond they will again be so stupid or so set in money-making as not to lay ruthless hands upon some of the cherished idols of the masters of money who have also been the masters of our men, but stand now revealed in all their incredible plundering and blundering. But here, too, Mr. Hoover's lips are sealed. He has long identified himself completely with the policies and the system he so admires. To him it was near complete success. It was the greatest achievement of mankind. The record of the previous seven and a half Republican years (including the corruption of Harding's regime) "constitutes," he said, "a period of rare courage in leadership and constructive action. Never has a political party been able to look back upon a similar period with more satisfaction"—yes, upon its Fall, Mr. Hoover's convicted Cabinet associate, its Daugherty, its Jess Smith, and all the rest!

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[*] The first of a series of ten articles on President Hoover's Record. The second, on Mr. Hoover's Foreign Policy, by Professor John B. Whitton, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Mr. Hoover is also to be pitied because his own theory of governing has broken down. His plan of government by commission has achieved only ridicule in the case of the Wickersham body; his other commissions have so far merely acted as lightning arresters, like his Committee on Unemployment, whose chairman, Colonel Arthur Woods, has finally run off to Europe in despair. His excellent plan for the reorganization of the government in Washington has come to nothing, partly because of Congressional indifference, and partly because of Mr. Hoover's own inability to challenge public interest and drive things through. His method of improving conditions within a trade by action of the trade itself under government leadership succeeds here but fails there. One business after another breaks down under his eyes: the rubber business, the oil business, the sugar business, the grain business, and numerous others. Without knowing whither such a policy may lead, these great industries each clamor for a czar and the right to fix prices and act unitedly without the slightest regard for the anti-trust laws. Yet Mr. Hoover does not himself come out for the anti-trust laws or against them. Men looked to him to achieve great administrative reforms because he was an engineer. They looked to him for extraordinary sympathy for the suffering and unemployed, only to find that he is willing that the unemployed should starve, but not that the American policy of refusing them any government aid which might be called a dole should be abandoned. Men thought that he would help us to an intelligent foreign policy, especially in relation to Europe. They have seen his Geneva disarmament conference break down and his London disarmament conference end disappointingly for lack of strong leadership and a clear-cut program. Men thought that he, a Quaker, might be relied upon to check our growing militarism, but under him, the Quaker, the aggrandizement of the military has gone on apace, until our military and naval forces have become a menace to American liberties. At least men thought that under his engineering and administrative skill waste, inefficiency, and extravagance would be cut out of the budget; only now, a year and a half after the Wall Street crash, with a deficit of $1,250,000,000 at hand, does he suddenly realize that there are twenty-five million dollars to be saved here, and twenty million there, when in one department at least the savings could run to two hundred millions—a Washington daily newspaper recently declared that the commission on reforms and retrenchment in the War Department had so decided.

What is it that has brought about this debacle in Herbert Hoover? Viewing him as calmly as my nature and judgment permit, it seems to me that what is chiefly undoing him is lack of courage; or to put it more severely, cowardice. Why is it when Herbert Hoover took office under real obligations to no man, when he was elected by the most tremendous sweep in our history, that he has not dared say his soul was his own; that he has made such indefensible appointments, that he has let himself be represented in the Senate by a Jim Watson, has frequently surrounded himself by wretched advisers, cheap and discredited politicians, and has appointed a Cabinet whose general average of mentality and ability is extraordinarily low? No one whom I know can give the answer. Why, for example, should the President have sent to one of the European countries as representative of the United States a man whose sole qualification was that he felt that he was entitled to a job (although a very rich man) because of his campaign contributions (he is today practically never at his post)? True, Mr. Wilson did similar things, and so have other Presidents; but why should an engineer, a man of great business efficiency, a tried administrator and executive, follow such bad examples?

Yes, it *is* cowardice at bottom. Man after man comes from the White House and declares privately that he is certain that Mr. Hoover would personally like to recognize Russia, but feels that he cannot because public opinion is not yet ready for it. But for what is a President there except to organize and lead public opinion in the direction in which his conscience tells him to go? Russia is but one example of many. It is impossible to avoid the belief that Mr. Hoover constantly does violence to his better self, that he knows better than his actions suggest, that at bottom his conscience troubles him. Like almost every other politician the world over, he has frequently disavowed his own beliefs, and has compromised deeply and often—as in the matter of signing the latest inexcusable tariff, which he solemnly told Congress he never, never would sign, and then did sign. By that action he contemptuously brushed aside the sound and considered judgment of more than a thousand of the country's leading economists, scholars, and men of affairs who besought his veto. Yet the still, small voice plainly troubles him—let him be credited with that, for better, for worse. But take his courage in both hands he rarely can. No more than a Watson or a Tilson does he perceive the simplest and plainest of all political truths—that the country honors nothing so much as bravery in its public men. No, often he is as timid as the timidest, and ever the second-term specter follows him about as persistently as Banquo's ghost pursued Macbeth. What is it that makes so unhappy a man desire four years more of the life he lives in the White House? Pride? Hope that a revival of prosperity before the end of his second term will bring him the cheers of the crowd? The belief that there is one more victory to be had in sticking to the dry side? Determination not to rank behind Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson, as a one-term President? One would think he would long for rest, for the quiet, peace, and happiness of private life.

It is a commonplace that no other public man is so thin-skinned as Mr. Hoover; surely no other man in the White House ever suffered so deeply from criticism, or was so sensitive to blame, not even Wilson. The refusal of a friend to go along farther hurts and rankles, is turned over and over within his breast. Moreover, his sensitiveness is closely akin to his emotionalism, and his emotions, easily stirred, lie near the surface. It is curious that none of the ready philosophy of the pioneer is his, none of the readiness to give and take cheerfully, as something all in the day's work, which one associates with the globe-trotting engineer and executive. So, it appears, his heart is set on vindication by reelection. He has all the desire of a weak man to appear the great and masterful leader he is not. Meanwhile, his shyness and his sensitiveness together too often make him appear at his worst. I saw him in the talkies accepting a cup from a sweet, clean-faced, young Scout, after the youngster, much scared, had stumbled through his little piece. In response no words but "I thank you" came from the President. No generous gesture, no kind hand upon that handsome lad's shoulder, no message for all the other Scouts, no gracious human word of gratitude. Only "I thank you." His better nature, of course, struggles to break through, usually in vain. Ineptness, lack of grace joined with his shyness prevent, his intimates say, the appearance in public of the man of heart and warmth whom they know and cherish.

Yes, he can fight—at times, enough to whet the thirst of the onlooker for more, and to make one wonder why he is so slow and so infrequent in joining issue. He did fight against the Red Cross appropriation; he did stick to his guns on Muscle Shoals, and veto as well the highly desirable Wagner employment-exchange bill. He was unyielding in his opposition to the farm-debenture proposal and fought vigorously for his Power Commission appointees. He has, moreover, done some excellent things for which he merits full praise—his new Caribbean policy; his insistence upon disarmament, however feeble his moves in that direction; his veto of the veterans' loan measure; the establishment of publicity for tax refunds larger than $20,000, thus overruling his own Secretary of the Treasury and his own predecessor; and his withdrawal of all oil lands from leasing save where such leases had been made mandatory by Congress.

But these are after all few cases of courage compared to what was expected of him. Multitudes thought when he took office that a new era had come to pass, that a new type of public servant had taken office who would put efficiency and ability and complete independence above all else. Instead of a new leadership, it is the old, old lack of leadership with which we are confronted. Mr. Hoover is no different as a politician from Mr. Coolidge and other predecessors, except that he is a much poorer one. No one can claim that the bright side of his record reveals him as the man above all others fitted to steer the ship of state in the emergency which looms ahead. What may we expect of him as more and more of his cherished shibboleths are shoved aside; as he is compelled to take other positions he has sworn he never, never would take; as his beloved world of business, over which he was to be beyond compare the business President, crumbles more and more? Will he have the iron and the courage to meet changes head on as our business masters would have him? Or will he yield sullenly, gracelessly, unconvinced? Yield he must at many points if our economic disaster continues and grows worse. Or else—but let us neither prophesy nor borrow trouble. Only the fact is that in days when there should be plans and programs made to fit the minute, and new courses pricked upon the charts to meet the shifting tides and winds, the navigator has nothing to say save that the gales will soon blow themselves out, that the skies will soon be bright again and the sun warm.

Only—the masses had hoped and had longed, and the plain people had wished a real leadership, a new leadership; had dreamed of a man in the White House of whom it could never be said that he truckled or compromised or played the political game. Thus it has come to pass that men everywhere are saying that Mr. Hoover does not wish a newer and a better order, and a newer and juster world. And so the tides of human progress sweep by him and leave him high and dry, a cowering, frightened man in the most beautiful house in America. With the most wonderful opportunity to make himself not only the regenerator and the moral leader of aspiring America, yes, of the whole world, he fears to act, fears to assume that leadership which could easily write his name and fame upon the imperishable scroll of time.

The Farce of Power Regulation

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

"WE, therefore, find that the Public Service Commission has been negligent in its duties, indifferent to its stewardship, and a menace to proper utility regulation. We recommend that the members of our Public Service Commission be immediately removed from office." This was the finding of a Pennsylvania legislative committee which in response to a resolution of the State legislature has for the past several months been conducting a most thorough investigation of the Public Service Commission and the utilities situation in that State.

The committee might have gone on to say that by its negligence and its indifference to its stewardship the regulatory commission has been consistently playing into the hands of the power trust, for this fact is brought out time and time again in the 5,181-page report the committee has sent to the legislature. For example, in 1927 the Scranton Electric Company earned more than 100 per cent on its common stock, and on the basis of these earnings declared a dividend of 48 per cent, transferring the remainder to surplus. A year or so later the exorbitant profits being made by this company were exposed by the Federal Trade Commission, and shortly thereafter Scranton Electric voluntarily reduced its rates. But all the facts uncovered by the federal body had for years been in the possession of the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania. It could at any time have moved to investigate Scranton Electric's immense profits, yet it refused to act until virtually compelled to do so as a result of the federal investigation. Even as recently as a few months ago one of the members of the State Commission declared before the legislative committee that the huge earnings of the Scranton company could not be accepted as indication that its rates were too high. And this statement he made months after the company had itself inferentially confessed that its rates were in fact exorbitant. What more tender consideration could the power trust expect from a State regulatory body?

The Scranton company has not stood alone in this respect. Henry L. Mitchell, president of the West Penn Power Company, testified that the commission had never acted to control the rates of his company. J. H. Shearer, president of the Penn Central Light and Power Company, told the committee his company had carried on its business as though there were no regulatory body in existence, and he answered with an unmistakable "No, sir," when asked if he knew "of any act taken by the Public Service Commission that has controlled either the cost of the line or the rate paid . . . in your territory." F. R. Phillips, president of the Duquesne Light and Equitable Gas companies, declared "That's news to me," upon being informed that the commission had fixed 7 per cent as a fair return on the capital investment of utility companies. Incidentally, Mr. Phillips frankly contended that there should be no legal limit placed upon power profits. Asked what was his conception of a proper return, he replied:

> First, to maintain the property in the highest physical condition, to insure the very best quality of service that can be rendered, and, second, rates that will be attractive in order to maintain the integrity of the property and to protect the investment of the investors and produce a high credit rating, whatever it is, whether 1 per cent or 15 per cent or 20 per cent. Economic law will determine that. not civil law.

In practice this appears to have been the very principle the Public Service Commission has been following. It is true that in the few cases in which it has taken positive action the commission has laid down the rule that a 7 per cent return was fair and equitable, but it is also true that the utilities companies have been almost universally permitted to earn much larger returns. On the exceedingly generous basis used by the commission in determining electric rates in 1928, only three companies of twenty-five investigated were found by the Bureau of Accounting to be earning less than a 7 per cent return After 1928 a new accounting basis was adopted, and then thirty-nine of the largest companies in the State were earning more than 7 per cent, and seven of these companies had earnings in excess of 20 per cent. The return of the Natrona Light and Power Company was computed at 44.72 per cent, that of the Cresson Electric Light Company at 39.07 per cent. and that of the Hershey Electric Company at 33.53 per cent. Apparently economic law rather than legal regulation had been permitted to operate in these three cases. In any event the committee pointed out that the excessive earnings of these and other companies in the State represented "a return in the electric industry on a sum of over $300,000,000 *which was never invested.*" To this extent, the investigators concluded, the Public Service Commission "may be fairly said to have defeated regulation."

Unfortunately, the commission's negligence and indifference did not stop there. It was just as indifferent in accepting unquestioningly the electric companies' own estimates of the value of their capital investments, and it must be remembered that these valuations are the basis upon which are fixed the rates charged the public for electricity, gas, water, telephone, and other service. Several methods have been used in recent years in making valuations, but the commission was found to have permitted the utilities to make their own appraisals, except in a very few cases, whatever the method of valuation currently in vogue. Many companies have taken advantage of this attitude of the commission to write up the value of their assets on their books either by arbitrarily increasing these book values or "through the more elaborate manipulation of having a second, affiliated company purchase the stock of a series of small companies at highly speculative prices, and then sell them to the operating company, which wrote them on its books at the purchase price far above the actual money invested in the plant and equipment itself." Of this practice the committee report said:

> Although the bases on which these write-ups were made were not checked in any way by disinterested authorities, they were accepted by the commission at full value. Thus Commissioner Young expressed the opinion that when an appraisal was written on the books of a company, "it is pretty good indication of what their earnings are and a fair value of their property."

The committee added that "some of these were arbitrary write-ups, based on ex parte appraisals and probably influenced by the fact that the commission was allowing large earnings and that the property could consequently be capitalized at a higher figure, following the practice of unregulated industries."

It would not be fair to say that the Public Service Commission had in every case given the utilities a free hand in appraising their assets and fixing their rates. It has in fact participated in several rate and valuation cases, but until 1930 not one of these cases had been started upon its own initiative. This the commissioners themselves admitted in testifying at one of the committee hearings, the committee report adding that "in regard to natural gas companies, water, telephone, and other companies, the commission apparently has made no surveys at all." Nevertheless, the commission has acted in a few cases, but here again it has all too obviously subordinated the public interest to that of the utilities. The pretense of a scientific examination of facts was maintained by sending testimony taken in such cases to the State Bureau of Engineering for analysis, but instead of reaching any scientific and unprejudiced conclusions "it appears," said the committee report, "that the policy of the Bureau of Engineering has been to attempt to arrive at results desired by the commission." This was brought out by questioning Chief Snow of the Bureau of Engineering, who candidly admitted that "we don't fix value on land, but we do what our masters tell us." He explained that his "masters" were "the Public Service Commission who hired us."

How the "masters" issue their orders was revealed in a letter read into the record. A valuation of $4,000,000 had been placed upon the assets of the Luzerne County Gas and Electric Company, but according to the investigating committee "this evidently was not satisfactory to the sitting commissioner as such a valuation would not sustain the existing rates." At any rate, the sitting commissioner wrote the assistant chief of the Bureau of Engineering in the following words:

> I do not know what your method will be of increasing the figures of fair value, but it occurred to me that you might be able to justify a higher estimate on a few of the items on physical property upon which the engineers did not agree. For instance: Were there not some conditions perhaps involved which slightly differentiate it from other cases upon which the commission has ruled? Could not item *d* be lifted eight or ten thousand? How about item *h*, might that not allow a little stretch of ten thousand? In *j* is your position correct that the claim is substantially comprehended in Going Concern, etc.?
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> These questions are asked not in the way of criticism but with a view of helping you or rather of making you feel that I did not desert you and make you carry the whole burden without giving the case any further thought. You

> may have discovered a better line of approach and found some line of cleavage that will help you through the mire. . . .

In other words, this seems to say, don't lean too heavily on the facts, but give the utility what it wants. Whether this be an exact interpretation or not, the Bureau of Engineering did subsequently increase its original $4,000,000 valuation by approximately $800,000. Virtually the same thing happened in the Scranton Water Company merger case in January, 1928. The engineers had found by careful computation that common-labor costs should be reckoned at forty cents an hour. Chief Snow later increased this item to fifty cents, the figure claimed by the utility company, and this increase made a difference of $4,500,000 in the valuation. Three of the commissioners were questioned at length by the committee as to the reasons for this change, "but could give no rational basis for the lump-sum alterations. . . . In every case their only answer was that it was a matter of judgment."

By relying on their judgment the commissioners found that they could also be helpful to the utilities in estimating the financial value of that intangible factor called good-will. The engineering report in the Scranton Electric case in 1930 allowed $2,000,000 for "going-concern value," otherwise known as good-will. The engineer in charge testified that there was no established rule for making such estimates, but in this particular case the sum of $2,000,000 was agreed upon "after observation of the territory, its prospects and growth and development; it [the sum] is a recognition of the economic worth-whileness of this utility property to serve in comparison with unregulated business undertakings in this area served." The language here is ambiguous, but it suggests that what the engineer really sought and found was the answer to the question of how much the electricity traffic in that territory would bear. In the words of the investigating committee, the method used "amounts to allowing a utility to capitalize the growth of the community where it is located and to collect a return from the consumers on that growth."

Thus it appears that the utilities in Pennsylvania have virtually had their own way in fixing rates and in appraising the value of their property for rate-making purposes in those few cases in which the Public Service Commission has acted. The utilities have not even hesitated to send different and in many cases much lower estimates of the value of their capital assets to the Department of Revenue for taxation purposes. The fixed capital (less reserves) of eighteen companies as reported to the Public Service Commission totaled $237,575,227.93; the estimated value of the fixed assets of the same companies as reported to the Department of Revenue totaled $173,673,643.51, or about 35 per cent less. In this list is included the Clarion River Power Company, whose capital was reported as $11,226,390.66 for rate-making purposes, and as only $4,773,322.67 for taxation purposes. The Duquesne Lighting Company estimated its capital at $149,361,000.20 for the Public Service Commission's records, but reduced this estimate to $107,611,701.61 in its capital-stock tax report. However, the utilities had little to fear in this connection. As far as has been shown, the Public Service Commission never once availed itself of this opportunity to check up on the capital-investment valuations submitted to it by the various utilities.

In the hearings before the legislative committee the utility commissioners admitted many of their shortcomings, but sought to defend themselves on the ground that "this commission leans, if it leans any way at all, toward the public." Commissioners Young and Brown contended that 75 per cent of the rate cases had been decided in favor of the public against the railroads and other utilities. Later the commission brought forward actual figures for the years 1926 to 1930, and these showed that "the claim was true only in railroad rates. In other cases only one out of three complaints was sustained. In the case of railroad rates the commission is largely bound by the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission." Moreover, in many instances in which the commission had taken positive action against the utilities the latter either ignored the commission's orders or else evaded them, as happened in the Penn Public Service Company case. By merely changing its name this company was enabled to take over properties it previously had been forbidden to buy.

The consumers' side of the utility-regulation question was presented by municipal officials representing 886 of the 950 boroughs in the State. "Not one representative of all these boroughs praised the Public Service Commission," according to the legislative committee's report. In addition to their general complaints, the borough delegates brought out the fact that consumers and public bodies are at a marked disadvantage in pressing rate complaints before the commission. Many of them testified, to quote a short passage from the report,

> . . . that when the utilities increased the rates in their municipality the boroughs did not file a complaint because they could not afford to enter into litigation and attempt to get justice for the consumers. . . . No municipality can safely contemplate a rate case unless they are prepared to spend a minimum of $25,000 to establish their case. Added to this expense is that of the utility. The company attempting to justify the increase in rates must also employ expert engineers and accountants. They must also make a complete inventory of their plant. They must also employ experienced counsel to represent them. The average cost of a rate case to a utility is $25,000. . . . An examination of the records of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission will show that the utilities have spent with an open hand in their attempts to establish their new rates. And why should they be conservative at a time like this? The consumer will be obliged to pay it all back. The expense incurred by the utility in fighting the rate case is amortized over a period of years and added in as an operating expense. . . . This means, therefore, that the consumer must not only pay his share of this rate case, but he must also pay the company's share.

The committee report presented a specific example of this in the Conewago Gas case. The Borough of Hanover won the case, but the company was authorized by the Public Service Commission to amortize its expense totaling $10,500 over a period of three years at $3,500 a year. Although the case was decided in 1918, "the citizens of Hanover are still paying this additional $3,500 a year."

Hundreds of similar examples and facts were uncovered during the investigation, but the few here cited are perhaps sufficient to show that the power trust has been the principal, if not the sole, beneficiary of State regulation of utilities in Pennsylvania.

One of the Six Million

By T. SWANN HARDING

I WAS working in the back yard the other day, for therapeutic reasons rather than motivated by a love of nature, when one of the six million called to me over the fence and introduced himself. Of course I already knew of the fellow, but I had never seen him in the flesh, that is, in as much of the flesh as he had left after several months of malnutrition. He had a disarming and rather humiliating obsequiousness about him, at least it humiliated me. For some reason or other he seemed to think he was not so good as I was, and he asked about work, but he smiled as he did so.

So this was Mr. Dawson. My wife had had him there earlier in the year, in fact, early last fall, it being spring now. He had dropped in one day and asked to work in the yard. He was a veteran. While I had my back turned he was over in France fighting for me. Now he had a wife and two children, a growing goiter, and no job. He didn't get any allowance for heroism. It seems he hadn't suffered any physical injury in the war. He had no pull anyway. He had the wife and children in a bare room over on the other side of the capital city of the richest country on earth. They had a few boxes and blankets. They were somehow struggling along. My wife had set him to work, she told me, and he had had all he could do to tug around until she discovered he had had no breakfast. In fact, he had had no dinner the night before. So she cooked him a big breakfast and he ate it and got sick and couldn't work after all. Then she gave him five dollars and he went off happy.

He came back two or three times after that. Sometimes he did what little work we had for him to do. He had had a skilled trade of some sort or other that had been closed out by machinery; so I saw in him one of the "technologically unemployed" as well as one of the six million. Now he would scrub floors, or wash out the bathtub, or clean rugs, or do almost anything, and we paid him more than it was worth to help keep his wife and kids alive. If they had been let starve at once, it might have been better all round.

For why not? We have too much labor going to waste as it is. Why prolong the misery? What right did he have to have children anyway? Why did he even have a wife? Do people have no caution when they live in economic anarchy? I was canny, I was. I tied myself pretty close to socialism. I got into the government as soon as I could, where employment is financed socialistically. I also got told some pretty nasty things for doing that—especially the time I left my one detour into industrial life at the end of four years, after I had got tired of our president's one bad habit. He was an austerely moral man, but he would call me down to his office every so often—this was between 1918 and 1922—and show me letters from starving chemists outside who would be glad to come in and take my job for half the salary. He would show the letters and sigh significantly and remark that business was awful. I got tired of that and went back to socialism.

I was always very careful how I assumed obligations, too. I got married, of course, but I sidestepped children. What right has a man who lives in a society based upon economic anarchy to have children? None, I feel. He only runs a big risk of doing them monstrous injustice. As far as two people are concerned, a wife can often support herself, if worse comes to worst, and there is no great harm in risking a wife, particularly if you are willing to take small money coming surely on pay day. My professional friends on the outside amuse me right now writing in and telling me how hard times are, how doctors' and dentists' and lawyers' fees are not paid. And I write: "You kidded me when I took the government as a sure thing at a small salary. You said I had kissed initiative and individual independence and the chance to make a fortune goodby. Well, I had. But it would humiliate me to depend on the fees of the unemployed as you do. No, I believe in taking no chances in economic anarchy."

Mr. Dawson had taken chances. He had a skilled trade; he made his eight dollars a day; and he accumulated a wife and two children. Then machines came along and squeezed the economic life out of him, and he found himself just exactly where he should have expected himself to be if he had had any brains at all or had considered the matter. Since he lacked judgment, what business was it of mine? Of course, so long as he came to the house he got on my wife's nerves and he got on mine, so we gave him money to be rid of him. You can't feel comfortable with pale-faced men starving pleasantly and placidly right before your eyes. It is better to give them a little money and let them go off and starve less obtrusively (to you) on the other side of the city, in a bare room where you don't see them.

For that would be painful to me. I blame Dawson, of course. He knew jolly well what sort of economic anarchy he was growing up in. He had sense enough for that. He is thirty-five. He came up about as I did. I am forty. Ever since I was fifteen I have been in contact in one way or another with sudden unemployment, seldom due to personal deficiencies. I grew up in a family where the father could not remain employed and where agents of the landlord continually threatened to set us out in the street. By the time I was seventeen I had decided that a man was a fool to have children in such a disorganized society and that until the social and economic system was more stable, I should never think of establishing a family. The state wants families, true enough, but so long as we cannot perfect a state which will guarantee families against economic want, and so long as an anarchy prevails which may throw any man out of a job tomorrow, through no fault of his own, I wanted no families. Dawson had that much sense, too, if he had stopped to think of it.

However, he got out of my life. I forgot him. Why should I be annoyed with him and the results which followed from his errors in judgment, anyway? Why does the government permit me to be bothered by such men? I have attained peace and tranquillity. I can sit in a chair and draw a good salary. I was canny and cautious. I sized this system up, acted accordingly, and came out on top. What have I to do with fellows like Dawson? Why should they even be permitted to cross my path and annoy me? He went out of my life, anyway. If I stopped to think of it I knew he was hanging desperately on to life somewhere and that the kids couldn't go to school because they were too hungry. But he could go over and look at Lincoln Memorial. He could drown himself in the pool over there, or hop off a million-dollar bridge.

Last week I began to feel logy. I knew I needed some stooping and bending and I decided on three hours in the back yard. I probably hate nothing more bitterly than I do physical exertion, but the human system aged forty demands this at times, and though I rebelled I went forth to rake leaves, fix fences, mow grass, and tidy the yard. I had worked about half an hour when Mr. Dawson came to me. I recognized him at once as one of the six million. Then I saw the goiter and knew also who it was. He introduced himself and said my wife had told him to come in the spring, she would have work for him. He had been selling apples but the racket wore out. Had I anything?

I was annoyed. Can't a slightly distended male citizen work in his own yard to keep his own arteries from hardening without pale, poorly nourished members of the six million approaching and begging piteously for work? Must I pay this man to do what my physical organism simply demanded that I do? I would be hard. I said no, firmly, and I meant it. He bowed and walked away.

As I raked I thought. He was finishing up in the next yard. That woman would give him about twenty-five cents an hour and he would work for that because he had to. He would leave with fifty cents. Should I give him money? I rebelled. Then I weakened and called him. He came subserviently. It humiliates me to be approached that way. I don't like it. The man had no poise. How could he retain that, badly nourished as he was? I said come Monday. In the meantime I decided I could think up something for him to do, and I did. I left word for him to wait when he got through working till I got out home, for I had a suit I decided to risk offering him.

When I got home he had gone off. But the housekeeper went after him. He was sitting down at the bank waiting—just waiting. He had done the little work I had in about an hour. I decided to give him two dollars and the suit, an outrageous thing in a way if you maintain that the laborer should justly requite his employer. When he came he had on an overcoat and two shabby undercoats. He was clean but his clothes were pretty terrible. He had a newspaper bundle and a battered hat which he took off. I didn't like that. He acted as if he were some European peasant and I were the lord of the manor. Had he forgotten he was a free-born American citizen and I was no better than he? Didn't he know all men were equal? He made me uneasy.

As casually as I could I said, "Well, how about $2?" He swallowed hard and his face lighted up as if I had told him to enter heaven, I had fixed it up with God. "Is the work satisfactory?" Fancy his asking that. It didn't matter to me what he did. I was giving him the money to help out. Surely it was satisfactory. I gave him the money and then in a low voice asked about the suit. I was ass enough to think he might resent being offered one of my old suits. He didn't reply in a low voice. He was so overjoyed at the very thought that he spoke right out. I got the suit and he admired it as if it had been brand-new. I asked him to wait till I found paper to wrap it. I hunted all over and couldn't find a bit. I came back baffled, when he burst out he would be glad to take it unwrapped. Lord, had I forgotten he had long since got past the point where carrying an unwrapped suit bothered his sense of respectability?

His face beamed. He had a long nose. The sinews stood out in his neck. He was visibly emaciated. The goiter looked alarming. This was Mr. Dawson, free-born American citizen, glad to get two dollars he didn't earn, and a cast-off suit, from a man no better than he was, and acting as if that man had conferred an everlasting favor upon him. This was Mr. Dawson, one of the six million. He told me the lady across the street was going to send him down to her farm in Virginia the next day and he would be there the rest of the week. I congratulated him. I told him to come back the following Monday when my wife would be home. I was rid of him for a week. Was I rid of him?

Mr. Dawson turned away and I went in. The housekeeper remarked, "Poor man," and sighed. I looked at her questioningly and she told me Mr. Dawson had no home. His wife and children had been packed off to relatives. The bare room on the other side of the capital city of the richest nation on earth was vacant.

This was not, you see, one of the six million after all. It was not one out of seven unemployed wage-earners. It was not a percentage, or a unit of population, or a mathematical figment of the technologically unemployed. It was not a fraction of surplus labor or one of the underprivileged classes. This was Mr. Dawson, an American citizen known to me, who bore his home and his wardrobe with him and slept where he could; he also ate with an infrequency that must have been somewhat alarming to his alimentary apparatus. Yet he was as polite about it as Alfonso on leaving the Spanish throne. He was as certain that everything would finally come out all right as a man ever was. He was as placidly unprejudiced against the employer who fired him and the social and economic anarchy in which he lived as he could be. He had never thought of social or economic questions; he told me he "couldn't put his mind to big questions very well."

The trouble about it is that I have been a careful, cautious citizen. If I have reaped any fruits from this civilization at all, I have done so because I carefully scanned the system and decided that an individual could beat it by only one policy—by exercising the most extreme caution. I have a right now to peace and tranquillity. I have a right to some protection from these fellows who starve with such disturbing placid courtesy. Yet I can't get the fellow out of my mind. He haunts me. Now that I have seen him, and he has become a personal reality rather than a subject of conversation with my wife, his face peeks out at me unexpectedly. He doesn't sneer. He doesn't appear vindictive. He doesn't display envy, or malignancy, or even acute suffering. He half smiles and bows obsequiously. He is dying that an obsolete system may live, and he that is not about to die, but who rather dies daily and hourly, in silent and desolate misery, salutes me with a smile and bows to a common rotter like me.

Copyright and Common Sense

By THORVALD SOLBERG

THE period of copyright protection for an author's work is, under existing law, a first term of twenty-eight years with a possible renewal for a like period. The International Copyright Union protects an author's work during the remainder of his life after he has created the work and for fifty years after his death. It is one of the fundamental purposes of the Copyright Union to secure all possible uniformity in the protection of literary property, and this term of protection was adopted because it is now accorded by the legislation of most of the countries of Europe. Variations exist, however. Germany protects an author's work for only thirty years after his death; Spain extends such protection for eighty years after a writer's decease. But it is not obligatory to accept the Copyright Union's term of copyright in order to enter that organization. The protection accorded by the domestic legislation of each country may be continued, except that such protection cannot exceed the term fixed in the country of origin of the work.

In the copyright bill H. R. 12,549, which passed the House of Representatives on January 13, 1931, the Copyright Union term was proposed. The Senate Committee on Patents, in lieu of this, suggested a direct term of seventy years. In the committee's report on the bill it was explained that in their opinion the proposed term in the House bill revealed inconsistencies which should be removed. It was pointed out that under that proposal only in rare instances would copyright exist for an equal term for any two authors. If, for example, one author died soon after writing his work, "he would have a copyright in himself for a very brief period of time which would be extended in favor of his heirs or assigns for a further period of fifty years," whereas if an author should live fifty years after creating his work, he would be entitled to a total protection of 100 years! So also, in the case of a work by joint authors, the Vestal bill provided that the copyright should end fifty years after the death of the author who should die first or at the end of the life of the author who should die last—whichever period might be longer. From information furnished to the Senate committee, the report states, it was ascertained that the average age at which authors do most of their creative work is approximately from thirty-five to forty-five years, and that the approximate duration of life thereafter is twenty years. As the International Copyright Union provides a term of fifty years of copyright from and after the death of an author, the committee decided "to add this extension of fifty years to the average twenty years' duration of his life after the creation of his work," thus making a total term of seventy years. This would insure that the maximum protection should not exceed seventy years for the works of any and all authors, but the date at the end of the copyright would differ in the case of each work by any one author. It is one advantage of a term ending fifty years after the death of the author that while each of his works would be protected for a different period of time, all his copyrights would fall into the public domain simultaneously at that final date.

Under the provisions of the Senate bill it would not be possible to learn the exact date when the copyright in any work either began or ended. Section 12 provides: "The term for which copyright is secured by this act shall endure for seventy years from the date of copyright." Section 1 reads: "Copyright . . . is hereby secured and granted to authors . . . from and after the creation of their work." But as there are no provisions for the obligatory recording of the date of the completion of any work, there are no means available for ascertaining when the work was actually created or when the seventy-year term began, and, in consequence, no power to determine when the protection ended. The seventy years proposed would increase by fourteen years the present maximum period of copyright, which is now fifty-six years, two terms of twenty-eight years each.

It is a curious fact that this period of fourteen years has prevailed in copyright legislation since the first British act of 1709, when copyright protection was granted for new works for fourteen years. That term was copied in some of our early State laws, 1783-86, and in our first federal Copyright Act of 1790, with its first term of fourteen years and a second term also of fourteen years. In the Act of 1831 the first term was increased from fourteen to twenty-eight years, but the renewal term remained fourteen years. In the Act of 1909 the renewal term was increased from fourteen to twenty-eight years; thus providing for two terms of twenty-eight years each, or a maximum of fifty-six years, which it is now proposed to increase fourteen years more to a total of seventy years.

A comparatively small number of copyrighted works are protected for the present maximum period. The number has increased in recent years and the renewal entries for 1929-30 numbered 5,937; but from 1909 to 1930 the average renewal entries per year were less than 3,000, and the total number of such entries was 55,813. When the term of copyright protection has been extended by law, it has been held proper to increase the period of subsisting copyrights accordingly. The Copyright Act of 1909 provides that the then subsisting copyrights might "be renewed and extended . . . for a further period such that the entire term shall be equal to that secured by this act." This extension of protection was not, however, automatic; the act requires that "application for such renewal and extension shall have been made to the Copyright Office and duly registered therein within one year prior to the expiration of the original term of copyright."

The Senate bill provides (Section 13) that the "copyright subsisting in any work when this act goes into effect shall be continued seventy years from the date of copyright." The bill does not prescribe compliance with any formalities whatever. The extension of all subsisting copyrights is automatic. If it should go into force on July 1, 1932, the copyrights then subsisting which would be extended would be the copyrights for all works registered after July 1, 1904. These numbered 3,513,224, up to June 30, 1930, and if the registrations for the two succeeding fiscal years are estimated at 350,000, the total number of subsisting copyrights when the act goes into effect would be 3,863,224. These registrations are for works now protected for a first term of copyright of twenty-eight years, which protection, under the provisions of the Senate bill, would be extended to a new term of seventy years—that is to say, in the case of each one of these nearly four million works the increase of protection would be forty-two years.

It may be believed that no such result was intended and it may be reasonably held that no such result should be permitted. While it is well known that the great mass of copyrighted works are for all practical purposes dead and forgotten after a comparatively few years from the date of their publication, it would not be desirable now to tie them all up automatically by legal inhibition so that there would be a delay of forty-two years in each case before these nearly four million works would fall into the public domain. On the other hand, works of such outstanding value or considerable popularity that they would be still published at the end of the present term of protection, and copies of them still demanded and sold, should, in justice to their authors or the children and heirs of the creators of these works, secure an extended copyright to make the total time of protection equal any copyright term finally adopted.

In the Driftway

ALWAYS, in his heart of hearts, the Drifter has longed to carry a cane. Spats he can take or leave alone, for their uses are too practical, in the last analysis, whatever be the verdict of history on the folk who wear them. There is little satisfaction in going around with decorated ankles, when your motive can be construed ambiguously. But a cane, at any rate upon the streets of a metropolis—what useful purpose could it have? Against the stick-up man it would exert quite other than a helpful influence, for it would put you in the idle class. For protection against skidding, fully as great a danger for hell-bent pedestrians like the Drifter as for motorists, a cane might be of value; but even here the credit side is overbalanced by the probability of its getting tangled up with people's feet, not excluding the Drifter's own.

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WHEN he was younger, the Drifter might have dared it. Even now he looks with jealous eyes upon the collection he keeps hidden far from prying multitudes. Here is an ash stick carved into a rude design; its head resembling a crayfish which looks warily out of a hole on the bank of an Ohio stream. Here is one artistically without distinction, but which aided the Drifter up a lonely mountain side in N'oth Ca'lina and shared some dangerous night adventures over broken trestles. Still another is a relic of undergraduate days, when this evidence of membership in the Senior Class was paraded vulgarly down the chapel aisle. A fourth was crudely purchased with tourist money in the Alps, but at the bottom of it is a beautiful, virile spike which would be a great help in climbing Mont Blanc if only the Drifter dared try it. And among the rest none evokes more honest pleasure than the old bamboo affair which was thrown at the Drifter's head by an irate old man years ago, when the Drifter, in company with a gang of praiseworthy young rascals, had hung a dried fish on the door as a token of censure for the misanthrope's habit of stealing—for such we called it—all baseballs accidentally batted into his garden.

* * * * *

OH, it is sad, but the Drifter cannot, like a willow, put forth shoots in summer and bask in smug magnificence. For years he has denied his inmost self this boon. In a byway of Barcelona he could have bought a beautiful, swishing work of art, that would have been a knock-out on Fifth Avenue, for a paltry three pesetas. In Lancashire he saw one once that looked like a briar pipe the whole of its lovely length, but he still clung to his eager shilling. Twice in Venice, once in Nürnberg, and another time in Brittany, he could have quieted the urge for less than twenty cents. It isn't that the Drifter runs to luxury; that's the most venomous thing about it.

* * * * *

THE sore truth is, the Drifter has a subtle, gnawing fear. Some day, unless he exercises vigilance, someone will think him better than he wants to be. For him, from that day onward, life's obligation will be heavy, life's fun will all be over. That experienced globe-trotter, Harry A. Franck, in one of his wanderer's volumes, lays down a solemn dictum. "To be without a walking stick," he says, "is to be mistaken for a man rather than a gentleman." You note the delicacy of the imputation. Never, so long as he can help it, will the Drifter be *mistaken* for a gentleman.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Alabama Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of Mrs. Van Doren's excellent article about the unfortunate young Negroes condemned to death for alleged rape of two white girls in Alabama will be interested in the following illustration of how the mind of a jury in that State sometimes "works" (if that term may be used with accuracy).

In Reed *vs.* State (20 Alabama Appellate Reports, 496; 1925) the Alabama Court of Appeals had up for review the case of a colored man and a white woman who had been tried jointly in Washington County Circuit Court for violation of the anti-miscegenation law. The proceedings and evidence as to both parties were identical. Nevertheless, the jury returned a verdict of guilty as to the Negro but failed to make any findings as to his white codefendant—a disposition which the trial judge concurred in by pronouncing judgment on the colored man only. Obviously prompted by the impulse of "commendable guardianship and abundant generosity" which "the dominant race manifests toward the inferior race," and "inspired by motives not only of fundamental justice but of sentiment engendered by the earlier legal dependence and subjection of the slave to the master" (Story *vs.* State, 178 Alabama Reports, 98, 103; 1912), the appellate court reversed the judgment of the trial court and remanded the case for a new trial. As a matter of law, declared the court, the Negro and the white woman must both be found guilty or both acquitted.

New York, June 4 HAROLD ROLAND SHAPIRO

Hard Times in the West

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Out here on the edge of the Rockies five-dollar bills are becoming almost as scarce as mountain goats and grizzlies. There are thousands of able-bodied men working on farms in these parts for a dollar a day and one meal. There are many who receive their board only and perhaps consider themselves lucky at that. In the beet fields the workers have this year been reduced to $17 per acre with practically no possibility of a bonus. A strong man can tend ten or eleven acres. That means less than $200 for an entire season of torturing, back-breaking toil. The condition of the farmers themselves is little better. Eggs are selling for 10 cents a dozen, butter fat for 15 cents a pound. Beans bring only $1.50 per hundred pounds. Despite excellent crops last year, conditions are very bad.

I have little faith in the palliatives proposed by progressives and liberals but I have respect and admiration for a paper that reports *real* news and faces *real* issues with intellectual honesty and candor. I think you deserve much praise for your fair and illuminating articles on Russia.

Colorado Springs, May 23 B. L. Coleman

In the Cattle Country

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am sorry to lose *The Nation*. Hard times are to blame. Formerly I could now and then mingle with people from whom a subscription would occasionally be secured. Today the ranches have thinned down. In this cattle country folks now admit having eaten horse meat. Colts are slaughtered. Eggs bring 5 to 16 cents not only here but in some parts of the Dakotas as well. A sack of flour retails at $2.85, while anyone on the range may buy from neighbors 100 pounds of wheat for $1. Sometimes one gets it for 40 cents a bushel (60 pounds). For $3,000 I can buy from the county ample land on which to place all of New York City. There are fifty-five counties in the State, and each one of them is being dragged under by land on which the owners cannot or will not pay taxes. From the courthouse steps on a given day, by due process of law, you can bid as you please and buy a square mile of good land for $320, or 50 cents an acre.

The Nation reports on relief or lack of it for the unemployed. I wish it would tell what is occurring to people out in this part of the country.

Custer, Mont., May 23 An Old Reader

Religious Liberty in Maryland

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is Mr. Mencken's characterization of the Free State of Maryland correct? For a generation demands have been pressed in Maryland for the insertion of the principle of elementary freedom of conscience in its constitution, code, and decisions. Yet the last legislature refused to consider a bill which would make civil marriage legal, no marriage without religious sanctification being legal at present in the State of Maryland. Mr. Douglas H. Gordon, newly elected president of St. John's College, has urged an amendment to the constitution of Maryland, which as it stands denies the right to testify to any except "believers in a Supreme Being under whose dispensation one will be rewarded for his good deeds and suffer punishment for his bad deeds." Maryland and Arkansas stand alone in this denial, though there are still nineteen States in which unbelief of witnesses either makes their testimony incompetent (unreceivable) or so affects its credibility that it may be killed on cross-examination by appeals to the religious prejudices of the jury.

The legislature also killed a bill abolishing religious tests for office. Such an important office as constable still requires the "declaration of religious belief" in addition to the constitutional oath of office. In fact, the new officer is required "to declare orally at the time his belief in the Christian religion or, if he professes to be a Jew, his belief in a future state of rewards and punishments." Singularly, this medieval adjuration makes it impossible for adherents of any other religion except the two specified above to hold office, and unbelievers are entirely ignored. No attempt has been made to alter the code prescribing heavy penalties for the denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ and the Holy Family, or to remove from the Sabbath-breaking laws the requirement of the Edict of Toleration of 1649, whereunder to this day the Lord's Day is observed "in commemoration of the Resurrection."

Baltimore, June 3 B. H. Hartogensis

An Appeal to the Deaf

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to appeal to those of your readers who, like myself, have become deafened in adult life and are shut out from social contacts with friends whose ideas and opinions might help to make life worth while. Lip-reading does not enable one to follow lectures or plays or general conversation, and in cases like my own, electrical and mechanical aids to hearing are of no avail in listening to music or the radio. There remains for us so afflicted, yet having a strong social instinct and almost boundless energies for intellectual development, only correspondence with like-minded fellow-sufferers who understand one another's problems. I should be glad to hear from any of your deafened readers who are in sympathy with my views and who would care to correspond with myself and others. My address is 529 West 111th Street.

New York, June 3 Louise M. Neuschutz

Seattle Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will all readers of *The Nation* in and near Seattle who are interested in meeting together for the purpose of social contact and mutual assistance in the promotion of the interests of *The Nation* and the cause it represents, please communicate with me at the following address, 604 Twenty-fourth Avenue, North, Seattle.

Seattle, May 21 J. F. Cronin

Readers in Lincoln, Nebraska

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few liberals in Lincoln have expressed a desire for a free forum such as is conducted in some of the larger cities. Since I believe that readers of *The Nation* may be interested, may I ask those who are to address me at Box 1367, Lincoln, Nebraska?

Lincoln, May 22 Joseph Gilbert

Books and Films

Earth Is No Symbol

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Earth is no pledge or symbol held to the light
Or spun against the darkness for a token
To such as we who cannot sleep at night
Thinking of death, and all the body broken.

Death's but a stone that crumbling in the night
Lives surely downward and is earth again;
Or the wind shifts, and clouds across the light
Darken the seeming of the moon to men.

O, question nothing: grown infallibly,
The rooted heart shall know the dark of the moon;
Water that wears the hills to an ignorant sea
Is blood along the bone, and a sweet tune.

Earth could be image of no fairer thing
Than dwindling autumn or exceeding spring.

The Columbia "Milton"

The Works of John Milton. Volumes I and II. Columbia University Press. Each $10.

IT has long been one of the paradoxes of our scholarship that we have no complete edition of the works of Milton; and the publication, accordingly, of the first two volumes of the Columbia "Milton" constitutes an event of first-rate importance in the history of English studies. It is eighty years since Mitford's edition appeared. Mitford did not include the important treatise "On Christian Doctrine," discovered in 1823—a treatise which, even if it were unimportant, would still be interesting from the circumstance that its publication in 1825 occasioned Macaulay's Essay. The Mitford necessarily lacks a number of minor Milton items; and above all it lacks the apparatus of modern scholarship. Whatever defects subsequent study may reveal in the Columbia "Milton," at least no one will charge it with defect of critical apparatus. Indeed, apparatus could no farther go, and even a critic friendly to minute scholarship will wonder why it was necessary to record every variant—or any variant—from the 1680 edition of "Paradise Regained."

These first two volumes—which are, in fact, four—take in the whole of Milton's poetry. They are to be followed by the complete prose works in sixteen volumes—which will really be seventeen; and the whole will be rounded off by a volume of bibliography. The editors hope within the next five years to see the end of an undertaking conceived twenty years ago—conceived upon generous and noble lines, and in the execution of it informed throughout by a proper sense of the dignity of scholarship. The externals of design, printing, and binding are sufficiently praised when it is said that they have been intrusted to William Edwin Rudge.

Beginning with the Poems, the editors have taken first the easy and enjoyable part of their task. This is, even so, the first *critical* edition of the Poems of Milton which the student of Milton has ever seen. The material lay ready to hand, but until now the necessary industry and enterprise were wanting. The critical principles which the editors have laid down for themselves cannot, I think, be criticized. They print, in every case, the text of the latest edition published in Milton's lifetime. And in fact, even for "Paradise Lost," no other course was open to them. Here and there they will be criticized as over-conservative: in particular, they have, I feel, too much persuaded themselves that the 1674 edition of "Paradise Lost" is incapable of error—they follow it even where it is patently wrong (e. g., i, 530; ii, 282; viii, 269). To the text which they print, however, they append, at the end of each volume, every variant from all the texts printed in Milton's lifetime and every variant from the extant manuscripts. They must be congratulated on a good and clear arrangement of the variant lections; and especially upon the manner in which they have dealt with those of the Minor Poems—where they had a difficult task.

The student of Milton will turn with particular interest to the array of variants gathered for the first book of "Paradise Lost" from the Morgan MS. Here, it can hardly be doubted, is the actual "copy" handed by Milton to his printers in 1667. The collation of it offered by the Columbia editors is, I think, in the main, careful. But it is not wholly free from inaccuracies. The punctuation is not always truly recorded; and here and there interesting details have been missed. For example, at line 71, and again at line 432, the MS reads, not *those,* but *these.* At 756 the original, the surely true, reading is *Capitoll,* not *Capitall.* The whole will need careful checking—a collotype facsimile of the MS is to be published shortly, edited by Miss Helen Darbishire. The MS itself has been on loan in Oxford for some time; and these small corrections I owe to the kindness of Miss Darbishire. Elsewhere I have tried to check the record of variants by notes of my own made at different times; and I cannot but think that the Columbia editors are occasionally in error in small matters; for example, in their record from the MS of the poem to Rouse.

The critical apparatus includes (I have hinted) a good deal that might well have been spared. It also excludes a good deal which the student of the text has a right to expect. There are a good many readers of Milton, for example, who have never seen the famous line

> And what is else not to be overcome?

correctly printed; who know it only in the form in which alone, apparently, it was known to Matthew Arnold. Surely a note was needed here? Surely, yet again, Bentley's "swelling gourd" deserved record at "Paradise Lost" vii, 321, and his "Soul living in her kind" at line 452 of the same book? The art of conjectural emendation has done singularly little for Milton; but at least these corrections are part of the history of criticism. Here and there I looked for the name of Bentley in connection with improvements in punctuation—the only kind of editorial improvement in which the Columbia editors show much interest. They might have noticed that some of Bentley's punctuations seem to be confirmed by the Morgan MS. The text, once again, of the Latin poems is at many points far from satisfactory. Not all the suggested corrections of it merited complete neglect. I may make the editors a present of the fact that in line 21 of the Seventh Elegy the suspicious *aeterno* has been corrected, in Milton's own copy in the Bodleian, to *aetherio*—though only the last two letters of the correction survive, the rest having been clipped by the binder. Milton's Greek is printed in such a way as to give little chance to Mr. Rudge; and it is not easy to find, from the editors' notes, any justification for the procedure followed.

The Latin poems are accompanied by an English translation vis-a-vis—at least it endeavors to be vis-a-vis, and could easily have been so in fact if Mr. Knapp had been, in an otherwise well-made version, a degree less diffuse. Where Mr.

Knapp's English is redundant, supplying, as it often does and sometimes had to do, words that are wanting in the original, the redundant words appear within square brackets. Everywhere these brackets give the page an uncomely look, and once again Mr. Rudge is not given a fair chance. I mention this because the later volumes will give plenty of work to the translator. I hope he will be as good a translator as Mr. Knapp; indeed, I hope he will be the most learned man in the world—a less man will be beaten, when he comes to, say, the "Prolusions," by riddles that have long clamored for an interpreter.

The Columbia editors have, in any case, the hardest part of their task still before them: very few scholars have worked on Milton's prose writings, and the text of them, Latin and English, offers many perplexities. The two volumes before us are a fine augury of what we may expect to follow. We may look in fact for a work which, when it is completed, will rank with the best achievements of English scholarship.

The only misprint which I have noted in these two volumes is on page 359 of Volume II, where *Book xii* is printed for *Book xi.*

H. W. GARROD

Too Many If's

If, or History Rewritten. By Philip Guedalla, G. K. Chesterton, Hendrik W. van Loon, André Maurois, Hilaire Belloc, H. A. L. Fisher, Harold Nicolson, Winston Churchill, Milton Waldman, Emil Ludwig, J. C. Squire. The Viking Press. $3.

FROM such a galaxy of clever or brilliant authors one might expect a pyrotechnical display of dazzling sort. Unfortunately what one soon begins to be conscious of in reading is the dull wooden scaffolding from which such displays are shot off, the sticks instead of the rockets. Each author discourses on what the subsequent chain of events would have been *if* some one event in history had been different from what it was. Thus Guedalla gives us a chapter on modern history assuming that the Moors had conquered, instead of having been conquered by, Spain; Chesterton assumes that Mary Queen of Scots married Don John of Austria; van Loon that the Dutch defeated the English and retained New Amsterdam; Maurois that Louis XVI had "an atom of firmness"; Nicolson that Byron became king of Greece; and so on. Treatment of such "if's" may range from mere amusing spoofing to an intellectual exercise of a high order. There is very little of the latter in these eleven essays, Churchill's If Lee Had Won the Battle of Gettysburg coming nearest to it perhaps. Guedalla's contribution is cleverly done also, but on the whole most of the essays must be set down, notably Chesterton's, as among the dullest things that their respective authors have written. Possibly the cumulative effect of nearly four hundred pages of this sort of supposition has something to do with it. Practically all the authors are journalists or modern biographers rather than historians. Nowhere in the book do we find any convincing logic in the succession of suppositious events following upon the "if." In the hands of a thorough scholar, a book even of this size might carry through in intellectual interest. On the other hand, as mere amusing fooling, any one of the chapters if published separately might be entertaining, but when taken en masse the dulness becomes overpowering. The idea of the book has possibilities. The list of authors would seem to insure an unusually entertaining volume. The fact remains that the thing does not "come off." Eleven clever men all trying to be clever at once have produced a merely depressing effect. Is it possible that, after all, fidelity to truth is essential to sustained interest, whatever the truth may be?

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The Two Mexicos

Mexico and Her Foreign Creditors. By Edgar Turlington. Columbia University Press. $6.

The Genius of Mexico. Edited by Hubert C. Herring and Katherine Terrill. The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. $2.50.

THERE are two Mexicos. There is that member of the family of nations whose bonds sell at fifteen cents on the dollar, whose credit in international finance is nigh nil, whose fiscal history but for a brief interlude is that of unbalanced budgets, of repeated but unavailing efforts to fulfil its pecuniary obligations, a *noli me tangere* today of financiers and investors. And there is that domain of incredible beauty and mystery, of purple mountain and golden desert, of warm sunlight and warm-hearted people, of canyon and cactus, of costume and craftsmanship, land of eternal snows, burning mesa, and lush jungle, archaeologist's *el dorado* and painter's paradise—still a frontier of adventure and romance.

Both these Mexicos have undergone study by cooperative enterprises. For five years the Columbia University Council of Research in the Social Sciences, aided by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, has sponsored an exhaustive research into every aspect of Mexico's international relations in finance. The first of three scheduled volumes represents a thoroughness in the combing of all available archives and in the examination of hitherto unpublished material that would have been almost impossible for an unassisted individual. In consequence we have the definitive work on Mexico's external finances for the first 110 years of her national existence. It is complete, wholly objective, scholarly, buttressed by graphs, tables, and appendices galore. It is perhaps needlessly dry.

The facts collated indicate that internal disorders were an early source of default; that army expenses alone soon exceeded the total national revenue; that peculation by corrupt officials aggravated the shortages; that correspondingly onerous terms were exacted by lenders—90 per cent in one instance—and that at times over 90 per cent of customs receipts were pledged to debt service. Nevertheless, as Mr. Turlington and his associates make clear, the Mexican debt as it stands today represents no inflation brought about by past exactions, but is the residue of unpaid arrears of moneys loaned at moderate rates. Conversely, he points out that despite appearances Mexico's creditors have in the end fared well considering the low price at which Mexican securities were often acquired. It is suggestive that with the ink scarcely dry on the postscript footnote recording another revised Mexican debt settlement, payments thereon have already been perforce deferred.

For this precise scrutiny through accountants' spectacles, the collection of forty-one lectures delivered in the summer of 1930 before the Seminar in Mexico conducted annually by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America furnishes a suitable corrective and complement. Genius is proverbially a bit irregular in payments of the conventional sort—but how gorgeously generous in its own way! Here the panorama of Mexico unfolds in all its glory, full-panoplied in the richness of two great cultures. Here are assembled the infinite variations made possible in a country the characteristic of which, as Ramón Beteta, the sociologist, points out, "is that no one part of it and no one person living in it seem to be like any other part or any other person." Here are found the diverse, conflicting, but always stimulating presentations by Mexican leaders of thought and action, and by specially qualified Americans, of every important aspect of Mexican life. Enthusiasm and caustic criticism are found side by side. Such authorships as those of Moisés Sáenz, Rafael Heliodoro

Valle, Diego Rivera, Carlos Mérida, Carlos Chávez, Manuel Gamio, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Salvador Urbina, and Antonio Díaz Soto y Gama, among others, reveal that the genius of Mexico is here presented by its very exponents. Similarly the names of Mary Austin, Paul U. Kellogg, René d'Harnoncourt, Chester Lloyd Jones, Judge Florence E. Allen, Samuel Guy Inman, Frank Tannenbaum, Frederic Siedenburg, and Carleton Beals disclose the breadth and depth of this unique and valuable contribution to the existing literature on our southern neighbor. As Hubert C. Herring says of Mexico in his closing essay, "There is wealth here upon which no conquistador could lay his hands."

And that is Mexico's eternal repayment, fully amortized and with interest compounded. To understand one Mexico, it is indispensable to know and understand the other. Perhaps, after all, they are but one.

ERNEST GRUENING

How Wars Are Made

The Martial Spirit: A Study of Our War with Spain. By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

MR. MILLIS in his account of the Spanish-American War has written a mature, intelligent, and exciting work—a rare occurrence in historical writing. He has avoided those pitfalls that beset the unwary in their search for historical truth; for he has succumbed neither to partisanship on the one side nor to "objectivity" on the other. What we have in "The Martial Spirit," as a result, is a complete history of the American people at war—in this case the war with Spain—which is so well contrived and so wittily written that it puts to shame both the efforts of professional historians and the products of those writers who merely seek to amuse without intending to inform.

The main body of "The Martial Spirit" is concerned with the tale of but four years—from the breaking out of the second insurrection in Cuba in 1895 to the ratification of the Peace of Paris by the United States Senate in 1899. What we have, then, is a recital of why the United States went to war with Spain, how we armed ourselves for the conflict, how the war was prosecuted, and what spoils fell to the victors. The roles of the leading warmakers: Hearst, Pulitzer, Roosevelt, McKinley; of the leading military and naval heroes: Shafter, Wheeler, Miles, Dewey, Sampson, Schley; of the peacemakers: Day, Reid, Lodge, Hay, Bryan—these are all set down with the nicest detail. Once more Americans whose memories can run back to Thomas Beer's "mauve decade" can relive in the pages of this book (but with what a curious change of emphasis!) the exciting days of rebellion in Cuba, the insurgent patriots García and Gómez, the "reconcentration camps" of the Spanish Butcher, the blowing up of the Maine, the hunt for Cervera's fleet, the assaults on Kettle and San Juan hills, the rotten bully beef, the winter uniforms in a tropical campaign, the inadequate transports, the dysentery and typhoid fever which took a greater toll of young manhood than all the Spanish bullets, the seizure and retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of Christianizing (i. e., converting to Protestantism) their benighted inhabitants, and the rest.

Perhaps I am emphasizing unduly the lighter parts of Mr. Millis's narrative. I can say, in extenuation, that so has he, for in a postscript the author declares:

> It may seem that I have stressed the satiric aspects of the war. This is true; and my defense is a belief that every war in modern times has presented the same elements, though ordinarily they are concealed beneath the immense tragedy which war normally involves. Our war with Spain merely offered an opportunity to examine them in one case where that tragedy was not present.

Because Mr. Millis is indulgent toward all the human weaknesses that his history exposes, he makes no effort to point his moral. But it is not necessary. Here for all those good people who place so much store in their Leagues of Nations, World Courts, disarmament conferences, Kellogg Peace Pacts, and Locarno treaties—in short, that whole mumbo-jumbo that one earnest clubwoman has recently called the "alternatives to war"—are the reasons why national strife will not be eliminated. As long as there are a sensational press and newspaper proprietors like Hearst and Pulitzer who in their hunt for profits and prestige will stoop to anything; as long as there are misguided patriots like Captain Mahan and Whitelaw Reid who cannot be happy unless *their* country is great and powerful; as long as there are ambitious politicians like Roosevelt and Lodge, noisy and stupid ones like Alger, and sly ones like McKinley, all of whom hope to continue in office or get better ones by beating the drum; as long as people can make money out of war, or accept war as an alternative to the courageous handling of their national problems, or rush to war to escape the boredom of their daily lives—so long shall we fail to attain to the millennium of our peace societies.

The war with Spain—and, for that matter, almost every war in which we have fought—had next to nothing to do with those "non-justiciable" disputes for whose settlement our peace advocates now look with such hope toward the international machinery that has appeared since Wilson went to Paris. We did not fight Spain because our national honor had been violated, our security threatened, a solemn treaty spurned, an act of irreparable injury committed. Every official grievance against the Spanish throne had been eliminated before the war declaration was made. The "reconcentration camps" had been ordered closed. Autonomy had been granted the Cubans. An armistice with the insurgents—though, heaven knows, they had no fighting force worthy of the name—had been promised. There were no American citizens (Cuban-born or not) held in any of the island jails. Arbitration on the destruction of the Maine had been proffered. (Who and what blew up the Maine neither Americans of 1898 nor those of today know!) Finally, the American Minister at Madrid had cabled to McKinley, the day before the President went to Congress with his war message, that Spain had yielded on every single cause at issue.

Yet we fought. The lesson that is implicit in Mr. Millis's book, as it must be in every honest and courageous work that is written on how wars come about, is that wars are not waged because of the existence of international ill-will or because nations menace or wrong each other—in other words, that the root causes of war are not external; rather that wars come about because each land raises regularly its own crop of nationalists, economic and financial imperialists, yellow-press sensation-mongers, and venal politicians—in other words, that the root causes of war are to be found on our very own doorstep. The advocates of peace might just as well cease agitating themselves over the implementing of the Kellogg Peace Pact, the Senate's acceptance of the World Court protocols, or the elimination of armaments. They would do better to concentrate on the internal causes of war.

Mr. Millis has done us a great service by telling the whole truth about one of the wars the United States has been party to. And because the book is so good I cannot help regretting that it is not even better. Mr. Millis's story might have laid claim to the attributes of completeness in every particular had he devoted some attention to the following: the influence of Captain Mahan's ideas of naval strategy on the shaping of the war psychology; the role that Anglophilism played in turning the thoughts of Roosevelt, Lodge, Reid, and Hay to overseas expansion; our economic stake in Cuba; the cruise of the Oregon; the attitude of the European Powers toward our relations with Spain; the part really played by Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs in Manila Bay; the financing of the war and how the war bonds helped bring back prosperity. It is to be noted, too, that the author's bibliography has several important omissions, notably mention of Leland H. Jenks's "Our Cuban Colony," B. A. Reuter's "Anglo-American Relations During the Spanish-American War," and L. B. Shippee's article on the von Diedrichs interlude published in the *American Historical Review* for July, 1925. I should be the last person, however, to insist that these lacunae detract from the great merit of Mr. Millis's performance.

Louis M. Hacker

Modern Palestine in Fiction

Yehuda. By Meyer Levin. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

MR. LEVIN'S novel takes its name from a young violinist, member of a small Palestinian commune on the banks of the Kishon. By day Yehuda works in the fields and at night he practices long hours, forcing his work-dulled fingers to be nimble on the strings. But progress is slow; he begins to think of leaving the commune for America where he can support himself and perfect his art. He struggles between desire for perfect musicianship and loyalty to his group. However, the problem is resolved for him by the visit to the commune of a famous violinist. From the genius's playing, Yehuda learns that at least in intention and in understanding he himself is not inferior; from the genius himself, he understands how good the commune is and how necessary for him.

This story in itself is scarcely original. But its place in the novel is preeminent not so much because of its intrinsic interest as because of its functional usefulness, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Levin exaggerated its importance by his title. Properly, the novel is about the commune itself, and the story of Yehuda only serves to make explicit the commune's ideals. We see the group first in the routine of its daily life; then when the strain of harvest and the bickerings of personalities drive it into a crisis of partisanship; and finally when, harvest over and the emotional atmosphere cleared by the drama of an Arab attack, it coheres once more into unity.

Russia and Palestine are perhaps the only two nations which offer the novelist the opportunity to deal with the group and with certain important emotions which depend on the individual's sense of the group. In the ideologies of these two polities there is the conception of society and the individual in vital relationship to each other. From this conception there arises for the Russian and Palestinian writers the possibility of the social emotions—those which refer to political honor, loyalty, glory—which have been classically important in life and literature but which in the modern state, especially in America, are dead or moribund. And not only does this conception allow the renewal of these important social emotions, but it seems to give added importance to the private emotions, which, though it is not always apparent, are of course dependent on the group for their value.

Mr. Levin has made good use of the opportunity which his material afforded him. He carefully proportions his emphases so that the group remains whole, and yet no flavor of individuality is lost. His commune is not saintly because of its idealism and devotion; its members are quarrelsome, selfish, obstinate, and silly, and Mr. Levin's ironic realism lets us see all this. But the ironic realism only makes the more credible the dignity and vitality which the group possesses and which it gives its members.

Lionel Trilling

Thin Emotion

Naked Heel. By Leonora Speyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LEONORA SPEYER has fair taste, an accurate sense of rhythm, a sense of the proper subject matter for poetry, but her emotion is thin, and she depends entirely upon emotion, never upon intellect. Again and again in her new book of verse she uses a conceit but has not the intellectual nicety of selection or the intensity to make it important. Let us imagine for the moment how Donne might have treated this:

THE LADDER

I had a sudden vision in the night,
I did not sleep, I dared not say I dreamed,
Beside my bed a curious ladder gleamed
And lifted upward toward the sky's dim height;
And every rung shone luminous and white
And every rung a woman's body seemed
Outstretched, and down the sides her long hair streamed:
And you, you climbed that ladder of delight.
You climbed sure-footed, naked rung by rung,
Clasped them and trod them, called them by their name,
And my name too, I heard you speak at last;
You stood upon my breast the while and flung
A hand up to the next—and then, oh shame,
I kissed the foot that bruised me as it passed.

This type of verse is purely a narrative of emotion; it is fancy without impact of feeling or intellect. Its images are strung out, played with, presented with detail which leaves one quite cold. Such verse has no heights, no depths. Mrs. Speyer is at her best in telling stories, as in The Ballad of Old Doc Higgins, where the material itself is fanciful and humorous. Nor is her sonnet sequence concerning the well-bred love of a man and a woman anything but commendable within its limits. But when this poet begins searching for subjects to be made into poetry, subjects which have actually no significance to her emotionally, she is always tedious. Exposed Mummy, Trade Rats, and this from Fido, are examples:

She made a pet of Grief,
Trained it and taught it many a trick:
It begged and fetched and carried,
Hid, waiting to be found,
Or played at being dead—
Lying there, limp upon the ground.
Ran by her side,
Slept warm within her bed,
And on her heart immoderately was fed.

Eda Lou Walton

The Future of Religion

World Revolution and Religion. By Paul Hutchinson. The Abingdon Press. $2.

EVEN the reader who isn't—or thinks he isn't—interested in religion will find this short book immensely worth while. Mr. Hutchinson belongs to the company of the friend to whom he dedicates the book—a man "not afraid of a fact"—and he packs the book with relevant and well-stated facts on the world revolution already upon us, in its political, social, and racial aspects.

These facts he relates to the organized religions of the world, all of which he finds to be breaking before their impact. Organized Christianity, which is his chief concern, lacks the ethical dynamic, despite its occasional prophets, to deal with a profit civilization and the rising tide of revolt among exploited races, nations, and classes. It is too thoroughly the religion of the comfortable—especially the comfortable white man. Christian missions have not bridged and probably cannot bridge the gap. At best they seem to Chinese and African to stand for patronage or welfare work.

Then there is the religious revolution itself—a revolution arising largely from the new philosophy and science, the new sense of man's littleness in an indifferent cosmos. After five convincingly pessimistic chapters of this, the author has a brief chapter—suggestive rather than conclusive—in which he foresees a future for religion "inspired by utter devotion to man's welfare," a "resurrection of religion outside the church we know." This chapter seems to me least satisfactory. Mr. Hutchinson owes it to himself to enlarge it. For the casual and even for the careful reader, if not for himself, he fails to distinguish adequately the various meanings and uses of religion and its relation to ethics.

In the psychological sense, communism, for all its atheism, is proof enough that religion, the religious attitude for evil as well as good, for dogmatic intolerance as well as splendid devotion, is not easily to perish from the earth. But, historically, organized religion has had to do with metaphysics—the nature of the universe and the destiny of man—that is, with God. Here we face not merely ethical or social problems, but philosophical ones. Organized religion in this sense may fall before Einstein and Planck, relativity and the quantum theory (as Mr. Hutchinson seems to suggest), even if it was less powerless before the revolt of the oppressed. Passion for mankind will not of itself restore faith in some sort of God. Nor, on the other hand, will faith in some sort of God, based on what Mr. Hutchinson calls "mystical experience" or the "permanent values" of goodness and beauty, easily or automatically meet the ethical problem of the nature of the ultimate reality in relation to man. What does God, if there is any sort of God, care for man's failure to build the truly great society in an inhospitable universe? One wishes that Mr. Hutchinson's candor, insight, and power as a thinker were addressed more fully to these problems. But he has given us one of the most arresting books of recent years.

NORMAN THOMAS

Books in Brief

The Englishman. By W. Macneile Dixon. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.40.

There are evidently subtle changes going on in the Englishman. He is, for example, inclosing his bus tops against wind and weather, and has taken to writing books of national self-analysis. These symptoms are almost as notable in England as would be the storming of parliament houses or toppling thrones among its less stolid neighbors. Any light which an Englishman can throw on his own alteration is welcome. Mr. Dixon's illumination is partly of an indirect sort, occasionally annoying, but by no means negligible. In four chapters he treats of the English Character, Genius, People, and Soul with such hyperbole of patriotism as indicates a certain fundamental lack of confidence. He constantly throws off such statements as "it will not be denied" that the English have been the most successful of modern nations and have written the best poetry; that it is too late "to learn any lessons of consequence from others"; that England won the late war precisely because she was not prepared for it; and so on. In the final two chapters he adds further attempts at interpretation by means of the English Bible and Shakespeare the Englishman. In spite of, perhaps because of, the author's extreme insularity of view, he manages to tell us a good deal of the English "character," "genius," and "soul," though these are less divisible than his water-tight compartments would have them. In fact, this small volume of pocket size and scarce two hundred pages, with not a few obvious faults, gives us a better insight into many aspects of England than other far more pretentious ones. It is worth reading, as much for its unconscious as for its conscious revelations.

What's Wrong with Taxation? By Jackson H. Ralston. San Diego: Ingram Institute. $1.

Here is advocacy of the single tax by a man known chiefly for works on international law. Ralston sees even the most complex social and economic structures as fruits of the earth, and in discussing elaborate theories of taxation he employs refreshing imagery of soil and rain and sun. From the fundamental loam arise twin plants, the individual and the community, dynamically blended in the author's mind by the simple ideal of "cooperation . . . the unhampered activities of man working for the common good." He contends that the idea, not in doctrinaire form but as common sense applied to the practical work of government, is gaining ground all over the world, even while our minds are preoccupied with the militaristic-mathematical melodramas of communism and fascism.

The Jealous Ghost. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The second novel by the author of "Dewer Rides" is a more or less plotless description of the environment a forty-year-old American, John Carmichael Stewart, discovers upon his return to his ancestral home in the beautiful Highlands. We must take the author's word for it when we learn at the end that John, a seemingly dull and rather unresponsive person, has been overwhelmed by the local beauty of life and has found his true happiness by merging himself, very mysteriously, with nature. As a human being John does not come to life in a tremendous abundance of petty, pointless incident. But the spirit is sweet and idyllic and the style is easily a match. The author excels in his descriptions of natural settings, and his portrayal of minor characters is always subtle and sympathetic. As a novel, however, "The Jealous Ghost" lacks motive force; it has none of the vitality of "Dewer Rides"; it remains unconvincing, despite its virtues of imagination and delicacy, because in the objective presentation of John's new environment there are inadequate clues to the totally subjective conclusions formulated by this vague, half-dull, half-romantic, papier mache American.

Cattle Car Express. By Emil Lengyel. Ralph Beaver Strassburger Foundation. $2.50.

Mr. Lengyel has given an excellent picture of the war as it appeared to those who saw it from behind the barbed-wire inclosures of the Russian prison camps, and no quarrel with his photographic method can lessen the value of the pictures themselves. A group of Hungarian soldiers, from infantry privates to field officers, who were captured in the early months of the conflict had little concern thereafter with the more spectacular aspects of war, and war became then a struggle against filth, lice, starvation, and the more primitive aspects of human nature. Under Mr. Lengyel's pen this material appears extraordinarily vivid and entertaining, and his book will be a welcome addition to any extensive war library.

Early Poems. By Humbert Wolfe. Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

These early poems of Humbert Wolfe's are proof of his tendency to imitate. He was here, in the very beginning, trying himself out in the technical patterns and subject matter of much older poets. Mr. Wolfe's poetry has, as a whole, been much overrated; he has always been imitative, never very original. His popularity is doubtless due to this very fact: his

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verses sound vaguely familiar, his imagery, his manner, his subjects are all traditional. In these early poems Mr. Wolfe is not yet in complete command of the facility which was soon to be his, but it is growing upon him. These poems are not, he states, in the fashion of their day; nor are they, we might add, in the fashion of this day. They are actually much more in the fashion of the aesthetes of the nineties.

Baedae Opera Historica. Translated by J. E. King. Two volumes. *St. Augustine: Selected Letters.* Translated by James Houston Baxter. *Demosthenes: Olynthiacs, Philippics, Minor Public Speeches, Speech Against Leptines.* Translated by J. H. Vince. *Lysias.* Translated by W. R. M. Lamb. *Philo.* Volume III. Translated by F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker. *Saint Basil: The Letters.* Volume III. Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each $2.50.

Of these seven new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library, the first two have the special interest of containing a translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" based on the sixteenth-century version of Thomas Stapleton, which is highly readable. The same holds true for Mr. Baxter's selection—made with the man rather than the theologian in view—from Augustine's letters, and for Mr. Lamb's "Lysias," whom we can appreciate here, particularly in the narrative prefaces to his legal orations, as one of the most valuable commentators we have upon Athenian life in the famous fifth century.

Molière. By John Palmer. Brewer and Warren. $5.

This is a sober convincing biography, but it sacrifices sprightliness to veracity. It is not sufficiently selective, it is long drawn out, and in its analysis of Molière's plays too earnestly conscientious. But what a picture one gets of this follower of Lucretius, so human, so sage, so vulnerable, this man who fought so passionately for the life and liberty of the comic art, this son of an upholsterer, who for the love of his mistress took to acting, and was tortured by a wayward wife into becoming the greatest author of France!

A Newman Anthology. Arranged by Erich Przywara, S. J. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This volume first appeared in Germany. Its title is misleading, for it is not a Newman anthology in the sense of giving a complete view of Newman's work, as Augustus Ralli's "Guide" usefully does of Carlyle's. It is merely a systematization of Newman's pietistic passages, and it does not, as the jacket announcement declares, permit the study of "Newman's whole range of teaching." Indeed, no more misleading means of studying Newman could be imagined.

German Lyric Poetry. By Norman Macleod. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This thirteenth volume of the Hogarth Lectures, a series designed to help both students and teachers of literature, is an interesting and well-documented survey of the development of the German lyric. That this development is very different from that of the English lyric, discontinuous rather than continuous, is Mr. Macleod's thesis. After the great minnesingers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a collapse in German poetry. The seventeenth century attempted a revival, and the great revival of poetry under Goethe coincided with a renewed interest in folk-song. The richest sources of German lyricism lie, in other words, almost altogether in a folk background. There is no definite progression here in which one poet directly influences another poet who follows him and in turn influences still another, but rather a sporadic flowering of the deeply rooted poetic feelings of the folk.

Films

Hollywood "Entertains"

THE past fortnight having been singularly deficient in pictures of interest, my comments need go no farther than listing the films I have seen. These come under two heads: (1) stale junk rehashed without an atom of distinction, and (2) stale junk rehashed with just enough distinction to make it appear different. To the first category belong "White Shoulders" (Mayfair), "The Lady Who Dared" (Strand), "Lover Come Back" (Globe), "She-Wolf" (Rialto); to the second, "The Maltese Falcon" (Winter Garden) and "A Free Soul" (Astor). The only redeeming features about the last two films are that the "Maltese Falcon" treats its mystery-crime plot with an intelligence somewhat superior to that usually encountered in this type of film, and "A Free Soul" displays highly competent if artificial acting that lends its lurid story a certain superficial brilliance.

A picture that stands out against these second- and third-rate fabrications from Hollywood is "The Five-Year Plan," the Russian film at the Central. So momentous and so fascinating is the material of this extended news-reel that one refuses to cavil at the failure of the producers to convey as clearly as they could the actual mechanism of the Five-Year Plan. The film, it must be admitted, never shows us the dynamic force that relates the component parts of the plan to one another and has welded the industrial efforts of Soviet Russia into a drive of epic grandeur. But even with this important defect the film remains one of the most interesting on Broadway.

The main attractions on the list of feature films being what they are, this may be as good an occasion as any to dilate on the other, less prominent items of the movie programs. Here is a kind of picture that positively cries to heaven for some swift retribution. I refer to the one- and two-reel comedies. What sort of people make these films, and for what sort of audience are they intended? Most of them are so incredibly imbecile that it is an agony to have to sit through them. During the past season the Cameo Theatre, the same that distinguished itself by a series of Soviet and travel pictures, was perhaps the worst offender. The Pathé and Columbia comedies with which it embellished its programs were the limit of ineptitude and incompetence. They made few if any people laugh. They made most gnash their teeth and cry for murder.

Unfortunately this sadistic practice of subjecting innocent people to the torture of seeing and hearing these efforts in "entertainment" is not confined to one theater. There have been few programs during the fortnight under review that did not contain at least one comic short. At the Rialto the cannibal within us was roused by the tremulous bulk of Mr. Billy House, who in "The Headache" kept winking at us as he does on the vaudeville stage. At the Strand a company of young people were busy smashing "effects and furniture" for twenty-five minutes in a criminal outburst called "Moving In." One could go on enumerating these outrages against all that goes under the name of art and entertainment. But that would be wasting time. The important thing is that the outrages should stop. The public should indicate to the exhibitors that even in the matter of short subjects it demands some consideration. As a rule it has no choice in submitting to the minor items of a program, for it is the feature picture that brings it into the theater. All the more reason why it should be treated with at least the decency that is its due.

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International Relations Section

Mexico Giggles

By ALBERT HARRIS

Mexico City, May 16

MEXICO is giggling. If it dared it would guffaw, but hardihood for doing so openly does not exist, yet. Guffawing overtly at anything the government does isn't salutary just now, especially after what happened recently to Luis Cabrera. So the Mexicans, who, given occasion, are a mocking and derisive folk, are outwardly limiting their risibilities to giggling. They are giggling at the government and the Great Cabrera Plot. For it does seem that the Great Cabrera Plot, like the deceased Ahkoon of Swat, "is not." Apparently it never was. But to the story, so that we may see why the Mexicans giggle.

Luis Cabrera is a clever man. Also he has humor. He is one of the outstanding intellectual figures born of the revolution, with José Vasconcelos, Manuel Gamio, and one or two others. But Cabrera has a better, more tightly screwed-on head than any of them. His brains run to practice more than to philosophical theorizing. He was at the forefront of the revolution from the start. In 1910 he was side by side with Madero, when it took real nerve to be a revolutionist and defy Díaz. Later with Carranza, as his right-hand man and finance minister, he supplied 48 per cent of the brains that ran the Constitutionalist cause from 1913 to 1920. Carranza himself contributed 48 per cent, and the remainder of the men who were in the government with him and Cabrera the other 4 per cent.

When Obregón, Calles, and de la Huerta, with the Sonoran hosts, hurled themselves at the throat of the Carranza Government in 1920, Cabrera fled from Mexico City with his chief. He fought in the ranks with a rifle during the week that the rebels besieged the Carrancistas in their miles of stalled trains between the capital and Vera Cruz. He was of the handful that bore Carranza company in his flight into the mountains. He was with him when Carranza was murdered in his sleep by an *amigo* of Obregón. That adventure dated his permanent retirement from Mexican politics and official life. Cabrera is a brilliant lawyer, either in counsel or in plea. Since 1920 he has amassed a comfortable fortune from his practice. So precisely scrupulous and cautious has he been in avoidance of any activities of political color that during the whole of the last presidential campaign he absented himself in Europe. He frankly said that he did not purpose to jeopardize his life, his liberty, or his personal fortunes by affording any of his political enemies—including all the old dominant Calles crowd, who saw to it that Ortiz Rubio was well and duly "elected" over the popular candidate Vasconcelos, now wisely self-exiled from Mexico—an opportunity to dig pits into which he might be precipitated. The man is known and honored in Mexico for his honesty, ability, and moral and physical bravery, as well as for his uncompromising truth-telling in his written or spoken public statements. If there are spades to be discussed he calls them spades, not sugar-tongs or something else.

In November last the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of the revolution was celebrated. To commemorate the anniversary *El Excelsior,* the government-owned official newspaper organ of Mexico City, got out a special edition. By some slip of the cogs Cabrera, although conspicuously out of official countenance and favor, was asked to contribute. His offering was printed under the title The Balance Sheet of the Revolution (reprinted in *The Nation* of December 31, 1930). Cabrera gave as his verdict that the revolution, in respect to profitable accomplishment and compliance with its principles and promises, was depressingly in the red. He proved it. The article raised a rumpus in governmental and revolutionary circles and cost *El Excelsior's* editor-in-chief his job, as a penalty for having incautiously admitted such opinions into the official organ.

Worse was to come. Again the cogs slipped. Cabrera later was invited to participate in a course of lectures on revolutionary topics under government auspices in the National Library, as part of the anniversary celebration. He accepted. To the mingled delight and consternation of his auditors he expanded his "Balance Sheet of the Revolution" into a two-hour talk. The speech set forth—with proof—that so far the revolution, barring a few exceptions to which he painstakingly gave ample credit, was nearly a total loss. He summed up by iterating and reiterating—with proof—that the Mexicans lacked sufficient civic valor, patriotism, and honesty to deserve or to have or to create any sort of government save the brands that always have prevailed there. He bore down heavily in condemnation of prevailing judicial corruption, army pretorianism, rascality and ineptness in development of the agrarian program, and, especially, of the fact that the revolution had failed utterly to live up to the two fundamental planks of its platform—effective suffrage and no reelection.

In his address Cabrera broadcasted nothing new, of course, nor anything which is not notorious and wholly apparent. *El Universal,* the only independent daily newspaper in the country, decided to print the address in full, as a matter of news. It published instalments on a Saturday and a Sunday. On Sunday President Ortiz Rubio at army maneuvers passionately did what he could, in an address to the troops, to salve the weals upon the sensitive hides of the generals raised by Cabrera's castigation of militarism as one of the country's chief ills. He called Cabrera names. It was rather an undignified performance.

On Monday *El Universal* announced that circumstances compelled it to cease printing the address. Reasons were not stated. It was unnecessary. Goaded to desperation, its editors later charged in print that army officers and other persons were bulldozing its advertisers and, using the President's name, threatening them with official reprisals unless they ceased to patronize *El Universal.* The paper openly challenged the President to deny this and to repudiate the men who were said to be thus employing his name; but Ortiz Rubio never did it. In some fashion *El Universal* made its peace with the National Palace and got its advertising back, after a loss in revenue which almost forced it into bankruptcy. Since this the paper has been tame. It has learned its lesson.

Three months elapsed. On the afternoon of May 2—a Saturday—Cabrera was finishing a game of billiards. A gentleman with a soiled collar and a bright badge, accompanied by several other gentlemen similarly adorned, tapped him on the shoulder. They took him away. In Mexico this sort of pleasantry is usually perpetrated on Saturday, which is an official half-holiday. As the courts are closed, one who is then taken captive, even under legal forms—which Cabrera was not—is thus hampered in providing bail, and may be held for three days incomunicado before being arraigned in court. Cabrera's friends scattered in a hunt for judges before whom to sue out what in the United States would be writs of habeas corpus. They succeeded in obtaining several writs, directed to every official, from the President down, who they thought might be the authority responsible for ordering Cabrera's arrest. The writs were served. No one paid the slightest attention to them. Through Saturday night and Sunday night Cabrera's captors, who were of the secret police, shuffled him around from police station to police station and barracks to barracks, to foil his friends who were searching for the place of his detention. On Monday they loaded him into an airplane and dumped him across the border into Guatemala, thus distinguishing him by making him the pioneer deportee from his native country by air route.

Now we come to the Great Cabrera Plot, and the giggles. The man once safely out of the country, the chief of police of the Federal District called in the reporters and with suitable impressiveness and dramatic recountal revealed the Plot. This wretch Cabrera, according to the chief, had conspired to start a rebellion on May 5, one of the principal national holidays. *Señores,* upon my word of honor a terrible Plot. Indeed, a very bloody Plot. For, look you, did it not comprehend the assassinations of three of the most highly placed personages in the realm—the President, former President Calles, and Minister of War Amaro? *Carramba, que complot! Verdad, Señores?* Proof? Plenty of it. To wit: five or six actual prisoners. Also a confession. One of the prisoners had admitted the conspiracy. Cabrera? Ah, yes. Upon the word of this prisoner Cabrera was in it. True, the man acknowledged that he had never set eyes upon Cabrera, nor, so far as he knew, had any of the other prisoners. But of a certainty he had been told by someone—by whom he could not remember—that in reality Cabrera was the intellectual author of the Plot. Anything else? Assuredly, *Señores.* For had not this scoundrel Cabrera himself admitted the Plot and pleaded that as an act of grace he be permitted to leave the country instead of being placed on trial to answer for his foul conduct? Which boon the government had mercifully granted, in remembrance of Cabrera's past services to the revolution. Very kind!

Somehow the thing smelled fishy. In the first place, all of the five prisoners were *miserables,* very obscure and manifestly undernourished individuals, including two pseudo-generals of whom no one had ever heard before. They had no money, they had no guns, they had no followers, they had no jobs. Aside from the alleged statement of one of them, who had never seen Cabrera, that he was the intellectual author of the Plot, the government produced no evidence of Cabrera's complicity. The aroma of fish became worse

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when in an outburst of complacent official auto-backslapping it was explained that the Plot had been unearthed by a member of the secret police who had wormed his way into the confidence of the conspirators. It was all very old, clumsy, raw stuff. Public opinion was not tardy in veering to the belief that the Plot had been bred artificially to serve as a pretext for throwing Cabrera out of the country. Then the giggling began.

Now for repercussions. There is a strong and decent public sentiment in Mexico. Cowed and largely inarticulate, it exists, nevertheless. All of it, especially among lawyers of standing, is behind Cabrera. Before the government told what had been done to Cabrera and why, a demand was made in the National Juridical Congress, then in session, for the appointment of a committee to have audience of the President and protest against Cabrera's arrest. That created an uproar, intensified by the storming into the congress of a throng of law students who stridently demanded justice for Cabrera. The loyal presiding officer of the congress, Attorney José Lopez Lira, didn't propose to have anything like that going on if he could help it, so he adroitly met the situation by adjourning the congress.

Then the Supreme Court began to act up. Some of the justices had no stomach for the manner in which the writs directing Cabrera to be brought into court had been flouted by his captors. One of the justices put teeth into his protest by immediately resigning, after denouncing the lawlessness of everyone who had taken a hand in the shanghaiing of Cabrera. This caused a huge sensation. For it was a thing unheard of for anyone to throw up a fat-salaried job as a matter of conscience. The government has been trying to stave off other resignations from the court.

The resignation of the justice who quit—for his honor let his name be blazoned: Alberto Vasquez del Mercado—was immediately accepted by the federal congress, to the accompaniment of a vast spluttering of rhetorical pyrotechnics. At the same time swift reward was bestowed upon the government-championing president of the National Juridical Congress, who was hoisted to the Supreme Court bench temporarily in place of another justice on leave of absence. All of which has added its quota to the volume of Mexico's giggles.

Contributors to This Issue

THORVALD SOLBERG is the register of copyrights.

T. SWANN HARDING is the author of "Fads, Frauds, and Physicians."

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

H. W. GARROD, fellow of Merton College, was formerly professor of poetry at Oxford University.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "Founding of New England" and "The Adams Family."

ERNEST GRUENING is the author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy."

ALBERT HARRIS is an authority on Mexico.

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